

The Family Circle.

Up the Ladder, or, Striving and Thriving.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.
HARRISON BECOMING A MERCHANT.

"In all his ways acknowledge him; and he shall direct thy paths."

Mrs. Haven's entreaties prevailed so far that her humble friend remained at the cottage a week longer, while Harrison ran all over the city, answering advertisements and looking about for a place. Every morning he arose sanguine of success; and every evening he reached the cottage to report his entire failure.

Poor fellow! his faith almost failed. At the week's end he was quite discouraged, because there seemed nothing further for him to do.

"Never despair!" said his mother. "If you cannot do one thing you can do another."

"I suppose there are places enough," responded the boy; but I wouldn't go to them."

"Why not?" inquired his mother.

"I wouldn't go into a bar-room, nor into a restaurant for any salary," replied the boy.

"I hope not," said his mother, anxiously; "but cheer up; we may hear of something to-morrow."

"So I've said to myself every day for a week," responded the poor boy.

"Never mind!" cried Ella, soothingly, "mamma says I shall be rich some time; and I'll get a nice house, and we'll all live together in it; and you shall have such a weary time, running round after places, and keeping me watching at the windows to tell your mother whether you have found one or not."

"I suppose you don't know Ella can tell as soon as she sees you whether you have been successful," suggested Mrs. Haven, playfully.

"Didn't I tell right every time?" urged the child.

"But how?" inquired the youth.

"Why, you walked along, and when you came near the gate you stopped, as if you did not like to come in. Then, when I ran to the door, you said, 'How do you do, Ella?' and did not look at me, but walked along and hung up your cap, and did not smile. I knew that if you had found a place, you would come jumping along, and as likely as not, spring right over the gate; then you would catch hold of my hand, and say, 'O, Ella! I've come good news for you; where's mother?' and you'd run and put your arms round her neck, and kiss her ever so many times."

In spite of his despondence, Harrison had a hearty laugh, in which Mrs. Haven and his mother joined.

"She watches you closely, you see," said the lady.

"If I were to be here one night more, I'd act so you couldn't tell," said the boy.

"Oh, do stay! please do," urged the child; "will you, Mr. Danforth, dear nurse, just to please me?"

"And to please me," rejoined the lady. The good nurse consented; indeed, how could she resist such fond entreaties.

So Harrison went forth the next morning for another day's toil. Would it be fruitless toil?

This was the important question which agitated poor Ella's breast; and by four o'clock, she stationed herself at the front window, from which she could see some distance up the street.

Her mother advised her to take a book, or some work, or the time would seem very long. She took a story-book in hand; but her eyes were constantly wandering from her page to the window.

Half-past five arrived; the latest hour at which he had ever been away. Ella was sure now that he had not been successful. "If he had found a place," she said, "he would have hurried home to tell us so." At length she saw him walking toward the house. He seemed inclined to hurry; but Ella thought that was because he feared he should detain them from tea. He glanced up at the window, held down his head as he passed through the gate, turned deliberately about and dashed it, then advanced toward the house.

Ella met him at the door, and looked earnestly in his face. There was a curious expression which puzzled her. He held out his hand without raising his eyes. She could restrain herself no longer. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Harrison!" and she walked slowly before him into the room where her mother and his were awaiting them.

"He hasn't found a place, mamma," she began, in a mournful tone.

"Does he say so?" inquired Mrs. Danforth, gazing earnestly at him.

"No, indeed," exclaimed the boy, throwing off his disguise: "You're mistaken for once, Miss Ella. I've found a place, a first-rate one, I think. Any how, it's in a large grain store on Central wharf, with vessels coming up to it and unloading all the time. I'm to have thirteen dollars the first month; and after that, if I do well, they are going to increase my wages. I mean to do well; and perhaps some time, I shall get into the firm."

The boy's handsome face flushed with pride as he already, in imagination, saw himself seated at one of the high desks, calling clerks, giving orders, filling out checks, as he had seen his new employers do on that very day.

"What do you say, Ella?" he asked, as she stood silently by his side.

"I'm very glad." The answer was in rather a doubtful tone.

