

father was to go and help the steward. All this and more, ran through the crowd that had gathered round the door to see the last of Max. When the procession came down the stairs there went up a shout that drowned the noise of the street. There he was, out of his frame, wrapped in a travelling rug, a blue sailor cap on top of his fluffy hair, carried carefully in the doctor's arms. Two red spots glowed on his cheeks, and his eyes were like summer stars.

Lloyd walked beside him with an air of protecting ownership. Mr. Ormiston, an energetic, warm-hearted broker, came behind, with Turner following him.

The footman opened the carriage door and adjusted the down cushions. The doctor laid his light burden down; then he and Lloyd got in.

'We'll meet you at the pier,' said Mr. Ormiston, as he and Turner started down the street, toward the Elevated station. Max looked out of the open door. There they all stood. His dear, true friends, who had given so generously of their poverty. Mrs. O'Grady, with the ten, Stanislaus, old Balatzky, Dennis, and all the rest, all cheering and weeping and blessing the bird from under the roof.

'Good-by—good-by!' called the child, wild with excitement. 'You've all been so good to me. Oh, I can never thank you; but when I can walk I'll come back to you all again. There never, never were such friends! There was never such a fortunate boy!' The wooden-faced footman almost smiled as he shut the door.

'Boys, give him an East-side send-off!' yelled Dennis; and they did!

Down the street went Max, and the first corner hid the carriage from view.

'Ach,' said Balatzky, as he stumbled into the black basement; 'it's a good thing to have a loving heart!'

Stanislaus, full of joyful sorrow, went back to his birds for comfort. Dennis jumped over an ash-barrel and gave a yell, to hide the two big tears which would fall.

Only Mrs. O'Grady was left looking into space. Then she said, softly: 'May God protect and cure him, the lovin' happy soul! Sure, it was himself that caught the sunshine from the top and sifted it through the house. It's miss him, I will, me own little yellow bird! Bridget, get off the fire-escape or I'll wallop you!'

Just an Every Day Saint.

(By Helen A. Walker.)

'Wait, Tommy; that button must be sewed on your jacket.'

'But I'll be late for school, mother.'

'No, you'll not be late; give me your jacket and you amuse baby one minute; you know our clock is a little fast.'

Tommy took baby Ben to the window and called his attention to a passing 'bow-wow,' while the button was being fastened in place.

'Why, mamma, it's raining; I'll have to carry an umbrella to school, won't I?'

'Is it raining?' said Mrs. Chubb, anxiously.

'Yes, indeed, see the drops on the window. But I'll take that broken umbrella, and then if anything happens it won't make any difference.'

Tommy was conscious that his umbrella was liable to accidents, and how could it be otherwise when it was sure to be used as an offensive and defensive weapon in his friendly skirmishes with other boys?

'Here's your jacket, my boy; now, get your umbrella, and scamper off to school.'

Mrs. Chubb stood at the window and watched him as he joined Bill Blake, who was also on his way to school.

'Tommy,' she called; he looked back.

'Tommy, you may bring Billy home to dinner with you.'

'All right, mother; good for you.'

It was wash-day, and that invitation increased Mrs. Chubb's work a little, for she was her own cook on wash-days. 'But,' she said to herself, 'he needs a good dinner and he shall have it. I must hunt up some warm clothes for him, too; poor little fellow, he shall have that overcoat Tommy has laid aside, and I do believe I can mend the sleeves before time to get dinner.'

The overcoat was brought, with a roll of pieces, and the mending went on, with occasional interruptions, for baby Ben must receive a bright smile once in a while, and a little help, too, in his small endeavors at block-house building.

The coat being finished, and the baby tucked away for his nap, Mrs. Chubb hastened to the kitchen and busied herself in preparing dinner.

After dinner the overcoat was given to Billy, and he buttoned himself up in it with great delight.

'Thank ye, Mis' Chubb, ever so much; mother said I'd just have to run to keep warm this winter, 'cause she couldn't afford to buy me an overcoat, an' now she'll see me come a-walkin' in with an overcoat on.'

'Well, I'm glad you like it, Billy; just put this roll of pieces in the pocket, so your mother can have them to mend with if needed. I'm glad I knew of a good little boy to have that coat; it ought to be proud of having kept two good boys warm,' said Mrs. Chubb as she started the children off to school, each with a nice red apple in his pocket.

'Hooray for us, Billy,' said Tommy; 'that means you're a good boy and I'm another.'

