

About three weeks after this occurrence, I was going under St. Clement Danes' archway. A little ragged-school shoe-black was kneeling at one side. After the customary 'Clean your bo—ots, sir?' to my astonishment he made a dive forward, and stood, chuckling and grinning with delight, right in front of me and the friend with whom I was walking. The boy's eyes were absolutely running over with pleasure; but I had not the dimmest notion who he was. There he stood, making respectful scoops with his hand, ducking and smiling at me in a way that was almost embarrassing; so I said, 'Well, my boy, you seem to know me; and who are you?'

'Please, sir, I'm Jack.'

'Jack? Jack who?'

'Only Jack, sir; please, sir.'

All at once it flashed across me who the lad was.

'I remember now,' said I; 'have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love Him by obeying Him?'

'Yes, sir, I have, indeed I have,' he answered, with intense earnestness.

'I was delighted, and stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by letting him clean my shoes.'

'Can you read, Jack?' I asked.

'Yes, sir, not overly well; but I can make shifts to spell out a page.'

'Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story I told you the other night?'

No answer; but an odd sound, half a chuckle of inexpressible happiness, half a choke of emotion at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenwards. He did not know much, but if he had only learnt to say, 'Lord, remember me,' was there not a worse thief than he who was in no wise cast out?

'I see you would like it, Jack; come to my rooms to-morrow, at half-past four, and you shall have one. Here is the address; good-bye.'

'So you have been out into the highways and hedges, compelling them to come in, have you?' said my friend. 'Well, it was sinners that Jesus Christ came to call to repentance.'

Exactly at half-past four on the morrow came one modest tap at the door. In walked Jack at my summons. I shook hands with him, and said I was glad to see him, and bade him come and sit by me.

'Jack, why do you want a Testament?'

'To read about Him you told us of,' said he, shortly.

'Why do you want to read about Him; because you love Him, is it?'

Jack nodded, shortly and decisively. There was no hesitation, no doubt about the matter—not a whit.

'Why do you love Him?'

Jack was quite silent. His little ordinary features worked, his eyes twinkled, his soiled blouse heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table,

sobbing as if his heart would break—'Cause they killed Him!' gasped poor Jack.

I let him cry till his sobs became less frequent, and then I read him some passages from St. John's Gospel, the one that seems peculiarly to suit the lowly, the poor, and the unlearned. Then I talked to him of what was filling his own heart, the exceeding great love of Jesus our Saviour, and of the happy home where he and I, by His great mercy, should fall at those blessed feet that were pierced for us, and tell Him—try to tell Him—a little of the love we bear Him.

It was pleasant to see the boy's simple delight at the bare idea of serving the Lord that bought him, and to answer his eager questions about one thing and another. 'How shall I do here? What shall I say then?' There seemed no danger of half-heartedness or shame in him. Oh! would to God there were as little in older and wiser Christians,—aye, in him who was trying to teach him.

Then I wrote, or rather printed, his name, at his particular request, 'werry large' in the Testament. Then I asked him if I should speak to the Lord Jesus with him and for him. We knelt down side by side, and, in simple words, I prayed for help and guidance for this little ungainly lamb of the Good Shepherd in his dark and difficult pilgrimage. I think he followed me, and I was quite repaid by his simple thanks.

A little more talk about his prospects, and we parted with a mutual promise that if he needed help he would come to me, and he should get it.

Have I seen the other eleven, did you ask? Ah, my friend, were there not ten cleansed, and where are the nine? And yet who knows but they also may have cherished memories of the story of Divine love to which they listened?"

## ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.



THE summer evening two little girls were walking in one of the London cemeteries. They had turned from the broad walk, bordered by imposing monuments, and were treading a narrow path beside the humbler graves of the poor, where many a curious memorial gave pathetic illustration of the truth that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Two quaint-looking little mortals these children were, with dust-stained and threadbare garments, and faces too old for their years, as they trudged along, each bending under the weight of the baby she carried. The elder of the two, a sharp faced girl about ten years old, with a quantity of coarse red hair falling beneath her brimless hat, was evidently searching for some particular grave.

"Here it is, Ruth!" she exclaimed, pausing before a mound of earth, distinguished from many similar ones by a large pickle jar which had been placed upon it; "that's where my uncle's buried."

Her companion, a pale thin child, with large blue eyes, looked curiously at the spot.