

NOT TO BE ENVIED.

"How those three little chaps do enjoy playing together!" said John Evans to his wife one day, as he stood watching his Ned playing ball with Charley Willard and Edgar Perry.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Evans soberly; "They are all on an equality to-night, but ten or fifteen years from now how will it be? Then Charlie Willard will be worth his thousands and our Ned will be worth his shoemaker, may be."

"If he is, I hope he will make the best boots in the market."

"Think of that little fellow being heir to quarter of a million," continued Ned's mother, gazing at Charley wistfully.

"Mary, I am honestly glad for Ned's sake that I am a poor man. I would not have my boy, while a boy, heir expectant to any such amount for all his future is worth."

"Nonsense, John."

"Well, Mary, if we can live, you remember what I say, and ten or fifteen years from now see if I am right. I believe the poor man's boy has a better chance than the rich man's son."

"Chance of what?"

"A chance to achieve real success, through industry, economy, and self-control: a better chance to keep a sound body, a good brain, and honest heart—better chance, in short, to secure true manliness."

"You talk like an old fogey, John."

The next week Ned wanted a ball of his own, and began to tell how Charley Willard bought everything he wished just when he wanted it.

"Earn it for yourself, my boy, then you will have strength to throw it higher than if it dropped into your hand," said the father. And that was always the way after that. What Ned had he must work for; what Charley wanted he had for asking. Soon it was a question of costlier things than balls. Both boys wanted a pony and new school-books. Ned could not have the pony, so took the books and studied them well. Charley could have both, but the pony was the most entertaining, so he let the books alone.

When the boys were eighteen one was very popular and naturally it was the one whose pocket-book always held enough to treat a crowd to whatever fun was going. Ned had friends, but their sports had to be inexpensive. They skated instead of driving fast horses; they spent their evenings in one another's homes, or at lectures, while Charley's comrades could afford theatres and saloons. Of course, it came to be principle, and there was a time when Ned, with twice Charley's money, would not have had Charley's tastes; but after all, in the beginning money made the difference. Ned from a little boy knew he must earn his place in the big crowded world if ever he had any place worth having. Charley grew each day to realize that he possessed everything that gold could buy, or the means to acquire it. Ned did not like shoemaking, so he studied law. Charley "read" it, too, but first he traveled around the world and saw what there was "to be seen."

The Evanses forgot his existence, until one day Ned—who was a man of wealth and influence—Ned, now "Judge Evans," said to his mother, "Poor Charley Willard, do you remember him?"

"Why, of course I do! What of him?"

"He died to-day of apoplexy, brought on by fast living and hard drinking. Poor fellow, he had too much money; everything came to him without work; and life was all play to him."

"Yes; if he had fought his way up as you had to fight yours, Ned, he would not have wasted his strength and his manhood," said Ned's mother, forgetting entirely that night, years before, when she had thought Charley very fortunate.—*The Temperance Banner.*

A STRIKING STORY.

The following is from a sermon by Rev. B. M. Fullerton in the *Waltham Record*:

A Congregational minister in one of the large towns of New England told me the other day of a man across whose path he came, in the providence of God, whose story illustrates the destructive tendencies of negations, and the constructive Christianity. He was a man of marked power; easily first in his calling in the neighborhood where he resided. He had been graduated from one of the larger New England colleges, and had been greatly respected in his class. His father and mother were believers. By and by he began to entertain doubts, and indulge in the habit of staying aloof from Christian men, and remaining away from church. His political philosophy began to show signs of unsoundness. He drank. His wrongheadedness and wrongheartedness developed into cynicism. He lost friends. He lost influence. He had been a leader in the ranks of unbelief. But his cynicism, his wrongheadedness, his bad philosophy of life and his habits all combined to urge him on along the downward grade. His business grew contracted in its range. His political aspirations were blighted. One day it became known that his offices were to be lot. This minister, as he met him on the street, saw desperation written on his face and in his bearing. He somehow felt that it would be but a brief time in which any one would have the opportunity of trying to do that man good. He went into the man's office; the man addressed him roughly, demanded his errand, and distinctly intimated to him that the best thing he could do was to let him alone. A very short time would tell the story. He had already written a final letter to his wife. In a few hours he meant to be dead.

I will not detail the story—the almost violence and compulsion employed, the struggle of hours with the man, and all. To sum up the whole, however, he at length assented to being taken to the minister's house in a hack, on the condition that he should not be obliged to see any human being while there. The minister sat up nearly all night with him, and spent hour after hour in conversation with him, and by every care and in all patience nursed him back to a condition of struggling hope again. But among the things he told him was, "Your first downward step was in letting go your hold of your ancestral faith of your mother." The man assented. He is present now at the services of the Church, at the prayer meetings too, withal, is clothed and in his right mind, and gradually is winning back his lost ground, the devil of unbelief having been expelled. "I tell you what it is," he said to the minister one day, "you may take all the skeptics in this State, and squeeze them, and you cannot get out