

HOW GOD HELPED JULIAN TO FIND A PLACE.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

I WILL look at your references if you please, said Mr. Conway, after questioning Julian Mount very closely for a few minutes the morning he came to apply for the place in the factory, which had been advertised in yesterday's paper.

'I have none,' answered Julian, hesitatingly.

'Did you not know that men in business always require some kind of testimonials?' inquired Mr. Conway, sharply, before the young man had time to explain.

'Yes, sir, but I came to the city expecting to enter the store of a gentleman, a friend of my father's who, a few months ago, offered me a position,' replied Julian, trying to control the quiver in his voice.

'And he has disappointed you,' interrupted Mr. Conway. 'He must be a rascal.'

'He has left the city,' responded Julian. 'I should not have left home until I received an answer to my letter apprising him of my coming, but I followed his directions, never thinking of his removal, and now I must make the best of the situation, though it is uphill business hunting a place without references.'

'Why don't you write to your father for the necessary papers?' inquired Mr. Conway.

'Father is dead, sir. If he were living I would not need to be looking for work. I was kept in school while he lived, but I must take his place now, and try to provide for my mother and two little sisters.'

'How long has your father been dead?' asked Mr. Conway, his voice softening.

'Just one month to-day, sir,' replied Julian. 'Mr. Couch, wrote, offering me a position about Christmas; but father wished me to finish my senior year in the Academy. He said I could try my hand at clerking in vacation, but his death has changed everything, and that accounts for my presence here.'

'Mr. Couch. Mr. Jacob Couch—is the gentleman to whom you refer, I presume,' remarked Mr. Conway.

Julian bowed in acquiescence, and then the gentleman added, 'I was very well acquainted with him, and, since you have been disappointed, I am willing to give you a trial, though it is against our rules to employ hands without testimonials. If I take you on my own responsibility you must not betray me.'

'You shall never regret your kindness, sir,' exclaimed Julian, tears glistening in his eyes. 'I will do my very best.'

And he did. By his honesty, close atten-

tion to business, and splendid workmanship, in the course of a year, he rose from the position of a common labourer to that of chief book-keeper. He was always at his post, and never, in all those months, gave his employer the least cause for complaint.

One rainy Saturday evening, in the season when the mill was running at high pressure, and the orders came in more rapidly than they could be filled, Mr. Conway announced that, owing to the accumulation of work, it would be necessary to continue operations on the Sabbath. Said he, by the way of apology, 'Other manufacturing establishments are doing the same, and if we do not fill our contracts within the specified time, our trade will be diverted into other channels. Remember the steam will not be shut off to-morrow, boys, and every employee must be at his post at the regular hour. What is our interest is your interest, and we will see that no one loses anything by the transaction.'

As the long line of men filed slowly down the hall and out of the open door, Julian stepped out of line, and, with a respectful bow, paused at Mr. Conway's desk.

'Well!' exclaimed that gentleman, irritably, not caring to be interrupted in his writing.

'I cannot work on Sunday,' said Julian, quietly.

'Why not?' asked Mr. Conway, sharply.

'It's against my principles,' returned Julian, bravely.

'Principles, indeed! What an uncomfortable thing a conscience must be!' sneered Mr. Conway. 'Go to work to-morrow, and you will be privileged to name your own wages for the extra day.'

'I am not for sale, Mr. Conway,' said Julian, stepping back in indignation.

'Don't put on airs, young man,' retorted Mr. Conway, tauntingly. 'I am not accustomed to bits of boys dictating to me. You have heard my command, and you can take your choice—obedience or dismissal. If you can afford to quarrel with your bread and butter, it is no affair of mine. There sits the pay master, ready to settle with you, but think well before you choose.'

'I have chosen,' said Julian, firmly, as he turned towards the door.

'Mighty plucky little fellow! I hate to lose him, too, but insubordination must be nipped in the bud,' muttered Mr. Conway, as he watched the young man walk away.

If Julian had any misgivings regarding the wisdom of his decision that night, the bright light of a beautiful Sabbath morning dispelled them, and made him more firm in adhering to his convictions of right. It is true that the outlook was by means reassuring. The fact that he had been discharged by a man as prominent in business circles as Mr. Conway, was not a very flattering testimonial; but