

lowship with her Lord. No one who knew her doubted that she was set apart and consecrated to the work she loved. Just now her quiet smile to the Superintendent seemed to say, 'Leave him to me,' and the Superintendent nodded with a quick look of relief and went back to his duties.

Left alone, the boy gazed about in the large, cheerful room with evident interest. Though he felt ill at ease, it was clear that the scene before him pleased him, and then, Alicia Ward stepped over to where he sat.

'Won't you sit by me this morning?' she said in her sweet, gracious way, extending a slender, white hand in welcome. 'You're a stranger and perhaps you would not feel at home in a regular class to-day. But my little girls like visitors, and you'll find them interesting. I know you'll enjoy hearing them read their verses and repeat their golden text.'

She smiled down into the brown eyes with her clear, soft, friendly ones.

'Thank you, ma'am.' (The boy flushed as he answered.) 'I didn't intend to stay, but if you're sure you won't mind me sitting with you, why I'll come and be obliged besides. I do feel a little out of place before so many strangers.'

And then he rose and followed her across the aisle.

'You must tell me your name,' smiled Miss Ward as she gave him a seat beside her own. 'Joe—Joe Warren.'

'Joe is it? Well, Joe, these are my little girls and, girls, here is a visitor. You must tell him all you know about the lesson.'

The lesson was on the 23rd Psalm, David's trust in God, and Miss Ward had all her little pupils each read a verse in turn.

They all had Bibles and she handed Joe one with a smile. 'You must read with us,' she said. 'Read the second verse,' she added gently. Joe complied.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.'

He read the words slowly and laboriously, but with a purity of accent that did not escape his new friend.

'What do you think of that verse?' she asked as he finished.

Joe looked up and his face brightened. 'I suppose that it means that he'll make it easy for us, don't it?' he answered. "'Green pastures and still waters,' one wouldn't wish for anything better than that.'

'"Easy," yes,' Miss Ward said, 'that's just it, Joe. If he is truly our Shepherd, he will make it easy for us and we shall not want any good thing, remember that.'

Joe looked at her, solemnly. 'Does it mean that really?' he asked.

'Really,' said Miss Ward. 'You must study this psalm more, Joe. Read it when you go home. In the meantime I'll explain it as best I can. You'll have no trouble in finding it.'

Joe flushed more than ever. 'You would in our house, ma'am, for there ain't a Bible in it that ever I saw, and I know about all the books.'

There was a moment of silence. The little girls were gazing interestedly at the tall, dark-eyed boy with the rough, calloused hands. One little yellow-haired girl in a blue cloak leaned impulsively forward. 'He can have mine,' she cried, extending a small one with a golden clasp.

But Miss Ward shook her head. 'No, dear,' she said gently, 'that is yours, but Joe shall have a Bible, never fear.' She smiled as she spoke, but her heart ached. 'Oh,' she thought, 'what a world this is. Pleasure-going, pleasure-seeking, spending money on trifles, frittering away precious hours when at our very

doors there is such a need as this. Oh, Lord,' she whispered, 'awake us all to a sense of our responsibility.'

'It's this way at our house,' went on Joe. 'There are six children all younger than me, and father's dead. I work in the smelter to help feed 'em all. Mother does the best she can, but she's discouraged, I suppose. She's lost heart I guess. I wish she knew about this Bible you're talking about. I've come to think the world a pretty hard place. If this book, (he looked toward a Bible with wistful eyes), if this will make it easier, I'd like to know about it.'

'It will, it will, Joe,' was the earnest reply.

It was the Tuesday afterward, and on her way down to the city, Alicia Ward stopped in at her young friend's, Lillian Morton, who lived next door. Lillian was reading in the sitting-room with a pile of sofa pillows under her lazy, golden head.

'Is that you, Miss Alicia?' she cried, jumping up to greet her. 'Dressed for shopping, aren't you? How nice you look. I'm glad you stopped in. I'm just dying for a box of chocolates. Don't bring me any but Huyler's, please. Here's the money. It's the last of my allowance, too, but chocolates I must have.'

Miss Ward smiled a little, though her face was thoughtful.

'Don't be so cautious,' said Lillian lightly, laying one arm about her neck. 'I don't believe you approve of chocolates. By the way, what are you going to buy to-day?'

Alicia Ward stroked the golden hair gently. 'A Bible for one thing,' she answered slowly; 'a pound of chocolates and a Bible. They sound a little incongruous, don't they, my dear friend?'

