

THE SPIRIT THAT CONQUERS.

Two girls were looking after a third who had just passed them with a fragrant mass of violets nestled in her fur-trimmed dress. It was a season when violets were very high.

"I wonder how it would seem to have all the money one wanted," one said wistfully.

The other was silent a moment. Then she looked up brightly.

"I can't have the money," she answered, "but I've just made up my mind to one thing: that if I can't have what I'd like, I'll be happy without it. I'm not going to let any girl in the world be happier than I am."—Reformed Church Record.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF KINDNESS.



R. FRANCIS? The thin-clad, pale-faced, middle-aged man touched his hat respectfully, and the overseer of the street-grading force, sitting in a light buggy near the curb, replied:

"Yes; what is it? You are one of our men?"

"I was in the Broad street gang, sir, but fell sick and had to give up. My wife is worn out with the care of me and the worry, and this morning we have come to the hardest place yet. We have eaten our last crust. We are strangers here, and not of the sort who willingly ask for public charity."

"I thought I remembered your face," said Mr. Francis, kindly, "but you have grown thin. I am sorry for your hard luck, but you mustn't despair; when everything seems swept away we must cling to the Lord, and He will bring us through."

Slipping over his arm the reins by which he was driving the well-trained horse, Mr. Francis took an account book from his pocket and wrote rapidly upon a slip of paper for a minute.

Handing it to the man, he said: "I haven't a dollar with me, but this order on my grocer will bridge you over."

"Elm street?" queried the poor man, glancing at the order.

"Yes, cross over here, and turn where you see that large jewelry store on the corner. Two blocks down you will find it."

"Thank you, sir," and the man was off with gladness on his face and hope in his step.

Glancing in at the window of the jewelry store, he read upon a card, placed conspicuously:

"Boy wanted!" and obeying a sudden impulse he entered and said to a gentleman standing near the door:

"I am a pretty old boy, but have been sick and am only fit to do boy's work."

The proprietor was interested, and by a few sympathetic questions drew out the whole pitiful story, the bright ending of which was the grocer's order which he held in his hand. "He put new heart into me," said the poor man. "I should not have come this way had it not been for him; and had I seen such a notice should not have had courage to apply for the place."

"Why, I know Francis," said the jeweler, glancing at the order. "He belongs to the same church that I do. He has an invalid mother in his family, so he knows what sickness is. How did you happen to go to him, if you don't mind telling?"

"It was this way, sir. One day when I was in the Broad street gang, he was sitting in that little buggy, and some one he knew came up, wanting him to join some sort of a club, and he said, 'No, I'm a Christian, and my motto is: 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all the rest shall be added unto you,' Now, if I spend my money in folly when there are so many poor all about us, it would be inconsistent, as I look at at."

"'Bother the poor,' said the man; 'let the city care for them.'

"I am glad the city provides a way so they may not suffer," said Mr. Francis, "but I never yet refused to look into the difficulties of anyone who asked me, nor turned away from a borrower."

"You'll give and lend yourself out of house and home yet," said the man, but the boss laughed in that good-natured way of his and answered, "Not while I give in the name of Him who came to seek and to save."

"He said it all in just that plain business-like way that he talks of everything, you know; and I couldn't help liking him for it. This morning I could hardly hold up my head, I felt so discouraged. But when I came upon him holding that little bay horse with one hand and the other arm over the back of the buggy seat while he watched the men, that talked popped into my head, and I spoke to him before I knew it."

"Did he make excuse?"