

admiration; he had seen her but once or twice; she had been through college, and had published a book. Of course she would not look at him; he hoped she would not, but he might regard her afar off, and the sight might take his mind off from that quarter.

However, Cousin Mary had been telling Josephine about Ben, and how terribly the family felt about his misdoings. Josephine invited herself to go raspberrying and fishing with Ben, and she sat in a tree in the moonlight with him, and they talked. Ben hardly knew what they talked about, or what he told her, but he privately 'felt as if his mind had been turned inside out'; and his evil companions and his recent actions looked very mean, vile and contemptible to him.

Somehow, after that four days in the society of Josephine, it seemed manly to go to church, and the course of a reasonable person to do honest work, and Sunday-school did not appear babyish, and boys ought to be clean-mouthed and clean-bodied enough to speak to nice girls, and sit bravely in their presence and talk sense. He went home feeling glad that Josephine was coming there for a visit of a week. Maybe he would tell her about that quarter.

She came, and he did not tell her. The day after she left, he put on his best suit, took the quarter in a new pocket-book, and went to Dr. Kane's, asking to see Dr. Kane privately. Then he told him. 'And there's your quarter, doctor. It is the biggest quarter and the heaviest quarter I ever heard of. Seems as if it was a thousand quarters!'

The doctor took the little silver disc. 'God heard my prayer. It has blessed you, my son. Here, take it again!' 'Oh, I cannot. Why, doctor, it crushes me!'

'No, my son, it will rather lift you up. Think a minute as in God's sight, if you will try and live a better life, if you will ask God's help to do better; take this quarter again from my hand as a token of your pledge.'

Ben waited for a moment or two. Then with a deep breath he took that quarter from the good man's hand, and once more the doctor said, in giving it, "God bless you, my son!" — Union Gospel News.

She Will Know.

(By Mrs. Euren.)

'Now I know in part, but then shall I know.'—Paul.

No one was ever heard to call Miss Dumphy beautiful, or pretty, or even interesting looking, though, when she smiled, her face was pleasant enough to see. No one ever praised her figure, which was of the roly-poly order, and the name by which she was known among her intimates was neither her baptismal nor family designation, being only a contraction of the childish pet name 'Dumpling.' Perhaps both her appearance and pretensions might best be described by the term insignificant. Miss Dumphy's sisters were intellectual young ladies, well to the fore in works of usefulness, and benevolence, but Miss Dumphy always remained in the back-ground.

They were Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, embryo lecturers, promoters of every good work within their reach, but it seemed to fall to Miss Dumphy's lot to stay at home and discharge the ninety and nine trifling duties which must be performed by somebody if the domestic wheels are to run smoothly. 'Dumphy will see to it,' was a familiar household phrase. Dumphy was never supposed to 'mind.' 'You will not mind, will you, dear?' was deemed a sufficient apology for transferring to Dumphy's

shoulders someone else's small burdens or obligations. And Dumphy invariably answered in the negative. It did not strike her that she might be encouraging selfishness in others. She had once come across an aged man engaged in some necessary but disagreeable occupation, and upon asking why he did such unpleasant work had received the answer, 'Somebody must do the hard and disagreeable jobs, Miss, then why not I?' Perhaps Dumphy had unconsciously adopted the, 'Why not I?' sentiment. Somebody must do the unpleasant work. There are people who add, 'But why should I?'

The girl was not in the least bit unhappy, and did not regard herself as either a martyr or a heroine. She admired her sisters and rejoiced in their successes; but she was afraid she sometimes envied them just a little bit their power and opportunities of usefulness. Yet she knew she had not the capacity for great things, and tried to be content to fill the 'little space' and to render small and humble service in a cheerful spirit. So, while Augusta wrote or read papers on hygiene or social economics, Dumphy darned Augusta's stockings; and while Clemence attended the meetings of the Women's Advance Society, Dumphy performed many of Clemence's neglected duties in the household.

But it happened that once upon a time Miss Dumphy lighted upon a little corner of outside usefulness of her very own, and that without encroaching on any one else's lines. Near her father's house was a cottage wedged in between larger residences and almost invisible from the road. Only two persons appeared ever to enter the small dwelling — a stern-faced man, and a woman whose care-lined face did not bespeak happiness. By means of pleasant greetings and a few neighborly civilities Miss Dumphy found herself upon speaking terms with the woman, and after a time upon calling terms at the cottage, and finding that her presence and kindly offices brightened the lonely woman's life, was induced to become a constant visitor.

