

than once that if we ever wanted something right bad we should go to St. Joseph, and he'd be sure to hear us, if the thing we asked for was all right. Well, then I started a new vena, and I prayed for all I was worth for a good christmas dinner, especially turkey and oranges—just look at that turkey and those oranges, and the bottles with the corks done up in silver peeking out of the hay ! Well sir, I just prayed till both my knees got sore. I'll show'em to you, if you.

"Go on with your story, I am interested," said the doctor, whose face had softened wondrously. Joe relinquished his hold on the upper part of his stocking, straightened up and went on ;

"To-day is chritmas-eve, and the last day of the new vena, and this morning I started in to pray just as if I was beginning. A little before dinner-time ma, who had been sick right along got much worse, and my sister wanted to get a doctor, but ma was afraid of the expense, I reckon, and said no. Then I went at St. Joseph again, and do you know what I told him ? I said that I was willing to give up the turkey and oranges and candy if he would only send a good doctor to cure mamma, and while I was praying the bell rang, and there was a grocers' boy with his wagon. I had been expecting him, and as he came in I told him to bring the things in the parlor quietly, so that the folks wouldn't know any thing about it. You see I wanted to give them a surprise. The grocers' boy was a jolly fellow with a silver watch-chain. Then I felt sure St. Joseph meant to send a doctor, too ; so I've been waiting for you ever since, and it's over two hours. If you don't want an orange, you might as well come along and see my mother right away."

Again looking as thought we had just discovered America, the doctor suffered himself to be conducted up the stair-way into a small room.

"St. Joseph was sent a doctor to cure you, mamma."

The mother was in bed. Her daughter Mabel, who was bending tenderly over her, raised her sad eyes at these words, and then she, too, looked as though she were taking a part in the discovery of the Western Continent.

"The boy is right, multered the physician under his breath, as we stooped beside the bed and fixed his eyes