"Only you didn't think I could deceive you so. I would not have done it except in joke; and you know I gave you fair warning last night."

Ella smiled faintly, but made no reply.

"Come to the window," exclaimed the boy. "Now play I'm just coming home."

He seized his hat and ran down the walk. Presently she saw him leaping along as if he were almost beside himself with joy. He did not forget to jump over the gate, and the little girl laughed most heartily as she ran to open the door.

"O, Ella! my dear Ella!" he cried out. "Do come with me to-morrow, I've something splendid to tell; oh such good news! oh dear, dear!" and he ran along through the hall into the dining-room.

"Is that right?" he inquired, as soon as his laughing would allow him to speak.

"Yes, exactly right," was the delighted reply.

"Well, I suppose that is just the way I should have done, if you had not put me up to playing a joke upon you."

"Come! come!" said Mrs. Haven, Mrs. Danforth and I have waited quite long enough for our tea."

"O Harrison! what a very funny boy you are!" exclaimed Ella as she seated herself opposite him at the table.

In the evening Mrs. Danforth requested her son to give an account of his day's adventures.

"I went first," he began "to our room at Mrs. Cowles's. He had just come home to prepare to go to some committee meeting. I told him I was almost discouraged trying to get a place. He called me into the dressing-room and made me give him an account of what I had done while he was shaving. Then he said, 'I must go right away now, to be in time for my business, but come in at noon, and if you have not found any place before that time, perhaps I can put you in a way to succeed. Don't be too hasty, though, he said, as I suppose he saw how nervous I was. "Do the very best you can for yourself," he said, and then he went to bed."

"So after waiting for a moment to tell Mrs. Cowles and Mr. Danforth, I went to the office of Mr. Danforth. I found him sitting at his desk, and he said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

"He said, 'I'm glad to hear you've found a place. Now, what's the name of the place?'"

question he asked, was, "And how is our little friend Ella? I suppose you see her occasionally?"

"I saw her this morning," I answered. "She speaks of you very often."

"I'm glad you told him that," cried Ella, clapping her hands.

Harrison smiled and went on. "I told him I was trying to look up a place in a store, and had been trying for more than a week."

"Let me think," he said, "let me think if I can't do something for you—scowling in his own way, you know, Ella."

"Oh, yes!"

"Rather an unlucky time to be out of a place, my boy. The fact is, there's a terrible crisis ahead. Many of our wisest politicians predict a great crash in the commercial world. Our merchants have traded largely, more than their capital would warrant; there is too much show and too little reality; and things will have to come down to a more solid basis. Are you set upon the business of trade? Why not be a mechanic or an engineer, or something of that sort? Well, said he, as I shook my head, 'perhaps you'll talk differently in the course of a year. I'll look around though, and see what I can do for you. If Mr. Haven were alive, he would get you a situation, perhaps giving you a chance in his own store.'"

One part of the conversation with Mr. Clarkson the boy omitted, as it related to Alfred the wayward son.

"After I left him," he continued, "I determined to begin at one end of—Street, and go into every store in it. Sometimes my heart beat so I thought I never could get across the long buildings into the office in the rear where the owner generally sits. Sometimes they would say, 'More boys now than we can employ.' Others would merely stop writing a moment, as I asked. Do you need a boy in your store, sir? and shake their heads; and others still would ask, 'Who are your references?' I thought they might have remembered a little how they felt when they were boys."

"At last just before dinner, I found one gentleman who seemed very kind. He asked my name and age, whether I had been brought up in the city. He seemed quite pleased when I told him I had been in Alfred T. Haven's family for two years. 'I knew him well,' he said, 'a noble man.' Then he asked if I had studied book-keeping, and how far I had advanced in arithmetic. I pulled out my model which was mended around my neck, and told him it was my prize for success in mathematics. He went and talked for a few moments with another man, and then came back again. 'I'm really sorry, my boy,' he said, 'but my partner has engaged a lad this very day. I could have cried I was so disappointed, and liked the looks of the gentleman so much. I was just going out when he said, 'It may be we shall have another vacancy. If we do, where shall I address you?'"

