

A Glimpse Under the Hill.

(Mary A. Roberts, in New York 'Observer'.)

'What did that boy want?' asked Dr. Hewitt, looking over the top of his paper and spectacles.

'He brought some stale fish yesterday morning, and came this morning to make it right,' answered Mrs. Hewitt.

'Perhaps he's worth taking an interest in.'

'Any boy is worth that,' said Mrs. Hewitt.

This boy was one of the twelve children of a fisherman who lived in a tumble-down house 'under the hill.' Every morning as the sun peeped above the bluffs, Dr. Hewitt saw the Lancey boy in his old boat, threading in and out among the wild ice of the river, spearing fish.

Dan Lancey could not go past a toy or candy store if he had a bit of money in his pocket. It did not matter how hungry he was, or how ragged his clothes were, a tin horn or toothsome bon bon tempted him, and he always yielded. Mrs. Hewitt talked to him one morning and learned that to possess an air-gun was the height of his ambition.

'It is such a foolish thing to encourage,' she said to her husband.

'I admit that. But you may be able to help him in other ways by encouraging him to save his money for that purpose.'

For several weeks Dan hoarded his pennies. Not all of them, for the temptation of the candy store was frequently too much for him. One morning he announced triumphantly that he needed but ten cents more.

'He is at least learning to save,' confided Mrs. Hewitt to her husband.

Dan did not come with fish the next morning. When any of the Lancey family was sick Dr. Hewitt furnished medicine free. On the second morning Dan staggered into the office and between hiccoughs begged for medicine. Dr. Hewitt placed him on a couch and did what he could for him. Mrs. Hewitt dropped on her knees beside the bed.

'Oh, Dan! Dan! What shall I do for you? I am ready to give up in despair. His money is all gone and his resolutions are worse than broken,' she sobbed, as the child drifted off into unconsciousness.

'We cannot understand the temptations that come to the children of the bottoms. Things look black for Dan, but I am not ready to give him up yet,' said the doctor.

When he came again with fish, he begged Mrs. Hewitt to keep his money for him.

All of this time Dan attended school, and appeared interested for the first time in his life. He was not always prompt, and the odor of the river clung to his clothes. He loved to study the life with which the river teemed, fish, crawfish, lizards, and water snakes. Miss Dolland, his teacher, found that he knew a great deal about the habits of these creatures, and that the little strangers of the ground and air were friends of his. He read all the nature stories Miss Dolland had and begged for more.

The river froze over. Dan set rabbit traps along the bank. Early in the morning he speared fish through holes in the ice. This kept up his little income, and the pennies in Mrs. Hewitt's keeping increased.

One month, Dan determined not to be absent from school, and for three weeks he was always in his place. One day he came into the school room at eleven o'clock.

'Why, Dan, what is the matter?' asked Miss Dolland.

'I fell into the river and had to go home to get my clothes dry.'

'How did it happen?'

'One of the rabbits got out of the trap.

I ran after it and fell through a hole in the ice. Some men were cutting ice on the river yesterday, and I was running so fast that I did not see the place. But I got hold of the edge and scrambled out.'

One morning, Dan was counting his money.

'What do you mean to do with it all, Dan?' asked Mrs. Hewitt.

Dan drew himself up proudly and said: 'I am going to buy me a suit; Miss Dolland says that men and women that are worth anything in the world always respect themselves. I am going to respect myself enough not to wear rags any more.'

'And did she tell you, too, that cleanliness is one of the greatest virtues?'

Dan swept Dr. Hewitt's office. One evening he came with his face and hands shining from a violent scrubbing, and his shock hair smooth as it could be made.

'I think I'll go to Sabbath-school next Sabbath. Miss Dolland wants me to come into her class,' he said to the doctor.

That evening Mrs. Hewitt told her husband Dan's idea of self-respect.

'A very great improvement,' said Dr. Hewitt. 'Three months ago he was contented to wear what was given to him. His idea of self-respect is crude, but it will improve. He is going to start to Sabbath-school to-morrow. Why, wife, he is improving wonderfully.'

