

knowingly: "No lad," he said, "if I give you money you will spend it on drink. Come, I'll get you a bed"—for all the world as if it were an everyday occurrence, this buying lodgings for wayfaring tramps, when it was really the first time in his whole life that he had done so.

And so they set about to find a house, and, as they walked, the poor drunkard related his rapid downfall and told of the lives he had dragged down with him—of those he had made miserable—of those he had murdered by his reckless career.

His story is the same as any other such story; in some details perhaps a little different, but in its commencement, in its end, in its general course, just the same. A mother, a wife, dead—broken-hearted! But a child, a daughter, alive. And this poor drunkard dotes on his child. "I used to stand in a doorway often when I was sober," said he, "to see her pass with the other orphan children. I could tell her little smiling face a block away—so like her mother. I tell you Sneck, if there had been anything that could possibly have saved me from falling into this horrible pit it would have been my love for her. How often have I, in agony, resisted my destroyer! But nobody would give me work, and disheartened and despairing I was drawn into the whirlpool again, and circled down and down to ultimate destruction."

Thus Sneck's new found friend raved on as they elbowed their way through crowds of noisy children, and groups of happy men and women, whose merry faces seemed to ridicule the sorrow of this poor outcast. Withdrawing into a side street and away from the throng, they passed a church on whose tall steeple the golden cross proclaimed

its cause. There, years ago, the outcast had knelt reverently by the side of his mother, whose prayers were all for him. Long since she had died, still praying for him who had so recklessly disregarded her teaching, and sunk to the lowest depths of debauchery.

And by that mother's side in the distant graveyard, lay his wife, whose life had been an example of patience and forbearance. She had slaved for her child from early morn far into the night, without one word of complaint, imploring only that she might be spared to work on. But it was ordained otherwise. The strongest constitution could not have endured such a strain, and one bright morning she passed in a quiet sleep which golden-bridged earth with eternity. And some good nuns took the motherless little girl to a convent, where, happier than any of her kin, she lived in blissful innocence.

Just one street beyond this church of his childhood, Porter and his companion stopped before a second-class hotel, and entering were shown to a neat little room in the very top of the house, where in the distance through one of the low windows, they could see the shining cross of the church. And when Sneck stepped forward to pull down the blind, Porter stopped him. He liked to see the clear heaven, and that cross, he said; and then after a great deal of beating round the bush and edging in and out, the poor wretch, in more of a prayer than anything else, begged of Sneck to be so kind, so good, so compassionate as to get a priest for him.

As he walked home that night Sneck felt as he had never felt in his life before. So happy, he seemed to be walking on air. His face looked as if he were ready to burst