

fruits, all possess sources of wonder and beauty that must be examined critically and carefully by our eyes.

We often meet men of mark; and when asked to describe them, are perfectly at sea. True, we spoke to them, but did not notice them.

There is a profound mystery of fitness of arrangement in all things pertaining to this earth, and the planetary system which calls for such close observation as enables us to describe what we see; and demands that we should look well into everything that it is our duty to understand.

What a wonderful object of study is mankind! When we think that there is not a straight line in the human form, but that all is made up of graceful curves through the entire system; how much we should recognize that there is an immensity of knowledge before us.

If the Psalmist said man by searching, could not find out God, he was right. We know but very little of man, and less of the worlds around us; we are only on the threshold of the knowledge of the Gods.—*C. R. Savage, in Twentieth Ward Institute Index.*

### KINDNESS REPAID.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again." Proverbs.

Several years ago, while dining with half a score of artists, the main object of our meeting being for the purpose of arranging for the disposal of pictures donated by painters, for the benefit of the "Artists' Fund," a charitable organization, instituted for the relief of destitute and needy widows and orphans of deceased artists; of course our conversation was mainly on the benign influence of charity, with the blessings occurring, intermingled with kindred subjects of benevolence; one of the elder members of the party related the following little reminiscence from self-experience, as a proof that "the giver receiveth tenfold," etc. I give the story in his own words, as nearly as possible:

"It is needless to say, gentlemen, that when an art student, I was possessed of a great deal of ambition, but supplied with a very, very limited amount of cash—in fact, a ten-cent piece, at times, assumed in my imagination, the proportions of a cart wheel. The circumstance I am going to relate occurred, when nearing the end of my three years' studentship, and at a time when money was so scarce with me, that

I found it hard to scrape pennies enough together to pay for the simplest kind of food and lodging.

"Moody & Co., dealers in frames and artists' materials, at that time kept a store on Eighth Street, where many of the artists, in embryo, like myself, purchased our mill-board, canvas and paints; and, by the way, this firm would buy from us, our painted copies, at a very small figure to be sure, yet still enough to perceptibly lighten our expenses. Late in the afternoon of a cold, foggy, drizzling day, I stepped out of the art store, after making a purchase that had cost me more than I had anticipated, but still leaving me with a solitary ten-cent piece in my hand; the silver dime looked woefully small, but as I dropped it into my pocket, I hoped it would at least be large enough 'to keep the devil out and hold good luck in;' and with this wish I faced the storm and strode up the street homeward; but I was suddenly brought to a stand-still. William H. Dobson, at that time, kept a jewelry store four doors north of Moody & Co. On a store-box, in front of the jeweler's window, with all its display of gold, silver and wealth of precious stones and gems for a background, sat, shivering, the most pitiable object I had ever seen. It was a little boy, not possibly over seven years old; he had lost both feet by some accident, and propelled himself about on his knees, on which he had strapped, or tied, pads of worn and dirty cloth; his clothes were worn and patched, and soaked with the drizzling rain.

"It was not the general appearance of the boy, that brought me up so suddenly; it was his face. Oh, sirs, I shall never forget the pleading, imploring, beseeching look, the sorrowful, sad, despairing expression of that child's face. Instinctively I darted my hand into my pocket, and grasped the dime, and thought, alas! it was my last penny; I was poor. No, no, rich; rich alongside of this poor little waif; better the devil in the pocket than in the heart; and so thinking, I dropped the dime in the little cripple's tattered hat, then hurried on with a heart as light but not as empty as my pocket.

"Now, mark the sequel, gentlemen: Two weeks later, I was passing this same store of Mr. Dobson's with a picture under my arm, to sell, if possible, to Moody & Co. A middle-aged gentleman was standing in the store door; it was Mr. Dobson, as I soon learned. He

asked me to come into the store, at which I was somewhat surprised, but followed him. After entering he said: 'You are an art student, Martin, by name?' 'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'I know,' he said; 'Moody has told me all about you. I like to look at pictures; I buy them sometimes; I see you have one with you. Will you let me see it?'

"'Certainly;' and I nervously took the picture out of its newspaper wrapping, and placed it against a show-case, where it could be seen in the most advantageous light.

"After looking at it for a few moments, Mr. Dobson asked if the picture was for sale. I answered 'yes. I was on my way to Moody's to see if I could sell it.'

"'And pray, what will Moody give you for a picture like this?'

"'Perhaps a dollar and a half, or one seventy-five,' I answered.

"'Well now,' said Mr. Dobson, 'I don't think for a moment, that Mr. Moody would underrate your work; I do think it worth more than two dollars. I like it, and I'll tell you what, I'll give you ten dollars for it; now what do you say?'

"'What could I say? I was overjoyed, yet I honestly told him that the picture was not worth so much money. 'Never mind,' said he, 'it is worth that to me, worth more, indeed,' and he placed in my hand a bright, new ten-dollar gold piece.

"'And now to explain: Two weeks ago, while looking through the window, I saw you suddenly halt; this, with the expression on your face, drew my attention. It was most interesting to me to mark the conflicting emotions flit over your countenance like lightning. The struggle was as plainly written on your face, as though given in speech. I knew you were parting with your last penny, and I determined, there and then, that your good deed should not go unrewarded; and more, the little cripple, whom I had not observed, before your charitable act, I brought into my store, fed him and warmed him, and through my intercession he is now well cared for in the Orphans' Asylum, for he is an orphan, and was almost literally homeless.'

"That I was delighted to know that my generosity was so well rewarded, it is needless to say, and this was not all; Mr. Dobson remained my kind friend until the day of his death, aiding me without stint, by a continuance of his support during my struggles for success."—*G. M. O., in Twentieth Ward Institute Index.*