

jest stretched out her hands, with her little white face shinin'; she didn't say a word, jest held it up against her cheek, an' I slipped away.

I got so I'd carry things home to her whenever I got a chance, if 'twasn't more'n a peanut or a cherry. You see she was sech a lonesome little thing; hadn't nobody belonging to her since mother died over to the county hospital two years ago; and Mis' Flannigan's so goodhearted she wouldn't have her turned out. She said the child didn't eat but a morsel, an' should have her bite with the rest.

Well, do you know, I got to lovin' the little thing, an' she got to lovin' me, and by-m-by I used to tell her about everything, an' I told her about me an' the King being pardners, an' all that, an' I told her all about the birds a-singin', an' the grass an' the flowers, an' she jest set an' listened with her eyes a-shinin' like stars, an' she says, "Oh! I wish I could go there!"

That set me to thinkin'. I knew that place was out o' sight, but there was Jackson Park, an' I wondered if me an' the King couldn't manage to get her out there. I kep' it a-turnin' over in my mind, an' I laid up a penny at a time till I had enough to pay fer the cable ride. Then one day, after my papers were all sold, we borrowed a little hat o' Mis' Flannigan's oldest girl, an' I took Kit, crutch an' all, an' carried her all the way to where we could get on to the Cottage Grove car, an' we went a-swoopin' down the street. We was in the front seat of the grip, an' wasn't it grand! The wind blew in our faces, an' Kit had to hold her hat on whenever we met another car. Well, we got down to Jackson Park, and went on to the grass, an' under the trees. Wisht you could've seen that kid. She jest shone; there wasn't a happier kid in Chicago.

W'y, she never'd seen grass or 'rees before, ner heard the birds sing. After a while, we went over 'longside o' the little lake where the boats is, an' while we was a-settin' on the grass under a tree, who should come along but my doctor! Yes, my doctor!

You see, we comes to have our regular customers, an' Dr. Lowell always gets his paper of me, every mornin' reg'lar. I know jest when he's goin' to come down the steps, an' has it all ready fer him. Yes, sirre! He's the biggest an' smartest doctor in Chicago. When he came along, I jumped up an' pulled off my cap, and said, "Hello, sir!" an' he stopped, an' then he took off his hat; yes, sir, he did, took off his hat to Kit! An' Kit, she looked at him a minute with her

big eyes wide open, an' then she smiled at him 's if she knew she could trust him. You couldn't be afraid of my doctor, if you once got a look into his big, honest face.

No, sirre!

Well, he asked all about Kit, an' her leg being lame, an' he says, "You bring her down to my office to-morrow, an' we'll see about it."

I tell you when my doctor sees about a thing it gets done, an' he's had Kit there to his house, an' she kin go without her crutch a little already, an' pretty soon, he says, she'll be all cured; an' her cheeks is gettin' round an' rosy, an' they're goin' to keep her always! Yes, I misses Kit when I gits home to Mis' Flannigan's nights, but she's better off, an' I am glad of it; an' don't you see, it was all on account of the King. If Him an' me hadn't been pardners, my doctor never would've seen Kit, an' she wouldn't've been cured.

Kit, she's goin' to be a pardner too. Mrs. Doctor, she says she may; an' Mrs. Doctor says it's all true, an' that she belongs to the firm, an' so does the doctor!—*Dorothy Deane in Interior.*

WILL THE LORD PROVIDE?

It has pleased God to keep me on the old beaten track in this part of His vineyard, visiting different churches as pastor for over eight years. During this time many have been the conflicts, battles and victories. I have in the order and providence of God been brought into places where I have had the privilege of proving the above declaration many times, and I with dear wife and children am there now, but the Lord will deliver, as He is always true to His promises. I remember at one time on Monday morning everything in the way of eatables was consumed for breakfast and not a thing left for dinner. Here Satan for a while seemed to attack us with all his power. One of the things he suggested to me was to tell the Church our condition, or go and get what we needed on credit; but I said, No, I will not do either; I will trust God. I exhorted my wife to do likewise, and was glad to find her ready to do so. After laying our condition before the Lord (in family prayer) and committing ourselves into His hand, I told the dear wife I wanted to visit and pray with two or three families, and would return before noon, which I did, and found the dear wife standing in the door, looking for me with a shining face, and tears of gratitude