The next day Mrs. Chubb called on Billy's mother, a poor widow who worked hard to provide for her little family.

'Mrs. Blake,' she said, 'I would like to have Billy take his dinner with us during this term of school; you know we live nearer the school-house than you do, and he can always be there in time.' She did not add that the boy would be sure of a good, hearty meal, but Mrs. Blake thought of that and appreciated the kindness.

'It is very good of you, Mrs. Chubb, and Billy will say so, too. I know it will be some trouble to you.'

'No, not trouble; I shall be glad to do it. You know we busy housekeeping mothers cannot reach out very far, or do very great things for the dear Master, but we can improve our little wayside opportunities. But good-by now, for I must look in on Mrs. Paley a few minutes before going home. Don't forget to tell Billy.'

Mrs. Chubb found Mrs. Paley where everybody found her, and where she had spent many years, in her own room on a couch.

'How good you are to come,' said the invalid, 'I thought it was about time for a visit from you.'

'I like to come here,' answered Mrs. Chubb cheerily, 'because I always find you at home.'

'Yes, you find me at home,' said Mrs. Paley, wearily, 'but do you know home sometimes seems to me like a prison?'

'Such a pretty room as this can not surely seem like a prison,' said Mrs. Chubb, with a smile, 'only see the pretty, bright carpet, lovely pictures, nice furniture, and two windows through which you have glimpses of God's beautiful world outside.'

'Yes, a beautiful world, but you remember Mrs. Browning says, "Two little tears suffice to cover all."'

'Ah! but the beauty is there just the same, and God is God; floods of tears cannot wash away that blessed truth.'

Then Mrs. Chubb chatted about various matters, little incidents in her own home

life; told some quaint sayings of baby Ben, and gave a sketch of the pastor's prayer-meeting talk the night before.

Mrs. Paley listened with interest, and the weary look faded from her face.

'Now, good-by, dear,' said Mrs. Chubb; 'I see Miss Vail just passing, and I want to speak with her. Be of good courage, and with a promise to come again as soon as she could, Mrs. Chubb quietly closed Mrs. Paley's door behind her, and quickly overtook the lady with whom she wished to speak.

'How do you do, Miss Vail?' and then, as she hesitated, 'I am Mrs. Chubb; you remember we spoke together at church last Sunday.'

'Oh, yes, I do remember, but I was not expecting to meet any one I knew.'

'I am so glad to see you,' continued Mrs. Chubb, 'for I wished to remind you of our church tea Friday evening. You will like to go, I am sure.'

'I do not know that I care to, Mrs. Chubb, I am so much of a stranger, yet.'

'Yes, you are a stranger, but we are going to take you in and make you feel at home among us. You will soon make acquaintances. I am glad you handed in your church letter so soon after coming among us.'

'I like the pastor very much.'

'I am sure you do; wasn't that a good sermon he gave us last Sunday? Now, Miss Vail, I will call for you Friday evening. Mr. Chubb cannot go to the tea, and I shall be so glad of your company.' Miss Vail's consent to accompany her was given, and they parted at the next corner.

When Billy came home from school that afternoon his mother told him about Mrs. Chubb's invitation. He was greatly pleased and searched through his limited vocabulary for words to express his feelings:

'Mother, Mis' Chubb's a brick; she's a pressed brick, that's what she is.'

'Yes, Billy, or perhaps she's a saint.'

'Mebbe; not the kind with a long white dress and a shiny ring round her head, though; but just a kind of every-day saint.'

'She's the kind we read of in the bible, Billy.'

'Where?'

'You'll see when we have our reading to-night.'

They read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew from the thirty-first to the forty-first verse.

'Yes, mother, I see,' said Billy.—'The Herald and Presbyterian.'

The Power of Prayer.

I went to see my old friend of a former home. I used to think that if God were to doom the wicked little town in which she lives, and there was an Abraham-intercessor for it, 'peradventure it would be spared for her sake.'

She took both my hands at her threshold, and her greeting she spoke to God. Shutting her eyes, but with her head in a looking-up attitude, she said, 'I thank you my heavenly Father for sending my dear sister to me. Bless her, and all she loves, and help us to do each other good.'

She is an Irishwoman by birth, and has all the warm-heartedness and vivacity of her race. White hair waves on her head. Alone she has worked for and brought up a large family, continuing to work until she had, as she thought, laid by enough for her old age.

'God answers our prayers concerning our temporal things, by changing our own wishes with regard to them,' she said when telling