

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we kept an eye on them. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little and then I said: 'My boy, you are a hero. Keep on as you have begun and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' said I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That is the kind of a tenant to have."—*Chicago Herald*.

WHAT A FREIGHT-MASTER DID.

AN engine bumped against some empty cars in the early dawn of a winter morning. A boy who had been asleep in one of them was thrown, dazed and bewildered, against the door, which he had pulled to when he crawled into the car the night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his head into the car and reached for his jacket, which he supposed was hanging where he had left it. He was somewhat surprised to find a boy on it, and took it from him without ceremony.

"Now, get out of here!" he said, thrusting the boy from the door. "If I catch you in one of these cars again, I'll give you to a policeman."

"What's he been up to, Bill," said a man who was putting freight into the next car,

"Up to my coat," he said, giving it a vigorous shake as he walked off.

The boy looked dirty and dejected as he limped along by the side of the track. The man who had spoken called after him:

"Hello, there! Do you want a job?"

The boy turned back quickly.

"If you'll help me load them firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll have to work spry."

"The prospect of a little money

brightened the boy, and he set to work in earnest, though he was stiff, and cramped, and hungry.

"Do you live around here?" asked the man.

The boy shook his head.

"In case we should want to hire a boy about your size, can you give me any recommendations as to your character?"

The boy's face flushed, but he made no answer.

The man watched him narrowly, and when the car was loaded, handed him twenty-five cents, saying, "We're short of hands in the freight-room. Do you think you'd like the job?"

"Yes, I would like it."

The boy's face was almost painful in its eagerness as he followed the man into the freight-room.

"Now," said the freight-man, seating himself on a box, "we'll have a bit of talk before we get to business. I don't know anything about you, except that you are cold and hungry; you look that. But I think it's likely that you've got into some scrape, for if you hadn't you wouldn't be loafing about stations and sleeping in freight-cars. I'm not going to ask you if you have done anything wrong, but I am going to ask if you've got a mother?"

"No; she's dead."

"Got any father or folks that belong to you?"

"I've an uncle and some cousins."

"Well, now, if you had a mother, I'd send you to her in no time, for there is nothing that a mother won't forgive; but uncles and cousins are different."

"If I recommend you at the office they'll take you; but mind, if I do it, I'm going to watch you as a cat does a mouse. You'll have to spend your evenings and Sundays with me."

"I went wrong myself when I was no older than you are," lowering his voice. "And if it hadn't been for my mother—well, that was a long time ago. You've got switched on the wrong track, I'm very sure, and as you haven't any mother to help you get on the right one, God helping me, I'll do it if you let me."

"Preaching isn't in my line, but there's just one thing you don't want to forget, and that is, the good Father is giving you a chance now to get back where you can do right and feel right. Are you going to take it?"

The boy answered faintly that he

would try. He was taken into the freight-yard and was under his new friend's eye constantly, and it was not long before the man had so won his confidence that he told him his story.

There was trouble and dishonesty connected with it, but for two years the lad proved himself faithful and trustworthy in his new occupation. He was then advanced to a more responsible position, but there was something almost pathetic in his devotion to the man who had befriended him, and in his respect for the religion he professed.

Here was practical Christian sympathy, worthy any man's emulation.—*Youth's Companion*.

MY FATHER KNOWS.

IN one of the public schools in a large city, while the school was in session, a transom window fell out with a crash. By some means the cry of "fire" was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street, shrieking in wild dismay. The alarm extended to the teachers also, one of whom, a young lady, actually jumped from the window. Among hundreds of children, with whom the building was crowded, was one girl, among the best in school, who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The colour, indeed, forsook her cheeks, her lips quivered, the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not.

After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked her, how she came to sit so still without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such fright.

"My father," she said, "is a fireman, and knows what to do in such a case, and he told me if there was an alarm of fire in school, I must just sit still. My father told me so, and my father knows."

How many of us trust just thus, and obey just thus, our Father in heaven, who has told just how to act in every possible situation, and has told us also how safely we can trust and confide in Him? How many of us are resting in our Father's knowledge?

Far out of sight while sorrow still enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide.
And oft its bliss is bought more wondrous told

us,
Than these few words "I shall be satisfied."