

ere he began his walk to the Brooklyn bridge, spanning the bustling river between him and his home.

"I like those pictures," murmured Nat, gazing at the beautiful scenes wrought on the door of bronze. "I don't know but I like Jacob the best."

This was the old scene of the sleeping Jacob and prayer's bright, angelic ministrations.

Suddenly Nat heard a sound: "Whew-ew-ew! that's the boss!"

He looked up and saw a boy younger than himself, shabbily dressed, and carrying under his arm the papers that advertised his calling.

"What's that feller a-doin'?" asked the newsboy, pointing at the sleeping Jacob.

Nat told the story.

"That's a take every time!" declared the newsboy. He gazed a while longer, and, before Nat was aware of it, his bare feet pattered out to the sidewalk, and a shrill cry went up:

"*Eradl — Times — Tribune — Sun!* all the papers."

Nat, too, went along. He went thinking. He wondered where the boy lived, what he would do with his interest in dreaming Jacob, whether he would look again at the bronze pictures. Half-way over the Brooklyn bridge, looking down upon the rushing tug-boats far below, Nat exclaimed:

"I wonder if that boy will go there to the Trinity door again?"

The next day, at the same hour, Nat was out by the church door, and again he was looking at the dreaming Jacob.

"That boy yesterday seemed interested," thought Nat. "Now I belong to the junior auxiliary, and ought to do something about him. I wonder where he lives?"

"Whew ew-ew! came a low, yet clear, whistle-like sound.

Nat looked up. There was the boy again.

"He hain't got up yet," said the boy, nodding at Jacob.

"No," replied Nat; "and he doesn't look as if he wanted to either."

"I don't blame him, if he had been a-sellin' papers all round here. Say!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you think he looks tired?"

"Oh, he was tired, no doubt." To himself he said: "He has asked one question, and I will ask another." He spoke up: "Do you live round here?"

"Purty near! You want to see?"

"I should, very much."

Nat was taken to a street in the neighborhood of Broadway.

"There!" The boy pointed down the dingy depths of an alley. "There; that is where I live."

The next moment he was running down the alley, leaving Nat alone. The boy turned once in response to a salutation from a group of boys:

"Chicksie, how did ye papers go?"

"Fine!" he told them; "they took the cake!"

"I have found out his name is 'Chicksie,' and where his street is," thought Nat, coming back to East Broadway.

Perhaps a week went by, and the Trinity school boy often wondered if he would see Chicksie again.

"A Junior ought to get hold of a boy like Chicksie, and get him into the Sunday school. I don't seem to make any progress. The stranger, that day I first saw Chicksie, thought I could not get Trinity door open. Here is a door I can't seem to open——"

His meditation was interrupted by that low, whistle-like sound which Nat had heard before:

"Whew-ew-ew!"

There was Chicksie now, holding a little girl by the hand and pointing out the sleeping Jacob.

"Now is my chance," thought the member of the Junior Auxiliary.

"Glad to see you!" cried Nat. "Is that your——"

"Yes, it's my sister," replied Chicksie. "She likes to see pictures. Ain't that the boss, Sis?"

Sis silently, stolidly nodded her head. Then she turned away.

"Got 'nuff? Want to go, Sis?"

The small Sphinx nodded her head. The Sphinx and Chicksie turned to go.

"Must get them into Sunday-school," thought Nat, following them promptly.

"You—didn't show me your home," remarked Nat.

"You didn't show me yours,

neither," said Chicksie, promptly.

"But—but I will. You go over Brooklyn Bridge with me?"

"I got to sell papers."

The three walked toward East Broadway.

"Juniors must not get discouraged," thought Nat.

"You—you want to see where I live? honest?" asked Chicksie.

"Of course I do."

They walked down the alley upon which was Chicksie's home. They were turning into a dirty doorway when a drunken man bolted out. Chicksie and the Sphinx went ahead, not seeming to mind him. Nat fell back. His good clothes seemed to arouse the anger of the drunkard.

"Gur—gur—go!" he said, advancing menacingly and pointing out of the alley. "Go, or I'll make ye."

Nat took the hint. When he went home, he met his father and mother at the dinner-table, and broke into the exclamation!

"Well, I didn't get the door open. It's ajar, though, I do believe."

"What door?" asked his father.

"I don't mean a real door; but I want to get a boy into the Sunday-school, and it is like opening a door. I do believe I've got it ajar, though. You want to know about it?"

"Yes, yes!" said his father.

"Yes, yes!" said his mother.

Nat told his story.

"That's a very interesting case," remarked his father.

"Yes, a very interesting case," echoed his mother.

Neither, though, suggested any course of action. Nat went upstairs to his room. His home was on Brooklyn Heights. From the windows of his chamber he could look across East River to New York. Out of the last of the lingering light the spire of Trinity rose up, sharply outlined against a wide space of golden sky, and pointing heavenward. Nat watched the beautiful scene. The heavenward-pointing spire deeply impressed him.

"That is what I need," murmured Nat. "I need help to get my door open, and I know which way to look."

He fell upon his knees. The light stealing out of the room seem-