

His questioner interrupted him to laugh heartily; and then said, "I'm disposed to think I can help you in that business. Are you particular as to what you do?"

"I am if I can get it to do; I've tried for the particular things first, and stood ready to take the others, if the particular ones didn't come along."

"I see. Well, mother, don't you believe this chap is just the one they need down at St. Marks?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if he would suit them," the lady said.

"I think he will. I'll recommend you, my boy, and you will be pretty sure to secure the place if I do. I have some authority there; it will be a good place, steady work, and good wages; you can begin to support that family of yours on a better plan than you have been doing lately."

"What is St. Marks, if you please?" asked Reuben, his sparkling eyes saying "thank you" for him, with every twinkle.

"Well, it's a wine parlor, one of the best in the city; a sort of cash boy you would be, and waiter in general; I hardly know what your duties would be; but I know the work is not hard, and the pay is good."

Then did all the sparkle go out of Reuben's eyes. There stalked up before him the memory of his resolution, not only, but his positive promise, made but the night before. "I'm very sorry," he began, with a red face, "that is I mean, I think," and he paused in great confusion.

"Well, what's the trouble? You need not fear not being able to suit him; you are just the quick-witted chap that they need, and I suppose I may as well say that you shall have the place, though I don't meddle with their hired help as a rule; I'll make this an exception."

"I thank you," stammered Reuben, "but if you please I would rather not; that is, —well you see, sir," and having resolved to speak out, he held up his head and spoke boldly, "the fact is, I have made a pledge never to work for rum, in any shape; sell it, or drink it or help other folks to drink it; and so I can't go; though I'm much obliged to you for the chance."

"Upon my word and honor!" said the owner of Spunk, rising slowly on one elbow and staring at Reuben as though he were a curiosity. "You are really the coolest chap I ever came across. So you won't take the place, eh? Very well; of course, if your wish for regular work is all a humbug, why you can afford to throw away chances like this. I supposed you were really in earnest. Then I don't know of anything that I can do for you. Mother, I guess you may as well let him go. He is simply impudent, and that is the most there is in him." And the gentleman slowly let himself down from his elbow, and turned over and shut his eyes. Reuben did not speak at all. If he had had anything to say, he couldn't have said it then. His voice was choked with tears. It was a great and sore disappointment; to be so near to regular work and good wages, and then to have to see them slip away from him was too much. He turned away and wiped two great tears from his eyes with his threadbare jacket sleeve.

"I am afraid you have been very foolish," the plaid lady said, speaking sadly; "Edward had taken a fancy to you, and would have done well by you; he or us the saloon; people will sell liquor, you know; and people will buy it; you might as well earn your living that way, as in any other; because you work in a wine parlor is no reason why you should drink liquor, you know; I hope you will never do that; but you must not throw away your chances to help your mother, for the sake of mere notions." Poor Reuben! the tears were dropping rapidly now, and he was so ashamed of them, and so angry about them, and so disappointed about Spunk's master.

"Never mind," the lady said, kindly, seeing the tears. "I am very grateful to you for all that you did last night; so is Edward; he is a little vexed now, for you must remember that you were rather rude to him, though I know you did not mean to be; he will get over it; and when you have had time to think about this, and change your mind, come and see me, and I think I can still secure the place for you; that is if you are not too slow; but I think you are one who does things in a hurry. Meantime, I want you to take this basket that I have packed to your mother, with my love; and in this paper is something to help you sup-

port your family. Here is a street car ticket; you take the Blue line on the South side, you know." And Reuben, still in a maze over the rapid changes of his affairs during these days, almost before he realized what he was about, found himself signaling a Blue line car, a large market-basket, as much as he could carry, on his arm, and a little bit of a paper package in his hand.

(To be continued.)

WHAT DID THE ANGELS WIPE IT OUT WITH?"

[An authentic letter from a lawyer in New Orleans to his brother in Pittsburgh, Pa.]

Dear brother: You know that for many years I had been an unbeliever and a follower of strange gods—a lover of this world and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was a self-righteous one, who thought I had a religion of my own, better than the Bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell, except allegorically. I believed that God was bound, as he had created man, to save him. I knew I did not serve Him; knew Him not personally; had no communion with Him; obeyed His laws only just so far as it pleased myself and my own understanding of them. I did not believe in the entire divinity of Christ, and thought all such believers were idolaters; and I would not believe in the trine God, unless I could understand how He was such.

You know what my early teachings were, instilled into me by my own dear pious old mother. God had put these truths, received through her instructions, deep in my heart, though they were then buried deep from sight or thought by the filth of pride, sin and the world; prayer was forgotten, church was neglected, and worldly morality was the corrupt tree that, springing up, brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

So I lived, and so I would have died, had not God remembered His promise to His loving children, showing mercy unto thousands (of the generation) of them that love Him and keep His commandments.

Now and then better thoughts, holier desires, and sometimes doubts and fears of a judgment to come, would spring up within my heart, which, however, were soon stifled.

As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As the boy Theodore, with God's finger marked out on from his birth, grew up, our natural love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him; his mind turned over what little he had learned of God through his nightly prayers, taught him by us from habit and superstition more than any conscientious feeling.

His questions often puzzled me, and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor sinful father, to know more about his Heavenly Parent, and that "happy land, far, far away," of which his nurse had sung to him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him. A feeble accent of gratitude would steal up in my heart and fill me with something like regret, and bring back the time when I loved that blessed Saviour, and believed more of that "happy land."