"At Mr. John Cowles's, sir; mother and I live in his house." He smiled again. "But it is necessary for me, I said, 'to get a place at once. I must support my mother, sir. He seemed to hate to let me go, but gave me his hand and said, 'God bless you, my boy. I wish I had seen you a few hours earlier, I should like to help a boy who supports his mother.'"

"I went out of his counting-room quickly for fear he would see the tears in my eyes, and walked straight to Mr. Cowles. I couldn't bear the thought of going into another store."

"What was the name of the gentleman?" asked Mrs. Haven, who had been listening with great interest.

"The firm was Lombard & Lamb, on—Street. I don't know which of the partners it was."

"Did he wear glasses?" inquired the lady.

"No, mamma; the other one did. He was a little bald, and his whiskers were quite gray. The other one was younger."

"That was Mr. Lombard then. I wish he had taken you. He is very rich, and was a principal owner in the block in which Mr. Cowles lives. I think Mr. Cowles purchased of him."

"They had company to dinner; and I didn't say anything about him there," said Harrison. "I was so anxious to hear his plan, as he called it. He took his hat after dinner, and said, 'I'll go with you as far as M—Street.' He left me standing on the sidewalk ever so long. I thought it was an hour, and then led the way down to Central wharf. 'Is Mr. Grant in?' he asked."

"Not back from dinner, answered one of the clerks in a grum voice."

"How soon will he return?" asked Mr. Cowles.

"In fifteen minutes."

"We'll wait then," he said, turning to me.

"Pretty soon Mr. Grant came, and Mr. Cowles talked with him some time, and kept pointing to me. I could only hear one sentence, and that was from our good friend, mother: 'He loves work, sir, and has been brought up to it.'"

"The gentleman then came up to me and said, 'If you'll wait while I talk with you?' So I walked around the store, up and down stairs, and stood at the great windows where they take in goods from the vessels, until he sent a clerk for me; and you know the rest."

That night, after Harrison was in bed, his mother came in to bid him good-night. "I hope, my son," she said, "that you have not retired to rest without thanking your Father in heaven for his blessing upon your endeavors to-day."

The lad colored under his mother's anxious gaze. "I said my prayers, of course, mother," was his hesitating reply. "Perhaps I didn't remember to thank Him as I ought!"

"God loves a grateful heart," was her only remark.

(To be continued.)

JOHN ARMSTRONG & CO.

Have just received by British Steamers, via Boston and Portland:—

SEVENTEEN PACKAGES OF

NEW GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

MOTTLED ALPACAS,

WINCETYS,

Fancy Dress Goods,

LATEST STYLES

Cotton Velvets, Denims, Tickings,

Fancy Flannels, Men's Black and Fancy

Ties;

LUSTRING RIBBONS, COLORED EDGES;

Shepherd's Plaid Wool Shawls;

Scotch Tweeds;

BRIGHT BLACK GLACE SILKS!

At unusually Low Prices.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE LESLIE STORIES.

By Mrs. Macaulay Leslie. 18mo, Illustrated. 75 cents. Volume 1. LAMING AND LAMING. Volume 2. UP THE LADDER.

Volume 3. NEVER GIVE UP. In Press, Volume 4. NORTH AND WEALTH; or JESSIE DOW.

This volume of the best series of books ever issued by this popular author, and should be read in every family.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By the author of "Corra and the Doctor," &c. 1 volume 18mo. This popular novel has for some time been out of print, but the public demand is such as to warrant our issuing a new edition in its present attractive form.

A NEW QUESTION BOOK ON THE ACTS.

By a Pastor. This will be found one of the best ever issued on Acts.

NOW READY!

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST,

AS ATTESTED BY THE EVANGELISTS.

By Rev. ALVAN HOBBS, D. D., Professor in Newton Theological Seminary. 1 Volume 18mo. \$1.25.

