

BOYS AND GIRLS

'As He Would.'

A BUSINESS MAN'S PRACTICAL SYMPATHY FOR AN EMPLOYEE WHO HAD ERRED.

(By Lillie Cairns-Gibson, in 'Ram's Horn'.)

Grief and shame were in the pretty little home which John and Maggie had been striving for some time, by care and frugality, to make their own.

No word of reproach, only those of sorrow and regret, had met him, when with mortification and remorse, John had confessed to his wife the crime of which he had been guilty and in which he had been detected.

'The hardest part to bear is the thought that you did it for my sake!' and Maggie buried her face on John's shoulder as they wept bitter tears of regret over their misfortune and disgrace.

John had been a trusted employee of a wholesale jewellery concern for several years, and no suspicion of guilt pointed to

want for anything which would make her recovery speedy and effectual!—and so it happened that circumstances combined to attack John at his weakest point, and his unselfish love and care for those dependent upon him arose paramount to his sense of right and justice and led him into dishonor, while he reasoned himself into the belief that he was only making use of this means to accomplish a worthy end; but the law laid its iron grasp upon his misdeed and called it 'theft.'

Perhaps no one felt the grief and disappointment of John's downfall more keenly than one of the younger members of the firm. A man who had not grown hard and unsympathetic even amid the 'cares of life and the deceitfulness of riches,' but who could see a possibility of good where others, with less heart, might turn away untouched and leave an opportunity of 'lending a hand' unheeded.

With real sorrow this man represented the company at the trial after John's arrest. All the tenderness of his heart revolted at the procedure, and his intended prosecution

strength because we have not fallen by the way, owe our exemption from crime because we have not been so sorely tempted.

Stubborn facts stared Mr. Brown in the face as he walked and thought and asked himself, 'What will become of John? He is out of a position. The firm will not take him back. The firm cannot give him a recommendation for honesty. What is he to do?'

Mr. Brown was not the kind of man who could ask such a question without demanding an answer; and that night when the shivering wind and sleet were driving men to the shelter of a cozy fireside, he buttoned his overcoat more closely about him and hastened through the storm to the little home where he knew two hearts were desolate with the blasts of discouragement and despair.

A short, tactful interview with Maggie revealed much of the real state of affairs, John's overwhelming sense of degradation and shame, and the realization of the fact that he had justly forfeited his position and the friendship of his employers by his misconduct, and that a new start in the world must be made against the terrible odds of a character blemished and a reputation sullied. Neither did this friend fail to discover through the innocent confidence of Maggie, the condition of their domestic affairs—and without offensive questioning, somehow knew that neither the coal-bin nor larder groaned with its weight of abundant supply.

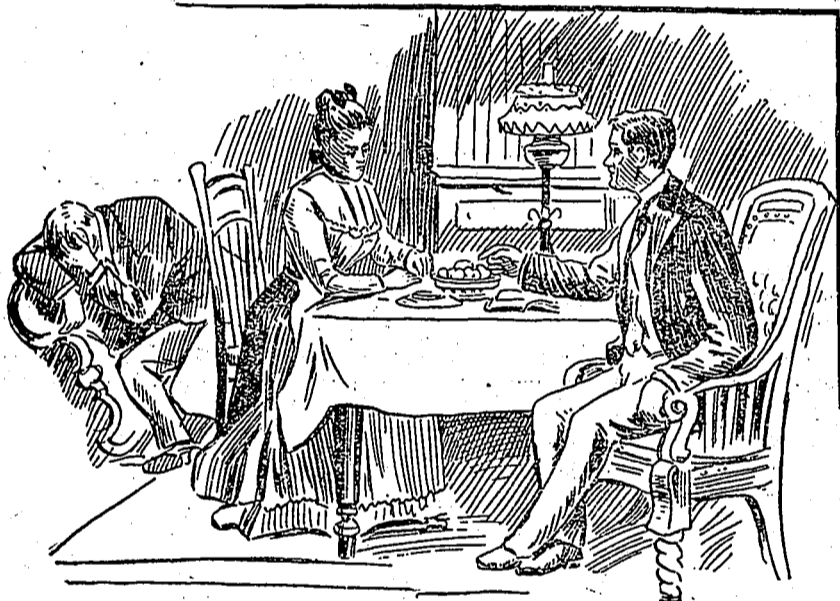
There were anxious and weary days which lengthened into weeks before John began to see the rift in the clouds. Of course it was not hard to guess from whom the help came, which kept them from want and suffering which must otherwise have been theirs, during the dreary days of seeking employment; but every new evidence of kindness made John more desperate to be able to prove his gratitude and sincerity; and one memorable night, heartbroken and discouraged, after repeated refusals of work, he had about made up his mind to end the bitter, bitter strife; but the thought of Maggie's brave efforts to help and encourage him and the hope that one friend still trusted him, kept him from the foul deed, and as with a dejected air he entered his home, the little woman handed him a letter which broke the spell and put a bit of heart in him once more.

