

Brotherhood.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

"Whom do you suppose we are going to have in here among us?"

"As clerk?"

"Yes."

"Give it up. Who is it?"

Robert Day.

"Ho! I don't believe it."

The half-dozen clerks in Mr. Preston's smart store indulged in various expressions of surprise and incredulity.

"It's a fact," said Ed. Jones; "Mr. Preston told Jack Haynes's father, and Jack told me. Bob doesn't want a college education."

"The more simpleton he."

"Yes. Wouldn't most of us like to have the chance he thinks so little of? And so, as he wants to be a business man, his father is putting him in here, so he can begin at the beginning."

"I'll warrant you, though," said Walter Hart, in a discontented tone, "he will have some privileges over the rest of us. You wouldn't catch such a swell settling down among us without having the better of us in some way."

"Maybe so," said Ed, "but Jack didn't say so."

Now, as a matter of fact, Robert Day, whose father had recently become the owner of large mills in the town, had no idea that his fellow-clerks thought him a 'swell.' A comparative stranger in the place, he would gladly have made friends with them, and puzzled his brains guessing why they should hold themselves aloof from him. Being all of them poor, they made the mistake of believing that because he was rich he considered himself above them.

"I can't tell why they behave so towards me," said Robert, talking with his mother. "I'd like to be friends with them. Why won't they be friends with me? Is it because I'm a stranger? I should think, with a little tone of indignation, 'that that would be a good reason for treating me well. It would with me.'"

His mother, knowing more of the world, thought she could give a little guess at the reason, but would not do violence to his frank, generous nature by a suggestion of it.

"Don't be impatient about it, dear," she said. "You feel kindly towards them and will surely find some way to show it."

"I'll be on the lookout," said Robert, eagerly. "There will be a kind of fun in it—making my way against unkind feeling that I don't deserve."

"It would be far worse if you did deserve it."

"Ah, yes, there you are, mother—right, as you always are. I shall watch for my chance."

"Whose is this?"

Mr. Preston gazed with anger at something he had found well hidden on a shaded end of one of the counters.

Hard luck for a boy, so thought Ned Rayne, that Mr. Preston should be at the store door just as he returned from dinner. For Ned was indulging in the luxury of a cigar, and knew well how severely his employer frowned on the habit.

He had barely had time to snatch it from his mouth and hold it under his coat as he passed in. Then, embarrassed by an immediate call to wait on a customer, he had made a hasty attempt at putting out his cigar, and had slipped it behind a pile of goods.

But the fire had smouldered, and the smoke had spread its tell-tale odor around. Mr. Preston's keen senses were soon on the alert.

"I say—whose is this?"

The cigar was in his fingers, and in his eye righteous wrath, though his voice was suppressed through desire not to attract the attention of the one customer who was present. Ned's face flushed, as he devoted himself assiduously to him without turning his head.

Two or three of the clerks drew near Mr. Preston.

"James Harper was in here just now with a cigar, perhaps it was his."

"Perhaps it was. But, come up here all of you," commanded Mr. Preston, as the customer went out.

"I have always said," he continued, "that I would never keep in my employ any one who smoked. I suppose it's enough for me to tell you that."

Ned was turning away with a feeling of relief. He had no intention of leaving off his cigar, or any other of the small dissipation in which he was beginning to indulge at a sadly early age. But he was firmly determined to be more careful in the future in hiding his habit.

But the next words caused him to start. Mr. Preston went on:—

"James Harper works in my brother's lumber yard. If he is a smoker I shall make it my business to let it be known."

Ned stood for a moment in despairing perplexity. His conscience was easy at allowing him to deceive his employer if he could, but here was his friend in danger of losing his position through this deception. The boy was of a generous spirit, and could not bear it. His own work was important to him, for he sorely needed it, and knew of nothing else he could get to do. But he stepped quickly up to Mr. Preston.

"I left that cigar there," he said.

It was not said gracefully, or apologetically. But Mr. Preston was a kind-hearted man, and really wished to do his duty by those in his employ.

"Well," he said, a little severely, "is that all you have to say?"

"I guess so," said Ned, sullenly.

"Of course you understand, that unless you pledge yourself to give up smoking you give up your work here."

There was a moment's silence. Two or three of the clerks were inwardly resolving to discontinue their use of tobacco before it brought them to the unlucky point at which Ned had now arrived.

The latter stood in silent rebellion. He was the youngest of the clerks, and not at all the sort of boy who attracted people. The giving up of his newly acquired habit did not trouble him nearly so much as the being made an example of, as he inwardly termed it, before all the others, some of whom were sinners equally with himself.

How the matter would have concluded is uncertain, had not things taken a most unexpected turn. Robert Day stepped forward and took his stand by Ned.

"Let's do it together," he said, smiling cordially at the low-browed, scowling boy. "I'm sorry to say, sir," he continued, addressing himself to Mr. Preston, "that I smoke—only a little, however, and that I have kept it up while knowing your rules. I beg your pardon for it. Come, Ned, let's join hands on a promise to quit."

There was a short interval of dead silence, while the clerks exchanged glances of astonishment. Here was the rich fellow, the 'swell,' the one whose peccadillos were supposed to be winked at by his employer—actually putting himself on a level with the youngest and most inferior boy in the store.

And far more than they could have expressed did it sink into the hearts of these boys that Robert Day did it through single-hearted desire to hold out to a weaker bro-

ther a hand of fellowship to lead on the road to true manliness.

Ned awkwardly returned the clasp, coloring in confusion as he did so.

"I—why of course I'll do it—seeing you want me to. And I'll stick to it, if I say I will," he added in real earnestness.

"Good for both of you," said Ned Holmes. "I've been doing the same thing, and I'll join you in the same promise."

As the clerks were dismissed that evening Robert waited for the slow steps of Ned Rayne.

"Say," said the latter, "my mother's tried to get me not to smoke—"

"So has mine," interjected Robert.

"But I didn't seem to mind it. I suppose because I had nobody else to care—although that seems a poor thing to say. But now you've stood by me, I'm going to brace up. You see if I don't."

"That's what we'll both do," said Robert, fervently. "We'll stand by each other, Ned, for all that makes for good clean lives."

It needs not to tell that Robert Day never ceased to rejoice in having seized the blessed opportunity of winning over his foes by showing himself of one brotherhood with them.—American Messenger.

Rules For the Guild of Kindness.

- I. Every member must be kind to all animals and birds.
- II. Every member must try to protect everything weaker than himself or herself.
- III. Every member must be obedient and



- BE KIND TO ALL ANIMALS AND BIRDS
- respectful to parents and teachers, and to those in authority over them.
  - IV. No member must rob a bird's nest, or use a catapult.
  - V. Every member must try to get another member.—Heart and Hand.

Who Wins?

In the mine of hidden treasure  
 There's success for him who delves;  
 And in working out life's mission,  
 God helps those who help themselves.

They who, having steadfast purpose,  
 Nothing daunted at delay,  
 Conquer by a firm persistence,  
 All that may obstruct the way.

Faithful, earnest, loving workers,  
 Striving nobly 'gainst all sin.  
 Who are these? My soul makes answer,  
 'These? Ah! these are they who win.'  
 —Wait.