

a very hot day. You see, it was like this with Ethel; she had waked up in a spacious chamber, from whose shaded windows one could see waving tree-tops of Central Park. She had bathed in a luxurious toilet room, dressed herself in cool muslins, and sauntered down to breakfast on watermelon, peaches, and cool, sweet cream, if she disdained heartier food. After breakfast she watered her house plants, played the piano in the great airy parlors, and now was saying to herself, 'Why, New York in summer is lovely and cool as need be! I was almost too cool last evening,' and she recalled the long moonlight drive that she and her father had taken across the park and along the river. They drove somewhere every night after dinner.

It was a little different in the street after all. The sun began to blaze down, and the heat was reflected from the stones as from a furnace. Soon Ethel called a hansom cab, and when she reached the shop, refreshed herself with an ice-cream soda before looking over the pile of books. While she turned them over she noticed three girls near her. One was perched on high in a sort of loft, and almost every instant a box flew to her on wires and stopped when she took out money, made the change and sent it off as another arrived. Her face was very pale and her thin lips twitched as if she counted to herself incessantly, and no doubt she did. She was not more than fifteen years old, and Ethel was thinking that such work would drive her crazy, when she caught snatches of the talk of the cash girls at her elbow. They were rather pretty girls and younger than the other.

'I went to the country summer before last. It was grand, but no vacation for me this year. We are back on rent, and the landlord says he'll turn us into the street when pay-day comes again, if we don't raise the money some way,' said the girl with No. 9 on her apron.

'I most wish we would get turned out,' said No. 7. 'Ain't these hot nights just awful! My mother says I shall not sleep up on the roof of our tenement, though lots of the rest do; for it is so huddled up, you know, in the rooms below—seven of us, besides father and mother—I thought I would roast last night, or smother; brother Bob slept in the park.'

'Yes. I could not even sleep if I was not so awful tired; last night I did not, for the baby cried all night, and had a fit at the last, poor thing! Our babies almost always die. I hate summer, because everything in our part of the city smells so dreadful, old fish and spoiled fruit and such things. Does it smell that way in the country where they have more fruit? I have been in Central Park; I would go now, on Sundays, but I give the carfare to mother so she can give baby a bit of fresh air.'

'Say,' whispered No. 9, 'ain't Kittie Gray going to be a saleslady no more?' Another whisper, 'I saw her coming out of that concert hall—all fixed up—pink ribbons—mother died last winter'—whispers—'only got four dollars a week—said no girl could—gone to the bad, Mary Jones said. Oh, my! see that pretty flower!' and the eager little cash girl darted for a stemless rose, dropped by a customer. The two smelled of it, caressed it, and generously urged its possession one on the other, while, unnoticed, Ethel studied them.

Suddenly it came to the elegantly dressed young girl that she belonged to that half of the world who truly did not know 'how the other half' lived. These other girls had nice faces, pleasant voices, but already they were coming into contact with sin and impurity, were missing everything almost that such things as a flower might stand for, and

getting what in return for their hard conditions of life? Their poor mothers, too—what must their lives be, struggling even for the pure air that the puny babies needed? A summer in the city in a tenement house of the lower order—what did it mean to a young girl? Then she suddenly recalled the fact that she, Ethel Morton, was supposed to be making a great sacrifice, to be enduring some kind of a hardship because of her summer in the city, 'God forgive me for my selfishness! God forgive me for my stupidity and help me to help somebody!' she cried in her heart as she went home, scarcely aware of the heat this time.

Molly, the maid, hurried about to bring her, unasked, some cold lemonade, and to say, 'It is too hot for you, miss. You should send me on your errands.'

Ethel thanked her, asking, 'Do you know where Miss Taylor, the seamstress, lives?'

'Yes, miss; in Bleecker street.'

'Will you send to her to come and see me when she has the time?'

