

WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A young man began visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased with her company. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What! do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man; I am a mechanic.

"I dislike the name of mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for his wife. The lady who disliked "the name of mechanic" is now the wife of a miserable sot, a regular vagrant about grog-shops, and is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

Do you dislike the name of mechanic—you whose brothers are nothing but well-dressed loafers?

We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so green and so soft, as to think less of a young man because he is a mechanic—as the Son of God himself was. Those girls who despise young men who work for a living, are likely to be menials to some of them themselves when adversity has humbled their pride, and experience has given them common sense—*The Christian*.

THE OLD CLERK.

IT was noon, but the desk nearest the window in the great city library was still vacant. The clerks whispered together, and the boys who carried books to the alcoves glanced at it uneasily.

"Old Peyton," they said, "has been here for twenty years and never missed a day before." One of the boys watered his flowers, for the deaf old clerk had his window full of growing plants.

The chief librarian came out of his office. "Mr. Peyton is dead," he said, abruptly. "Found dead in his bed last night. It is in the morning's paper."

The library was always quiet, but a great silence filled it during that day. The boys stopped skylarking, and the clerks made no comments to each other, even about the dead man. Mr. Peyton had been very deaf, and rarely spoke to them. But as they looked at the vacant stool, and remembered the lean, bent figure in its shabby clothes, and the kindly old face, it seemed as if a strong help had suddenly dropped out of their lives.

In the office the chief discussed the dead man with a director.

"Never was such a life a failure," he said. "Peyton was a fine Greek scholar. He gave his youth and middle age to his book on Greece. His whole heart was in his work. He put into it great research and learning. But Schliemann's discoveries suddenly proved all his theories false. There is his book on the shelves, worthless; covered with dust. Nobody reads it. Then he lost his hearing. He could not even teach Greek. He was only fit for clerical work, which barely kept him alive. He had no wife nor child. A wasted life, sir! A wasted life!"

"You will go to the funeral?" said his friend, rising to go out.

"Most certainly!" said the chief, hotly. Why, there is no man living for whom I feel as I did for Peyton? I could tell you things of the lofty honor of that old fellow, his tenderness, his charity. O, you know a man when you live with him twenty years! No clergyman ever made Christianity real to me as he did."

Meanwhile the old clerk lay still and cold on his cot in his little chamber. It was a bare room, for he had been very poor. On a shelf was his great work, which even had not been opened for years.

Was it a failure? Had his life failed with it. A miniature picture of his mother, a young, beautiful woman, hung over it.

"Perhaps she knows why God let my work go for nothing," Peyton used to think, as he looked at her. "I don't understand."

His Irish landlady was in the room all day. She told every one who came how the old clerk had cared for her and her children for years. How he had kept Mike at work, and stopped Ben from the drink.

The neighbors came, hard-working intelligent folk, and each had a story to tell of advice or aid which he had given them in some strait of their lives.

From the policeman on his round to the crippled newsboy at the corner, had been a friend and wise father to them all.

Later in the day the clerks came, and the boys from the library. They bought bunches of flowers and with tears laid them on his breast, thinking of kind words and deeds which were as natural to the poor clerk as his breath.

They did not notice the great work of his life on the shelf overhead, the work that had failed. They only knew that one of God's helpers had gone out of the world, and mourned for him.

His mother's face smiled down, as it had always done, well content upon her son. And upon the dead man's face there was now a strange, listening look, as of one who was called home and heard his welcome.—*Youth's Companion*.