

AN OLD STORY.

THERE was, many years ago, a lad of sixteen, who left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand.

As he trudged along, he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat; and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know, he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

William then told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt upon the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the canal boat walked).

The old man prayed earnestly for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soapmaker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may be. Be a good man, give your heart to Christ, give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you earn, make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a great, good, and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words, and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He united with the Church.

He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked into the Bible and found the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth. So he said, "If the Lord will take that, I will give that," and so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years, both partners died, and William came to be sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prospered.

His business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped.

He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever.

Then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths.

He then educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give him all his income. He prospered more than ever.

This is the true story of Mr. Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

Are there not boys and girls who will now begin to give to the Lord a part of all the money they receive, and continue to do so throughout life.—Selected.

A BRAKEMAN WHO WAS REPORTED.

HAS my son been a faithful employee?" asked a father, addressing the head of a large leather house.

"Yes," responded the merchant.

"Then why has he received no promotion during his three years in your employ?"

"Because he has failed to perform the duties which we do not demand," replied the man.

What food for reflection! Young men and young women promptly and faithfully perform the required work, yet fail to please their employers. Those of less ability secure the choice positions, and, what seems more remarkable, hold them year after year. They are the employees who are ever anxious to promote their employer's interest, even at some inconvenience to themselves; they are polite even where the house would have countenanced bruequeness.

A young man obtained a situation as a freight brakeman on the Boston and Maine Railroad. His was one of the most laborious and ill-paid positions on the road. He remarked that it was not for long, however; there would soon be a chance for him on the passenger train.

Meanwhile he devoted much time to the mastery of a book of rules and regulations governing the duties of a conductor, thinking it would all come in handy some day. Some of the trainmen smiled at his ambition, saying that there was no chance for promotion; it was the lucky ones who were given the good places.

Nevertheless, he kept hard at work, confident that an opening would come some day. One morning he was called into the office of the