

lifted to God in prayer, but she had not looked for an answer quite so soon as it was received; for as the girl's words died away the curtains parted and the hostess stood before them; her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Barney, I could not help but hear; forgive me. I will take her and help her; no one knows how much we have to answer for, by turning a deaf ear to the cries for help which come before our Christian people. I will not stand back in the work any longer." And it was decided that Mrs. Judge B. was to take Nellie Harris into her employ and help her to do right.

Five times has summer's sunlight shone over the stately city of Elms, and five times have the streets been wrapped in their snowy mantle, and again the Centre Church is crowded to listen to Mrs. J. K. Barney's words, which cannot fail to enthuse the hearts of her listeners, but this time she has a warm place in the hearts of the people, seventy-five earnest, loyal women, with Mrs. Judge B. at their head, are wearing the white ribbon for "God and Home and Native Land," and this time she spoke for them. Nellie Harris is still with Mrs. Judge B., and has proved faithful and true, and her name is known to every poor unfortunate one, and many bless her; but there are few who know of a little ebony box in her room which contains a card and a little knot of white ribbon over which she shed many bitter tears in her struggle for right at first.

To-night she too wears a white ribbon, for the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and no one would recognize in the quiet, lady-like looking girl the wreck of five years ago. But Mrs. Barney remembers, and her greeting is cordial, as to a friend.

Mrs. Judge B. has found by blessed experience that a few words, even on the busy streets, will bring forth abundant fruit. Dr. Ellis' prayer comes from the depths of his heart this night, and his words are wonderfully tender, for he knows the little story connected with the speaker's last visit, and when he ends with a blessing on the white ribbon, which is fast encircling the world, and all the members of the W. C. T. U., there is a heartfelt and earnest "Amen."

Reader, there is many a Nellie Harris in our crowded streets, but there are few Mrs. Barneys; let us all endeavor to live closer to the beautiful life from which she takes her example, and in a consecrated work for God and humanity find the rest and blessing of the promise—

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

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