'This must be Mr. Brown's work!' said John, and the morning proved it true.

Mr. Brown had indeed been indefatigable in his efforts to secure a suitable position for John, which had at last been rewarded; and as he entered upon his new duties, he thought to explain his true position to his employer; but this kind man saved him the humiliation by warmly grasping his hand and replying, 'Mr. Brown is your friend and mine.'

In the little home there is the sweetness of joy and peace, and upon the tablets of two human hearts is inscribed the name of one who brightened their darkest hour with the reflection of his light who said, 'As ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise.'

The commander-in-chief of the British army says: 'About 90 percent of the crime in our army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor, crime is practically unknown among them.'



A SHORT, TACTFUL INTERVIEW WITH MAGGIE REVEALED MUCH OF THE TRUE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

him when members of the firm became aware of the fact that sundry articles of value were missing from the stock, and shortly afterwards found in a pawnshop and recovered.

On a fair salary, John had maintained a comfortable home in a quiet part of the city, where he and Maggie had been very happy; but sickness had come to wife and children during the fall and winter and expenses of doctor and medicines had exhausted their little pile of savings and involved them in debt. The latter worried John more than he would acknowledge to Maggie, and after many a battle with discouragement and depression, he yielded to a temptation which was constantly presented to him in his trusted position. It would not be difficult to appropriate some of the small precious things, in his daily handling, to obtain the money he so much required for the present needs of his suffering dear ones; and it looked so easy to return the articles in the near future, and no one be really injured; and while it was not just the kind of transaction he would willingly have Maggie know about—oh! no, he knew Maggie would do without bread before she would have him swerve in the least from the path of rectitude; but all the more these thoughts of her determined him that she must not

turned into an earnest and pathetic defence of the prisoner, on the grounds of 'first offence,' and 'stress of circumstances,' and ended with a plea to the judge to 'give him another chance.'

With a severe reprimand, which was scarcely needed to complete his feeling of unworthiness and obligation to his kind friend and employer, the case was dismissed; and as Mr. Brown grasped his hand in forgiveness and encouragement, all John could utter was, 'I do not deserve such kindness.'

—As he turned to leave the scene, a fellow prisoner whose face was scarred and seamed and whose whole appearance was that of a 'heavy villain,' and who was awaiting his turn for trial, said to him:—'Young man, yours is a lucky chance' and turning to Mr. Brown thrust out his rough hand; and with trembling voice said, 'I'm a hard old customer, as you can see; but, ah, sir, if my first crime had met such treatment I wouldn't have been where I am to-day!' And Mr. Brown, whose heart was big enough to have sheltered all the rogues in Christendom, went away pondering how best to help this young brother who had stumbled, to a safe and sure footing in the path of honor, wondering how many of us, who are so apt to feel the superiority of our moral