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mentary remarks in regard to Mrs. Barney and a few more invoking God's blessing, the meeting was over and the people were free to express their sentiments, which they were not slow to do. Some had gone out of curiosity, some to please the noble, earnest women who had instigated the meeting, and more because at the present time Dr. Ellis' church was very popular; and as they looked at the address from different stand-points, the comments were of course somewhat varied. There were many who simply admired the gifted speaker, but there were a few who felt the responsibility of God's work, but among the number who felt the need of a Father's strength and love was a girl in the back seat, who still clasped in her hands a bit of white ribbon. One by one the people had left the church or stood in groups and talked over the meeting, till at last the girl seemed to realize it was over, and starting to her feet she glided away. She walked swiftly along till she reached rather a neat-looking lodging-house and entered for the night.

She lay awake counting the hours, as the bell in an adjoining steeple tolled them out, till at last she fell asleep to dream of fair faces.

The morning sunlight shone in at the window when at last she opened her eyes, and springing up, she made as neat a toilet as possible, and descended the stairs to the plain though comfortable dining-room, and after a hurried breakfast made her way out upon the street, in the direction given on her card. The number brought her to a large brown-stone residence, and her courage seemed to leave her as she ascended the white marble steps and gave a timid pull at the polished silver bell. The smart maid in white cap and apron, with flowing ribbons, elevated her nose as she reluctantly permitted her to enter the hall, while she went to inform Mrs. Barney of her arrival; she soon returned and directed her to follow. As the library door swung back, and the slender, graceful figure and sweet face of her new-found friend appeared, her hesitancy vanished, but her eyes filled with tears as she felt the warm hand clasp and the thrilling gaze of her blue eyes.

"Now, my child," said the lady, "tell me all about it; how is it you are left to wander through the world, and thus early tread the path of wrong?" There was no withstanding the kindly sympathetic voice, and so seated close to the lady, the girl told again the old, old story of love and sin, old since the world began, yet new to many a trusting girl's heart that has no loving hand to guide; the story of a woman's love and man's perfidy, and when at last she found herself friendless and alone; the wine cup's ruddy light bade her find comfort there, and so she had only to find the result which is always sure to follow. "So you see, m'am, nobody will take a gaul bird, so there is no good way left for me," she concluded.

While the story had been told, the listener's heart had been