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AN INTERLOPER.

From the painting by A. M. Rossi, exhibited in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors.

How Two Souls Found the Lord.

Childish voices floated out of the chapel window in song while upon the outside, clinging to the shadows of the wall, stood a little fellow with ragged clothes, pinched features, and hungry soul. How sweet that song seemed to him! He must hear it better, so crept around to the open door, and there upon the front step stood leaning forward as though fearing to lose one word. Just then Willie Martin, who was late that Saturday afternoon, came hastily up, and would have gone in without stopping had not our waif moved into the deeper shadows.

'Oh, who's this? Aren't you going inside?' he asked.

'What! me go in there?' and the ragged fellow looked within.

'Why, yes; come along. That is our Junior League holding its meeting, and I know Mrs. Miley would be ever so glad to have you come,' and at this Willie took the timid hand and led him right up the aisle, an unwilling captive.

'Now, children,' Mrs. Miley said, after she had given Willie and his unknown friend a familiar greeting, 'we come to our verses.'

At this the whole league was thrown into a tremor of excitement, for there was always a contest upon the number of verses committed, and the one who could repeat the greatest number was given a large colored picture from the Sunday-school chart.

Charley Long had six verses; Mamie Carleton stumbled on the second and came near crying; Lulu Bealey surprised all by repeating the Ten Commandments and the beatitudes, and though others tried hard, she was the successful one. Before the contest closed Mrs. Miley turned to the little outcast, who seemed so interested in the whole proceeding, and asked, after inquiring his name: 'Sam, do you know a verse from the Bible that you can say for me?'

'I never saw a Bible, missis,' he answered. Two or three little girls opened their mouths in apparent astonishment.

'You can read, can you, Sam?'

'Oh, yes, um,' and to prove himself, drew from the recesses of his ragged coat a crumpled detective story. 'But I t'ink I would like de Bible, or what you call it, better.'

'Well, now, Sam, I'm going to let you take my Bible home this week, and want

you to promise to do your best at committing some verses that I have marked.'

And all the while Sam's eyes were dancing toward the large picture that Lulu was showing to the other members of the league.

'Yes, um, I will, and I'm goin' ter have de picture next week, too.'

'But, Sam, wouldn't you like to become a member of our league?'

'Me b'long ter what?' asked Sam, doubtfully.

'Why, our Junior League. We all love Jesus and try to do His will. These boys and girls meet every week and sing and speak for Him. Don't you think you would enjoy meeting with them?'

'But, missis' dey wouldn't want me ter join,' said Sam. 'Dey're slicker kids dan I am. See!'

'Children, all that want to see Sam back here next Saturday, hold up hands!' and each boy and girl quickly thrust up a hand, and many of them two.

'Well, missis, I'm comin' and—I'm goin' ter get dat purty picture, too.'

'All right, Sam; good-bye,' and all the children bade good-bye to Sam and each other.

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'Sam, wot's dat you's got wrapped up