She lent books, but fancied they were returned unread. She next brought interesting little bits to read aloud while the woman sat at work, and found her efforts to please greatly appreciated. Sometimes she was permitted to assist Mrs. Granger with her needlework. Once she made her a pretty cap. Her, simple, neighborly visits came to be looked for and longed for as times of refreshing to the isolated, friendless woman.

When Miss Dumphy discovered that her friend could not read she, at first thought only of compensation, not of remedy. She tried to realize how sad it must be to be debarred from all the pleasures that books can give, and above all to be shut out from the consolation that the best of books affords. So she did her best in the way of short but frequent readings. But the grief caused by a period of unavoidable absence from the cottage showed the young reader that she had developed a capacity for enjoyment which she might not always be able to gratify. So she decided that Mrs. Granger must learn to read for herself.

When Miss Dumphy had reached this conclusion she, in her own simple, direct way, advanced to the next step. No one else was likely to teach Mrs. Granger to read, ergo Dumphy must teach her. With a little difficulty she persuaded her cottage friend to become her pupil. Doubtless the learner must have had in childhood some long since forgotten rudimentary education, for she quickly learned to read short words, then longer ones. There was no attempt at pedagogic methods of instruction; the bible was both primer and text-book; verses and chapters were read and re-read, till the ap-

pearance of the words was familiar, and the sentences were learned by heart. And in this rough and ready manner, the woman in time learned to read her bible fairly well. And then Mrs. Granger dropped out of the young girl's life. By one of those sudden turns of fortune which bring about unexpected results—the Grangers removed to a distant part of the country and Miss Dumphy saw and heard of them no more.

Their circumstances were greatly improved, but as their new home was situated on the top of a hill, and the wife saw no one from week's end to week's end, but her taciturn husband, she might have relapsed into the old state of hopeless stultification but for her newly acquired power of reading, and the possession of her bible. She had before-time found comfort and pleasure in its pages, but here, on the lonely hill-top, to use her own expression, she found Christ. She did not consciously seek him in more direct fashion than before, but, as she read the Sacred Word, the idea of a personal living presence asserted itself till it became 'closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,' and, with the realization, a great joy took possession of her and filled her soul. Henceforth she could say, 'Alone, yet not alone am I,' a divine friend and comfortor was ever the companion of her solitude.

After this another change took place. She who had been so reserved and given to hide herself in closest seclusion, now went forth among her fellow-creatures, and sought to make friends with them. She found, in the nearest village, a few pious souls, who, in default of the usual 'means of grace' were wont to meet together in a cottage for praise and prayer. Mrs. Granger gladly joined these like-minded ones, and with her coming, new spiritual life seemed infused into the little band. Their love and fervor increased, their influence extended, their numbers were added to, till the largest room at their disposal was too small to contain them. At length it was found possible to erect a much-needed house of worship, and form a Christian church, one of the most consistent and indefatigable of whose first members was and is Mrs. Granger.

I often wonder whether Miss Dumphy is still living. If so, I sometimes wish that she could learn the results of those humble ministrations in days gone by. And yet, after all, why should one desire to anticipate the glorious surprise awaiting her when the Master shall say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you did it unto me.' Then she will know,

Thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.—English Sunday-school Times.

The parents come first, but the teacher's part is also of the greatest importance in the shepherding of Christ's lambs. The Sunday-school is the Church caring for the children. Very sacred are its functions. Its obligations cannot be met by any mere perfunctory or routine service. In the Jewish Church the most urgent commands were given concerning the instruction of the children. They were to be taught the Holy Scriptures from their infancy. These heavenly words were to be lodged in their hearts so early, and so deeply that they would color their first thoughts, sweeten their first affections, and give tone to all their aspirations and desires. This is what we, as teachers, should seek to do for the young children in our classes. We are to fill their hearts and minds with divine influences—the words which are able to make them wise unto salvation. We have the children when their lives are easily impressed, and when the blessing of our teaching will help to shape them for noble character and great usefulness.—Rev. J. K. Miller.