These Lectures, delivered before the students of the Institution, are now submitted by the Publishers to the public, with the belief that they will be an invaluable contribution to our religious literature. The contents are as follows:—

Introduction—Objections to Miracles refuted. Part First—Miracles of Nature. Chapter 1—Miracles of Absolute Control. Chapter 2—Miracles of Divine Power. Part Second—Miracles of Man. Chapter 1—Healing Mortal Diseases. Chapter 2—Healing Chronic Diseases. Chapter 3—Healing Organic Defects. Chapter 4—Healing Demonic Possession. Chapter 5—Raising the Dead. Part Third—Miracles on His Body. Concluding remarks. Copies sent free of expense on the receipt of the above price.

THE MILL AGENT.

By the author of "Opposite the Jail," &c. 1 volume 18mo. A charming and interesting narrative, founded on fact. Purely religious in its character, it has all the attractions of a romance.

TO BE ISSUED ABOUT OCTOBER 20.

THE CEDAR BROOK STORIES.

5 volumes, by A. S. M. Author of "Only a Pauper." These books will make a charming set for children, and should be in every Sabbath School. They will be handsomely illustrated, and be ready about the middle of November.

Agents for the sale of the American Baptist Publication Society's Young People's Series.

We continue to keep a large variety of SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARY BOOKS, Questions and Hymn Books, Cards, &c. &c. &c. October 15.

SUPERIOR TO "ADAM BEDE!"

"BROKEN COLUMNS!"

A NOVEL.

ONE VOLUME 12mo, PRICE, \$1.50.

Peter Bayne the Essayist, says of it:—"I have compiled with your request a list of books which I have read through. I do not hesitate to pronounce it, in my judgment, superior to 'Adam Bede.' The plot is admirable, and the execution is a singular nearness to perfection. I am confident, where it is read, and known, it will have an extensive sale."

Dr. A. C. Kendrick, Professor in Rochester University, says:—"I have now read 'Broken Columns' carefully through. Although I soon saw that it was written with a good deal of ability I could not fairly judge of it until I read it to the end. It is on the whole a very able and even powerfully written story. It is in the main unexceptionable and very impressive. I should advise its publication most decidedly. I shall be much surprised if it does not prove a great success."

Judge Knox of Chicago, says:—"I have read 'Broken Columns' and it was the finest literary treat I ever had."

For sale by all Booksellers and News Agents.

THE NEW NOVEL!

"PETER CARRADINE,"

OR THE MARTINDALE PASTORAL.

By CAROLINE CHESBRO.

Author of "Isa a Pilgrimage," "The Children of Light," &c. &c. One Volume 12mo. Price \$1.50.

Marion Harland, author of "Alone," "Memories," &c. &c. says of it:—"I predict for PETER CARRADINE a wider popularity than has been achieved by any other of Miss Chesbro's books; good and noble as they are. You are reminded, all the while, that she writes with a purpose, as well as a power, that the earnest, God-fearing soul of the philanthropist has travelled here for the good of her kind, not the mere 'sensational' romantic writer of the sentimental novel of an idle hour."

"All of Miss Chesbro's work is good in method, style, and purpose, and this is one of her best. It is a story, and a story, and is full of that spirit and wisdom which is in all her work."—Christian Intelligencer.

A novel of unusual interest and attraction, original in its plan and treatment, and bringing out fresh and piquant passages in rural life."—N. Y. Observer.

A NEW BOOK.

By Marion Harland, author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Memories," &c. &c. One Volume 12mo. \$1.50.

This book, like all the others by this author, will have a very large sale.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A Biography of Robert Kalkes and William Fox, with portraits. By John Carroll Power. One Volume 18mo. Price \$1.

NEW JUVENILES TO BE PUBLISHED THIS FALL.

THE WARS OF THE COLONIES.

By Jacob Abbott. One Volume 16mo, fully illustrated. 75 cents. This is a new and complete edition of the "American Histories." It will be of special interest at this time.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

By Jacob Abbott. Being the fifth volume of the "Florence Stories." One Volume 16mo, fully illustrated. 75 cents.

WALTER IN JERUSALEM.

By D. C. Eddy, D. D., author of the "Percy Family" series. This is the second volume of "Walter's Tour in the East." One Volume 16mo, illustrated, 65 cents.

