

would be a shame to see so good a boy go to such a place.

She threw a shawl over her head and stepped to the door. Then she went back and sat down by the window.

'I could have a bed for him upstairs,' she thought. 'And he could split wood and bring water for me. I believe I'll go over, anyway.'

Farmer Burman was talking very loudly to Fred when she went into the dark, gloomy kitchen. The boy's face was white, and his eyes filled with tears as he looked at Bessie, his sister.

'You can't have him,' said the little girl, choking back her sobs. 'He's all we've got left, and we're going to keep him!'

'Ho, ho!' laughed Mr. Burman, 'we'll see about that! The sooner we have the papers made out the better, I reckon.' And he made his way toward Mr. Randall.

'Fred, would you rather come with me?'

It was Miss Martin's voice, and Fred grasped her hand eagerly, while his sister cried: 'Oh, do go with her, Fred.'

'I'd rather do it, Miss Martin, if you could get along with me,' said the boy earnestly. 'I'd try hard to help what I could.'

Miss Martin's face lighted up as she listened. This was a new experience to her. Her life had been wholly centred upon her own interests. She could not help thinking of it even in the midst of this excitement. A new feeling swept over her. How selfish she had been! Would God forgive her?

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she was making her way toward Mr. Randall. Would she be too late? No; Mr. Burnham had been called in another direction. She pulled the poor-master's sleeve, and whispered hurriedly:

'I'll take Fred.'

'All right,' he replied and the deed was done.

The proprietor of the village hotel was talking to Bessie.

'Don't you want to go and live with me at the hotel?'

'No, I don't. I want my own home, and that is all.'

'But, child, you can't stay here; the house is all empty, and you've got to go.'

Miss Martin's eyes flashed. The idea of that sweet girl going to such a place, never!

'I'll take Bessie, too,' she said, and Mr. Randall gladly agreed.

'I can have a bedroom and a tiny kitchen added to my house instead of a parlor,' thought Miss Martin, 'and can take the old kitchen for a living-room. I don't really need a parlor, anyway.'

And now, what about little Ray? There he sat, seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around him, printing some words on a piece of cardboard. Ray was only seven years old. He would need care for a long time, perhaps all his life, for he was not very strong in body. He was fond of books and flowers and shy and reticent. He held up the cardboard at length and looked at the words he had printed. They were: 'Trust in the Lord.'

Nobody wanted Ray. He could not be of much use, anywhere, and it was decided that he must go to the country farm.

'I'll take him home with me to-night,' said Mr. Randall, 'and send him away to-morrow morning.'

Sitting around Miss Martin's table at supper that night very little was said. Fred had filled the wood-box, brought water, and made himself useful in various ways; but now he was thinking of his little brother. Bessie could hardly keep back the tears.

Miss Martin could not help noticing the

children's faces, and altogether it was not cheerful company.

As they arose from the table, there was a knock at the door, and Miss Martin opened it to confront Mr. Randall. 'Is Ray here?' he asked.

'Why, no.'

'Well, he's a queer boy; I don't know where he is, and now I can't find him.'

'Is the Dilling house locked?'

'No, there is no use locking it; it's empty.'

'You stay here, children,' said Miss Martin, kindly; 'I'll be back in a few moments.'

Then she slipped over to the little old house, and as quietly as she could, peered into every room. There, in the half twilight, she found Ray at last, half lying, half kneeling, on the bare floor in the little room where he used to sleep. In his arms was the cardboard on which he had printed, 'Trust in the Lord.'

The boy was talking, and she listened.

'It don't seem like home. Bless dear Miss Martin. She's good.'

Miss Martin could hear no more. 'I can never dress in silk and know that this poor boy is away from his brother and sister,' she thought. O Lord, forgive me for thinking so much of my own desires! I'll try to use my legacy in a way that will be pleasing to thee!

Then she stepped forward and touched the boy gently on the shoulder. He started nervously, but when he saw who it was, smiled through his tears.

'Come home with me, Ray,' she said tenderly, 'and the Lord will care for you and for all of us.'—The Herald.

### The Man who was 'Going To.'

He was, in the first place, a boy who was always 'going to do.' He was for a time a pupil of a school I taught, and I boarded at his father's house a part of one winter. That was nearly twenty-five years ago, so the boy has been a man for some years.

