

wife and six children, an' I'm tryin' to get to 'em. Mer little boy's a dyin'—"

"Oh," said Bennie, interrupting this sad tale in a sympathizing voice, "I guess you're a tramp! Ma'll give you somefin', I guess. She says tramps is angels in disguise, sometimes. Oh, she'll give you somefin', I know!" and away ran Bennie to fetch what his mother might give.

"I ain't no go fer a angel, I 'low! But I'm a mighty hungry man; and I reckon youn's 'll be the angel part," said the ragged man at the door, in a gentler tone, as he gazed admiringly at Joe's pink and white face.

"N-o-o," said Joe, slowly, and gazing critically at the dirty fellow, "you don't look like an angel! Angels have clean white robes, and they sing and are beautiful; but you might have a white soul, you know. Mamma says if you have a white soul, it's all right. Have you got a white soul?"

"No, little feller, I ain't," said the man, in a voice that sounded quite gruff; and, as Joe said afterwards, he looked "awful teary."

"Poor man!" said Joe, kindly. "I know Jesus will give you one if you ask Him for it."

"Sich ain't fer the likes o' me, sonny," and the rough fellow looked away as if he could not bear the earnest scrutiny of Joe's big gray eyes, so innocent and fearless.

"But it is, if you want it and ask for it," said Joe. "You just try it!"

Bennie appeared then with a large paper bundle containing one of Mrs. Buckle's generous lunches; for Bennie had said he was a very "solemn man, and awful hungry. So, please give him a big lunch!"

It was a bright, sunny spring day, and Mrs. Buckle did not deem it needful to have him come inside the house.

"Thank'ee, my little man, thank'ee!" said the tramp, taking the lunch from Bennie. And, as he went down the steps, he looked over his shoulder at Joe, and said: "Me'be I will ask Him about the white soul, little fellow!"

"I do hope you will," said Joe. Bennie and Joe watched him go out into the road, undoing the package as he went.

"He was a very interesting tramp, though," sighed Joe, as he pressed his dear little nose flat against the window pane, "and I hope he'll reach home in time to see his dyin' little boy, and not forget to ask Jesus for a white soul! I know Jesus will give it."

Perhaps it was a week after this had happened. Bennie and Joe were very happy little boys, for they were visiting their uncle, Mr. James Buckle, in the great city of N—. They had travelled a long way on the wonderful train, and were wild with delight over the new sights and sounds the great city afforded. There were no little cousins at Uncle James' to play with, but Auntie Marie was such fun! But mamma was there, too, and often they all went up town and wandered in and out of the wonderful stores, seeing such beautiful things. Then nearly every day Uncle James took them driving in a lovely carriage. But just at this minnte Bennie and Joe were tired! Tired of just looking out of the window at the busy people and the carriages and the fine horses dashing along. They wanted to be out in it all, and they had serious thoughts in that direction, too, for Joe pressed his poor nose against the window pane again, and said, daringly, "Spos'n I!" to Bennie.

"Let's!" responded Bennie. And it was agreed upon then and there. Nobody was in the room, and no one in the hall, either. Bennie tugged hard at the knob of the hall door, and it flew open. Then the two little boys passed out, and down the steps, and,—dear me! into the great, crowded street. Many people and horses and carriages were dashing by.

"Oh," said Bennie, "its dreadful crowded here. There are so many people! Let's run across the street to that beautiful store with so many things in the window!" and across they started.

They were just half way over

when it happened. They heard a loud shout, and stopped to see what it was about. Then they saw two horses dashing along close upon them. They were so frightened that they stood still not knowing what to do. But a man rushed out of the crowd and, Bennie and Joe were quickly lifted up and flung bodily to the side of the street out of the way of the maddened horses. But the man! Oh, he was still in the way, and the frenzied horses paid no more attention to him than if he had been a stone. They rushed over him, and on and on, to be finally stopped several squares away. Bennie and Joe looked across the street, and there were mamma and auntie coming for them with white faces.

Kind, rough hands lifted the fallen man and bore him gently to the sidewalk. They pillowed his poor head on someone's coat, and somebody brought water and sprinkled it on his pale face.

"Poor fellow, he's done for!" said a rough man, looking pityingly down upon the unconscious form.

"Oh, mamma! its our tramp!" cried Joe, in tones of great and sorrowful concern.

"Eh!" said the poor fellow, consciousness returning and opening his eyes for a moment, "did I save 'em?"

"Yes, you saved 'em," said someone in sympathetic tones.

A glad light spread over the poor fellow's face, and he said feebly: "Tell the—little—feller—I—asked Him!—And—." Here some one bent down to listen; "and He—give—it to—me."

"Give you what, old feller?" and the head was bent lower in order to hear.

"A—a white soul!"—*Emma L. Dickie, in Kind Words.*

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently