

what is right, we know what is true. We are now men, strong and purposeful. If we remember the lessons which we have learned at St. Dunstan's, if we adhere to what we have here discovered to be the great and the noble things of life, we cannot fail—we cannot fail. Farewell.

BLIND CHARITY

It was a stormy November night. A raging east wind which seemed each moment to grow stronger, drove before it a fine cold rain mixed with stinging, biting hail. The streets, especially in the residential part of the city, had long been deserted by pedestrians and nothing except the howling gale mingled at intervals with the buzz, the thrashing and banging of the street cars could be heard.

"Fierce weather!" exclaimed Roger Kingley as he alighted from the car at the corner of Fifth Street and Harrison Ave.

Poor souls that should have to be out in this storm! No such charitable thought, however, entered the mind of Roger Kingley. To him, in his ambition and greed for wealth the conditions of the poor were of small consequence. What was more, the true charity was nothing but one of the obstacles that barred men from achieving the highest success, which, in his manner of thinking was the accumulation of riches. He was determined to reach the goal of his ambitions at any cost. For this goal, indeed, he had sacrificed his one comfort, Evelyn, his only child who after the death of Mrs. Kingsley had been the sole brightness of his sombre life. He had disowned her, had sent her away penniless because she had refused to marry the millionaire whom he had chosen to be her husband.

Hard as his heart must have been, yet there remained in him some paternal feeling, and although fifteen years had passed he had not yet learned to forget her. In fact now that the toils of his arduous life were beginning to tell upon him he seemed to miss her more and more. His hoarded thousands and the millions he still hoped to possess

seemed of late to attract him less than once they did, and many a time when he considered his standing and saw himself literally rolling in wealth and heirless he almost wished he had his life to live over again. He fought hard, however, to retain the faith in his only god, money, and in all the false pride of his heart would check himself whenever the cause of his growing disinterestedness, the memories of his lost child came back to him.

Small wonder then that to Roger Kingsley a thought of the suffering poor should not occur. His mind was turned rather towards his own troubles, his toils, the dangers and risks that a business man must undergo, and as he struggled against the fierce blast he denounced the inconstancy of fortune.

He was stopped in the midst of these cheerless reflections by a voice close behind him. He turned, and to his surprise a little girl of not more than ten years came up to him. She was out of breath and drenched with the rain, for although neatly dressed she was by no means fitly clad for such a storm. She stood panting for breath and something in her personality made him wait to hear what she wished to say. This he could have guessed easily, for often he had been stopped in this manner by poor children seeking enough money to buy bread and just as many had he turned them away with harsh words. This time, however, he was unable to do so. For the moment his better self took possession of him. The beautiful innocent face of the child held him like a spell. Her large blue sorrowful eyes reminded him of the one whom he had so cruelly treated and for the first time he allowed himself to think of her and to repent his act.

"What is it, child" he asked, when he thought she had recovered sufficient breath to answer.

"Please Sir won't you come to help mamma?" she said in a pleading tone, "mamma is so sick and we are poor."

"But who sent you out in such weather as this? Where is your papa?"

"Papa is dead," answered the child. "Nobody sent me out. Mamma says she is getting better and always tells me she will get up tomorrow. But she never gets up

and I know she isn't getting any better and tonight when she had fallen asleep I crept out of bed and down to the street to find some rich man who would help us, but no one will."

"Then you have been turned away" said Mr. Kingsley.

"Yes" sobbed the child, "they will not listen to me—they are so cruel."

Mr. Kingsley had heard many a sermon, but never one that had so much effect as the words of that little girl,—"they are so cruel," He thought of the countless times that he too had been cruel to poor innocent children. He thought again of his own daughter who on her knees begged that he might not send her from her home. Where she was at that moment, God could tell. Perhaps she was in just such a condition as this child's mother.

"Come," he said at length, "come with me and I will help you."

His voice was husky with emotion as with a trembling hand, he guided the child along the slippery street and up to the steps of his beautiful mansion. He placed her, now radiant with joy in a large armchair before the bright grate fire and told the maid to bring some dry clothing, while he proceeded to his den and returned sometime after with a well filled purse.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Kingsley.

"Marjorie Stevens, sir" the child answered.

"Well then, Marjorie, here is something for you and your mamma. When it is spent come back and I will give you more."

One can imagine the joy of little Marjorie as she received so much money; but it is difficult to say which was the happier, Marjorie or Mr. Kingsley. True he had much to be sorry for, but he had resolved to change his selfish life. Suddenly the world took on a different aspect. It changed from a world of strife and sombreness to one of friendliness and brightness. He saw now that life could be full of real pleasure, if one only wished to make it so, and that the clouds often come into our life that we may better appreciate the sunshine.