

'I only wish it was to-night!' sighed Joan, 'but I must save some money first to get out o' London with. Mrs. Moss and grandfather 'ud find us if we stayed in London.'

The tramp back to the East End seemed longer to the girl's tired feet than the walk westward had done in the morning. But at last Joan reached the old-clothes' shop where Mrs. Moss was sitting in the dim glimmer of as small a jet of gas as it was safe to have in that neighborhood. Joan put her burden down on the counter, and received the deposit paid for her after the stipulated sum had been deducted. There was but sixpence left for Joan to have.

'Have you given her anything to eat?' asked Mrs. Moss with a vicious glance at the child.

'Not a bit or sup had crossed her lips to-day since she went out this morning,' answered Joan, 'and, oh, if you'd only let me feed her with a little tiny morsel o' supper before I go away! Tatters says I shall be worth a mint o' money some day, and then I'll remember you, Mrs. Moss. I've got a stale bun in my pocket, and I'll feed Lucky in your sight if you'll only let me.'

Joan's pleading voice, and her pretty face leaning eagerly over the counter, made some impression even on Mrs. Moss. She muttered, 'I had a gal o' my own once,' and bade Joan follow her into the dingy kitchen behind the shop. Then she poured some gin and water on the stale bun and watched jealously while the girl fed little Lucky with it. A faint tinge of color came across the child's white face, and a slight glow of warmth to her emaciated frame. She smiled up into Joan's face and putting her arms round her neck, whispered in her ear, 'Go away now,' she said; 'kiss me Doan; I don't feel so bad now.'

CHAPTER. IV.

TWIN BROTHERS.

How long he stayed in the gaily, lighted spirit-vaults old Isaac did not know; but he drank there steadily and slowly for some time, until the haunting consciousness of his present vice and misery passed away, and memories of his earlier and better days stirred in his muddled brain. He staggered out of the place, leaving Tatters to follow when she chose. The fog had turned into a thick, drizzling rain and there was a comparative solitude and calm in the almost empty streets, which suited the halfdrunken old man's mood, as he stumbled unsteadily along, muttering fragments of collects and psalms, which had been as familiar as household words to him in his younger days.

Turning aimlessly out of one street into another, he wandered into Silverdale Road about the same time that Roger Chippendell entered it at the other end. