

bowl with a teakettle set on as if to boil water for tea, but all of snow. Out on heaps of snow in the middle of one street were several flower pots that looked like marble, with real plants growing in them. I suppose these were made by covering the earthen pots with snow.

The salutations of the afternoon as the women came together were not, "Good-afternoon," or "How do you do?" but "How much of the cold thing has fallen?"—*Mission Dayspring*.

THE WORDS OF A PRAYER.

"CASH 127!"

Spencer & Robinson's large store was crowded with Christmas buyers that December afternoon. People pushed and jostled against each other in that good-natured confusion that Christmas-tide seems to bring to one and all. Every one looked gay and happy. *Every one?* I forgot the tired faces of the saleswomen behind the long counters, and the lagging steps of the little call-boys as they pushed their way through the crowd, with their bundles and baskets of purchases.

"Cash 127!" called a girl at the linen counter, and "Cash 127" presented himself before her in the shape of a pale little fellow, seeming even smaller and slighter by contrast with the well-dressed, well-fed children all around him.

"You, is it, Alec?" said the girl, "Well, I've got a trip for you. You're to take this bundle (it's a 'special delivery') around to the ladies' parlor of the South Street Church. The lady that bought 'em will be there to get 'em. It's muslin or something for some society. Say, Nell!" she asked, turning to the saleswoman by her side, "Who's the lady Alec's to ask for with them muslin?"

"Mrs. Dale," answered the girl. "Bless me, Mary MacGregor," she added, as Alec turned away with his big bundle, "that child won't be here long to run errands for anybody—he looks like a breath of air would blow him away."

Alec wrapped his thin, old coat round him, and started down the busy street on his "special delivery." Groups of merry children passed him, and he gazed wonderingly in their happy faces. Long ago he remembered a Christmas; but it was *very* long ago when they lived in a little white house in the country, and father worked in the great mill, long before the day when the men carried father home dead from the mill. Then the little white house had been let to others, and he and his mother and Nellie had come to live in two rooms down a little street in this big city. Oh! it was very long ago! Alec almost wondered at himself for remembering it at all, when father had laughed to see the roses in his cheeks after a scamper in the snow with Nellie. Very white roses they were now, for he and Nellie had no time for play. Mother worked all day long at endless button-holes, and Nellie "tended baby" for a woman just below them in their street.

Yes, that "Merry Christmas" of his was very far away! So he thought as he hurried on down to the side gate of the South Street Church.

In the ladies' parlor of the church, a group of well-

dressed ladies and young girls were gathered. The meeting had not commenced, and they were sitting waiting, and talking together in a sociable manner. The president of the society, Mrs. Dale, sat by a table covered with books and papers, talking in a low voice to a young girl standing beside her, whose sweet face looked troubled and hesitating.

"I have never prayed before any one, Mrs. Dale," she was saying in a low voice, "How can I before all these?"

"You talk to Jesus surely, Helen, every day, and it is to Him only you are to speak now, not to these people."

"I know—but"

"Well, dear, I will not urge it, but surely a 'King's daughter' ought not to hesitate in coming to the King."

"I am not afraid, Mrs. Dale; I will try to feel proud that I have the right. Yes, I will do what you ask me."

It was a meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society of the South Street Church. Mrs. Dale was just reading aloud some verses out of the Bible when there came a timid rap at the door, and the lady nearest it opened it to admit Alec with his bundle. Mrs. Dale motioned him to a chair to wait until she was at liberty to attend to him, and the meeting went on. Alec gazed around him wonderingly. The warm room, the crimson carpets, the stained-glass windows, and the general air of peacefulness sent a thrill of comfort through the tired little heart. Why did all these ladies stop, just in the midst of the gay Christmas-life, to come together in this little room? Hark! the gray-haired lady with the sweet voice, was asking some one to pray! It was that pretty young lady in the sealskin jacket. Alec hoped she would pray a long time, it was so nice to be able to sit still awhile, instead of running all the afternoon in the busy store.

"Dear Lord," the young girl began, "Jesus died on the Cross to save us all, and yet there are people in heathen lands who know nothing of Thee. They are dying every day and do not know the way to get to Thy beautiful heaven. Help us to send them the true way. Every one can help—" here the young voice faltered and almost broke, but after a moment's pause it went on clear and sweet; "So make us willing to help, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Mrs. Dale called Alec to her, received his bundle and dismissed him. Out of the warm bright room he went again, into the crowded street, but through his head rang over and over again the words of the prayer—"They do not know the way to Thy beautiful heaven," and "Every one can help." "Could he? But how? At night, when he knelt down to pray, after he had said "Our Father," he added, "and oh! teach those people how to get to heaven!"

The days went on, and one day little Alec's white face was missing from the store. "At the hospital," was the answer to the few questions about his absence, and then another call-boy took his place.

Young Dr. Marshall was one of the new resident physicians at the Children's Hospital. He had just been graduated with honors from the medical college, and while waiting to settle permanently, had accepted