

Harvest Hope.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

The sweetest thought the harvest-time can bring
Is that it keeps for us the hope of spring.
Ripe seeds are hidden in the fruits' rich heart;
Brown nuts are wind-tossed from the tree apart!
The kind earth gathers to her own warm breast
Roots, stripped of leafy growth, for winter's rest,
In autumn time what stores of strength are sealed,
To be to later needs of men revealed!

Fair are the harvest fields the hills between,
But nobler are the gifts that are unseen—
The promise for the acres yet untilled,
The hope with which onlooking care is stilled.
For grains that we within our garner lay
May fill the furrows whence to us to-day
Is borne the solemn music of the pines,
Or swaying birches show their silvery lines.

A sure, sweet hope nestles at sorrow's side;
Within all growth do nobler growths abide.
Because such seeds of thought are in her earth
Can bear with patience her long time of dearth.
The sleeping rose-roots have their dreams of bloom,
The tiniest herb for its own germ hath room;
Dying, it keeps its life through time unknown,
And next year's wild flowers are already sown.

COUNTER COLLEGE.

When Richard Atwood, eager for college, knew it was selfish even to finish high school, he found unselfishness a trying ordeal. But he loved his mother and felt her long sacrifice for him. And he resolved that rest should recruit her failing strength if he could help her to rest.

This was why, one morning, when the other boys were going merrily to school, he stood, a clerk, behind the counter of Tidd & Titus' village store, awkward and embarrassed whenever a customer addressed him, doubtful whether he should ever know the names of half the things, and with a melancholy sigh struggling upward now and then at thought of the old desk where he had loved to pore over the books, now neatly stacked on a shelf in the sitting-room at home.

Dr. Bartlet knew Richard Atwood "like a book." He had seen him safely through many childish ailments, had cared for his father in his last sickness and had assured Richard's mother that rest from so much sewing would soon make the pain in her side a thing of the past. Dr. Bartlet knew Richard's sacrifice, and sympathized with it.

Some people sympathize with you, and you never know it. But Dr. Bartlet was not of that sort. He remembered that Richard would be in a strange place that morning, and he remembered, too, to go and see him there.

All the boys liked to meet the doctor. They respected him so much that they felt honoured when he spoke to them in his hearty way, and they had an instinctive knowledge that he was their friend.

To Richard, with a lump in his throat, of which he was ashamed, the sight of the family friend, coming in at the store door, whose bell tinkled cheerily as he entered, was a good sight indeed. He smiled ever before the doctor called out:

"How are you, my boy? I heard you had entered Counter College, and I called around right away to congratulate you."

Richard looked puzzled. "I've been to Counter College myself," went on the doctor, "and learned some of my best lessons there. The counter was about the size of this, but not nearly so shiny."

A gleam of intelligence came into Richard's eyes as the doctor laid his hand on the broad, hard wood of the counter.

"Were you ever a clerk?" he asked. "I went to Counter College," said the doctor, "and without its instruction I should not be nearly so wise as I am well known to be."

The merry twinkle and of a pretence of thinking himself wise, accompanying the doctor's word, drove all the serious look out of Richard's face.

"I wish," he said, "you would tell me

what some of your lessons were. I should like to study them. If I don't have to leave off study I shall not so much mind measuring and weighing, while my class are going on with Latin, Greek, and the rest of it."

The doctor sat upon a stool as if he were about to shop a little, and had you seen him drop his soft hat upon the counter and lean forward with a sociable, visiting air, you would not have dreamed that he was one of the busiest of men.

"Necessity and Responsibility," he said, "were two of the faculty when I went to Counter College, and of them I learned industry, patience, method, and self-reliance. My honour, too, was strengthened by their demands on me; my judgment was developed, and my whole character gained in force. I found the drill of Counter College of great service later in life."

"I see what you mean," said Richard, smiling, yet speaking without enthusiasm. "You got discipline. We always have that to fall back on when we lose everything else."

"But I did not lose everything else," continued the doctor, "for there was another member of the faculty much more to the mind of a growing boy, with a taste for knowledge. This member was Observation."

