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ad disappeared, the and lingeringly de-looking forward to er Christmas three xty-five days later. a "Merry Christmas" girls and Mrs. Raw-departure, and Mr. em, only stopping a

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at his gift might be, the lights and locked or and hurried down numbering then that asked for his key ening.

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The key was in the door now, and there was a light in the room. Theodore pushed open the door and then stopped short with a cry of delighted surprise, for he never would have recognized this as the bare little room he had left.

A neat rug covered the floor, fresh shades hung at the windows; a white

iron bedstead with fluffy mattress and fresh white bedding stood where the old bedstead had been, and in place of the pine table and chairs were a neat oak bureau, and a washstand with toilet set and towels, three good, comfortable chairs and a desk that made Theo's eyes shine with delight. But best of all was a picture

that hung on the wall facing the door—a picture of the bishop with that tender look in the eyes that the boy remembered so well.

On a card, slipped in the corner of the frame, was written, "From Nan and Little Brother," and Theodore, as he looked and looked, felt that there was nothing left for him to desire.

He was still standing in the middle of the floor, gazing at the picture, when there was a knock at the door and as he opened it in flocked the eleven girls with Mrs. Rawson and Mr. Scott behind them.

"Do you like it, Theodore?" "We couldn't go home till we saw you here," they exclaimed, and laughed and chattered joyously when they saw that the boy was too pleased and delighted for any words, and then they went away with their own hearts full of the joy of giving, to write a circular letter to Nan telling her all about it.

After this the winter passed quietly to Theodore. He was well and strong, and he was busy day and evening, and he was as happy a boy as could be found in all that city.

And the weeks and months slipped away until two years had gone by, and it was time for Carrots to be released.

Theodore ascertained the day and hour when he would leave the penitentiary and met him at the very gate with a warm and friendly greeting, and took him at once to his own room.

He searched the pale face of the boy, wondering whether there really was in it a change for the better, or not. It seemed to him less sullen and more thoughtful than it had been two years before, but he was not sure. Certainly, Carrots was very quiet. It seemed almost as if he had forgotten how to talk. He looked about Theo's neat, comfortable room, evidently noting the changes there, but he made no comment.

Theodore had set out a table with a good supper for the two, and Carrots ate as if he enjoyed the food. When the meal was ended, he leaned back in his chair, and as he looked straight into Theodore's eyes, said slowly,

"What made ye do it, Tode?" "Do what—bring you here to supper?"

"Yes, an' write all them letters to me, an'—an' everything?"

"Why, Carrots, it's this way. I served another fellow an awful mean trick once, and I've been trying mighty hard to find him, and make it up to him, but I haven't found him yet, and so I've tried to do a little for you instead of him—don't you see?"

Carrots nodded, and Theo fancied that he looked a little disappointed.

"Then 'twasn't really me you wanted to help?" he said, gravely.

"Yes, 'twas, too," answered Theo, quickly. "I'd have done what I could for you, anyhow, Carrots, but I do wish I could find him," he added sorrowfully.

"What's his name?" inquired Carrots.

"Jack Finney."

"What?" exclaimed the boy, staring at Theodore as if he could not believe his ears.

"Jack Finney," repeated Theo, wonderingly.

"Well, I never! Tode—I'm Jack Finney."

"You?" cried Theodore, starting up excitedly. "You Mrs. Russell's Jack Finney?"

The boy nodded again. "I guess so. I was in her class in the mission school."

Theo's face was all alight as he exclaimed, "Oh, Carrots—no, Jack, I'll never call you Carrots again—Jack, I'm too glad for anything! And now look here, Jack Finney, you've got to be the right kind of a chap from this on. I won't let you go wrong. I can't let you go wrong, Jack. It—it seems as if it'll be all my fault if you do."

And Jack, looking again straight into Theodore's eyes, answered slowly,

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"I guess I've had 'bout enough o' crooked doin's. If you'll stand by me, I'll make a try on the other line, anyhow."

"I'll stand by you every time, Jack," cried Theodore, earnestly.

And he did, through months of alternate hope and discouragement, for Jack did not find the upward road an easy one. There were the bad habits of years always pulling him down, and there were old companions in evil ever ready to coax him back to their company, and more than once they succeeded for a while; but Theodore would not give him up, and in the end the boy had his reward, for Jack Finney became his fellow-soldier under the Great Captain, and his faithful helper in his loving ministry among Christ's little ones.

[THE END.]



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