

up his hand, and God would know he wanted it, and would help him out.'

He spoke with great effort, and slowly. The nurse came and felt his pulse, and gave him his medicine. She stroked the tired hand as she passed on. He smiled, just the shadow of a child's smile, and said: 'That's all right now, but it's awful tired.'

After another pause, when he seemed really resting, he looked up questioningly, and I asked:

'Well, little man, what is it? What do you want from God?'

'Taint me,' he said, with a sad, unchildish sigh. 'I'm all right; it's Sue.'

Then his lip trembled, and tears began to gather, and his voice choked. 'It's all because of that woman that lives next door. Sue was always good till she come. But she's been in jail, they say; and the kids say as Sue's goin' to git there, too. Sue stays there nights, and goes out with her, and father, well, he's drunk mostly, and he can't do nothing with her. You, see, lady, Sue, she's mostly twelve, and I'm nine. Mother died most a year ago, and she said to me, "Be sure you take care of Sue, and Sue, you take care of Jim," and Sue was always good till that woman came. And now, I can't look after her no more.'

I saw that he was getting too tired, so I bent over him, and took his tired hand in mine, and kissed him, as I kiss my own boys, as I said:

'Well, dear, you must not think any more about it. God will look after Sue. I will go away now, and I will talk with God about it; and will come again to-morrow.'

I found the address of the little waif at the office, and visited the tenement that afternoon. I found the healthy counterpart of Jim sitting on the back steps in a dirty court, holding a baby. There were traces of hardness already visible on her face, which should have been pretty, and a wealth of golden curls were doing their best to supply the lack of other adornment.

'Yes, I'm Sue Ripley,' she said in a defiant tone, in reply to my first inquiry, but the don't-care expression vanished when I spoke of Jim, and the eagerness with which she said, 'Is he better?' left no doubt of her affection.

'Jim's a good little chap,' she said in an old-fashioned way, when I told her that his first thought was for her. 'Jim's better than I be. He's a good deal like mother was, but 'taint no use a-being good 'round here. Jim, he gits it all the time from the fellers, but he's patient like, and don't mind it, leastwise, he don't git mad like I do.'

'I takes care of it days,' she said, as I tried in vain to provoke a smile from the forlorn-looking baby. 'His mother works out. She gives me ten cents if it's a whole day, and my supper. Another woman lets me eat with her the other times for the ten cents.'

'Do you keep house for your father, and Jim?' I asked.

'Well, I guess,' she said with a little sarcastic laugh, 'there ain't nothing to keep. He's got a room there, and he sleeps in it. He's sold all the stuff except what's no good. He'll give Jim a nickle most days, but he won't give me none. He says I can earn it if I want it. Sometimes Jim an' me has to go halves on the ten cents I gets, and when I ain't got none, she gets me to help her when she has company. She has lots of good stuff.'

'Who is she?'

'She is the woman who lives on the next floor and keeps boarders. She's jolly, too, and she lets me go in there nights where it's warm. But she don't like to have Jim, and Jim he thinks she ain't no good, but I tells

him "you have to go where you can around here."'

There was a look of uncanny wisdom in the child's face, as she spoke those bitter words.

'Would you like to see Jim?' I asked.

'Kin I?' she exclaimed so eagerly, that she almost dropped the baby. When I promised to call for her the next day she fairly beamed with excitement. 'But I ain't fit,' she said, questioningly, after a hasty survey of her appearance, so far as visible to herself, 'and it's the best I got.'

'Do the best you can, and it will be all right,' I said, as I departed.

As I entered the ward next day, the nurse motioned me aside, and said: 'Jim has been sleeping some, but he is failing. We sent for his father, but he cannot be found. If he expects to see him alive, he will have to come soon.'

'He's been off since yesterday,' said Sue, 'He's on a drunk, I guess.'

'He has asked for you many times,' the nurse said to me, 'but do not let him talk much.'

I led Sue to the side of the bed, where he could not see her at first, and told her to be very quiet. Her eyes filled with tears, as she looked at his pale, drawn face. As I bent over him he opened his eyes slowly, and placed his thin hand in mine. After a while he said:

'I have been dreaming about Sue. God spoke to me. He told me he would take care of Sue. Then I saw a beautiful angel. Mother told me about the angels before she died. The angel went to find Sue. God told her to go, and she had gold in her hair a woman angel, and she came back and told like Sue's, and her eyes were blue. It was God she found Sue, and she was good and did not live with the bad woman any more. I wanted to go home to Sue, but God said the angel would bring her to me some day when I was well.'