When the orchards were full of drifting blossoms, Dr. Hewitt went at Dan's request to help choose his new suit. Dr. Hewitt was astonished at the change in the lad's appearance. His sturdy figure looked well in the suit of gray and his fine eyes sparkled with pride and pleasure.

'You will want a Bible, Dan,' said Dr. Hewitt, turning into a book-store.

His growth from this time forward was steady and sure.

'Dan wants to be a naturalist,' said Dr. Hewitt one evening.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Hewitt. 'We had a long talk about it this morning.'

'We will buy books for him as fast as he can use them,' said Dr. Hewitt, thoughtfully, 'our little bit of interest in that boy is being paid back a hundredfold.'

'Yes, I am so thankful,' said Mrs. Hewitt, earnestly, 'and he would have turned out a worthless drunkard if we had not held out our hands to him.'

A Pocket in a Dress.

(Light in the Home.)

Shrouds have no pockets, and fashionable dresses seem made to imitate them. But there are inconveniences connected with the tyranny and tomfoolery of fashion, one of which was illustrated by a speaker in a missionary meeting as follows:—

A lady whom we will call Mrs. Niles, a very prompt, active woman, and one upon whose time many demands were made, went by appointment at a certain hour to her dressmaker's room. As she entered she found the dressmaker on her knees, arranging the drapery of a dress on another lady.

Mrs. Niles said, with rather more dignity than politeness: 'You see, I am prompt to the moment of your appointment.'

Miss Sims was evidently having some trouble in arranging the drapery in question upon her customer, who was a stout lady, and in a rather worried manner requested Mrs. Niles to be seated and she would soon be ready to wait upon her.

Greatly annoyed at the detention, she walked across the floor in the stiffest manner possible and seated herself in the stiffest chair in the room, seemingly intent on

making all concerned uncomfortable, and growing more and more impatient herself as the time passed away.

Her attention was finally arrested by the following colloquy between the other lady and Miss Sims:

'Have you put in a pocket?'

'No; we do not put pockets in dresses any more.'

'I want one in mine,' said the customer.

'There is no place for one,' was the reply.

'Well, you can make a place for one, for I want a pocket.'

'The folds here will interfere with it, and the drapery there. There really is no place for a pocket,' said the dressmaker.

'Well, I can do without folds and I can do without drapery, but a pocket I cannot do without, if it has to be sewed on the outside of my skirt.'

In vain Miss Sims tried to influence her, until, weary with the discussion, her customer, Mrs. Bell, explained, saying:

'I have been robbed too many times of a blessing from my heavenly Father because I had no pocket—and my purse, of course, at home—to run any such risks again. In church and in other places I have been deprived too often lately of the blessing of giving for the want of a pocket, to have any patience with such a fashion. I have sat and listened when causes were presented to which I would gladly have contributed, but the privilege passed, and with it the blessing I might have had. Yes, I must have a pocket.'

Mrs. Niles rose from her uncomfortable seat, now deeply interested. She had heard her Father's name mentioned, and Mrs. Bell was talking in no strange tongue to her. Crossing the room, she said:

'I have been annoyed because I was detained this morning, but my Father has kept me here to teach me this lesson. I, too, have missed the blessing of giving many a time for the same reason, but I solemnly resolve not to have another dress made without a pocket.'

The dressmaker added: 'I am a Roman Catholic, but you have converted me to "pockets," and I shall hereafter put them in dresses, unless requested not to do so. You, Mrs. Bell, shall most certainly have a pocket.'

The lady narrating this story said she had noticed the evening before, at the meeting, when the collection was taken up, that many of the ladies appeared to have no pockets, and she thought that they realized that they, too, had missed the blessing of giving.

When all Christians come to consider it such a privilege to give to missionary work that they confidently look for a blessing, and grieve lest they lose it, we shall not have to beg for money as now, and receive only pennies where we should have shillings.

When you go to the house of prayer, wear garments with pockets, and have something in the pockets, if it is only a widow's mite.

My Prayer.

If there be some weaker one
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee,
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.