

child. Perhaps his words of warning had helped to save them, even if he himself was beyond control.

As he wept aloud, he felt a soft hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the minister's little daughter standing beside him, and as he looked into her face he thought it shone like an angel's.

'Won't you come and give your heart to Jesus?' the sweet voice said.

'Oh, I can't,' he sobbed. 'I am too far gone. I am a miserable, wretched sinner, and there is no hope for me.'

'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow,' quoted the child. 'Jesus can save the uttermost. Do come, and he will help you. Only trust him, and he will make you whole.'

It must have caused a flutter of excitement as the audience looked upon a scene the like of which they had never seen before; and as little Mary, the preacher's daughter, led an old, grey-haired man to the front, and placed his hand in that of her father, a loud 'Amen' was heard from different parts of the house.

Tremblingly the old man took the seat pointed out to him, drawing himself as far away from the others as possible, lest he should defile them. One by one they arose and confessed their faith in the Saviour; and when the preacher came to Tim and extended his hand to him, the old man said:

'Sir, I am not fit to be a Christian. I am wretched and undone. I thought there was no hope for me, but you said God was willing to save, even to the uttermost. I must tell you my history; then you must decide if there is any hope for me. Let me stay when the people are gone, and I will tell you all.'

Assuring him of God's mercy and willingness to forgive, the preacher told him to remain; and when the audience was dismissed the two went into the study, where the old man told the preacher the history of his life.

As he concluded his sad story, the preacher's cheeks were bathed in tears, and, trembling with emotion, he asked the old man's name.

'My name is Conner—Tim Conner—but I am known as "Old Tim, the drunkard."'

'Father, father, my long-lost father!' exclaimed the preacher, as he gathered the old man in his arms.

'Father I am your own Willie, the boy you left at the orphan asylum. God has been gracious to me in sparing me to be the means of bringing my own dear father back to the fold. For long years I have hunted for you, but had given you up as dead.'

The father then learned how his boy had been taken from the orphanage, reared and educated in a Christian family, and had made the great preacher he was.

It was a beautiful sight the people witnessed the next night, as the grey-haired father was led down into the baptismal pool and buried beneath the yielding wave by the hand of his son. And when, on emerging, a pair of little arms were thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice said, 'Grandpa, this is the happiest hour of my life,' the good pastor responded with a hearty 'Amen,' and that whole congregation joined with earnestness in singing:

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

'Old Tim, the drunkard,' is known no more, but 'Father Conner,' as he is familiarly known, is loved and respected by all. He no longer begs for a cold morsel at the kitchen door, but every Sunday may be seen, a neatly dressed old man, led by a sweet-

faced little maiden, as they happily walk to the church, and Pastor Conner has no more attentive listeners, nor has that church two more devoted workers, than grandpa and little Mary.

Her Way and His Way.

(By Frances Campbell Sparhawk, in 'The Standard'.)

The golden oriole sat a-tilt upon the japonica bush, the robins sang their merriest that summer morning, and the tall pines swayed their light tufts in the soft breeze. But little Nell Hampden, fifteen, saw nothing through her tears, but her aunt's scowling face, and heard only the angry words which had driven her out of doors, 'Go away, Miss Good-for-Nothing.' 'I'll attend to things myself.'

Nell would never be worth anything to anybody. This was what her aunt had said; and the child felt it was true. The thought almost broke her loving little heart. She sobbed on disconsolately.

'My dear child, what's the matter?' said a kind, but insistent voice.

'It's because I'm "Miss Good-for-Nothing,"' as Aunt Hetty says. It's all true, Uncle Ned. She is right. I'm the wrong one. I'm to turn a sharp corner, she says. But, somehow, I just don't. She says I have a "wobbly" mind. I don't know what to do with a "wobbly" mind,—do you?' She was looking very eagerly at him. 'Can't you put a little memory into me? Can't you make me different, Uncle Ned?'

Looking down into the face of the most truthful, humble-minded, tender-hearted child he had ever seen, her listener perceived that her present life must either harden or utterly discourage her.

'Yes, Nell,' he said, 'I will do something for you; I will tell you that I thoroughly believe in you and the kind of girl you are going to be. And now, will you justify my belief?'

