

hospital, but she could walk no longer; so there she lay, helpless to move hand or foot on her own behalf! By her side stood a little girl of about six years of age—'our Bess,' she called her—a bright-eyed, winsome little lassie.

But Billy was the bread-winner! He it was who kept the wolf from the door. It was he who had boldly gone into trade in the endeavor to supply mother, sister and himself with bread. Deeply affected, I listened to the simple, homely, heroic story. Men are inclined to the belief that heroes are only made on special occasions. Yet in truth the finest heroes are home-spun, and are often hidden in obscurity. Billy was of the true stuff, and his modest struggle might have made an epic!

Why, I asked of the woman, did she not go into a hospital? The question was hardly asked when I felt rebuked. 'What would become of the children?' said the poor woman. 'Billy might do for a bit by himself—he is a brave lad! But our Bess—' And then the poor soul fairly broke down. Yet in a minute the tears were wiped away, and as I looked at the calm, resolute face, I discovered where Bill got his bravery from.

'Well, then,' said I, 'why not try to get the children into some home or refuge, while you are taken to the hospital and properly treated?'

'Ah, yes, sir!' replied she eagerly, 'that's what I would like; but then I don't know how to set about it.'

Then, to my surprise, she added, in the simplest, most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, 'I have been prayin' to the Lord all the time I have been here to take care of the children, and to keep our Bess from the streets.' Here in this wretched room, deprived of everything, depending absolutely upon a child of nine years of age for food and fuel—here lay this decent, industrious creature with a firm trust in the God of prayer, and in her breast there still burned the flame of faith and hope.

Yes, indeed, God has his own in every nook of the great city! Poor Mrs. Rider was a Christian woman, strong in prayer and drawing in simple trust upon all the powers of the Omnipotent. 'Look here, sir,' continued the woman. She put her hand under the pillow and pulled out the leaf of a well-known religious weekly journal. 'Look here, sir, read that!' And under my very eyes she placed a short narrative of one of my own rescues, which had been reprinted in its columns! How the page had drifted to her I know not; but the last lines of the story contained that statement of mine which has been so often repeated, and which all my readers know so well: 'Never during all these years have I refused a single destitute child who has made application at our doors.' 'There, sir,' said the poor creature, not knowing in the least to whom she spoke, 'I have been hopin' and prayin' that God would let Billy and our Bess get in there. I know they'd be safe, and they'd both be together, and then I'd go in cheerful to the 'ospital.'

I thought for a few minutes before I answered. At length I said slowly, 'I did not tell you who I am; but now I must let you know.' The poor woman looked up with something like alarm written on her face. I continued, 'My name is Barnardo, and I have a great many poor boys and girls in my keeping. And really that is why I asked your little lad to bring me here to-day. Now, if I can help you by keeping the children for a while, I will.'

It is impossible to describe the emotions of wonder and amazement which passed over that poor suffering mother's face! The tears poured down her cheeks. 'Billy!' she called, and the boy ran quickly to his mother's side.

'Bess, dear,' she added; and then, holding the two children in her trembling hands, she said, 'This is the gentleman that has all the little boys and girls. I told yer God would hear me, and now he's just sent him here to take and keep you both until I am well again.'

As for me, I felt at once humbled, encouraged and thankful; humbled to think that in any hour of darkness and difficulty I had ever doubted that God heard and answered prayer; encouraged by this fresh proof of our Father's guiding hand; and thankful for the opportunity thus afforded me of stretching out a helping hand to one of our Lord's own children.

There and then I entered fully into the mother's story, and made notes of the various names and addresses with which she supplied me, so that we could verify the facts and assure ourselves that there was genuine need and friendliness in the case. I left with the promise that, if all proved right, I would admit the children to the Home for a time while the mother entered the hospital. Of course, I saw to the immediate needs of the family, but not until I made Billy tell me once again the story of the 'nice gemman.'

'Now Billy, what shall I do to be like the nice gentleman? Shall I give you a shilling now, or shall I take you both into my home, and send your mother to the hospital?'

