

he is so familiar. He has grown very hungry, having eaten nothing since noon. Seeing a woman before a handsome carriage, he tells his story, but it falls on stony ground, the woman has nothing to give, and leaves him standing there, while she dries away. "O, the rarity of Christian charity!" Such are the women whose names very often head the list of subscriptions for Christian missions, but who turn a deaf ear to the sorrows of people at their own door; but if they give to the poor in secret no one will know it, while if they head a list with a large sum, they will be called good Christian women.

Little Ned starts again, trudging bravely on, foot-sore and hungry, and now he is in a strange part of the city, a place entirely new to him. A large building attracts his attention, and the sounds of voices reach his ear. Going to the door he sees a clergyman—a young man—talking earnestly to a group of rough looking men, evidently working men. The speaker does not stand aloof from them as though afraid to come in contact with them, but is talking freely, and has succeeded in getting their undivided attention, has won their hearts by his sympathy with them, has shown them that he is like themselves—subject to human errors and weakness, and these rough men are listening attentively, as they would never do to lengthy discourses about things of which they knew nothing. Here was a Christian—thank heaven there are such—who has not placed himself on a lofty pedestal, while the hearers feel that he is far from them both in heart and