

The thought of that famous supper brings up a host of recollections which serve for general conversation until bedtime, so no more is said about the school that night. Mattie cannot go to sleep for thinking of this wonderful Personage she has heard of. "The Name, the dearest, sweetest Name, the Name the angels sang," occupies her thoughts. Somehow she cannot associate this Name with a supper at a public-house, and determines to ask her teacher more about it when next she goes to school. Poor child! she has never heard the name, except from profane lips, and little dreams of the influence it will exert over her hereafter.

It seems to Mattie a long time to the next school night, and she eagerly looks forward to it. She manages to find her way there, and each night the school is open finds her and her brother "present and early." An attachment soon springs up between Miss Bird and Mattie; the child's quiet behaviour and willingness to learn anything taught her raising her above the level of those who surround her. Her anxiety to learn more of the Saviour interests her teacher deeply; her simple, childlike questions receive ample replies, which soon enable her to comprehend the marvellous love which God displayed towards a fallen world in working out the scheme of salvation.

Always gentle and loving, she is doubly so after this knowledge comes to her. Always ready to perform kindly little actions, she becomes more anxious to render every little service she can now. A prayer she has never said in her life; her teacher teaches her a simple little one, embracing all that is needful for a child to utter in the presence of its God. This she soon learns, and repeats night and morning at her bedside, with her brother's hand in hers, and her eyes raised toward heaven.

No sooner has she learned to love the Saviour as her own than she is anxious to exert an influence over those around her.

A difficult task for a little girl to take in hand a lot of rough, rude, utterly ignorant boys and girls. She invites some of them to accompany her to the school, and is refused, and ridiculed, and jeered at for her pains.

If she could only get Seud to go with her, he might be such a help to her, if it did him good, and she feels sure it will. She ventures to ask him one evening before leaving the streets for school.

"Oh, I don't like, Mattie—I ain't got no cap," says Seud, scratching his rough head uneasily.

"I'll buy you a cap, Seud; I've long wanted to give you something; I've saved a little money," says this little missionary.

"Oh, it ain't only that, look at my duds—I be 'shamed," glancing at his old trousers, out at the knees.

"Never mind, Seud, I'll mend them for you beautiful; besides there's worse clothes on some of the boys at our school," pleads Mattie. "Come, Seud, just to please me; let's go home and wash us, and I'll mend your clothes, and I know of some nice caps near our house."

"Wery well—yer knows I doesn't like to go agin yer, Mattie, I niver did see sich a one for gitting over me as yer is," casting almost a loving glance at her.

So they go home and wash themselves. Mattie buys him a cap at one of the houses in the Jews' settlement near them, and mends his clothes as neatly as the ragged state of the material will allow, and they set out for school.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Surely this child has got this Spirit, which she exerts over this boy.

Meekly he goes; the novelty of the scene interests him. As they go home, Mattie anxiously asks how he likes it.

"I likes it wery well, the singing's great; that's a nice chap wot does the spouting. He's a customer o' mine he is; I takes him his evening 'dition reglar."

Mattie is highly delighted, and makes up her mind to follow up the vantage ground gained to-night.

Seud soon gets to like the school, and learns the hymns with great rapidity, especially the choruses, which he sings at home with much gusto, for the edification of Mother Brown and the assembled youngsters. He seldom misses a night when the school is open, but expresses a preference for Sundays, because there is more singing and no sums.

About this time an epidemic breaks out in the street at the bottom of Jacob's Ladder. The weather for the time of year is bad, and the atmosphere at the bottom of the Ladder is unwholesomely heavy and oppressive. The sanitary arrangements are defective, and the inhabitants not particularly

scrupulous in keeping their persons and dwellings clean. Scarlet fever breaks out amongst the children, and several deaths take place. Seud, the liveliest and smartest in all the neighbourhood, suddenly becomes dull and quiet; instead of flying about the city, he finds it hard work to get about at all.

Mattie misses him during the day, and at night, as she nears home, sees him leaning against the wall at the top of Jacob's Ladder. He is resting his head on his hands against the wall, and does not look up.

"What's the matter, Seud?" asks Mattie.

"Nothink; I feels wery bad."

"Which way, Seud?" sympathy in her eyes and voice.

"It's my head—it aches, it does; I feels smothered, and then I shivers."

She puts his arm in hers, and helps him down the steps and into the house.

Mother Brown makes him some warm tea, her one panacea for all ailments of body and mind, then puts him to bed. All night he burns and tosses about, and next morning is too ill to go out. Mattie bids him keep warm in bed, and offers to go his round with the papers, promising to come home early.

When she goes home he is worse. Mother Brown gets him some medicine from a benevolent doctor, who keeps a dispensary and mission-house in the neighbourhood, and keeps the room clear of the other youngsters. Mattie only remains. She insists upon it, and constitutes herself his nurse, and in gentleness, watchfulness, and patience form any part of the qualification of a nurse of the first order, Florence Nightingale never had a worthier successor. Through days and nights she watches over and tends him, administering his medicine in regular doses, feeding him as a mother does a little child, reading him the choicest stories out of her Bible, cheering and comforting him, until at last the fever burns itself out, and he is able to sit up.

"Mattie, yer a angel!" he says, when he is getting strong again and thinks of all she has done for him. Ah! poor child, she will be soon; her wings are ready, and wait to bear her up beyond the stars.

Before Seud is fairly well, she takes the fever, and in her turn is put to bed. In a worse form she has it. Her limbs burn with the consuming fire from head to foot. Her tongue is parched to an extent which renders the drop of cold water a luxury.

For days she suffers, patiently and meekly bearing with it, limiting her wants as much as possible to avoid giving trouble. Willie is kept from her, lest he, too, should take the disease. Seud cannot be kept away. He climbs the rickety stairs every time he comes in, and asks how she is getting on. Tears stand in the lad's eyes, as he looks pityingly on, and says:—

"Oh, Mattie, it's all along o' me as yer took it."

"Never mind, Seud, I am verry happy," she says softly.

"Do you think Miss Bird would come to see me?"

"I don't know, but it's school night, and I'll go and tell her; p'raps she might."

Seud keeps his promise, and about nine o'clock mounts the creaking stairs, and shows Miss Bird the room where Mattie is.

She has grown rapidly worse in the meantime, and the doctor has been sent for.

He says the fever will reach the height about ten o'clock, when there will be a change for the better or worse, as the case may be.

Miss Bird and Seud join Mother Brown at the bedside. Mattie is unconscious of their presence, and raving in delirium. She rambles sadly in her talk, and in the course of half-an-hour goes over the chief incidents of her brief life. Here and there words fall on her teacher's ear, which she eagerly listens for—bits of Gospel stories and mention of the Saviour's name.

The time creeps on; the anxious group stand breathless, waiting the change. She ceases to ramble, and sleeps calmly and peacefully. Miss Bird takes out her watch; it is ten o'clock. Not a sound is heard. The watchers hold their breath. Each is wondering if, daring to hope, the sleeping child will awake to newness of life.

Her eyes open, a luminous light gleams in them, suggestive of a beautiful vision: a sunny smile spreads o'er her face; her lips open: she is going to speak. Hush! Listen! The group leans over the bed, hushed in dread suspense. She speaks:—