

out paupers; and it was gay work to keep the assessor assessing taxes, and the collector collecting them, and allow liquor to be made and sold, which created the need of over half the taxes. There was their work before them, he said: what did they think of it? A youth who might have been a useful citizen, and one of the burgesses themselves, left to drunken parents, and the streets, and to temptations to drink; and there he lay, ruined and dead, and he not much more than a boy. Then he had the men pick up the bier again, and away they went to the church, where they were having a meeting, to raise money for a new church, with a tall steeple; and in they went, and laid the dead man down before the pulpit, and the hermit spoke again, and said it was fine times to serve God with temples of brick and stone, and the human temples He chose rather for His home, were left to go to ruin. And he asked, who of the church members had tried to help or save that young man; who had fought against the saloons, and the dram-selling, resolved never to stop till they stopped? O, he went on till all the people got crying, and a minister got praying; and then they picked up the bier once more, and carried it to the saloon, and told the keeper there was his finished work come home, and what was he going to do with it? And from that, a tremendous stir about temperance, and meetings are held, and in all the villages and county school-houses round; and the hermit is speaking at all, and they call him Peter the Hermit, preaching a nineteenth century crusade, and though he was so afraid of the whiskey before, that he had to hide on the mountain, now, since he has come down to fight it, he is not afraid at all, but says all desire for it is taken out of him, and it makes him sick to think of it.

'Really, that is great news,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

'I'd like to be there, to make a speech,' said Rasmus, who had taken great conceit of himself as an orator.

Since you can't, suppose you don't let the potatoes burn.'

'Well, I vow, Rod, I'd forgot them 'taters; but they are done just to a turn. I think myself that men ain't much good at house-keeping. Women give just the right touches to cooking, and men gets their minds occupied like, with various things, and lets things go wrong. There should be houses, and then there should be women to keep 'em.'

'And every woman should be named Sally, and have red cheeks,' asserted Rodney, boldly.

The next day, as they rambled along, Rodney discovered that the sole of his shoe was loose, and Mr. Llewellyn, finding himself limping, perceived that he had lost a boot-heel. They must therefore stop for repairs at the cobbler's, in the first village. They found the cobbler in a little shop, under a great horse-chestnut tree. The village looked quiet and thriving; the blacksmith's-shop was opposite the cobbler, and the forge glowed red. But the cobbler had a very gloomy face, and evidently took a dismal view of life. Rodney and Mr. Llewellyn, perched on two stools, sat in their stocking feet, having resigned their shoes to the man of wax-ends. Rasmus stretched himself like a big dog in the doorway.

'How's trade?' asked Rasmus the affable.

'Bad,' said the cobbler. 'I s'pect we'll all end in the poorhouse, for no man can make a living, these days. There's nothing but confusion, and riots, and strikes, from one end of the country to the other. No one is satisfied—I'm not satisfied, myself. It's nothing but sedition and trouble, and seems as if it always was going to be.'

'Seditions and troubles have been the cry these many years,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'Lord Bacon wrote an essay about them, two hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts. And he makes these remarks: "The surest way to prevent seditions, if the times permit, is to take away the material of them, for if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. Now, the material of seditions is of two kinds, much poverty and much discontent."

'That's as true a word as ever was said,' replied the cobbler, 'and what are you going to do about it?'

(To be continued.)

Work and Win.

(By Lew Martson Ward, in the 'Presbyterian Witness.')

The boy who works is the boy who wins,—
The boy who finishes all he begins,
The boy who cheerfully says, 'I'll try,'
The boy who smiles when the world's awry.

The boy who shirks is the boy who fails,—
The boy who falters when work entails,
The boy who moodily whines, 'I can't,'
The boy whose vision is all aslant.

To work or to shirk, boys—which shall it be?
The paths are open, the choice is free.
'We'll work and win!' is the cry I hear,
And the poor little shirk has fled, I fear!

How She Won Happiness.

A woman, young and beautiful, but with a shadow on her face, walked aimlessly down the broad avenue. Last night she had been disappointed. She had always had every whim gratified, and the bitterness of it still rankled in her heart.

To be sure it was nothing of great import. An elegant necklace she had admired and desired to purchase had just been sold when she telephoned asking the jeweller to send it up.

Turning off the avenue, she stopped at a florist's and ordered several boxes of lovely flowers. As she started to go her eyes met those of a frail little girl who was looking with wondering eyes at the immense bunch of roses she had just ordered. In one hand something was tightly clasped. The wistful face turned to the florist, and with a quiver of the lips the child asked the price of 'just one rose.'

'Ten cents each, little one,' replied the florist.

The tears rushed to the little tot's eyes as she opened her hand displaying only two pennies, and turned to leave the room. The young lady was touched by the disappointed face, and stepping after the girl she asked her what she wanted to do with a rose. The beautiful flowers seemed out of keeping with the pitifully shabby figure of the child.