PETER PARLEY'S OWN STORY.

For Boys and Girls. One Volume 16mo, illustrated. Price 40 cents. This is a new and complete edition of the "Percy Family" series. It will be of special interest at this time.

STORIES OF OLD TESTAMENT SERIES.

By Caroline Hadley. One Volume 16mo, illustrated. Price 40 cents.

THE ROSE MORTON SERIES.

Five volumes, 16mo, illustrated. Price 45 cents per vol. This will be one of the most charming series of juveniles for the "Percy Family" series. It will be of special interest at this time.

WALTER IN SAMARIA.

By D. C. Eddy, author of the "Percy Family" series. This is the third volume of "Walter's Tour in the East." One Volume 16mo, illustrated. Price 65 cents.

THE HUMILIATED BOOK OF NUR-ET-DIN.

A new and complete edition of the "Percy Family" series. It will be of special interest at this time.

SHELDON & CO.

885 Broadway, New York.

MRS. HUNT'S

School for Young Ladies.

The Course of Education in this Seminary comprises all the branches of English Literature and second-class Education. In the several departments the most competent Teachers employed.

Office at the Town of Monmouth; also, at Hopewell, where business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.

DAILY PUPILS, under ten years, \$6 per term; over ten years, \$8 per term.

Extra Branches, Drawing, Painting, and Music, usual prices. In all cases, in advance.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

Corner of King and Cornhill Streets.

SAMUEL D. MILLER, Principal.

In connection with the above Establishment, there is a Superior Female School, taught by Mrs. Miller, in which there are advantages not usually to be found in Female Schools. Particular attention paid to the morals and habits of the young ladies in attendance—parents are requested to call and judge for themselves. These Schools are so well known, that any eulogium would be out of place.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Corner of Dorchester and Carleton Streets, St. John, N. B.

J. W. HARTY, A. M., Principal.

THIS Seminary consists of separate Male and Female Departments, under the Management and Instruction of the Principal and several efficient Assistant Teachers.

N. B.—Tuition Fees and Board moderate, and payable quarterly, in advance.

MISS MELVINA F. L. BROWN proposes to open a SCHOOL in the Marsh Bridge Meeting House, on MONDAY, Oct. 5th, 1883, at 9 A. M.

Children under ten years of age. \$2.50

English Branches, including Arithmetic, Geography, Reading, Writing, and Spelling. 8.00

Higher Branches, including French, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Physiology, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. 4.00

Languages. (Invariably in advance.) 6.00

Miss Brown having received her education in the United States, afterwards passing through the Provincial Training School at St. John, feels confident of being able to give satisfaction in the branches taught. Having paid particular attention to Mathematics, Grammar, and the Latin language, she feels desirous of obtaining Scholars in those branches.

Fancy Work will also be taught if desired.

In order to see if sufficient encouragement to open a School will be given, the first two weeks will be free of charge to all who attend. All are invited to attend.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 1, 1883.—

HORTON ACADEMY, WOLFVILLE.

THE Second Term commences August 3rd, and ends December 20th.

Principal—Rev. T. A. Higgins, A. M.

Assistant—Miss Mary A. Townsend, (graduate of Holyoke).

Teacher of French—Mr. Herbert C. Creed.

Teacher of Music—Mr. E. C. Saffery and Miss Mary Deek.

Teacher of Drawing—Miss Anne Fowler.

Board and Tuition in all the English branches, with Latin, Greek, and French, \$21 per quarter.

Music, with voice, Piano Forte, \$6 to \$8 per quarter.

Pencil Drawing, \$3 per quarter.

Colored and Black Crayon Drawing, \$3.50 per quarter.

Water Color Painting, \$4 per quarter.

Oil Painting, \$5 per quarter.

Wax Flowers and Fruit, \$1.50 each per quarter.

Green and Oriental Painting, \$1.50 each per quarter.

Boarding furnished for the first term, including Fuel for their own rooms. Pupils not boarding in the Seminary will be charged for Tuition from \$2.50 to \$5 per quarter.