

two women had visited almost every small, bare hut in the town. The higher class people had shaken their heads in dismay and wondered why "las americanas" should expose themselves to contagious diseases; but instead of doing them harm it had done them infinite good, for Mrs. Logan, in learning to think for those less fortunate than herself, had begun to forget her own ailments and found new strength in doing for others, and Ruth Harwood proved the value of following in the footsteps of the Master by seeing her new-found friend thrive and regain her health and by seeing wonders wrought in the homes of her pupils. Mrs. Logan, whose time had heretofore fallen heavily on her hands, had begun making bootees, simple underwear, plain dresses, and suits for the least remembered of the town of B—, and when little Margaret had run up to her that morning, she had been wondering how she would tear herself away from so many duties in order to make her first trip to the capital.

"Oh yes mother, that will be fine!" the child had cried with delight. "How shall we go? In one of those funny banastillas, where we could put all the packages?"

"No, child; we shall go in an automobile."

"But, mother, I was just thinking Santa Claus could come in a banastilla, for he would have lots of room for all the presents, wouldn't he?"

"Who knows but that he will come that way, dear. Anyway, I am sure he will make it a point to get here, and tomorrow we'll get an early start for the city and come back soon so as to be here to greet him when he arrives."

O mother, how lovely! Then we will have a really real Christmas, after all."

And so on the following day, Mrs. Logan, with her little golden-haired Margaret, made an excursion to the old capital city of Porto Rico, and took a gleam of heaven light to many a dark hovel and benighted soul. Those patios—big inner courts with eight or ten entrances to dark, squalid dwelling places—where human beings eke out an existence washing, sewing, making sweet concoctions to sell on the streets, doing anything to turn a penny, are the only breathing spaces for these forty or fifty souls, young and old. When the mother

and child, so gentle and refined, stood in the doorway of one of these seething caldrons of humanity, a hush fell over the place. The older women clasped their hands over their heads and exclaimed, "Dios guarde la ninita (God keep the little girl)." Young girls whose brows were wrinkled and hearts heavy stopped to smile, and every eye spoke "thank you" as they walked around the patio and gave a handshake to each family.

"But, mother," cried little Margaret, "those poor little children won't have any Christmas, 'cause I'm sure Santa Claus never would find that awful place!"

"That's why you should be content with your many blessings and be willing for Santa Claus to bring you less and take something to people like these who have no one to think for them. Do you want mother to write a note to Santa Claus and tell him how to find the poor people of the patio?"

"Oh do, mother; I'm sure he'd come if he could see them."

Several such visits as these were made in the most benighted parts of the city, some shopping was done, and finally the children's ward of a hospital brought to an end their Christmas trip. Little Margaret wanted to make friends with every child in the room, and Mrs. Logan found it difficult to tear herself away from the little white beds and their wee occupants. It happened that there were none seriously ill now. It seemed that the good Master had given them their Christmas blessing by the touch of His healing hand, so some danced up and down in their tiny cribs, others clapped their hands, and those too weak for that smiled and cooed their gladness. One dark-eyed, bright-faced little church especially clung to them, and the physician coming in just as they were untwining the little fingers which seemed to cling like ivy, said: "This child is really not sick, but since she came the mother has died, and there is no one to claim her, so that she is here waiting for a home. We have cases like this every day, madam, and yet there are so many empty hearts and homes in this world."

"Look how she holds my hand, mother! Can't she come with us? She is a lovely real live doll."