A greater distrust of myself, and a greater sense of my inability to assure my boy of the faith contained in the simple little prayers I learned from mother, with you and our other brothers and sisters, gradually began to grow on me, and made me think oftener. Still I never went to church—had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach him—Christ and Him crucified, or Universalism; or let him learn what he could from the Jesuits, in whose church he had been baptized? Blessed be God! He, in his sovereignty will chose for me. One of his little friends had died, then another, then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it—wanted to know "why God had done it; it was very hard that God should just go and take his friends; he wished He wouldn't do it." I, of course, tried to say and explain the best I could.

One evening he was lying on the bed, partly undressed. My wife and I were seated by the fire. She had been telling me that Theodore had not been a good boy that day, and what he had been doing, and I reproved him for it. All was quiet, when suddenly he broke out into a loud crying

and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him and asked him what was the matter. "I don't want it there, father—I don't want it there!" "What, my child—what is it?" "Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad I've done to-day. I don't want it there; I wish He would wipe it out;" and his distress was greatly increased.

What could I do? I did not believe, yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said: "Well, you need not cry, you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want." "How, father, how?" "Why, get down on your knees and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it out, and He will do it."

I did not have to speak twice; he jumped off his bed, saying, "Father, won't you come and help me?" Now came the trial, the boy's distress was so great, and he pleaded so earnestly, that the big man, who had never bowed down to God in spirit and in truth, got down on his knees alongside that dear boy, and asked God to wipe out his sins and, perhaps, although my lips did not speak it, I included my own sins too: We then got up, and he lay down on the bed again; and in a few moments he said: "Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?" Oh, how the acknowledgment grated through my unbelieving heart, as the words came from my lips. "Why, yes, my dear son, the Bible says so; if you asked God from your heart for Christ's sake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done." A smile of pleasure passed over his face, as he quietly asked: "What did the angels wipe it out with, with a sponge?" Again was my soul stirred within me, as I answered:

"No, with the precious blood of Christ!" The fountain had at last burst forth—it could not be checked—and my cold heart was melted within me, and I felt like a poor, guilty, ignorant sinner; and, turning away, said: "My dear wife, we must first find God, if we want to show Him to our children; we can not show them the way unless we know it ourselves."

After a little time the boy, with Heaven (almost) looking out of his eyes, came from the bed, and, leaning on my knee, turned up his face to me and said: "Father, are you and mother sinners?" "Yes, my son, we are." "Why," said he, "have you not a Saviour; don't you love God; why are you sinners?" I answered as best I could, and in the silent hour of the night I bent in prayer over the dear boy, and prayed: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

My wife, being a Roman Catholic, would not pray with me over the boy, until, blessed again be God, the Lord's Prayer was put into my heart, and we said it together, and prayed jointly for ourselves and our child; and God heard our prayer, and received us, as He always does those who seek Him with the whole heart, for he has said unto such, they "shall surely find Me."—The Word of Life.

THE FATAL CHURCH RAFFLE.

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation, convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach even his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began, giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the Church felt in his welfare. As has the youth broke out:

"Do you know you was what did it?" "What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand the strange language. "I began the business," returned the youth, speaking very loud, "in your Sunday-school. Don't you remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I gained and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lottery. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folks' names, and hear I am. Don't let the Church come blubbering around me. They may thank themselves! Their raffling was what did it! It ruined me!"—Golden Censer.

PUZZLES.

AUTHOR.  
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The initials and finals the name of the author.

Cross words.—1, to repair the upper part of shoes; 2, a city of Portugal; 3, part of the teeth; 4, a poor style of architecture; 5, a hard blow.

BEHEADINGS.

Behad to skin and leave a fish. 2, Divide a rabbit. 3, Draw back, and call out. 4, Spatter, bind, strike, a tree. 5, Touch in passing, and press forward. 6, Whiten, wash, every one. 7, Swing, fish.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A grain.  
2. A wind instrument.  
3. A kind of cord.  
4. To want.

ODD HOUR-GLASS.

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The perpendicular line is of one letter. The upper word across is the work of a rough instrument; the next is the upper word beheaded and curtailed; the next the second word beheaded and curtailed; the centre letter is the third word beheaded and curtailed.

The lowest word of the hour-glass, imperfect marks; the next above, the lowest word beheaded and curtailed; the next above, the lower word beheaded and curtailed; the letter above, the same as of the upper part of the hour-glass, and is from the beheading and curtailment of the word beneath.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.

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T E S  
T O R C H E R  
T E R R I E R  
S C U N  
H E N

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—GOLD.

PROVERB PUZZLE.—BUNKER HILL.  
ENIGMATIC TREES.—1, Ash. 2, Bass. 3, Bay. 4, Shad. 5, Buckthorn. 6, Button. 7, Cabana. 8, Cedar. 9, Moose wood. 10, Cucumber. 11, Chickasaw Plum. 12, Locust. 13, Fir. 14, Oak. 15, Crabwood. 16, Holly. 17, Cypress. 18, Coffee tree. 19, Judas tree. 20, Hercules. 21, Umbrella tree. 22, Elder.

Delta Smith sends correct answers to several puzzles.

SUNLIGHT AND FURNITURE.—No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartments. The importance of admitting the light of sun the free by to all parts of our dwellings cannot be to highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walking should be in bright sunlight, so long as the eyes are protected by a veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money; but remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that the people who live much in the sun are generally stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—Herald of Health.