'O, Harry, he's so sick,' was the sobbing reply, 'and he begged for just one flower like we used to have out in the country. Mamma couldn't afford flowers, but I earned one cent by going to the post office for Mrs. Blake, and I sold my—my dear old dolly to Della Fry for another. And now I haven't any doll, and I can't get the flower either, and poor Harry will be so disappointed,' and the sobbing grew louder.

'Never mind, little girlie, I'll divide my roses with you. Where do you live? Just wait a minute,' and back the young lady rushed to the florist's, saying she would take a dozen of the roses with her.

Out along the street she went with the child, up a long flight of dark stairs, and into a dimly lit room, where little Harry lay on a rickety cot. A woman, the mother, old beyond her years, sat by the one window sewing feverishly, for she had no time to waste if she was to earn sufficient for their absolute wants.

The young woman stepped just inside the door, unseen by the mother and son, while the little girl ran to the bedside and placed the roses in Harry's hands.

'See, mamma, see what Harry's got; This good young lady gave them to me. Aren't they sweet?' And she danced about the room in sheer joy.

Harry's face was a study. The first look of utter astonishment gradually changed into a radiant, blissful smile, as he fondled the blossoms. Not a word or a sound—just the happy, satisfied smile. The mother sprang to her feet, and with tears and smiles battling on her face, she thanked the given brokenly.

'Don't, please,' interrupted the young lady. 'It is nothing—nothing,' and before they could stop her she was gone.

Breathlessly she hurried home, shut herself in her room, and throwing herself on the daintily draped bed, the burning tears rushed down her cheeks. Never had she felt so little, so useless, and that innocent child had called her 'good'—she who was so selfish and wilful. Here she had been cross and hateful

all day just because a bauble she had set her heart on could not be hers, though any one of hundreds equally beautiful might be.

And there in that dark room those three were fighting for life itself, and a handful of roses filled their hearts with joy.

Months have passed since that day, but the hours have never been vacant or tiresome to the young woman, for her heart opened to the humane influence which hovered around it, and not only that one small family were lifted out of the darksome life they were leading, but many others have been benefited by her efforts and a sweet appreciation of the little things has come to her as a benediction. —Michigan 'Farmer.'

Marshall Field and a Boy.

By the Boy.

In the winter of 1872-73, a boy of thirteen years of age had charge of the doll department of Field, Leiter & Co. Toward the close of the day before Christmas a fine looking gentleman inquired as to the prices and quality of certain goods at the counter, and this boy did his best to convince the gentleman that he ought to have an assortment of those dolls for Christmas presents for his little friends. Whether it was because his arguments were so strong, or that the gentleman needed the dolls, or because of his peculiar interest in the boy, the fact is, he bought quite a bill.

After the hour for closing had come a cash boy brought the boy salesman a note which called him to the office of the superintendent, where he was reprimanded severely for some little infractions of the rules during the day, and after the reprimand, the superintendent said: 'Notwithstanding these things you have attracted the attention of Mr. Field, who was here to-day. You did not know it, but the party to whom you made your last sale was Marshall Field, and he has left this envelope for you. You are not to open it until you get home, and the first Monday after the holidays you are to call at his office.'

The little fellow was very much delighted and considerably surprised. He did not wait until he got home to open that envelope, but at the first lamp-post found that it contained a new ten dollar bill, which was something of a surprise and a very welcome Christmas present, as his small salary of \$3.50 a week was needed to help support a family in straitened circumstances. On Monday after the holidays the little fellow called at the office of Mr. Field. There still lingered in his ears the admonition of the superintendent to have his face clean, his fingernails trimmed and well cared for; and his condition of nerves and mind is more easily imagined than described.

Mr. Field was signing checks and told the boy to blot them as he signed them, and while this work was going on he talked with him just as though he had been a big brother or a kind uncle who was interested in his welfare; asking him all sorts of questions as to his family, his school privileges, how long he had been in the house and what he had done, and in fact showed such a knowledge of human nature that at the end of the half hour he knew all about that little boy, and looking into his face he said: 'My boy, you need more schooling; you say you have not been to school since you were nine years old, and if you stay in this store you must know something. I will send you to school the rest of this winter until May, pay your tuition and your wages, and you report every Monday morning as to your progress. You need a suit of clothes. Go and get what you want and bring the bill to me.'

To the school this boy went and stayed until the May following. Every Monday morning he reported to Mr. Field, visited, blotted checks, and received the amount of his former wages. These weekly talks with that man are treasures in his memory, and they did not end there, for during the years since, occasionally when in the city, visits with this prince of merchants were greatly enjoyed. That little boy found later that the dry goods business did not agree with his health; so after three years of service, at the suggestion of Mr. Field, he sought other work which did not endanger his health. Thirty-two years have passed away. That boy is now a Methodist preacher, and somehow feels