

Mr. Hall and I moved away from them to make up our minds what to do.

"We must send them some place," Mr. Hall said.

"Yes, but how are we to do it; we have spent all our funds?"

"I thought of the money father gave me this morning for my dress."

"If I furnish the money, can you find a place for them?"

"Yes, this morning I received a letter from a lady asking for two children for two weeks. It will be an excellent place for them."

"I kept ten cents for car fare and gave Mr. Hall the remainder of my money and asked him to buy their tickets. Then I gave Teck a card with my address on it, and told him to ask the lady to write to me, and just as the cars came steaming into the station, Mr. Hall returned with the tickets. He found a place for them in the car, and I wish, mother, you could have seen their beaming faces as we saw them from the car window. I walked two squares and was going to take a car when a little bootblack asked me to buy his last bunch of violets and said 'a blessing goes with it!' Wasn't it an odd thing for him to say?"

Mrs. Hepburn cut with her scissors the string that was tied around the violets and, as they fell apart, a little piece of paper dropped out, on which had been printed by a child in very irregular letters:

"Be you strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak; for your work shall be rewarded."

"It is a 'blessing' surely, Sarah, and sounds like a benediction after your kindness to those children. I am glad you gave your money, dear, but I am afraid you will need your dress."

"It gives me more pleasure to give them happiness than a new dress would give me, and I am going to look after them when they return to the city, and I'll try to find the little bootblack, and see what we can do for him. Dr. Chalmers said, 'The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for,' and I agree with him."

Sarah Hepburn was a young lady possessing sterling qualities, and when she made up her mind to do a thing she did it.

Two weeks after saying good-bye to Teeny and Teck, she received a letter from Mrs. Stanley, the lady who had so kindly opened her heart and home to the little orphans, saying she had decided to keep them always as her own little boy and girl had died, and asked her to go and see "granny" and tell her she had a little cottage near her that she would let her live in, if she cared to come and be near the children.

Granny cried for very joy when Sarah told her the good news, and said with tears streaming down her face, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

"It has been my dream for years, Miss, to live in the country in just such a cottage and to think of being near the blessed bairns! Many a time I have done without food myself that they might have bread to eat, and glad I was to do it, for they were the lovingest little things and always so good to old granny. I've just been counting the hours till they would come home."

With Sarah's help, granny and her few worldly possessions were placed on the cars the next day, and sent to Englewood, where granny was lovingly cared for all the rest of her life. Teck never grew too old to sing his last new song to her, even after he had graduated at college with honors, and never failed to end with,

"He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

Mrs. Stanley wrote to Sarah frequently, and one day when she came to the city, called to see her, and ever after that they were the warmest friends and often visited each other.

Teeny and Teck rewarded these kind friends by being good and true Christians, and were to them, as Mrs. Stanley expressed it, "a joy forever." Sarah searched faithfully, but in vain, for her little "violet bootblack," as she called him. The little scrap of paper with the "blessin'" on it, she kept always among her treasures.—*Presbyterian*.

FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER.

"Mamma," said Charley, "now when I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one? Mamma, there is a chance to do some real good, too."

"How, Charley?"

"Well, mamma, if there is any boy I hate, that boy is Sim Tyson. He is always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys. It never does any good to get cross, for that is just what he likes. But better even than this, Sim does so like a sled, and—well, maybe it is foolish, but I've have a notion to give that old sled to him. It might make him think, and so do him good; mightn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, it might," said the mother.

So Sim received Charley's sled, and they say he is kinder not only to the little boy, but to everybody, than he was before.—*Ex.*

If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."