

"What do you want with it, my child?" she asked.

"To buy beef—jes' a little beef to eat now and then," he begged.

"How could you buy it, my poor child, or have it cooked? We will have some beef nicely cooked for you. That will be better than money."

"Yes," said Hetty, eagerly, "I will have some nice beefsteak and rolls and jelly put up in a basket for you. That will be so much better."

The boy was not satisfied. He turned his wasted little face to the wall, and cried on, refusing to say anything more but "Jes' a little piece of money!"

When they came out they met the father again, and asked him what doctor had been with his little boy.

"Dr. Fairchild, but he ain't been here in a good while now."

"I know him," exclaimed Hetty. "He's our own physician."

"If you want to see him I guess he's at the Children's Hospital, and the man pointed towards the roof of the large building. "My boy's been there once. He'll tell you he's sick enough," he added, sulkily.

"I'll go to the hospital, and ask the doctor what will be best," said Hetty.

"I am afraid I haven't time to go with you," answered Mrs. Langdon, regretfully, as they climbed down the rough ascent.

"I don't mind going there alone. Here's your car just turning the corner; I'll have some coal sent to-day," and Mrs. Langdon stepped on the car, as Hetty hurried across the square to the Children's Hospital. She was just in time to catch Dr. Fairchild, who beamed on her in a fatherly fashion.

When he heard her tale, however, he shook his head gravely.

"I don't understand why the child begged so for a little money," ended Hetty.

"It was to buy whiskey or opium. He takes both—poor little fellow; to ease the pain."

"Is it so bad as that?" cried Hetty, in dismay.

The old doctor nodded his head, "He begs for money to buy it and his father makes him share all he gets."

"His father!" cried Hetty. "Why, the man warned us he was going to beg, and the child seemed afraid of his knowing."

"I am afraid that was only a trick. The father used to make him beg when he was younger. Now he does it willingly. We put him in the hospital, and he was improving, but they took him out to carry on the begging."

"Is there no hope of his getting well—if he came here again?" and Hetty contrasted the warm, clean rooms and the hovel of filth and bad air she had left.

"No; it is too late now. Make him comfortable a month or two, my dear; that is all you can do."

"I ought not to give him money?"

"No; send fuel, good food—not to him, for the father will take most of the food, and perhaps sell the coal. There is an old Scotchman who keeps a shop on the right hand—here's his name and number," and he scribbled it off hastily on a prescription blank. He can be trusted to give it to the boy, and to see he is kept warm. I'll go myself from here, and do all I can to help him."

Hetty hurried away, remembering there was an office where she might leave an order for wood and coal on her way home. Her heart was full of pity for the dying child, and she longed, not only to minister to his bodily needs, but to talk to him, to teach him—but who was that in front of her? She would have known that talwart figure, that light step, anywhere. It was Dick—home from his travels at last—Dick, her old protector and comrade, and later on—but Dick has turned and recognized her; and in the eager delight of meeting, of questions and answers, Hetty suddenly realized that they were nearly at home, and she had forgotten the coal. She consoled herself by remembering that she might send the order by her father the next morning. He went down town so early that it would be filled as quickly as if she had given it to-day.

The next morning she was late for breakfast.

"Papa has gone! Oh, I am so sorry!"

At that moment there was an impetuous ring, Dick had come with a lovely pair of greys for a drive in the

park. When she returned there was just time to dress for a lunch at a friend's. She would surely go before dark, but the snow-flakes were falling as she arose from the table, and her mother would not consent to her going out again. In the midst of the whirling snow Dick's roses arrived, and the dreams hidden in their crimson hearts blotted out all remembrance of trouble.

Yet she was not to be without a reminder. As she entered the library the clergyman was talking to her father, and she heard him say:

"Did you ever notice how swift, how instant our Saviour's response was to need? There was but one exception—the case of Lazarus—and we see how that amazed the disciples—and even that was only awaiting the right hour—not a delay for His own convenience or ease."

A pang of remorse went to Hetty's heart. But tomorrow—whatever happened—she would go. She did not forget again, the order for coal was sent early, and immediately after breakfast she filled a dainty basket with the freshly cooked beefsteak, the rolls, the jelly, a jar of beef tea, and some fragrant peaches. Her heart was light, and she hummed a gay little air to herself as she opened the door, ready for her expedition.

At the steps was an awkward, slouching figure, blurring the white snow like a bad dream.

"Was you going to see my young un?" he asked, harshly. "Cause he's dead!"

Hetty's face blanched, and she staggered back, as if from a blow. The man went on.

"He 'lowed considerable on seeing you again. Said you promised him a fire, and something to eat."

The tears came fast. The man put out his hand.

"I'll have some expense burying him decent."

Hetty put some money in his hand, and went back into the house.

Too late. She had meant to do so much, and she had done nothing, and now it was too late. She prayed with bitter tears that never again might she be allowed to put aside another's need for her own selfish pleasure or ease.

Dick called to her from the library window. He had a book in his hand:

"Listen, Hetty—isn't this fine? 'If there is any kindness I can show my fellow-being, let me do it now; let me not delay it, nor permit myself to be hindered. he and I shall not pass this way again.'"

"I will take that for my life motto," said Hetty, earnestly.

## THE BIBLE CLASS.

### PAUL AND THE GREAT COLLECTION.

(For July 4th—Acts 20, 1-30; 1 Cor. 16, 1-4; 2 Cor. chap. 7 9.)

BY PHILIP A. NORDELL, D.D.

One thing especially enjoined on Paul by the Apostles in Jerusalem after the council touching the relation of the Gentile converts to the Jewish law was a remembrance of the poor saints in Jerusalem and Judea. Several reasons may have combined to bring about this impoverishment, such as the disturbed political condition of the country, frequent failures of crops and consequent famines, Jewish intolerance which naturally placed the Christians at disadvantage in procuring employment, and, perhaps chiefly, the effects of the early enthusiasm which sought to realize itself in an ideal but impracticable communism. Whatever the causes, the fact is indisputable that the Jewish believers in and around Jerusalem fell into a distressing economic condition that invited help from the richer Gentile churches and made it most welcome. Paul's eagerness to comply with the request of the council was due in part therefore to a sympathetic desire to relieve as far as possible the sufferings of the Jewish Christians from the abundance of their Gentile brethren. But a still deeper reason urged him to engage in this scheme of beneficence. His long and heroic efforts to avoid a rupture between the Jewish and the Gentile branches of the church are well known. This collection which represented the good will of all the Gentile churches founded by him, he seems to have regarded as the crowning work of his life in allaying the prejudices of the older branch of the church toward the younger.

#### PAUL'S DOCTRINE OF BENEFICENCE.

Paul's teachings in connection with the great collection for the poor saints in Jerusalem abound in practical suggestions of permanent value.

\*An Exposition of Lesson 27 in *The Bible Study Union Sunday School Lessons* on "The Three Great Apostles."