

The Herald and News

"AS YE WOULD."

A Business Man's Practical Sympathy for an Employee Who Had Erred.

BY LILLIE CAIRNS-GIBSON.

Grief and shame were in the pretty little home which John and Maggie had been striving, for some time, by care and frugality, to make their own.

No words of reproach, only those of sorrow and regret, and met him, when with mortification and remorse, John had confessed to his wife the crime of which he had been guilty and in which he had been detected.

"The hardest part to bear is the thought that you did it for my sake!" and Maggie buried her face on John's shoulder as they wept bitter tears of regret over their misfortune and disgrace.

John had been a trusted employee of a wholesale jewelry concern for several years, and no suspicion of guilt pointed to him when members of the firm became aware of the fact that sundry articles of value were missing from the stock, and shortly afterward located in a pawnshop and recovered.

On a fair salary, John had maintained a comfortable home in a quiet part of the city, where he and Maggie had been very happy; but sickness had come to wife and children during the fall and winter and expenses of doctor and medicines had exhausted their little pile of savings and involved them in debt.

The latter worried John more than he would acknowledge to Maggie, and after many a battle with discouragement and depression, he yielded to a temptation which was constantly presented to him in his trusted position. It would not be difficult to appropriate some of the small precious things, in his daily handlings, to obtain the money he so much required for the present needs of his suffering dear ones; and it looked so easy to return the articles in the near future, and no one be really injured; and while it was not just the kind of transaction he would willingly have Maggie know about—oh! no, he knew Maggie would do without bread before she would have him swerve in the least from the path of rectitude; but all the more these thoughts of her determined him that she must not want for anything which would make her recovery speedy, and effectual!—and so it happened that circumstances combined to attack John at his weakest point, and his unselfish love and care for those dependent upon him arose paramount to his sense of right and justice, and led him into dishonor, while he reasoned himself into the belief that he was only making use of these means to accomplish a worthy end; but the law laid its iron grasp upon his misdeed and called it "theft."

Perhaps no one felt the grief and disappointment of John's downfall more keenly than one of the younger members of the firm. A man who had not grown hard and unsympathetic even amid the "cares of life and the deceitfulness of riches, but who could see a possibility for good where others, with less heart, might turn away untouched and leave an opportunity "lending a hand" unheeded.

With real sorrow this man represented the company at the trial after John's arrest. All the tenderness of his heart revolved at the procedure and his intended prosecution turned into an earnest and pathetic defense of the prisoner, on the grounds of "fire defense" and "stress of circumstances" and ended with the plea to the judge to "give him another chance."

With a severe reprimand, which was scarcely needed to complete his feeling of unworthiness and obligation to his kind friend and employer, the case was dismissed; and as Mr. Brown grasped his hand in forgiveness and encouragement, all John could utter was "I do not deserve such kindness."

As he turned to leave the scene, a fellow prisoner whose face was scarred and seamed and whose whole appearance was that of a "heavy villain" and who was awaiting his turn for trial, said to him: "Young man, you're a lucky chance!" and turning to Mr. Brown thrust out his rough hand, and with trembling voice said, "I'm a hard old customer, as you can see; but, ah! sir, if my first crime had met such treatment I wouldn't have been where I am today!" And Mr. Brown, whose heart was big enough to have sheltered all the rogues in Christendom, went away pondering how best to help this young brother who had stumbled, to a safe and sure footing in the path of honor, wondering how many of us, who are so apt to feel the superiority of our moral strength because we have not fallen by the way, owe our exemption from crime because we have been so sorely tempted.

Stubborn facts stared Mr. Brown in the face as he walked and thought and asked himself, "What will become of John? He is out of a position. The firm will not take him back. The firm cannot give him a recommendation for honesty. What is he to do?"

Mr. Brown was not the kind of man who could ask such a question without demanding an answer; and that night when the shivering wind and sleet were driving men to the shelter of a cozy fireside, he buttoned his overcoat more closely about him and hastened through the storm to the little home where he knew two hearts were desolate with the blasts of discouragement and despair.

A short, tactful interview with Maggie revealed much of the real state of affairs, John's overwhelming sense of his degradation and shame, and the realization of the fact that he had justly forfeited his position and the friendship of his employers by his misconduct, and that a new start in the world must be made against the terrible odds of a character blighted and a reputation sullied. Neither did this friend fail to discover through the innocent confidence of Maggie, the condition of their domestic affairs, and without offensive questioning, somehow knew that neither the coal-bin nor larder groaned with its weight of abundant supply.

