

"Then what did you say to him?" "I asked him to cut my pencils."

"And did he?" "Yes, he cut them all."

"Do you know who that was?" "No."

"That was the Archbishop of Canterbury."

LITTLE LOUISE.

66 **M**HY, Evelyn, what is that?"
 "An organ grinder."
 "No, a fiddle. There, it has stopped."

Yes, it had stopped, and under the bright leaved trees sat a man and woman, the fiddle resting on his knee, while a nondescript little creature leaned against the mother.

"What shall we do?" said the woman in rapid French, "nobody gives to us. They say in their English 'dey deserves not, dey buy drink, we give not de unknown.' Does, mamma, then, look so villainous, my Louise?"

And indeed she looked more like a lovely little mother. The man glanced fiercely from under his black brows and muttered:

"How shall I care for you in these harsh winters, you and Bebe?"

"We shall find a home from night to night if work does not come, though not under the blue sky as in summer. If my treasure but continues well and we can clothe her," she added with a sigh, regardless of her own rags.

"The angels will care for her, my trusting Elise," answered the man kindly, and they moved on.

"Look, Evelyn, it is a fiddle," cried the little girl who had spoken first, as the French people passed their window.

"And a baby, Beth Palmer, as sure as anything. I'll send them round to get some breakfast."

"What a miserable little thing," said Beth, as the people went by. "How I should love to dress her."

"Let's," cried Evelyn, who loved all babies, especially the dirty and unfortunate.

Away ran the girls to the back porch, where they found Louise, a sloppy bundle of milk and calico. Her little face was not very clean and a queer dark slip dragged on the ground, while her feet were only covered by some tiny old shoes.

"We want—if you please—if you don't mind—to make some dress or something for your little girl. She is so cunning."

Many persons would not have agreed with the last clause, but the woman smiled gladly.

"Our tanks. Tank you, lady."

Evelyn brought out a tape and began measuring the baby, who took it with the stolidity of a little wanderer.

"Wud ye luck at her!" remarked the good-natured cook, "measurin' as af it wur human, an' goin' in for the stoyle."

The girls ran upstairs, with charges to the people to come back at six o'clock. They carried the sewing machine into the spare room, hunted up some plaid flannel, buttons, etc., shut themselves in, and went to work.

Beth cut and basted. Evelyn sewed on the machine. But lunch-time came soon. The skirt was finished, the waist not half done. Another half hour slipped by.

"Now, we must not stop, Beth, and I can do nothing till you give me back the waist for the button holes. You must put the waist and skirt on one band."

"Let's make some petticoats to fill up the chinks. Will you go to the closet and get the muslin and flannel?"

The afternoon flew by. Hems were stitched, bands basted, button holes finished. Steps on the walk. There were the man with the fiddle, and the woman with the tired baby in her arms.

"Now Beth, fly! Will you stitch these while I give them their supper?"

And Beth did fly. On went the bands; up came the baby. "Little Louise," Evelyn announced.

"Let's wash and dress her while they finish supper."

Beth threw down her work and went for water. Louise was lifted about with her sad passiveness, only clinging tightly to her crust of bread. But when the water touched her she set up a tired, doleful little wail that went to their hearts.

"She shall not be washed. She is as clean as we are. There, there, darling." But Louise dropped her crust and putting both her little fists to her eyes, cried more sadly than ever.

In came Evelyn's mother with a little red-riding-hood and some baby stockings, found in an old trunk, and in a few minutes baby was quieted and dressed and carried down to the grateful mother. And as the people tramped away in the dusk, Elise said restfully:

"My wish is finished, dear, does not Bebe look like a princess?"

"Ah," cried Henri, "said I not the angels are always sent to those who trust?"—*Mary Sicard Jenkins, in the "Young Churchman," Milwaukee.*

THE late Archbishop Tait on one occasion made very free with one of his sermons. Driving down Holloway Hill, after preaching at a certain church, he was confronted by a runaway horse with a heavy dray making straight for his carriage. He threw a sermon in its face. The horse was so bewildered by the fluttering of the leaves, that it swerved and paused, the driver regained control, the sermon was picked up, and the Archbishop proceeded on his way. "I don't know," said he "whether my sermon did any good to the congregation, but it was of great service to myself."