

A WOMAN'S ADIEU.

Our love is done! I would not have it back, I say, I would not have my whole year May!

Our love is done! And still my eyes with tears are wet, Our souls are stirred with vague regret;

But love is done! I know it, vow it, and that kiss Must set a fimsy to our bliss.

Who cares if this be mad or wise? Trust not my words, but read my eyes.

A Boy Wanted.

BY MARGARET PENDLETON.

"Wanted a boy, aged fourteen years. Inquire within." Joe Fletcher thought this card had been hung in Dr. Kemp's office window for him.

His mother, recognizing that the fatal disease consumption was fast sapping her vitality, had informed him that he would have to come out of school and try to find work.

"All right, mother," he responded cheerfully, "Fred Bailey's only ten, and he earns one dollar a week, and I'm twelve!"

And so the next day Joe went in search of work; and we find him gazing at the card referred to.

A dignified, stern-faced, stern-voiced man answered the call. "Well, what will you have?" he asked, scrutinizing the small boy before him.

"Guess not, boy, wouldn't have to wear these glasses if I could see so far!" removing them from his eyes and giving them a vigorous cleaning.

"Cause mother asked God this morning, sir, to direct me to work; and I wouldn't have known you wanted a boy, if you hadn't hung the card in your window; thought perhaps he told you to put it there so I'd see it.

The doctor was an unbeliever, and he replied: "I guess your mother is a crank, isn't she? to think the Almighty takes notice of such small matters."

Joe did not know what a crank was, but the sneer with which the doctor spoke suggested to him that the word was something disrespectful to his mother.

"Are you fourteen?" the doctor questioned doubtfully.

"No sir, I'm only twelve; but I can work, sir; I carry all the water for mother, chop the wood, and make the fire. Mother doesn't know how she can do without me; but we have got to live, sir, and mother can't sew as she once did."

"Have you ever driven a horse?"

"I haven't any, sir."

"How am I going to know that you are an honest, capable boy, then?"

"I don't know, sir. If you would name," Joe added eagerly.

"No, no; you won't do; I cannot take a name he has good references."

And the doctor went into his office, and Joe to "And the answer to his prayers elsewhere," as he came to himself.

And mother says how he does the thing for us we can't do for ourselves, if we trust him—I did feel

where was he to get one? He and his mother were strangers in the city. Suddenly a smile lighted Joe's troubled face; he stepped back into the office in the light of it.

The doctor smiled sarcastically. "Most likely she does, but it is not customary to receive credentials from so interested a party," with an air that told Joe he had no more time for small boys.

"I did want to help mother, 'cause she's sick." And Joe's eyes filled with the tears that had been in his heart all the morning, but now gathering to the surface, overflowed his cheeks.

Joe's discouragement increased as going from store to store, and from office to office, he found few vacancies, and always the discouraging requirement of a recommendation. Worn in body and disheartened by repeated failure, he turned his steps homeward.

With increased faith Joe ran up the steps of their poor home in happy expectation. "Mother!" he called cheerily, as he did not find her in her accustomed place at the window stitching.

Ab! it was God's way and God's time his mother had taught him to trust in and wait for.

As his mother lay upon her bed so pale, and with her eyes closed, Joe's failure to find employment weighed heavily upon his heart. But Joe had been so well instructed to trust in God's goodness and faithfulness, that doubt was only known to him as a temptation; and young as he was this faith asserted itself and he assured himself God did hear and answer prayer.

In the morning his faith and courage were rewarded. He had just given his mother her breakfast, carefully prepared, though it consisted of two crusts toasted a delicious brown, softened with hot water, seasoned with salt; and a cup of weak tea.

"Maybe 'his time' will be this morning," he thought, remembering a text often repeated by his mother, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." That means bread and tea, 'these things' do, 'cause that's our need just now.

"Good morning, my little man," the gentleman said, his face reflecting the smile that lighted Joe's in happy contented assurance. "I'm looking," he continued, "for a little fellow by the name of Joe Fletcher."

"Yes, sir, I'm him." Joe answered, his face beaming brighter and brighter.

"You are the little lad who was looking for employment in Dr. Kemp's office yesterday, were you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Joe, wondering whom the good angel might be who had told this gentleman of his desire to help his mother, surely he had never seen him before.

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first, 'cause I couldn't get a place without the recommend—but mother says the bad feeling like came—'cause I was trusting in the recommend more than I was in him, and I guess she's right, sir."

Joe looked in speechless amazement. Hadn't he just told the gentleman plainly he had no "recommend" nor anybody to give him one? There must be a misunderstanding, and he was not the boy after all.

What a day of thanksgiving that was to Joe and his mother! God did not forget one of their needs. Does He ever forget yours or mine, reader? Do you know the blessedness of those who wait for Him?

Kind Judge Weston sent a doctor for Joe's mother that very morning, and provisions for many a day. And one lovely morning in June, he came with his carriage to take them to their new home.

There were two memories that followed and influenced Joe throughout his life; and through him, others. The first was this personal experience of faith in God and its sequel, "The Lord will provide."

I wish I had time to tell you about Joe's new home and crippled Jamie. Perhaps I can some other time.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

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