

sweet, old words of the greatest of all Teachers—'Consider the lilies.'

Then he told Dollie's own little story almost as she had told it to him. His eyes were not the only wet ones, when, at its close, the people went out into the glorious sunshine of a new day.

Nor was that all. In the outer hall of the church, unseen in the shadows, was old Fisher Ben. Tears rained down his face—tears such as only strong men shed.

There Dollie found him, twined her little arms about him, and cried too. There they knelt—the pastor, the father, and the child—and the form of the Fourth was among them!

And there was joy untold in Heaven.

### Boys That Succeed.

'A new boy came into our office to-day,' said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. 'He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week.'

'What makes you think so?' inquired his wife.

'Because the very first thing that he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do.'

'Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him.'

'Perhaps I shall,' replied the merchant, 'but I do not think so.'

Three days later the business man said to his wife: 'About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well, he is the best boy who ever entered the store.'

'How did you find that out?'

'In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began to work, he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished, he came to me and said: "Mr. —, I have finished all that work. Now, what can I do?"'

'I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, "What next?" That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man. Such boys always succeed in the end.' —Sunday School Messenger.

### Two Days in Gale's Life.

(Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Wellspring'.)

Gale stood at the opening in the garden hedge, and watched the receding form on the rough, winding road. The sunlight of early morning fell round her slim, young figure as she stood there, and flooded all the orange garden with its golden glory. Yet the place seemed to have grown suddenly lonely now that her father had gone. She wished he would turn and look back once, but he did not. All his mind was on the errand that was taking him away, and when a turn in the narrow road had finally hidden him from view the girl went slowly back to her seat in the garden, murmuring the scant consolation that it might have been an evil omen if he had looked.

'But he would not have feared,' she said, proudly. 'My father has no fear of such things.'

For herself, she found that she feared many things now that she was left to her own devices. She dreaded the long, lonely day. The garden was a mile from home, quite beyond the protection of the village, and its fruit was too valuable to the little household to be left to the mercy of anyone who might wish to steal. Gale had promised very readily to guard it during her father's absence of three days, and she had felt a pleasant sense of importance when she prepared her provision of sweet potatoes and rice and took leave of her mother. But already the day began to look drearily long in prospect, and what should she do when night came—night that might really bring thieves?

'My father said I might have some of the neighbor children to stay with me,' mused Gale, looking round her small domain, and

bringing the wisdom of her fourteen years to bear upon the situation. 'But what then? They will laugh and shout so that people will know there are only children in the garden, and at night they will stay close in the little straw hut, and cry if anyone comes. I will stay alone and keep quiet, and maybe no one will know that my father is gone.'

She walked about the thick hedge that bordered the place and busied herself with piling broken tiles wherever she thought anyone might try to force an entrance, so that the rattling would be sure to awaken her if she slept. Then she gathered a heap of stones beside the hut where they would serve as ammunition.

'If anyone comes, I will keep in the shadow of the doorway and throw stones. It will frighten them away, for they will never think a girl is here alone,' she decided.

She had slept safely many a night in that little straw hut, but always her father had been with her—her father, who, ever since she was a tiny child, had been such a wonderful companion in this land where, as a rule, fathers were not overfond of their daughters.

Gale thought about it that morning as she had often thought before, and when her plans for defence were completed, and she sat down to rest where the sunlight sifting down through a network of leaves threw shifting lights and shadows over her black hair, she wondered dreamily about many things.

When she was younger, she had often wished for a brother or sister. Nearly all the girls with whom she played carried babies on their backs—usually a little brother to be taken care of—but Gale was an only child. As she grew older, however, she had begun to realize that this state of affairs had its advantages. The other girls had no such place in the home as hers; they were not loved and valued as their brothers were, and not one of them was so cared for by her father.

But there Gale's thoughts ran into the tangle that often troubled them of late, and little lines of perplexity wrinkled her smooth forehead. It could not be altogether because she was the only child; it was because her father was, as the other children sometimes hinted, tauntingly, 'different,' and Gale had reached the point where she was not quite

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