

you are doubly welcome," she said, "for I have such a wretched cold that I need company."

But she was not to have it, after all, for at that moment a maid entered with a note, at which, on opening, Dorothea first laughed, then looked as though she wanted to cry.

"What is it?" asked Jack; then she handed it to him.

"Bob's techer," it said—

"Bob's awful fond uv you an' no mistake, an' ef yer ever wants ter see him agin yerd better com rite off. Bob's askin' fur yer an' askin' fer yer hes that terrible sick. I'm his brother Sam."

"Oh, Jack, what shall I do?" and there was no doubt about the crying now.

"What does it mean?" he asked, full of sympathy at her evident distress.

"Bob is in my class at the mission, and though I have only had him for a few Sundays I have grown really fond of him. I think I never saw quite such a little heathen as he was, but he is very lovable. He was not out last Sunday, and I intended to go and see him, but this cold has kept me in. Oh, I wonder if I might not go to-night."

"Certainly not. It would be your death in such air."

"But fancy the poor little fellow wanting me! It breaks my heart to think that he will be wondering why I do not come. If Will would only come home!"

"Why, I will go and explain it gladly, if you will tell me where the little scamp is to be found."

"He and his brother have a tiny room at the top of a tenement house. Oh, how good you are!" and she seized a bit of paper and wrote off the address.

"First time I have ever been accused of that," he said, dryly, as he took the paper and went off, promising to come back and report.

Jack Alcott experienced a rather peculiar sensation as he climbed the fourth flight of stairs in a tumble-down tenement, knocked at a certain door, and, in response to a rough, boyish voice, entered. Directly before him, on a miserable apology for a bed, lay an evidently dying child, who, with eyes bright with fever, was looking beyond him

as he crossed the room to the still open door.

"Didn't she come?" he asked, pitifully, when he found that Jack was unaccompanied.

"She couldn't Bob, she was sick herself," and Jack Alcott felt a strange lump rising in his throat as he saw the big tears rush into the blue eyes.

The other boy, presumably Sam, turned 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 fur me, and do yer think He knows I was a-tryin', and maybe'd let me in up there that she told me about, where no person ain't never hungry, and 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 the 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 the 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 shure!"

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 open 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 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 eyes, the first which 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, an' He's going 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 fast 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 himself? Get thee behind him, Satan, with your vile temptation to limit the power