

The Inglebrook.

The Girl who Shared.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"Dear me! Stopping again! What can be the matter?"

Helen Lee glanced around to see if her fellow passengers were as hot and tired as she. It certainly was a very slow train, stopping at every way-station, and even every blacksmith's shop and corn-crib, Helen thought, and how hot and dusty it was to be sure. But there were pleasant things to remember. That was a comfort. Helen was returning from an Endeavor Convention which she had enjoyed with all her might. She generally did things with her might.

And now it was past noon, and the tardy train was delaying dinner and furnishing no opportunity for refreshment, unless one cared for the train-boy's chewing gum and figs.

"I'm growing famished," thought the young traveler, who had expected to reach home before noon. Then she remembered a packet of wafers in her bag, left-overs which she had happened not to take out. Then she thought that some one else might be as hungry as she. There was the girl in front of her, leaning wearily upon her hand. Helen had seen her in the Convention, and had nodded to her as they entered the car. Now she leaned over and said, "Won't you share my wafers? We shall not have a chance for lunch for ever so long. Come and sit here with me, won't you?"

The tired girl gratefully accepted the hearty invitation.

The two ate up the wafers, every crumb, had a little pleasant talk, and in due time parted for change of cars.

The next year Helen again attended the State Convention. In the cloak-room she came face to face with a familiar countenance which she could not match with a name.

The recognition seemed mutual, and Helen said, "I think I have met you somewhere. Wasn't it last year?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I'm the girl you shared your wafers with. Oh, how hungry I was."

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about that," said Helen, wrinkling up her forehead in the effort to recall the sharing. She could not do it, but the girl repeated, "Yes, you shared your wafers with me. I haven't forgotten."

What a simple little thing it was, to be sure, a positive trifle. Helen would have been ashamed to remember it, but the bit of thoughtfulness along the way was a treasured memory in the heart of the one who shared it.

Such thoughtful, kindly ministries to bodily wants often leave a happy thought behind them. Never let a selfish shyness, or false pride keep you from offering courtesies when opportunity offers. Share things. Never keep account of them yourself, but be sure that those with whom you share will remember. One memory-book is enough for the record. Part of one's influence is made up of such passing trifles, but they all contribute to the growth of character. Kindness becomes spontaneous. It is better to feed a starving soul, a hungry heart, than a famished body. And remem-

ber, you may not know just how hungry your next neighbor is before you ask her to "share." Afterward she may tell you.

The Clerk With a Conscience.

I was in one of Boston's largest dry good stores the other day. In my hand was a sample, which had been sent me by mail, of a certain piece of black dress goods, which I wished to procure. The friend who was with me also wished to purchase black dress-goods; so we decided to look for hers first, since I already knew what I wanted.

After trying in vain to receive courteous attention from two different clerks, one of whom was busy (?) with a box of samples, and the other with invisible specks on his coat, we turned to a third clerk, rather timidly, for we were not sure of the reception we should receive.

He was making out a sale slip, but he turned at once. "Certainly, madam, I have just what you want. I will wait on you in a moment."

His tone was so different from what we had come to expect that we would willingly have waited half an hour for him to finish what he was doing. In a few seconds, however, he was at leisure, and piece after piece of dress-goods was displayed for our inspection.

My friend made her selection, and then I showed him my sample. At once he glanced at the slits cut in the sides of the tiny piece of goods.

"That isn't one of my samples," he remarked. "I will ask the clerk who mailed this sample to wait on you."

"But I don't want any other clerk to wait on me," I responded hastily, fearing that my sample might have come originally from one of the discourteous clerks whom we first encountered. "I want you to have this sale."

"If you had asked for goods of that quality, width and price, without showing me the sample, I could have found it for you at once," he replied with a smile. "But now this sale belongs to the clerk who sent out the sample."

"Then I won't give you this sample to hunt it up by," I said, wishing to see whether I could carry my point. "No one knows, except my friend, that you have seen it." And I proceeded to tuck it away in my purse.

"But I know that I have seen it, and my conscience knows it," and he laughingly laid his hand on his heart as he turned to look for the other clerk.

In a moment he returned. The other clerk was at lunch. What a sigh of relief we gave!

"I will make out the sale, and turn it over to him when he comes in," our salesman said, displaying the shining black folds of the goods I desired.

As he made out his slip, crediting the goods to "the office" instead of to his own number, I could not but admire the fine quality of that man's honesty. In a matter where no one would have been the wiser he was true to himself. He did as he would have done by. And in making future purchases in that department I shall always look for my "clerk with a conscience."—Ella T. Maynard, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Legend of the Dipper.

There is a story which tells how the seven stars came to form the dipper.

Once in a country far away, the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The rivers and springs and brooks had all dried up. The plants and flowers had withered and died. The birds were so hoarse they could not sing. The whole land was sad and mournful. One night after the stars had come out a little girl with a tin dipper in her hand crept quietly out of the house and went into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree, she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill her little dipper. She prayed so long that at last she fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find the dipper full of clear, cool water.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill and dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but taking up her dipper she hurried home. In her haste she stumbled, and, alas! she dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog, who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop had been spilled. Pouring out a few drops in her hand she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so, and seemed much revived. But as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to one of beautiful silver.

Hurrying to her home as soon as possible, she handed the water to a servant to give it to her mother.

"Oh," said her mother, "I will not take it. I shall not live anyhow. You are younger and stronger than I."

As she gave the servant the dipper, it changed to shining gold. The servant was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water, when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary, and she handed him the dipper of water. He took it, saying:

"Blessed is he who gives a cup of cold water in his name."

A radiance shone all about him, and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain, which supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher until they reached the sky, and there changed into bright stars, forming the "Great Dipper."

And so while we recognize that this is only a parable, yet it shall give us sweet association with the constellation in the sky; and when we look up at the "dipper" as it points us to the north pole, this sweet story will point us to a pole star of usefulness.—Ex.

True Hospitality.

True hospitality always has in it something of the element of personal consideration, and that is why its spirit is so seldom found where entertaining is a wholesale business enterprise and invitations are engraved or written by a secretary. To hear certain persons talk of entertaining, and to see the trouble and expense they take to get up elaborate dinners and to have everything "just so" for a guest, you imagine that the only reason the guest was invited was to fill his stomach. He must be given something out of the ordinary or he is not properly entertained. But this is as far as possible from what the sensible guest wants. As Mr. Robert Burdette once said, "I do not go to my friend's house for the meal he is to give