

KEEP AT IT.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended:
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow and constant motion
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant, dark blue ocean:
And the noblest undertakings,
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort,
Have been patiently achieved.

Then, do not look disheartened
Of the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor, day by day,
Another point to gain;
And soon, the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain!

Serial.

JIM, THE PARSON.

Author of "Brightside," "Hilda and I,"
"Glenarhan," etc.
BY E. REDELL BENJAMIN.

CHAP. VIII.—SARAH DUFFY JUST MISSED IT.

One evening in the early spring, Kate was dining with her friend at Burnside. According to their custom, after dinner they were enjoying the flickering flame of the library fire. The lamps were not lighted, and the friends were talking in their own restful way. Kate would sometimes sing a quaint, wild song; sometimes, with her head resting on the arm of Mrs. Montgomery's chair, tell her own beautiful thoughts. She was quite still for awhile.

"Are you asleep, dear?" asked the elder lady.

"No indeed, I was recalling this" and then in a low voice she caroled a melody that seemed to have caught its beauty from the far-off land of light and song.

"Will we not speak in musical numbers hereafter?" she asked.

"Certainly—I think so; it seems to me that a perfect expression of anything is musical."

"Dear friend, what 'perfect expression' of anything is possible here?"

"Pardon the personality, but what is wanting is that last song?"

"Now you are parrying my question; we were not talking of what some master-mind has already made into music."

"True; and perfection is of course, to us an abstract idea, but an approach to it is melody."

"I am glad you did not say 'harmony,' for I feel that cannot be reached till we are tuned to heaven's keynote."

Suddenly Jip barked a gentle welcoming bark, and Polly said, "Is every place shut up? It's late, go home, go home."

"What have I done, Polly, to be so treated?" remonstrated Mr. Thornton, as he entered. "Forgive me," he said, "for waiting till the song was ended; I heard a few words more, but as I have confessed, may I be forgiven?"

"I will forgive you," laughed Mrs. Montgomery; "but there was so little penitence in your confession, you must make a separate peace with Kate."

"Would it not have been uncivil to interrupt you, Miss Acton?" he asked.

"You were right on general principles," replied Kate, blushing very unnecessarily.

"You would have heard a sketch of your early life, if you had waited longer. I was about telling Kate some of its incidents; perhaps you will tell us. I know it has been made public."

"There is a little story of God's love connected with my early life," he answered, "and my grandfather having made it into a Sunday-school book, I have no hesitation in repeating it. My earliest recollections are of a home in England; as I recall the shadowy memory, I think an English parsonage. Death desolated it; then a period of my father's illness, then a hasty journey to Liverpool, then a small inn where my father died, then a voyage and a landing in a strange land. This is all very dim. I recall privation, and a room in a house in Third Avenue. My mother

sewed for my support; my sister was a child then. I gave what help I could, being always encouraged by my mother's promise of taking us somewhere as soon as we could buy better clothes. She died very suddenly, and had never told us any particulars about ourselves, or where we were to go. I had an impression that we had relatives who would take care of us; but the world was wide and strange, and I knew not where to seek them. The daily need to provide for my sister kept me from dwelling on uncertainties. I was taken ill; then little May, in her despair, went out to sell my newspapers. She wandered into a church where the clergyman gave the text beginning, 'Come unto me.' The child though he was calling her, and insisted on going to him. He was interested in the little waif, and went with her to see her sick brother. The result was that he opened my father's Bible to read while he was watching me: his own hand-writing revealed the fact that we were the children of his only son."

"Oh," exclaimed Kate, whose face was lighted with an extraordinary interest. "And his name was Thornton, and I heard that sermon—I do not remember anything but the text, and a beautiful child sitting on a bundle of newspapers. Was that, could that have been your sister?"

"The comparison of dates will settle it," replied Mr. Thornton, trying to steady his voice. "It was twelve years ago."

"Exactly," said Kate; "and the Ascension Church. I—" she stopped in confusion.

