

shrubs. She sat down on a rustic bench and listened to the birds singing in the old trees. She watched the fountain play. When she returned to old Miss Kline, her face was radiant.

'Oh,' she said, 'it's the prettiest garden I ever saw. Are there any little girls living here?'

'No.'

'Any little boys.'

'No.'

'Oh,' said she, with a little catch of regret in her voice.

'Do you know what I'd like to do if I lived here and had this beautiful garden?' she asked innocently.

'What would you like to do?'

'I'd like to have a party—a garden party. Wouldn't it be lovely? Did you ever have a garden party?'

'No, I never did have one.'

'Fannie had one last summer.'

'Who is Fannie?'

'She's my sister. We didn't have such a garden as this—oh, no. It was a little bit of a place, just a tiny city backyard. There weren't any birds singing there and there wasn't any fountain or roses. But it had green grass and a mound of pansies and there was a vine running over the fence.'

Old Miss Kline smiled grimly.

'Not much of a place for a garden party,' she remarked.

'No, it wasn't,' assented Evelyn, 'but Fannie said it was the best she could do. It was cool and pleasant out there, and she thought they'd like it—the guests—you know.'

'Did they like it?'

Old Miss Kline was interested in spite of herself. She was tired, too, so she sat down on a garden seat. The little golden-haired girl sat down beside her.

'Oh, I should think so. You see there wasn't even a blade of green grass where they lived, as Fannie said. I wish you could have seen them. They were poor children, you know. Fannie got them from the slums. She said she wanted them to have one good time in their lives if they should never have another. I helped wait on them. We had such nice things to eat—chicken sandwiches and Queen olives, great big ones, and the dearest little frosted-cakes. We had peaches, too, and lemonade. And, oh, they were so happy—these poor children.'

'That was very kind of your sister,' observed old Miss Kline.

'Was it? I didn't think about it. Well, it wouldn't be nice not to be kind to the poor, would it? And Jesus Christ wouldn't like it.'

'Evelyn! Evelyn!'

Someone was calling from the other side of the hedge.

'That's mamma calling,' said the little guest, 'I must go. Good-bye!' and she ran off.

The sun seemed to have gone down as the golden-head disappeared through the hedge that separated the two yards. Old Miss Kline watched the latter as long as it was in sight. There was a strange look on her face—something like the expression we see on a face just aroused from a deep sleep.

'It wouldn't be nice not to be kind to the poor—would it? And Jesus Christ wouldn't like it.'

Over and over the words rang in her soul. Was she kind to the poor? Oh, no, she had not thought of the poor. And Jesus Christ did not like it—at least so the little guest declared. Didn't he? Why hadn't she been kind to the poor? She did not know, only her heart had been sore and her burden heavy. But was her heart less sore, her burden less heavy because she had refrained from helping others? Oh, no, not so, not so. There had been a time when she had wanted to make her life high

and sweet, why had she not done so? Her reverie was interrupted by Becky who called her to dinner. She went in slowly, made herself ready, and sat down alone at the little table. There was a tender broiled steak, mashed potatoes, delicious peas, crisp lettuce, warm biscuit and other good things. She had the best of food always, and Becky was an excellent cook, but somehow she had not thought of expressing any gratitude that this was so. But she did so now—folding her hands and asking an audible blessing. After dinner, according to her usual custom, she took a nap. She dreamed she had a garden-party. The lame and the halt and the blind were there, and a little golden-haired girl—with wings like an angel's—was waiting on the happy guests.

When she awoke she opened her Bible, which she had not read for some time. Turning to the Gospel of Matthew she read:

'For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.'

'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.'

'Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or a thirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?'

'Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

'It is plain enough that Jesus Christ doesn't like it, because I have not been kind to the poor,' cried old Miss Kline to herself.

But where were the poor in Brierly? In the city one would not be obliged to hunt for them. They swarmed in tenements. They were in damp basements and sweltering attics. They were playing in gutters and working their weary lives out in sweatshops.

Old Miss Kline had not been further than her own garden for a long time, but she started for a walk now—Becky watching her wonderingly.

'There's a struggle for life everywhere,' said she to herself, 'and there must be poor folks here somewhere.'

What she intended to do if she found this class of people she had not yet decided. She walked slowly, for it was a warm afternoon and she hardly knew in which direction to go. Suddenly she turned about, retraced her steps and walked toward the canal. It had occurred to her that there were a number of little houses on the tow-path. Some sweaters used to live there, who worked in the city. Brierly was only six miles from the city, and was connected by trolley. She had not visited that locality for years, the tow-path, and she found it much changed for the worse. At the first house she was met by a pale-faced little woman who politely invited her in but, evidently, felt ashamed of the look of things. The house was redolent with the smell of cooking onions and the air was hot and stifling. The sun beat down upon the low roof. There was no garden, not even a blade of grass, the only outlook was upon the canal glaring in the intense light. The father sat on an old chair leaning back. His face was thin and worn, he had just recovered from a severe sickness, and life looked exceedingly dark to him. He had been employed in a sweater's den in the city previous to his sickness. There were six children. Two were of an age to work in a sweater's shop, where they were that day. The four younger ones were at home. They were dirty and barefooted, with scarcely clothes enough on to make them look decent.

'But how can they help it—poor things?'

thought old Miss Kline, with a rapidly growing compassion.

She talked with the father and mother and became much interested. She visited two or three others and then went home. She felt like another person. She was in another world altogether. There were pain and sorrow and poverty, but she knew now that she could help lift up. The next week she had a garden party, which if not brilliant was a most delightful affair. The families from the tow-path were there all the long summer afternoon. The Harolds were all there helping. Sydney played on his violin. Fannie sang like a nightingale. Mrs. Harold assisted Becky in passing the abundant and delicious refreshments. Duncan swung the children. Everyone did something. As for the birds, they sang jubilantly for the edification of the 'least of these.' The flowers sent forth their fragrance for them—the balmy air fanned them.

Little Evelyn Harold's face was radiant, but it did not outshine 'old Miss Kline's.' It was an eventful day to the latter, for it was the beginning of better things. Her feet were on a ladder whose top touched the city with golden streets.

The Power of Prayer.

A poor widow in Brooklyn, N.Y., was sick and dependent for support on the labor of her beautiful young daughter, who was employed in an office in New York. One one occasion the daughter was told by her employer that she would be needed in the office till a late hour the next night, and, of course, she would be obliged to come home alone. The next morning, as the mother bade good-bye to her brave daughter, she said: 'When you are coming home to-night I shall be praying for you.'

At last the hum of the weary day and evening was past. The young girl started for her distant home. While crossing the ferry between New York and Brooklyn some one rudely touched her arm. Looking up, she inhaled the foul breath of tobacco and liquor, and heard the whisper, 'Have you company home to-night?' 'I have,' she said, and moved on in the crowd. Soon the same wicked young man came and asked if he could accompany her home. She said, decidedly, 'No, I have company,' and moved on further into the crowd.

When they left the ferry-boat the same fiendish wretch took her arm, and said: 'I see you have no company home, so I will walk home with you.'

Turning, she looked him straight in the face, and said: 'I have company home. The Lord God Almighty and his holy angels are my company home to-night.'

The man shrank back and dared not again touch her, and she went safely home with her heavenly escort, for 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them' (Ps. xxxiv., 7).

But what was the cause of this deliverance? That dear mother's prayers, together with the pure heart and faith of the daughter. God does hear prayer. Dear parents, you who have children who, to earn a livelihood must be exposed to temptation, pray for them, and teach them to believe that God will protect them.—'Hope.'

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