

THE HELPFUL MAN.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of the village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he does not often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's but little that he can put down on subscription paper for any object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him, and I've sometimes thought he and his wife kept house plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the street."

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