'You believe in me!' cried Nell, clasping her hands, 'You believe in me, Uncle Ned?' Wonder and delight glowed in her face, and she stood looking in his face without another word.

'I believe in you with all my heart, Nell. But you are too careless and forgetful, my dear, and things must be changed. Now, go into the house and do your best. And this evening we will have a talk. There must be a change, Nell, dear.'

'Yes, Uncle Ned,' answered the girl, trying to speak cheerfully 'I'll go just when and where you say. I know it will be for my good; and then, of course, I deserve it.' The eyes dropped quickly, for there were tears in them again.

Mr. Redburn perceived that the child had misunderstood him. But he only said, 'Trust me, dear child.' And he patted the bright head affectionately, as Nell still looked down.

'I do, Uncle Ned. And, you know, I really ought to be doing for myself now. It might teach me.'

He muttered something under his breath, Then he had gone to catch his car.

Nell knew that at her father's death his affairs had been so tangled up that she had no money. If she were turned away from here she would have to earn her living somewhere; she was lost in wonder how as she walked slowly into the house and presented herself before Mrs. Redburn. 'What would you like to have me do now, Aunt Hetty?' she inquired meekly.

'Nothing!' sniffed her aunt, 'and if I did, I don't know what there is so easy that you could do it.'

Nell turned away. Whatever her uncle might say to her, here was someone who did not believe in her—and never would. The ache in her heart was so bad that it seemed to her that she did not care what was going to become of her.

On his way into the city Mr. Redburn got no good out of the morning's news. More than once a mist came before his eyes as he recalled those pathetic last words of Nell's. So his wife had given her a sense of dependence. It displeased him. He had taken in her niece when there was no other home for her, and he gave his wife credit for a self-respecting desire to have her relative develop qualities which should make her as short a time as possible a pensioner upon his bounty. But he himself was far from looking at the matter in this light. All his own children turned out good business men or matrons of importance in the community, were away from home. Nell was sunshine in the house—when the shadow of Mrs. Redburn's wrath did not overcome her. Was his wife too exacting? When he recalled the efficiency of his own children, he could not say so. Yet here was a different nature. Nell was getting to have too much self-conscious anxiety. And she had too little fun. What if this were a case of all work and no play? His wife had said that the girl would not 'concentrate.' Perhaps the child's wits were really scattered. What would give her a chance to pick them up again? He brooded over the matter behind his paper, until a sudden suggestion made him smile and nod his head knowingly.

That evening after his return the express brought to Nell a wheel with a card tied upon it marked 'From Uncle Ned.' The girl, who had been very pale and grave all day, flushed rosy red with delight. Mr. Redburn saw that his surmise, based on her morning's statement, had been correct, and that the reason she had always said she did not care for a wheel had only been because she had not wanted to put him to the expense of buying one for her. But the flush died away from Nell's face and she stood a few moments in downcast silence; then she looked up and thanked him gravely. She understood it as a parting gift, and it was so kind.

He smiled at her. 'I hope it will give you a world of pleasure, Nell,' he said. 'And I am sure it will help you. You can spin off for miles and miles and dream all you like on the way. Your wheel is to be your "change," you see. And then, when you come home, my dear, you must be wide awake. And I am quite sure you will be—quite sure,' he repeated slowly, and looked full at her with the kindest expression. 'I have full faith in you. I know you are coming out all right. And this is your home, little girl. We need you here. And very soon it is going to be so that your Aunt Hetty can get on without you. Eh, Nell?'

She stood looking at him motionless, her face transfigured by the happiness of this confidence and the power of an awakened will. 'Yes, Uncle Ned,' she said at last; and smiled at him radiantly.

No miracle took place. Nell did not grow into a practical, methodical girl in a week. But when her aunt, who did not believe in her capacity to learn, and would no longer trust her with responsibility, in spite of her husband's advice to the contrary, thrust her aside, Nell took to her wheel. In her long spins she not only breathed the strength and healing of the world of nature, but she lived in the atmosphere of the confidence and affection of her uncle, and this was to her the tonic of a new confidence in herself. She