

"Yes, I did," responded the younger, "but I thought it was an almanac."

"No, it is a card inviting the lodgers to a place of worship, called the Chapel for the Destitute. There is a large congregation, all very poor,—good singing,—no collections,—and I shall be very glad to see you both there to-night."

"Well, sir, the fact is, I do not know what to do. I pawned the handkerchief off my neck last night, for a shilling, to pay the lodgings for myself and children. I have never been so reduced as at present. I am no drinker, my wife is at Halifax, with two of our youngest children, waiting until I get employment; and when I return to my miserable lodgings, I do not know whether the landlord will give me credit till to-morrow."

"Well, my dear sirs, come to the Chapel this evening, and your lodgings shall be paid."

"Thank God! you have lifted a weight from my breast," exclaimed the elder man. "And from mine, too," said the younger.

That night both made their appearance at the Chapel. After service, Johnson, for that was the name of the elder person, introduced his two little girls, who made a very nice curtsy; and on their receiving one penny each, the father sixpence, and the other man three-pence, all four faces brightened up with joy at the paltry gift of eleven-pence.

On the following morning, the younger man went on to Oldham, but Johnson remained in Rochdale to seek employment at his own trade,—gardening, or any other spade work. For several days he tried hard, travelling over many miles of ground, but without success; and night found him standing before my house, the very picture of anxiety,—for he could not beg, and having nothing wherewith to