

pose, and the announcement of probable difficulty, here and there, nerved her slight frame with vigor, and gave purpose to her step.

"Father, I want twenty dollars. I'm going to visit the poor, and it's no use going without money in one's pocket, and I've really spent nearly all my last month's allowance," she said.

"All right, my child," said the millionaire, pulling a check-book from his pocket and writing a check for the amount with his fountain pen. "You can call at the bank as you go by and get this cashed. Now take care of yourself."

"Oh, yes, daddy, I'll do that. I'm not a bit afraid."

Armed with her twenty dollars, she was soon knocking at the door of the first house on her list. The door was opened by a respectable-looking working-man, who came to the door with a newspaper in his hand.

"Does Mrs. T—— live here, please?" said Lily, referring to her list.

"Yes, that's my wife, Miss. Did you want to see her?"

"Yes, I'm one of the visitors from St. Christopher's church. I came to see if I could do anything for you?"

"Well, you seem to have *our* name very pat on your list—would it be too much to ask what yours is, Miss?"