Richard looked increasingly interested. "I had studied geography, yet I never could easily remember about products until I began to measure sugar, molasses, tea, coffee, spices, and the like, and became curious and inquisitive about their preparation for market. I remember I used to examine the cloves, and wonder how they looked green and growing, and when the covers were lifted from a box of raisins, and they lay so neatly packed, I thought of the warm skies of Europe, and wished I might see the foreign peasants gather and get them ready for home housekeepers. As for the queer Chinese belonging of the tea-chest, I learned about all I know of China, its history and government, during my first three months at Counter College. I was led into it by my interest in the odd things that came with the tea."

Richard looked up at a picture opposite, representing Chinese picking tea, with the great wall in the distance, and resolved he would make himself sure about the history of the wall. He knew, in a vague way, how and why it was built, yet he could not have given an intelligent account of it, though he considered himself through with geography and all he could learn from it, long ago. But before he could put his resolution into words a customer came in, made some small purchases, and offered a five dollar bill in payment. Correct attention to this matter required considerable pains, and Richard felt a good deal embarrassed at the thought that he must seem awkward to the buyer and to the looker on.

"Isn't that a new bill?" asked the doctor, as the bell jingled after the retreating customer. "Yes, sir," replied Richard, producing it. The doctor looked at it, and said: "It is new, but not a new series. That is Garfield, one of our two murdered presidents. You were pretty small when he died, but I suppose you have learned at school the history of the case, and the causes that led up to it."

"I am afraid I don't know it very well," said Richard doubtfully. "I think you would be interested in studying it," said the doctor, "and the story of the madness that cost the life of Lincoln, too, and that would take you into the history of the Civil War, and all the slavery agitation from the beginning. An inquiring boy could be led into all there is to know about his country by following up the history of the faces on the paper money we use."

At that moment the doctor's boy drove up with his carriage, and he rose, put on his hat and held out his hand to Richard. "My boy," he said, "I was once a poorer boy than you are, with just your thirst for education, and I found that I could not be placed anywhere without finding some way open to knowledge, if I knew how to walk in it. It will be so with you, and though I won't pretend that I think Counter College as desirable as some other schools I know, yet I am sure you can learn a great deal here pretty thoroughly. If you want any books of reference in your studies, come into my library any time."

Richard looked bright and happy. "Thank you," he said heartily, "I don't think I shall mind doing this work at all, after what you have said."

"Oh, yes, you will," replied the doctor. "You will often be down-hearted and regretful. But if you are the boy I take you for, you will shake yourself out of such moods, and show yourself able to get much from little. If we are faithful

in a few things, you know, we shall be ruler over many. That is not in the Bible because it sounds well, but because it is true."

This was not the only encouragement the doctor gave Richard at his daily toll, but it was perhaps the most useful, because it turned his thoughts to present opportunities just when he thought all opportunity over. And should every student at Counter College act so industriously upon wise suggestion as did Richard, the young clerks who look upon their work as mere measurement and making of change, would become as intelligent as many boys who have the uninterrupted advantage of school.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Rev. H. W. Knapp, in his eulogy upon Ruskin, tells how Ruskin began by giving first a tenth of his income to the poor, then half, and finally nearly the whole.

If others would not encourage the study of art in schools, Ruskin would buy ten water-colour drawings of William Hunt, and give them to the public schools of London.

He fell heir to one million of dollars; this amount he has given away except a sufficient sum to give him an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Upon this he now lives, the income of his books being distributed among his old pensioners and his various plans for social reform.

He bestowed his art treasures with like generosity. He gave the marbles which he had collected in Greece and his priceless Italian drawings to public galleries and museums, where they would benefit the common people.

Refusing the invitations of the rich, and putting away the temptation to a life of elegant ease and refined luxury, Ruskin gave himself to the poor. His best lectures were never given where English wealth and social prestige were represented, but were delivered to working-girls' clubs and workingmen's associations.

If Rousseau refused the yoke of law and service upon the plea of genius, this man, by reason of his talents, was careful to fulfil the duties not expected of mediocrity.

KEEPING THE GOOD NEWS.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got the pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there! Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."

"BETSY'S IMPS."

