

ing. You have spoken to him, haven't you? Poor little chap! he has no friends, and has been utterly neglected all his life. I suppose the best thing he can do is to die." The doctor sighed, and moved on.

Joe lay still, almost as much shocked as he had been when he imagined the words were about himself. He had not dreamed that Timmy was going to die. He thought he was getting better.

It was very quiet in the ward soon after that: the gas was turned low and shaded, and the night nurse had taken her place at the farther end of the long room. Most of the patients were asleep. Joe raised himself on his pillow and looked at the neighbor so close to him.

"Timmy," he said softly, "are you asleep?"

"No," came from the bed next to him; "I ain't asleep."

"Timmy, did you ever pray?"

"No," said Timmy; "don't know now."

"Why, it's just talking, Timmy; talking to Jesus Christ, you know. Don't you want to talk to him, and ask him to take care of you?"

"It wouldn't do no good," said Timmy. "He don't know nothing about me. Nobody does."

"O, yes, He does, Timmy! He knows all about everybody; and if you want his help, or want Him to make you well, you know, or to take care of you, all you've got to do is to ask to Him."

"I ain't a-goin' to get well," said Timmy, in a listless voice; "I heard the doctor say so. He thought I didn't hear, but I did. I am a-goin' to die."

"O, Timmy! then you want Jesus Christ surely. He is the only one to take care of people who are going to die."

"I don't know nothing about him, and He don't care nothing about me, else He would a-took care of me."

"Timmy, that isn't true. He does know about you, and he does care about you; but you say yourself that you haven't asked him to do anything for you. Timmy, don't you want to go to heaven? It is a beautiful place, and they don't have any troubles there of any kind; and are never hungry nor cold, nor anything that is bad: and Jesus Christ is the one who can take you there. Don't you want to go?"

"What's the use?" said Timmy; "it ain't no place for me. There don't nobody care nothing for me."

"Timmy," said Joe, growing more earnest every minute, with a solemn remembrance that his time was short. "I wish you'd listen to me and understand. That honestly isn't true. I'd tell you the truth, wouldn't I? It says in the Bible—God's book—that you can go to Heaven if you want to."

Timmy turned wondering eyes on his neighbor. "Is my name in the Bible? Did you ever see it there?"

"Yes," said Joe eagerly, "I saw a good deal better than your name. I'll tell you the word I saw: it said 'whosoever.' Listen, Timmy: 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"

"Once there was a man who preached a sermon on that text; and he said he thought that verse was better than though it had had his own name in it. His name was Simpson—Matthew Simpson—and he said, 'If the verse had read, "If Matthew Simpson shall call on the name of the Lord he shall be saved," he should have thought it might mean some other Matthew Simpson, but when it said "whosoever" it must mean him.'"

"That's so," said Timmy thoughtfully. "There was a Timmy Wilcox, a little black boy, a boot-black, who was on the same beat where I sold papers: it might a-meant him. 'Whosoever' well, that is better than a name."

"Of course it is," said Joe eagerly. "Now, Timmy, won't you do it?"

"I don't know how."

"Why, yes, you do; you know how to call. Say 'O, Lord Jesus! forgive my sins, and take me to Heaven.' That would be calling on him. Don't you want to do it, Timmy?"

"I might try it," said Timmy, turning a pair of great hungry eyes thoughtfully upon Joe's face. "Twouldn't do a fellow no harm."

"No, it wouldn't; it would do him good. That's what 'calling' means. There's the verse, you know: 'Whosoever shall call shall be saved,' and He always tell the truth."

"I'll try it," said Timmy, still in that slow, grave tone.

In the stillness of the night how strange it sounded to Joe to hear the words. The voice was low—Timmy was very weak—but it sounded distinctly to Joe.

"O, Lord Jesus! forgive my sins, and take me to Heaven."

Not once, nor twice, but many times during the early part of that night were those words whispered near to Joe's bed.

There was no more talking between them, for the nurse had come forward and reminded them that they must be quiet and try to sleep, and let others sleep.

Joe turned on his pillow, and wet it with tears which were not for himself. It seemed very hard that Timmy, so close to him, was going to die, and was all alone. He didn't think he should go to sleep that night; but he did, and when he awoke sunlight was in the ward. He raised up eagerly and looked about him, but the bed next to him was vacant, smoothly spread in white. Timmy was gone.