"You gave the little child an emerald collar," he said, with intense emotion.

"She has it yet. How wonderful this is!"

"Most wonderful," said Mrs. Montgomery; "you must be the best of friends hereafter."

Kate moved away from the fire, which she said burned her face; and Mr. Thornton continued:

"We were taken to the home of our grandparents, where we knew no more trouble. I entered the ministry, and for my first year helped my grandfather. I am now in my first parish; my sister remains at home."

"Can she not come to us for a visit?"

"Thank you, my friend; our grandmother is blind now, and when she puts out her dear white hands, if they did not fall on May, she would indeed feel deserted. My sister cannot leave at present. The separation is hard for us, but cannot be avoided."

"You have interested us extremely, but you have made your story short."

"Naturally. It was about myself. May I tell you about Sarah Duffy now?"

"Is she better and happier?"

"She is. Her life has been a strange history of one who failed in everything."

"Poor unfortunate woman."

"Pardon me, dear madam—would not earnestness and forethought have changed her whole career?"

"But, Mr. Thornton, do we not often fail just as we nearly gain an object?"

"I would be sorry to agree with you, Miss Acton; surely if we are permitted nearly to gain our object, it must be our own fault if we fail. Let me tell you about Sarah's failures; they will illustrate my meaning. When left dependent on her own exertions, she lost the place of district school teacher by putting a letter of recommendation in the mail too late. She tried sewing, but it was never done well or in time. Her next effort was to raise poultry, but regular feeding was too much for her—they died of neglect. She became engaged to be married, but her preparations were not completed at the time proposed—the wedding was deferred two weeks. During this delay her lover took cold one evening when Sarah's fire failed to burn—he died of pneumonia after a short illness. She watched him till the last day; then, her clock having run down, she was too late—he died just before she entered the house."

"How perfectly absurd," laughed Kate. "Pray, has she missed anything else?"

"She missed her footing," he replied.

plied, gravely, wondering why both his hearers laughed more than before. "A plank was broken in a foot-bridge—she fell, and a broken leg was the result; she delayed to send for a physician until it was difficult to set it; and she has suffered so much that, as she says, she is 'real discouraged.'"

For some reason, Kate was so excessively merry over this that Mrs. Montgomery, to restore her composure, said: "We must agree with Mr. Thornton, Kate, that earnestness of purpose was left out in Sarah's composition."

As Kate made no reply, Mr. Thornton said he thought she ought by this time to have corrected her natural faults of character; but Kate still saw the absurd side of Miss Duffy's career too strongly to venture to speak. Fortunately, John entered with the tea service, and she hid her laughing face behind the urn.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT A DIME DID.

"Oh, well, never mind—it's only a dime; let it go, for it's not worth looking for." So said Arthur, a young man of twenty, to a companion, who was helping him to hunt for a coin he had dropped.

"But I don't like to be beaten," replied his companion, "and I am going to try once more. You know the old adage is, 'If at first you don't succeed, try again.'"

"Oh, yes," hastily said Arthur; "you always were one of those noble stick-to-it-and-never-give-it-up sort of fellows. My sister Maggie says she believes you'll make a hero some day. If you must hunt up the dime, I suppose you must; but I am sorry you saw me drop it, as you will have no peace and I suppose I shall have no fun until you find it. Do leave it for some needy street Arab to find. Why it will give him a whole week's happiness. I will not take it if you do find it."

Fred was quiet for a few minutes, as the mention of Arthur's sister's name and the hint at her estimate of his heroic qualities had sent the color into his resolute looking face and set him thinking. As he was intently looking into the gutter, into which the ten cents had rolled, Arthur did not notice the sudden bloom of roses on his friend's cheeks.

"Hurrah!" he suddenly exclaimed; "here it is!"—and he handed it to its owner.

