

suddenly away, muttering between his teeth, "He's been awaitin' and awaitin' for her!"

"Poor little chap!" said Jack, seating himself on the miserable bed. "She cried because she could not come to you, and she has sent me to tell you how sorry she is."

"I wanted to see her awful! I wanted to ask her somethin'." Then after a moment, looking up into Jack's face as the young man took the dry, hot little hand between his cool ones, he said: "But I 'spect you could tell me. You're good too, like she is."

"The dickens I am!" thought Jack.

"You're not like me, that has stole lots an' lots of times an' done all sorts of bad," he went on in a thin, feeble voice. "But I was a-tryin'—tell her I *was* a-tryin'—but it was awful hard when you're hungry mostly and ain't had nothin' all day. But I wished I'd stayed hungry an' not stole! But what I want to ask yer is, do yer 'spose He'll let me in? She said He was sorry for me, and do yer think He knows I was a-tryin' an' maybe'd let me in up there that she told me about, where no person ain't never hungry any more, an' where yer don't want to steal, nor nothin'? Say, do yer think He will?" and the little hand clutched Jack's with feverish strength and his eyes looked almost in agony into his.

O Jack! Jack! What can you say to comfort this poor, penitent little sinner? Which of you two, think you, has the better chance of an entrance into the heavenly mansions? Which has made the most of his opportunities? The clasp of the boy's hand tightens and his eyes still question pitifully. Answer he must.

"Yes, Bob, yes!" said Jack, almost with sobs. "He will let you in, He surely will if you ask Him!"

"Then I will; you're good like her, an' yer know fur sure!"

The thin, hot hands were folded, the blue eyes closed, and Jack Alcott, watching in the dim light of one poor candle, saw the lips move. The eyes were opened again, and a radiant smile fairly glorified the little face.

"I've asked Him, an' He's goin' to let me in! He surely is!"

"Tell her," he went on presently, the voice growing faint and weak now, "tell her that you wur werry good to me, and tell her I wur a-tryin' like she tol' me, and that I've asked Him, an' He's goin' to let me in." A moment's pause, then, "You'll kinder look after Sam, won't yer?"

"Yes, Bob, I'll look after Sam, I promise you I will," and with great tears in his handsome eyes, the first that had come to bless them since he was a boy, Jack Alcott leaned over and kissed the white forehead. The blue eyes opened once more with a look of deep gratitude as the lips murmured, "Yer

good, werry good, to me," then a deep drawn breath, and Bob had been "let in."

Jack Alcott did not go back to report to Dorothea that night; he sent this note:—

"Little Bob is gone. He left you this message: 'Tell her that I wur a-tryin' as she tol' me, and that I've asked Him, and He's goin' to let me in.' I shall see to everything here, so do not worry."

"JACK."

Dorothea read the note, and, with her eyes full of tears, passed it to her husband.

"Dolly," he said as he laid it down, "I think our question for Jack is answered."

Yes, things had gone deep with Jack Alcott at last. Ever present was that pitiful little voice: "You're good; you're not like me that's stole lots an' lots of times an' done all sorts of bad." Sitting in his dark room one night with Sam, who, worn out by his grief, was asleep on the sofa beside him, Jack finally faced the great question of life.

Poor little Bob with his baby sins! Ah, yes! he had been "let in." But with opportunities so basely misused, what hope was there for one like like himself? Get thee behind him, Satan, with your vile temptation to limit the power of God! But down on your knees, Jack Alcott, and there beg for mercy. Listen: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "For a little moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

Ah, you may well tremble, Satan, and slink away, for he is on his knees, and your wretched reign in that soul is over for ever!

It began to be noised abroad soon after the pitiful funeral that Jack Alcott had thrown up his pretence of business and was working night and day down in the slums among newsboys, boot-blacks, and worse, and that a shadow called Sam was ever beside him as his right-hand man.—A.H.L. in *Free Church Monthly*.

THE MEASURE OF OUR DAYS.

PSALM XXXIX. 4.

In all our walks, in all our ways,
Think not the measure of our days
Is gauged by figures and by rules,
As erst was taught us in the schools;
But, as we help a brother's needs
By noble acts and generous deeds,
By giving comfort where we may,
By lighting up a mourner's way;
The sum of means which we employ
To turn a fellow's ills to joy—
This is the measure of our days.