

and if I had I could have seen nothing for dust, but your show this morning would attract anyone. What's up?" and the man went off laughing.

"Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one," said Mr. Bradford.

"And what then, sir?" asked the boy, respectfully.

"Anything that suggests itself to you."

"O, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here, your store should be the prettiest in the village."

"And it is only a lumber-room; but I give you liberty to make whatever you can out of it."

At the end of the week, the front of the store was so pleasantly and artistically arranged, that every customer had some complimentary remark to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed—

"I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your 'Old Curiosity Shop' to my friend here, and telling him he could buy anything from a hummingbird's nest to a second-hand pulpit, but"—

"But, although order is being brought out of chaos, I have the same variety;" and he told the story of how it all happened, adding, "I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the business to do anything except what they were told, until this lad came in."

"That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of a boy. You'll have to pay him well, or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run in on my way back and have a talk with the fine little fellow."

"Fine little fellow, indeed!" said Mr. Bradford to himself. "Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not!" and, calling to George, he said: "Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair; and tell your mother I am coming in this evening to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad

with your head for business must not neglect school."

"My head for business is following mother's way—doing whatever is to be done and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford," and the boy's feet kept pace with the wind as he fled up the street to tell his mother the good news—that he was sure now of steady work, and she needn't worry any more, for he could take care of them both.

It is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place; but there are always picturesque effects in the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity in the business.—"Zion's Herald."

### THE STORY OF TAK-CHAN.

This interesting story is told by a lady missionary from China.

Just before I left Hong Kong, one of my Chinese friends, a woman whom I had known some years, came to see me, bringing with her a bundle tied up in a handkerchief, from which she produced small gifts for my father and mother, brother and sisters. She also gave me a number of things used in idol worship—an incense burner, incense sticks, sandal wood, and other things. When I protested at the number of her gifts, she said:

"No, Ku-Neung, they are not many, they are very few. But I want you to take these things to England with the idol, the Goddess of Mercy, that I have already given you; and I want you to show them to the people of England, and to tell them how they are used in the worship of idols; and I want you to tell them about me, and why my arms are so scarred."

Then she pushed back her loose sleeves and showed me on both her arms terrible scars, and told me a part of her life-story that she had never told me before.

She had been, as I knew, very unhappy through many years of her married life because she was a childless woman, and to