

MESSENGER

NO. 43.

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 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 you don't at first succeed, try again.'"

"Oh, yes, Fred," 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 to pay 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 of 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 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 should 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 a splendid newspaper item—what a happy suggestion for a novel!"

His friend laughed, and said, "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 live 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 them at a rapid pace and in a breathless haste to catch the train. They had gone but a few more steps when they came upon a woe-begone little maiden who was in great trouble. The traveler, 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 the way home with a pint of milk, priced 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 bid her cheer up, tied the little woolen 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 till 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 hands," 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 girl's 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 venter, 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 have 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 his own appetite.—Sel.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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written one. By its terms, all expenses—bakhsh for himself, for his attendants, and for our escorts, included—were to be covered by the stipulated price. As we neared our journey's end, however, he asked a "gift" of me not an outright gift at parting, but the promise of something to be sent him from America, as a token of my remembrance of him, and as a proof to others that he had served me satisfactorily. He even told me what he would like the gift to be: it was a traveling valise of a peculiar construction, like one I had with me on the journey. I willingly gave him a promise accordingly; and he frequently reminded me of it afterwards. A few days before we finally parted,

Mohammed came to one of my young friends and, stating the case to him deliberately, asked whether he thought Mr. Trumbull would take offense if he should request him to discount that promise before we separated, and give him its value in hard cash. Being told of this, I spoke to the dragoman about it, and he expressed the hope that I would not think him grasping; but really he would like a "gift" in his hands while I was yet with him. Accordingly I gave him the money desired, and as he thanked me he suggested that I could yet send him something from America, if I felt so disposed. This was not begging; of course not; but it was a way they have in Egypt, and that they had there in the days of Moses. It was in accordance with this very custom—then as now universal and well understood in that land,—that the Lord said, by Moses, to the long-oppressed and hard-working Israelites who were to go out from Egypt into the land which the Lord had prepared for them:

"I will give this people favor in sight of the Egyptians: and it shall come to pass that when ye go, ye shall not go empty; but every woman shall ask of her neighbor, and of her that so-journeth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and ye shall put them upon your sons, and upon your daughters; and ye shall spoil [carry away the treasures of] the Egyptians." It was not in dishonesty or unfairness, nor by any deceit or misrepresentation, but it was the most natural thing in the world, that "the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses, and they asked of the Egyptians jewels of silver and gold, and raiment; and the Lord gave them favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they gave unto them."

In the light of such facts as these, does it seem strange that the Israelites had accumulated much personal treasure during their many years' sojourn in Egypt; that they should ask and receive much more in the same line from the people whom they had served faithfully in all those years, when they were to part with them finally; or that, thus supplied, they should have had abundant stores of gold and silver in the desert?—S. S. Times.

—With an earldom, \$75,000 a year, youth, health, a pleasing wife, a taste for sport, and four of the choicest homes in the world, Lord Rosebery, to whom Mr. Gladstone owes his seat for Middletham, puts his nose to the grindstone in a subordinate office under that not particularly conciliatory chief, Sir William Harcourt. England may be congratulated on her Roseberries.

President Lincoln's Consolation.

Those who saw President Lincoln's serious side could best testify to the breadth of his great nature. Few men have lived in whom the chords of humor, and of reverent tenderness, were so equally tuned, and in whom both were so exquisitely fine.

During the war, when the cares of a distracted nation on his mind and heart, was added the keen sorrow of his son's death, and for the almost hopeless sickness of his boy Robert (the present Secretary of war), Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomeroy was detailed by Miss Dix from the hospital duty to go to the White House as nurse.

While she watched by Robert's bedside, the President sat in the sick-room, night after night, sleepless, and waiting with a father's agony of hope and fear. The life of the little boy hung in even balance, and he would not go away.

Much of that weary time the nurse and the President would converse, without disturbance to the patient, and the themes on which Mr. Lincoln was then most ready to speak were dear and familiar to the Christian woman who shared his vigils with his son.

Gradually he led her to relate the story of her life, and of her religious experience. The narrative charmed him, and it was not strange that it should, for Mrs. Pomeroy had herself known sorrow, and there was a history of consecration in the Divine comfort that came to her.

The next night he begged her to tell him the same story again, not omitting a single particular. On the third night he wanted to hear it again.

For four nights—till the disease of his child took a favorable turn—that recital of a Christian's trials and trust was asked for and repeated to the anxious, sorrowing President, soothing his painful suspense, and teaching him the mysteries of resignation and patience.

He felt the need to learn the lesson, and would ask for explanations as the story went on, and eagerly sought to know how she had put herself into God's hands, and now her faith found its reward.

His interest did not cease when the danger was past, and his son was saved; but he retained Mrs. Pomeroy through the lad's convalescence, and as if longing for more instruction, he carried her daily to her hospital duties himself, and made her tell him the words of peace and hope she breathed over the dying soldiers, and how she pointed them to Christ.

Often she saw him, at short intervals of respite in his crowded days, lying on his lounge, reading the Bible that had belonged to his mother; and once when he asked her what part of the Bible she loved the best, she replied that it was "The Psalms."

"They are the best," he said. "I find something in them for every day in the week."

When Robert was well, Mrs. Pomeroy went to the White House no more. But she has never forgotten those days of President Lincoln's affliction, or ceased to feel grateful that she could aid him on his wise and earnest search for consolation at the only true Source.—Companion.

—Wicked men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.