THE NEWS-GIRL'S SIORY

One day, early in december, a man was walking up and down the streets, in one of the large cities of Canada, scanning the face of every woman and child that passed, as if in hopes of discovering some familiar face. Suddenly a quivering: "Please, Sir, won't you buy a papers? came in a tearful voice at his sleeve. All that voice! But no, he was unstaken. There betere him stood a little girl of nearly eight winters. Under her arm was an immense bundle of papers. Something in the big, soft brown eyes, and sad little expression told him that this was a sad little life, and as he gazed at her his heart was seized with pity.

"Come little one." said he gently, "come, we will go to a place of warmth

and get something to eat.

Thank you, sir, but I can't; I must sell my papers and get something for mother to eat.

"Never mind the papers," said the stranger, there is the money for them all, so come now and get warm and then we'll go and see what we can do for your mother."

Very grateful at this man's kindness, she ate with relish the first full meal she had for many days.

The man watched her with pleasure as she ate, when suddenly some little twist of the eyes caused him to exclaim under his breath: "can it be true? can it be she," But quietly he said: "Little girl, you have not told me your name."

-My name is Faith Corrigan; I am named after my mother-

"Yes! Ah, how fortunate I am," he thought, "but I must not be too sure," and turning again to the child asked: "Where do you live? Tell me all, dear child."

"It's this way: and no longer feeling basisful, she told him all the hardships they had both her mother and herself since her father went to the war and died of his wounds, as it was reported by a man coming from the front.

aNow, my dear, I know it is hard, but from henceforth you shall always have someone to support you. Come now; and, taking the little girl by the hand, went to her home. Scarcely was the door open when bitle Futh ran to her mother saying: "Oh! mother, look what a nice triend the brought you."— "Ralph, oh! Ralph," exclaimed the joyous wife, as he crushed her in his embraces, "and I thought all the time you were dead."

"Yes, dear, it was a mistake. I was left for dead on the battlefield, but a kind friend rescued me and for six months I've been luming for you. All my little newsgirl, if it had not been for your story I would be still looking for you. Soon now, we will be back in our dear home once more and can all be so happy, for I know, my dears, this has been a hard Cross for you both to bear.