He had been talking dreamily, but suddenly he opened his eyes wider and said eagerly: 'Lady, will it be a really true dream? Did God tell you? I tried to hold up my hand so you would not forget, but it was so tired, and I was afraid God would forget about it.'

'God won't forget you, dear, and it is all true about Sue,' I said, as I leaned over him, and stroked his curls. 'Would you like to see Sue now, Jim?'

A pleading look was his only answer. He was very tired. The nurse led Sue to the other side. Jim opened his eyes slowly, and tried to put up his arms to her. She laid her head beside him, and tried hard not to cry.

'Sue,' he said with an effort, 'you'll come when the angel wants to bring you, won't you, Sue? Don't git mad, Sue. When you want anything, just hold up your hands, Sue, and God will know you want something, and he'll help you out. I held mine up for you, Sue, and he sent the lady to tell me he knew you.'

The nurse gently raised Sue, and drew the screen a little closer around the bed. Jim lay very still, but he breathed faster, and his hands moved restlessly on the counterpane. He tried to lift one hand and an anxious look spread over his face, as it fell listlessly. His lips moved, and we bent over to catch the last words: 'Tell God its for father this time. I most forgot, mother said father, too.' Then the stillness of death overspread his face — and the tired hands were at rest forever.

One night that week, in the little downtown mission, a dejected man arose to his feet, after the invitation had been given for any to raise hands for prayer, and said in trembling tones: 'My boy raised his hand

for me when he was dying, and this hand ain't fit to raise after him, but I'm going to serve God.'

Sue and her father are looking forward to meeting Jim in the better country, for God heard his prayer, and the angel of his presence saved them.

Cary's Little Daughter.

(By Ernest Gilmore.)

Her mother died when she was born — so we had heard — but Cary tried to be both mother and father to the little one, whom he loved with a devotion which was as pathetic as it was beautiful.

The first time we saw Cary's little daughter, she had come down to the mill to bring her father's lunch. She was only four years old—a little mite of a cherub—but as brave and fearless as if she were three times her age.

Cary was the first one to see her that day, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. There wasn't a man in the room but looked up, and I hardly think I would be making a misstatement if I should say there wasn't a man who didn't smile.

She stood within the mill door, a slanting ray of sunshine peering through the branches of a tree kissing her yellow hair, which waved and danced about as sweet a little face as I ever saw. She had a tin pail in one hand and a tin can with close-top in the other.

'Here's your dinner, papa!' she cried gleefully, laughing aloud in her pride and joy. 'I came all alone by my own self, I did.'

Cary ran forward and caught her in his arms, pail, can and all.

'My baby,' he said, lovingly, in a low voice, as gentle and loving as a woman's; 'my baby!' kissing her over and over.

'No,' was her answer as the smiles disappeared for a moment and a frown made a little crease on her forehead, 'I ain't a baby, I'm your little daughter, don't you know?'

'Ah, I see,' laughing merrily and kissing her again; 'so you aren't and so you are. You aren't a baby, but you're my little daughter.'

From this time on all the men in the mill called the sweet child, 'Cary's little daughter.'

She brought her father's lunch every day from that time on. Most of the men had a cold lunch with milk, or water, or beer to drink, as their tastes inclined. But 'Cary's little daughter' always brought her father something to eat and drink, meat pie, or baked potatoes, or fresh baked apples, or biscuit, just out of the oven, or perhaps doughnuts right from the sputtering kettle, and always coffee with cream and sugar.

It was quite a long walk from Cary's little cottage to the mill, but the lunch was always hot. The small feet hurried so as to have it so.

Well, so it went on day after day in rain or sunshine, Cary's little daughter never failed unless sickness kept her a prisoner, which, of course, it did sometimes with some children's disease, — such as measles, mumps, or a bad cold.

She seemed to grow in beauty, if that were possible, and she had the sweetest way of doing and saying things that was altogether charming. Every man, no matter how surly he might be with others, spoke gently to the child. I believe every man loved her.

And so the years passed on, each one adding to the child's grace and beauty.

I had never seen her look so lovely as she did one June day when she made her appearance at the usual time in the mill.

It was her tenth birthday. Old Polly