Lillian looked surprised. 'A Bible?' she replied. 'What in the world are you buying a Bible for? Haven't you enough?'

And then Alicia told her the story of Joe.

Lillian listened in silence. When the little story was over she kissed her friend softly on the cheek. 'Poor fellow,' she cried, 'and what a useless, selfish creature I am. I don't want the chocolates after all. My appetite for them is gone. You must take the price of them and put it toward Joe's Bible.'

Alicia Ward smiled as she rose. 'I knew you would do it, Lillian,' she said.

The next Sunday morning Joe came to the Sunday-school.

'Are you ready to go in a regular class to-day, Joe?' asked his new friend.

Joe smiled. 'Yes'm,' he answered, 'I'll do my best.'

'Perhaps this will help you.' She slipped the Bible into his hand as she spoke, a new and beautiful Bible with a soft, black, flexible cover, and shining gilt edges.

Joe's eyes shone with delight as he opened it. Written in a delicate, flowing hand on the fly-leaf were these words:

'Joe Warren.

From his new found friends,
Alicia Ward and Lillian Norton.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. Psalm 23.'

'Isn't that good,' cried Joe, and then his chin quivered. 'I do thank you, Miss Ward,' he added, 'and—who is this?' He pointed to the name, 'Lillian Norton.' 'I'd like to thank her, too—if I may?'

Miss Ward inclined her head to a slender, golden-haired girl sitting in the Bible class not far away. 'Do you see that young lady with the black hat, Joe?' she said. 'The one with pretty hair?'

Joe nodded.

'That's Lillian Norton,' explained Miss Ward happily. 'She joined the Bible class only to-day, and she joined it, Joe, because of your Bible.'

While Yet in the World.

(William H. Hambly, in the New York 'Christian Herald'.)

'It is a good thing,' said Brother Nash, as they sat around the stove before prayer-meeting opened, 'that Christians will get a reward in the next world, for they don't near always get the best of this.'

'Well, I don't know,' said Deacon Long, 'it depends on how you look at it.'

'No, it don't,' spoke up Sister Kelley, rather sharply; 'there ain't any way you can look at it, but it's just as Brother Nash says. The wicked, lots of times gets the best of this world. Now, there is Cy and Lyman Toliver. There never was a better man than brother Cy, and he's worked like a dog, and they just barely get along, and his farm has been mortgaged ever since I can remember. But Lyman always was mean and stingy, and hard-hearted, and besides, he's an infidel. He has got a fine house and servants and thousands of dollars, and just everything a body could wish for. No, sir, you can't make one believe the good people always get along the best in this world.' Then she added with a sigh, 'but, of course, it will be made up to them in the next.'

Lyman sat by the Pullman window watching for something familiar in the landscape. He was trying to recall the scenes and faces of twenty years before. He had vowed, when he left home, that he would not return until he was a millionaire. He was not an old man yet, but his closely cropped mustache was white and there was gray about his temples. But he was still straight and his eyes were keen and cold.

He had kept his word, and was going back the first time a millionaire.

He was greeted at the station by a hearty hand-shake and a broad, cordial smile. It was Cy, hearty and good-humored as ever. The same old Cy, except a little stouter and his hair a little white. He had heard that Cy was poor, but it had not marked him with much care. His eyes were twinkling, and every line in his face indicated happiness.

It was a plain country house with plain furniture, but everything was sweet and so clean. They took their chairs out on the porch, shaded by a honeysuckle vine and the climbing roses. The breeze swept in from the south, cool and refreshing, after the drive in the sun.

The girls, Mary and Jane, came in with their arms full of flowers, and they were decorating in his honor, but he had come sooner than they expected. They greeted him a little timidly, but with evident pleasure, as Uncle Lyman. The boys, Jim and John, came in from the field at noon, and they, too, gave him an awkward but hearty welcome.

'I haven't enjoyed anything as much in twenty years as that meal,' he said to Cy as they returned to the porch after dinner.

In the cool of the afternoon they went over the little farm and looked at the meadows, and the growing corn, the sheep and the cattle. Cy seemed to love every piece of ground and every blade of grass, and pointed with pride to the color of his corn and the size of the stalks.

'When you see corn a dark green like that, with thick stalks, you're sure of a big crop.'

'It seems like a good little farm,' said Lyman. 'How much did it cost you?'

'I was to pay four thousand, but it is still mortgaged for seven hundred.'

'When is the mortgage due?' he asked.

'Oh, it's been due for seven years,' laughed Cy. 'I keep the interest paid, of course.'