Billy hesitated; but there was no feeling of doubt in Bessie's mind. The words were hardly out when she sidled over to me and placed her little hand trustingly in mine. Billy said more slowly, 'If mother wor well, I think it would be nicer to have the shilin'; but I'll go with you, sir, all right.'

Ere long one of my good women helpers was in the room supplying the wants of the patient, bringing food and fuel and a few needed garments to the children, while I obtained an order giving admission to the hospital to this poor member of the Household of Faith.

And that was how Billy and Bess came to be counted among the greatest family in the world, 5,450 strong!—Selected.

Every Day a Little.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact is a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In 'little deeds of kindness,' repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years. Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume at the end of twenty-five years!

The Preacher and the King.

Once upon a time runs the most authentic story, one of the Great Frederick's chaplains was taken from him by the hand of death. The peculiar qualities in the deceased ecclesiastic had not been more than his devout piety, and heartfelt reverence—than his known courage in danger and presence of mind in seasons of astonishment. Said the great king:—

'Ah, me! where shall I find another man so truly devout and so conscientiously devoted to his religious duty, who will at the same time possess such presence of mind? Ah! good Father Isaac's wits were never wanting.'

At length, however, a candidate was commended to his favorable consideration, a man known to be pious and devout, and against

whom no breath of scandal had ever been turned.

'But what of his courage?' demanded Frederick. 'What would he do in a moment of mortal terror which burst unexpectedly over his head?'

The proposer shook his head. He could not say.

'Ha!' cried the king, 'we will try him. Look ye. He shall preach in our chapel next Sunday afternoon, and I will be there. But he is to have no sermon prepared. I will myself, when I enter the chapel, place a sealed package, within which he will find the text; and from that text he will preach his sermon.'

The ecclesiastic was consulted, and readily consented to the proposition. The eventful day arrived, and the clergyman entered the chapel, and as he passed up the centre aisle an officer in gaudy uniform—aide-de-camp of the king—put a sealed paper into his hand, at the same time whispering, 'From his Majesty!'

The clergyman ascended the pulpit, read the Scriptures, gave out the two hymns, made an appropriate prayer, in which the king was recognized without fulsomeness, and then he arose and broke the seal of the missive he had received and found it—blank! Not a word or pen-mark appeared. With a calm smile the clergyman cast his eyes over the congregation, and then said:

'Brethren and sisters, here is nothing,' and he held up the paper to show that it was blank. 'Blessed is he whom nothing can annoy, whom nothing can make afraid or swerve from his duty. We read that God made from nothing all things! And yet look at the stupendous majesty of His infinite creation!'

And thereupon the candidate went on with a powerful and eloquent discourse on the wonders and beauties of creation.

Suffice it to say that Frederick bestowed upon him the vacant chaplaincy, and that in time he came to be the king's chief confidant and spiritual adviser.—'Christian Globe.'

Wanted.

In one hundred thousand households in America, a willing, sunshiny daughter, who will not fret when asked to wash the dishes, nor sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her own brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem and a more honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, Mother, at home.—Exchange.

Speak It Out.

'Run and tell her or she may hear it from somebody else,' said a young man laughingly to the pretty sister at his side. 'There she stands. I will hold your impedimenta and entertain Fred until you return.' The girl tried to frown upon the speaker, but ended by handing him a bouquet and a fan, and moving off toward a severe-looking woman at the opposite end of the room.

'She would not condescend to gossip,' he said, as both youths looked after her admiringly, and one questioningly, 'but she dearly loves to retail a compliment. I believe in every chamber of her brain is stowed away some nice thing she has heard about somebody, to be delicately imparted to the particular person when he or she appears. It was your remark about that lady's classic profile which has just taken my sister away. She does not do it for effect either. She says it is stark selfishness; she likes to see the pleasure on people's faces.'

'That is the reason, then, that I seem to grow an inch taller whenever I talk with her,' Fred replied. 'It is like "Alice in Wonderland." When I have to swallow warnings about my faults, jokes about my blushing, and so-called frankness in general, I wither all up. Your sister makes a shy fellow think he amounts to something.'

No wonder she is a popular girl, and that

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