

she turned beggar, too, begging Ann, the cook, to feed the hungry.

But Dot was only five years old. I tell you this so that you will not wonder at what I am about to relate.

Dot went to church for the first time one bright summer day. She was a perfect blossom in her snowy white dress, with a bunch of rosebuds fastened in the broad sash.

At the church door stood a plainly dressed woman with a very sad face, and beside her a little girl of perhaps ten years of age, the latter wearing a calico dress and a very common looking straw hat. People were going into the church very fast, but no one seemed to notice the sad looking woman and her daughter. Presently a sunshiny voice broke the icy coldness of the church goers: it was Dot's.

"Isn't you doin' to church?" asked Dot of the little girl.

"It isn't our church; we're strangers. We don't know where to go," answered the girl.

"It's God's church," Dot said reverently. "Come with mamma an' me; there's lots of room in God's church."

The weary mother looked into Mrs. Hunt's face questioningly and although the latter's face flushed, she seconded her little daughter's hearty invitation.

"Yes, do come with us, please," she said, "we will be glad to have you." And presently, seated side by side in "God's church" where the children of wealth and poverty. There had been a number of witnesses to the pretty scene, and more than one face blushed with shame as the minister, during his reading, gave this passage: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

Was it Jesus looking through that sad woman's eyes? Jesus looking through her little daughter's eyes?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto me."

And after the service more than one richly dressed lady shook hands kindly with the "strangers" and made them welcome.

Dot never knew how forlorn, how home-sick, how desolate those two strangers had been before her gentle welcome reached their souls, but her first Sunday at church had taught some "children of older growth" a lesson sadly needed.

And lo! how great a tree grows from a little acorn. The "strangers" who had come to the city from a bereaved home, from which death had taken beloved ones and money had taken wings, found friends and pleasant and profitable employment. How far a little candle throws its beams!

#### Kitty Knew about Sheep.

Seven sheep were standing  
By the pasture wall.  
"Tell me," said the teacher  
To her scholars small,  
"One poor sheep was frightened,  
Jumped and ran away."  
One from seven—how many  
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—  
A farmer's daughter she,  
No so bright at figures  
As she ought to be.  
"Please, ma'am"—"Well, then, Kitty,  
Tell us, if you know."  
"Please, if one jumped over,  
All the rest would go."

—The surest means of salvation is to do each day of our lives what we would wish to have done at the hour of our death.—*Angela Merici.*

#### Weary Feet at Rest

Into a little Italian eating house a woman of about thirty drifted. Her dress was ragged and worn, and her face was pale. She had no money, but she had been there before, and when she begged for food a swarthy Italian paid five cents for the macaroni and coffee and a crust of bread that were served to her.

She was just out of Bellevue, she said. She drank the coffee and ate the macaroni, and satisfied, thrust the crust into her pockets. She would have gone then, but she was shaking with fever, and the man who paid for her food held her back. She sat on the narrow bench until long after nightfall. Then she drew out the crust and began to nibble it.

The eating-house keeper has a little boy. "Let me warm the bread for you," he said. He put it on the stove, warmed it, and brought it back. The woman bit into it, swallowed a morsel of it, gasped and died.

They found in her pocket the remnants of the crust, a rosary, and a copy of verses printed on red paper. These are some of the verses:

"On the street, on the street;  
To and fro with weary feet;  
Aching heart and aching head;  
Homeless, lacking daily bread;  
Lost to friends, and joy, and name;  
Sold to sorrow, sin and shame;  
Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn;  
Weak and wan, with weary feet,  
Still I wander on the street."

"On the street, on the street,  
Midnight finds my straying feet;  
Hark, the sounds of pealing bells,  
Oh, the tales their music tells.  
Happy hours forever gone;  
Happy childhood, peaceful home—  
Then a mother on me smiled,  
Then a father owned his child—  
Vanish, mocking visions sweet,  
Still I wander on the street."

"On the street, on the street,  
Whither tend my wandering feet?  
Love and joy and hope are dead—  
Not a place to lay my head;  
Every door against me sealed—  
Hospital and Potter's Field,  
These stand open; wider yet  
Swings Perdition's yawning gate.  
Thither tend my wandering feet,  
On the street, on the street."



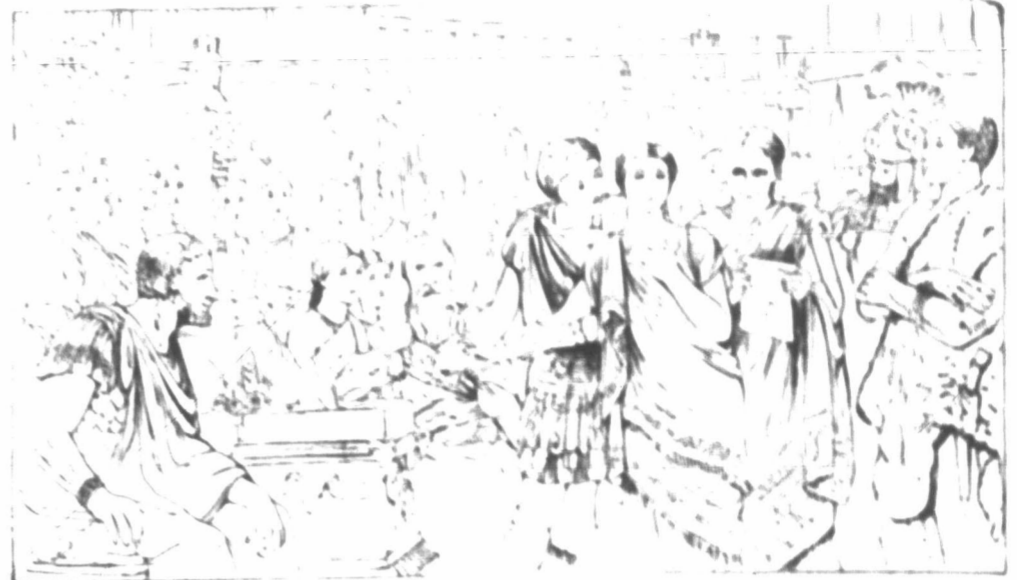
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always  
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"On the street, on the street,  
Might I here a Saviour meet?  
From the blessed far off years  
Comes the story of her tears,  
Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,  
Heard the words of love He spoke,  
Heard Him bid her anguish cease,  
Heard Him whisper, 'Go in peace,'  
Oh, that I might kiss His feet,  
On the street, on the street!"

—The man who parades his religion and tries to make capital out of his piety, meets with only contempt.

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