"Betsy's imps," as they were called, numbered more than seventy. These same "imps" were the children who attended a school started toward the end of 1798 by Elizabeth Fry, "a timid and delicate woman," who, after her heart was "touched at seventeen years of age," never, to quote her own words, "awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how I must best serve my Lord."

Before her conversion "Betsy Gurney" had been the brightest and gayest of the Gurney lot—herself and six sisters.

This group of merry girls attended religious service one February Sabbath in 1798 in Earham, England.

"A strange minister, William Savery, who had come from America, preached that morning. Betsy's attention was very soon fixed, her eyes filled with tears, and she became a good deal agitated. . . Savery had won her heart for Christ. . . She began to lead a life apart."

The Bible became her chief study, and from that time she gave herself to visiting the poor, and especially the sick.

After the school known as "Betsy's Imps" was established, "a Sunday-school was formed, and afterward a little day-school in Norwich (an adjoining town), where some of the best servants

in the neighbourhood were trained by this same earnest young Christian.

About this time Joseph Fry, himself a zealous young Christian worker, visited Earham and went to see "Betsy's Imps." Soon after he proposed to Betsy, who at first "unhesitatingly refused him."

But he finally conquered, and, after starting other schools, and looking after the poor later, Mrs. Fry became a "minister." "though this was," she says, "awful to her nature, terrible to her as a timid and delicate woman."

Mrs. Fry's famous work in Newgate did not, however, begin till 1813.

Rich in events though her life may be, no more interest attaches to the early womanhood of Elizabeth Fry, who may well be regarded by her sex as one of the most daring pioneers, than the glimpse we get of her when, surrounded by "Betsy's Imps," she was wooed and won by the man who influenced her life to the discharge of public service.—Forward.

A BOY'S CONVERSION.

Seventy-six years ago, the Methodist Penny Magazine was issued in England, and James Greener, then a boy of nine years, bought a copy of the first number in the Sunday-school and took it home to read. That paper contained the story of a boy, seven years of age, who was converted and died happy. James said to himself, "That boy was converted at seven years of age, and I am nine years old and not converted yet." He went to his room, and kneeling down beside his bed, prayed and wept before God because of his sins. The Lord heard him and pardoned his sins there and then while he prayed, and he went down and told his mother how happy he was. This boy became a preacher of the Gospel and was a Methodist minister for fifty-four years and a holy and useful man. He died last June in Lindsay, Ont., where his home had been for the last twenty-five years.

AN ACT OF COURTESY.

When the train bringing the McKinley party into Washington stopped at the station, the incoming President found himself, after the custom of like times, greeted by a great concourse of people and surrounded by masses of flowers. Selecting from among these flowers a bunch of the most beautiful, when his salutations were made he walked the length of the platform alone and handed them to the engineer who had brought the train in safety.

It was an evidence of delicate courtesy possible, perhaps, only in a democracy, but it revealed, as no message to Congress and no proclamation to a country could reveal, the real nature of the man—the fundamental impulses of his character. Even those disagreeing with him as a statesman must do honour to him as a man.—Harper's Bazar.

TURNING CHARITY TO ACCOUNT.

One very severe winter, when distress was terribly prevalent, a soup kitchen was opened in a destitute neighbourhood, the lady patronesses themselves, for the sake of economy, taking it in turn to superintend the supply of the soup. The faces of the applicants became in time so familiar to their benefactresses that one day, when a little girl who was in the habit of taking only one plate asked for three, the lady in charge said:

"Three penny plates to-day, my dear? How is that?"

"If you please, ma'am," replied the child, with a suspicion of pride in her tone, "we have some friends coming to dinner to-day."

PARTICULARLY HONEST.

An Oakland bootblack, an honest man who would not deceive his patrons, when he first went into business, six years ago, put up a sign which read: "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has two small children." Each succeeding year found him deserving of more sympathy, for he kept amending the sign until it read, eight small children. A few days ago Joe's stand was locked for a whole day, and when he returned the next morning he confided to the butcher's boy that his baby had died. His first work was to amend the sign so that it might not mislead the public, and it then read: "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has seven small children." Then, to avoid being placed in a false position before the public, he added with his finger and shoe-blackening: "One he die"—Argonaut.