

moment while she approached the old woman.

"This is my brother, and if you allow us we shall put you safely in a cab."

The other made no answer, but rose, almost as a child would have done, still clutching her precious basket tightly.

The old gentleman aided her to alight from the car, and then said very kindly : "If things are not what you expect, come to me. This is my address," handing her a card which bore the name of one of the wealthiest brokers of the city.

A woman drew near and hastily slipped a dollar bill into a corner of the basket and stole away quickly, hoping that her little act was unnoticed. And perhaps it was by many, though the Recording Angel surely did not pass it by.

Kindly, pitying eyes followed the queer little figure, as she passed with the girl down the long platform and out into the street beyond. They were simple folk, but for the most part out holiday-making. The little incident of that day would be forgotten in the days of the morrow ; but their lives would be the richer for it. For it was Christmas-tide, when the peace and goodwill of which the angels sang two thousand