

scholars went to the prayer-meeting with him, and it was not long before there were some conversions among those boys who had been considered the pest of the town.

At the end of the year young Conway was promoted, and he could now afford to send his eldest sister to a better school; this he had much desired to do, as his sister Edith was a bright girl, giving promise of a noble womanhood.

Young Pierson had graduated from college and returned home. He was much sought after, as he was witty and handsome, possessing a genial disposition which rendered him a very desirable companion.

However, it was soon known that the house of the Lord was not the place he most frequented. The mid-week prayer-meeting was never gladdened by his testimony for Jesus.

Three years passed away; Julian Pierson had never entered upon any active word, but still lived as a pensioner upon his father's bounty.

One day a group of men in Mr. Lawson's store were discussing things, as men are wont to do, when one said:

"I should think Julian Pierson would have to take up some work before long. The old gentleman's place is running down and getting very seedy."

"The splendid old estate has not changed any more than its owner," said another. "He looks old and careworn."

"Had you heard the news about young Pierson?" said a man as he entered the store.

"No. What is it?" asked Mr. Lawson.

"Why, it seems he went to a wine and card party somewhere down the river last night. Coming home he attempted to board a train, when his head was the worse for wine, and he fell and the cars passed over him. I do not know the exact extent of his injury, but I heard that Dr. Warrer said, 'If he lives he will never walk.'"

"I remember," said Judge Rawson, "how some were making comparisons between Pierson and Conway at the time of their uniting with the church. Pierson has gone steadily downward, while Conway has been persistently rising. I expect you will keep Conway with you, Mr. Lawson."

"I should be glad to if I could. However, Conway goes, in a few days, to a better situation than I can offer him."

"What is that?"

"President of the new bank here."

"It is wonderful how Conway has risen. I do sometimes wonder at it."

"I do not wonder at it. You remember Conway has always performed the nearest duty, and done it well! He has always done what he considered was for the best interest of his fellow-men—even at the cost of great exertion. You also remember how David speaks of the Lord's setting him in a large place: do you not? Well, I think the Lord has set Adam Conway in a large place because of his faithfulness."

'Dare to be a Daniel.'

The son of a president of one of our most prominent Eastern colleges was about leaving his native town for Paris to enter upon a special course in surgery.

As he was bidding his friends good-by, his betrothed, obeying a sudden impulse, whispered as her parting word:

"Charlie, dare to be a Daniel!"

"Only that old saw," said he, while a look of disappointment shadowed his face.

"That only, Charlie, but it may mean much to you," was her answer.

The bearer of a letter of introduction to a distinguished nobleman and scientist in Paris, the young American was soon received with marked kindness.

In a few days he was the recipient of an invitation to a small banquet at the count's residence, at which were present some of the savants of the great city.

During the progress of the feast the host, filling his ruby-tinted glass (an example which his guests followed), proposed a toast 'To the wives, daughters and sweethearts of America,' to which he invited a response from his youthful guest, motioning a servant meanwhile to fill his glass with the red wine.

What followed can best be told in the young man's own words:—

"Mother [he wrote], for a moment I was in agony of trepidation. I would rather have faced a cannon. All had risen, and in the hand of each was the cup of wine, which I had been pledged from my childhood not to 'touch, taste nor handle.' My head swam. Suddenly I heard the words, 'Dare to be a Daniel!' They shot through my head like an electric flash. Instantly my resolution was taken. I touched my white glass,—a servant filled it with water. Rising, I said as well as I could for the great lump in my throat:—

"I beg leave to say that to the typical wife, daughter and sweetheart of America, the purity of this, nature's own beverage, illustrates the lives they aim to lead and the dangers which they seek to avoid. Permit me to use it in their dear names."

"Following the example of Count B——, every white glass was instantly raised and the toast drunk."—'New Voice.'

Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

PART II.

(Continued.)

"Not they! They were fighting amongst themselves for the laurels, when Macon stepped in and scooped the whole lot. Yes, it was nice."

"Let's call round and tell him so," suggested Brown.

The next morning Richard was in his room smiling to himself as he thought of the last night's happenings, when there was a knock at his door. He looked up expectantly. Was any further pleasure in store for him?

Trevor Gale came in.

"Shake hands!" demanded Trevor, with enthusiasm. "It was glorious!"

By and by, when they had talked, he said:

"In the second place, I came on business. Would you like to earn some money easily? There are two or three text-books to sell in college. I can't attend to any more things, but I thought perhaps that you would like to take them up. Would you?"

Richard thought of his shabby clothes, his bare room, his pinching economies. He tried not to think of them; he tried to think only of his father and of the resolve which he had made, and which so far he had kept.

"No—no, I guess not," he answered, awkwardly. "Thank you, but I—guess not." His eyes fell on the little worn Bible, which was kept on the table now instead of in the bookshelves. He wavered no more.

"My father does everything for me," he said.

"I owe all my education to my father."

Richard saw the expression in Trevor Gale's eyes. But he could not help it. He could not explain.

Trevor soon left. When he went he shut the door behind him with some emphasis.

"Too good to work!" he said to himself as he stamped down the hall. "He'd rather his father would do it for him. I haven't much use for that particular kind of an idiot."

It was probably some weeks before this that Mrs. Peter Emmett went to see Luther Macon at his own house.

He stared when he saw who his visitor was. But in a moment he had offered her a chair very courteously, as if her being there was a natural thing.

"I came," said Mrs. Emmett without delay, "to speak to you about my son."

Mr. Macon bent his head gravely.

"He is here often," Mrs. Emmett continued; "he is with you every day."

She hesitated. The shawl had slipped from her head, leaving plainly revealed the tense pallor of her look.

"My boy," she said, "is not a good boy."

It was spoken at last, the confession which she had made before to no human being, hardly to herself, or to God.

"I am afraid," she cried out sharply, "for him to be with you! Night and day I am afraid!"

Then she sat silent. The careful appeal which she had many times rehearsed as she went about her work in the week and during the minister's sermons on Sundays, failed her now.

Mr. Macon walked back and forth through the wretched room twice.

"I understand how it has seemed," he said. "Forgive me that I have let you come, that I did not tell you long ago. That which brings Lew here, Mrs. Emmett, will do him no harm. He comes from pity for my ruin and loneliness, and with the youthful confidence that, in some way, the future will mend all. Sometimes, for a little space, I almost believe it with him; they are my best moments; they hold me to my work."

Even in her absorption, a passing wonder struck upon Mrs. Emmett's mind, but it was swallowed up in thirsty attention to what he might say further.

"Compassion and hope and the will to help are divine impulses," he said. "You may trust Lew to them in my company more safely than with better men without them."

She stood up. The fear that had tormented her for long weeks slipped from her. She shook his hand and thanked him and went away.

But on the step she turned back and opened the door again.

"Mr. Macon," she said, clearly, speaking across the room to him, "hope and help and pity are strong and steady things, even in my poor, weak boy. But in God himself they are salvation."

Toward the end of the second term, Trevor Gale was delivering himself of his opinion of Richard Macon to a few of his classmates.

"What the fellow means," said Gale, "by all his airs about money is beyond me. He will not lift a finger ever to earn a cent. And it must be a terrible squeeze for him to get along."

"It must be," said Jerry Moulton. "I can't imagine how he manages. I don't know what he eats."

(To be continued.)

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