There were anxious and weary days which lengthened into weeks before John began to see the rift in the clouds. Of course it was not hard to guess from whom the help came, which kept them from want and suffering which must otherwise have been theirs, during the dreary days of seeking employment, but every new evidence of kindness made John more desperate to be able to prove his gratitude and sincerity; and one memorable night, heart-broken and discouraged, after repeated refusals of work, he had about to slip his mind to end the bitter, bitter strife, but the thought of Maggie's brave efforts to help and encourage him and the hope that one friend still trusted him, kept him from the foul deed, and as with a dejected air he entered his home, the little woman banded him a letter which broke the spell and put a bit of heart in him once more.

"This must be Mr. Brown's work!" said John, and the morning proved it true.

Mr. Brown had indeed been indefatigable in his efforts to secure a suitable position for John, which had at last been rewarded; and as he entered upon his new duties, he thought to explain his true position to his employer; but this kind man saved him the humiliation by warmly grasping his hand, and replying, "Mr. Brown is your friend and mine."

In the little home there is the sweetness and peace, and upon the tablets of two human hearts is inscribed the name of one who brightened their darkest hour with the reflection of His light who said, "As ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise."—Ran's Horn.

Extract from Scrap Book of Mrs. Lina Tucker Miller, Written Oct. 3, 1892.

September that was so full of sunshine both for my eye and my heart, is past and in its stead beautiful October is here. October with its rich wealth of Goldenrod! As I enter this new month I cannot but wonder what its end will be; will my end come with it, or will I like the Goldenrod be left to bloom another season? God knows and he alone, simply wonder, do not question.

O that might be like the Goldenrod while I bloom upon the earth! Holding its head far above the common weeds of earth, it blooms in stately beauty, adorning waste places and reflecting back some of the sunshine upon which it has fed. I am living on God's sunshine—is any of it reflected in my life? O to be like the Goldenrod! Even the cemetery, that "sad city of the dead," is robbed of gloom and made gloriously bright by the presence of the Goldenrod. When I shall have been transplanted there, may I too make it seem a brighter place for my resting there.

Doing God's Will.

There is help even in an immitable ideal life. We shall never here perfectly do the will of God, fulfill all his will. But we must aim toward it. "Bring back the flag to the men," said some one to a standard-bearer who was pushing on toward a parapet faster than the ranks could follow. "Bring up the men to the flag!" was the heroic reply.

To go where God leads, to do what he bids and wait everywhere and always for his signal, is the grand perfection of heroism.

Gen. Elliott, Governor of Gibraltar during the siege of that fortress, was making a tour of inspection to see that all under his control was in order, when he suddenly came upon a German soldier standing at his post silent and still, but he neither held his musket nor presented his arms when the general approached.

Struck with the neglect, and unable to account for it, he exclaimed, "Do you know me, sentinel, or poor heart, lament!

"Why do you neglect your duty?" The soldier answered respectfully: "I know you well, general, and my duty also; but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why do you not go and have them bound up, then?" asked the general.

"Because," answered the soldier, "in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted his horse. "Now, friend," he said, "give me your musket, and I will relieve you. Go and get your wounds attended to."

The soldier obeyed, but went to the nearest guardhouse, where he told how the general stood at his post, and not till then did he go to the hospital and get his bleeding hand dressed. This injury completely unfitted him for active service; but the news of it having reached England, whither the wounded man had been sent, King George III. expressed a desire to see him, and for his bravery made him an officer.

The Method.

For since thy God refuseth still, There is some rub, some discontent, Which cools his will.

Thy father could Quickly effect what thou dost move, For he is power; and sure he would, For he is love.

Go, search this thing; Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book. If thou hadst lost a glove or ring, Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see Written above there?—"Yesterday I did behave me carelessly, When I did pray."

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Condensed Schedule in Effect June 10th, 1900. Table with columns for Stations, Daily, and Nightly services.

Columbia, Newberry & Laurens RR Co. In Effect July 1st, 1900. (Eastern Standard Time.) Table with columns for Stations, Daily, and Nightly services.

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Florida Central & Peninsular. Table with columns for Stations, Daily, and Nightly services.

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