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his cool hand was on the fevered brow; his comforting voice distinguishable above the din of the sufferer's incoherent ravings. Here was a soul in torment, and the minister knew it. Here was a man who soon must meet his Maker, and the minister knew that too. It was the old trouble. Dissipation had left its mark upon the now hollowed face. Drink and its accompanists had played awful havoc with the frame that was made in the image of a majestic God-Man, and the sordid days and nights of many a long year had left their earmarks behind. It was too apparent that this was very nearly the last. The dread pleasures of a score of years made any recovery far from even a sporting chance. An infinite deal of disregard for the laws alike of God and man were to result in a sharp fight, of which there could be but one issue, and that the one which the fighter most feared.

Through the long, long night the minister stayed, and staying, prayed for one well-nigh-lost soul. Prayer to Him who was alike the Father of the intercessor and the one for whom he interceded, and pleading with the sinner that even now he might seek God's infinitely precious

grace passed the drear night into the dawning of another day. And the dawning of the new day was the dawning of a heaven in the soul of a man, succeeded within an hour by the dawning of a greater heaven than is given to us to know on earth.

The minister rose from his long vigil, and drew the coverlet over the face of the sinner whom God had saved, and taken home to Himself. Then he bowed his head, and knelt beside the bed.

They found him there, when the sun was high in the sky. He, too, had gone home. In very truth his work was done. The laborer's task was over, and God had taken him to the place prepared for him. He was—so the elders said—no longer fitted for the task of ministering to them. His sphere—so the elders said—was no longer Ebenezer. His day of usefulness—so the elders said—had passed. But he put out a hand, strong in the strength of his Master, and taking hold, dragged a man from the gates of hell. And two souls, both equally precious in the sight of a compassionate God, went to heaven that night.

The Kid Intervenes

By W. R. Gilbert

"I DO hope she won't upset everything!" said The Woman of the World, a little dubiously as she looked up from the long article full of weekly wisdom, so wise that it made one's head ache. "We are so peaceful—and it's a bit of a risk I suppose."

She drew weird designs on her blotter, and stared out at the green of the grass with the sun on it, beyond the cottage garden.

The Girl Who Had Buried All Her Illusions (so she said), looked up from her sewing. "Upset things? Why should she? The Kid is as good as gold—a darling!"

"Oh, good of course! I don't mean like that. I mean—well you know our views and hers are bound to be different, and she may find it difficult to amuse herself. She's so dreadfully young, my dear. She'll be wanting to be dressing up, and having young men to tea. No! I hope she won't spoil things."

The other held up the extremely serviceable garment she was making and surveyed it thoughtfully.

"Good gracious! I should hope not. Men? We want no young men here! Better hint that to her first thing, hadn't we?"

The Woman of the World nodded.

The Woman of the World was married to—and parted from—a husband who was a Philistine. At least that is what she called him.

He knew little or nothing about Literature and Art, and cared less; moreover he had professions for women. So a little rift had widened into a big gulf.

So she sought out a friend most likely to bear her good company, and met with the very one in The Girl—who had just the Great Illusion.

The Girl and The Woman both agreed that the world would be a much pleasanter and happier place were there no men in it. And so they took the "Nutshell" for all the summer months, in order to escape the society of men if possible.

There The Woman of the World wrote the long "brainy" articles, in which her soul reveled, while her companion did the housework and pretended she did not care for illusions.

In their lovely surroundings wars, victories and disasters were forgotten; time seemed to stand still where the Nutshell covered with crimson ramblers, nestled cosily.

The Kid arrived at supper time. Her wire had only said "Coming to-day" so they could not meet her, but there she was, with two fat trunks, blouse case, and a hat box, not to mention a bundle of sunshades, all of which her hostesses eyed with some dismay.

"Hallo, you two dears!" she cried. She placed a soft little kiss on the cheek of each and strolled into the sitting room. "Supper! Hoorah! And oh isn't this a ripping spot? Heavenly after town."

She was very young, with wide blue eyes and a quantity of dark hair that refused to be suppressed—no figure, just a slip of a thing. Having rattled off all the news of town, and disposed of a large amount of tea and cake she rose to unpack.

The Woman, in shabby old tweed skirt watched her a little absently, while The Girl in a faded blue frock hovered in the back ground.

The Kid shook out two or three beautiful little dresses, and hung them in the cupboard.

"Haven't you brought a lot of frocks, dear?" said The Woman presently.

The Kid shook a creation of white muslin and pink ribbons vigorously, and laid it out ready for the morning. "Have I?" She shut the lid of the trunk with a bang. "Oh well, you know I have them, and one must wear things."

She eyed the nondescript garments of the other two, and wrinkled her nose at a trifle.

"You see," said The Girl, by way of explanation, "there's no one to look at them here, so it does not matter what we wear. Let's go and have some music, shall we? Have you brought any songs?"

"Rather," said The Kid. "Got some ripping new ones. Come along!"

The Kid sang song after song until something stirred uncomfortably in The Woman's heart, and The Girl's eyes became full of mist. Dusk was falling, and The Kid's soft voice sang,

"For with Love brooding there, why, no place can compare

With my little grey home in the West—"

"Don't," said The Woman with startling suddenness. "I mean—you sounded as if you believed all the—well—mawkish sentiment one always gets in these songs, dear little Kid. I don't want you to come a cropper—as we have done. You're not old enough to understand, but you must be made to see things as they are—it will save you such lots of pain!" Whereupon they both did their best to make her "see things." They told her that men were pretty much all alike—selfish and deep as the sea. Love, they informed her, was a myth, a mere fairy tale, and if she wanted to be happy, to avoid men like the plague, and make her own happiness. Work—nothing like work—a profession. And so on, and so on. At the end The Kid rose with a little frown. "I don't believe it!" said she, with the great confidence of extreme youth, and went to bed. The other two looked at her and sighed. The Kid lay