Molly promised, and Ethel spent the day in thinking and planning along a quite new line. After dinner the next day, as they were driving through the park, Ethel said, 'Papa, you offered me one hundred dollars, which you said was less than I would have cost you if I had gone to the seaside, and I said that I did not want to be paid for staying with a big old darling like you—only you are not a bit old—but I have changed my mind.'

'Oh, indeed, you have! Then I am not a darling any longer?'

'Yes, you are; I only mean that I would like the money for something else now.'

'That is it! Well, let us hear all about the enterprise before I rashly invest funds.'

'It is a big plan, and growing the more I think of it; now listen patiently.' Then snuggling up to her father, Ethel talked most eloquently. The Mortons owned a big farm in Westchester County, where, as tenants, lived a former servant and his wife. Ethel, when younger, had spent delightful days there.

Ethel first told her father about the young shopgirls and their talk; then that she had sent for the seamstress, who had a large class of such girls in a mission school, and was interested in still poorer ones who had no work and were in more need and danger. Now, there were four girls whom Miss Taylor longed to send to the country. One was a consumptive girl, needing a change very much, a good girl with a strong influence over a wild young friend, who, if sent away with her might see the good of higher aims than to dress and flirt and to attend low entertainments. The two other girls, strangely enough, were the very cash girls whom Ethel had listened to—nice little things, but sadly overworked and growing old far too soon. Ethel wanted money and permission to send these four girls to the farm for a fortnight, and longer if they could afford the time. She wanted to begin to be a helper in the world and to learn how to help others wisely.

Mr. Morton was a Christian man, and his daughter's plea was listened to and approved. A week later Miss Taylor took the four girls to the farm, and, better still, stayed with them. There for three weeks, they had the happiest time of all their lives, and the influence of those days was for lasting good morally. That was the beginning only. Every summer after that Ethel had a chosen company (changed from week to week) went out among the trees and flowers and the many delights of the great farm. She came to love the society of the bright young girls, and to plan for them after they went back, to pray and to expect good results, which God in his own time permitted

her to see. Her own first summer in the city was the beginning of many summers in the country for those to whom God had not given the blessings showered on her.

His First Money.

(C. H. Dorris, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Billy Barlow went home with a 'bee in his bonnet'—a kindly bee which kept saying to him 'Billy boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard this morning.'

Dr. Gordon's words had fallen into at least one pair of hearing ears, and his thought into one honest little heart; for the very next day after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbor's house. The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

'Why, how do you do, Billy?' she said.

'I am pretty well, thank you,' answered Billy, 'and please, Mrs. Jeffers,' he continued eagerly, 'have you any work for me to do?'

'Work! for you?' questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. 'Has your father failed?'

'Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers!'

'Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?'

'Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—'

'But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Pardon me for not inviting you in before.'

'Yesterday,' faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, 'Dr. Gordon talked missionary to us. And—I want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned.'

'Oh, I see!' replied Mrs. Jeffers. 'I see, and you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget,' she asked, when she had entered the good natured cook's domain, 'have you any work this little friend could do?'

'Nothin',' laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends, 'unless he be after scroobin' me floor, an' Oi was jist a-goin' to do that meself.'

'Could you do that, Billy?' asked Mrs. Jeffers.

'Yes, ma'am, I think so. I play sometimes at scrubbing floors for our Nora.'

'Well, Billy, I will give you fifty-cents to scrub the kitchen floor; and mind you make a good job of it,' laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

'Yes 'm,' answered Billy, 'and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers.'

A moment later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire:

'Oh, Mrs. Barlow, come over right away, I've got something in my kitchen doing something I want to show you.'

And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers's kitchen.

'Now, come into the parlor while I tell you about it,' whispered Mrs. Jeffers. 'Do you know,' she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, 'that never have I heard such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause; but now I feel ashamed of myself.'

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-washer again entered the parlor.

'Why—why, mamma, how did you get here?'

Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. Pressing him close to her heart, and kissing him, she whispered:

'My precious little missionary boy! Your first work and the first money you have ever earned for the Master. God bless you, Billy.'