When I was staying at his home his mother would say: 'Robert, have you filled the wood-box yet?' 'No, ma'am; but I'm going to,' would be the reply. Or his father would ask: 'Robert, have you fed the horse yet?' 'No, sir; but I'm going to,' Robert would reply.

Sometimes I would say to Robert in school, 'Have you learned your arithmetic lesson yet?' 'No, sir; but I'm going to,' he would reply, but when the time came for the class to recite the lesson would still be unlearned. At the last minute Robert would take his arithmetic and slate and try to solve his problems in less time than was possible for even the brightest boy in the class.

It is many years since I saw Robert, but I heard of him the other day. A friend was good enough to write me a long letter, telling me about many of the boys and girls who went to school to me. About Robert S—— he said: 'You still, no doubt, remember Robert S——? He is still "going to do" all sorts of things. I went by his home yesterday. It is a sorry looking place. The front gate has been separated from its hinges for about five years, yet I have heard Robert say many times that he was "going to fix that gate." The pump at his well became disabled more than a year ago, and Robert has been "going to fix it" every day during that time, but it is not done. In the meantime, his family must carry water from the well of a neighbor, a fifth of a mile distant. Two years ago the drainage pipe on Robert's place became clogged up, and Robert was "going to fix it" for more than a year. When it rained the water stood a foot deep all over the cellar, and Robert came near losing two of his children because of illness trace-

able to this cause. The worst of it is that Robert has fallen into the habit of borrowing money that he is "going to repay," but somehow he does not pay it. They speak of him here as "The man who is going to." Poor Robert! life has been a dreary failure by the reprehensible habit of procrastination.'—J. L. Harbor, in 'Forward.'

### Diverting His Mind.

A cloud settled down on the office when the senior partner came in. His hat was pulled down to his ears, and his brows drawn together in a black bridge over his eyes. The two stenographers quailed under his glance, and even the office-boy was shaken from his usual calm. The chief acknowledged the salutation of the head clerk with a grim nod, and then strode into the junior partner's room. His voice came through the partition in a confused growl.

'Going to be a chilly day with the boss, I guess,' the office-boy said to the stenographer who had been with the firm for ten years.

'You should call him Mr. Barnett,' she answered, reprovingly, and added a little lecture on the duty of respect to elders and employers. She was finishing her lecture as the senior partner emerged from the inner room. He comprehended her and the office-boy in a swift glance of disfavor.

'Miss Murdock,' he said, icily, 'if you're not too busy talking to William I should like to give you some dictation.'

She rose with a deep flush on her cheeks, and went into the private office. He stopped a moment in the telephone-booth, and the office force could hear him berating 'Central.' He came out with heavier lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth, and his forehead was crumpled in a deeper frown.

In half an hour Miss Murdock came out. 'I don't know what's the matter with him,' she said to the second clerk, in an awe-struck voice. 'He's just dreadfully cross this morning. He even made me spell difference with one f.'

'He acts as if he thought we were just dirt,' the new stenographer said. 'I wish I'd stayed with that lumber company.'

The fidelity of years flared up in Miss Murdock. 'He's generally the kindest man I ever knew,' she said.

The office-boy nodded. 'That's right.'

Within a few minutes Mr. Barnett refused three valued clients. At intervals of every few minutes he rushed from his room and shut himself into the telephone-booth. Each time he came out more cross and haggard.

By noon the office force had fallen into a state bordering on panic, and even the junior partner, Burke, kept out of range of his senior's sarcasm. When for the tenth time Mr. Barnett entered the telephone-booth, the astute William said, 'I guess he'll fire us all when he comes out this time.'

Mr. Barnett stayed a long time with the receiver held to his ear. He came out with beads of perspiration on his forehead and tears in his eyes. He looked around the room, and smiled tremulously. 'She's come out of it beautifully,' the doctor says. 'The anesthetic went off, and she waked like a baby. And he says the cut in her throat can be covered by a string of beads.'

He beamed tenderly on them all.

'What are you talking about?' his partner asked.

'Why, my little girl's at the hospital, and had an operation on her throat this morning, and the doctor's just telephoned that it's all right. He wouldn't let me stay at the hospital—said it was better to come down here