But Arthur would not touch it; and when neither would pocket the coin, Fred suggested as a compromise that he would invest it on Arthur's account and report results. "Agreed," said Arthur, "and some day, no doubt I shall wake up to find myself a millionaire. Investment of ten cents in land—sudden rise in value—discovery of gold-bearing ore, etc., wonderful fortune of Mr. Arthur Stuart Mitchell, etc. What splendid newspaper item—what a happy suggestion for a novel!"

His friend laughed, and said, "We shall see, we shall see," and the subject dropped.

The two young men were walking quickly along a side thoroughfare, not much frequented, save by the people who lived there, and these were not burdened with riches. The thoroughfare was a "short cut," however, to an important station; and as they walked along a busy man rushed passed the mat a rapid pace and in breathless haste to catch his train. They had gone but a few more steps when they came upon a woe-begone little maiden who was in great trouble. The traveller, in his haste had jostled her so that she slipped, and a tin pail in which she was carrying milk was jerked out of her hands and fell to the ground, its contents being entirely spilled.

Fred's inquiry elicited the fact that she was on her way home with a pint of milk, price four cents, for the family's tea, and "father would scold just awful, she knew he would," if she went home without the milk.

"Pay to Little Red Ridinghood, or bearer, four cents, and charge the same to the account of Arthur Stuart Mitchell trust account," he drolly said, and, handing the little girl four pennies to get a new supply of milk, he

bide her cheer up, tied the little woe-begone hood around the plump but tear-stained face of the child, and went off, remarking to his comrade, "Well, upon my word that is cheap. That child's smile was as good a sight as the sunset, and her 'Thank you, sir,' well paid for the investment."

It seemed as though the young men were to have all the opportunity they could desire for philanthropic enterprise that day. A boy had lost his top. He had been spinning it with great glee until a wagon came along, whose driver was in a hurry to get home, and, to pass another wagon, drove one of the wheels of his own on the sidewalk. The spinning top was caught beneath the wheel, and of course was crushed. The lad's fun was spoiled for a week at least, for his father would not be home till Saturday from his work, and he could get no money until then.

The miniature trust fund was immediately drawn upon, and two cents procured a top even more beautiful in the little fellow's eyes than the one he had lost. Perhaps he did not say, "Thank you," but he evidently felt it, and the young men passed on.

"Two hearts made happy and four cents' worth of sunshine still on hand," said Fred, who only wished that another chance of investment might occur. It did, too, for at the ferry-gate, which they had now reached, a pale-faced child stood waiting to sell her last bouquet.

"Only four cents—the last one—who'll buy?" she had called again and again, as she shivered in the keen winter air.

Fred knew something of the flower-girls' history. She was about the only support of a sick mother, and he often purchased a bouquet for the sake of encouraging her in her loving service to her mother. So he invested all the remaining four cents of the ten, and after receiving the flower from the vender, returned it to her, bidding her take it home to mother, who, he well knew, would be cheered by the sight of the pretty rose bud.

"There, Mr. Arthur Mitchell, I hope you are content with my administration of your trust. Three children made happy and the bouquet doing double duty, a sick woman's eyes gladdened—all at the cost of ten cents."

"Upon my word," said Arthur, "I never thought one could dispense so much happiness with a dime. I am earning nothing now while I am studying, but I do get a little pocket money once in a while, thanks to my father, and when I have wanted ten cents' worth of pleasure I always invested in a fine cigar."

"And this you do every day, do you not?" asked Fred. "Perhaps you would not consider it too much sacrifice to give up the satisfaction of a cigar and dispense ten cents' worth of sunshine per day in directions that might afford others happiness also."

Arthur declared he would consider the matter. He did, and he has since found a deal of pleasure in spending his dime for the benefit of others, instead of on his own appetite.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

I was eleven years old, said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant, when my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war at those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but he left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said: "Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have the sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but he had been to Congress, in Washington's time, so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it. "Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward."

I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said:

"Make yourself so useful that they can't do without you."

I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather's. Well I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known Mr. G. the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said:

"You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful whom you walk the streets with."

That was lesson number three.

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Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if failure to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th September, 1881. sep21 2ins

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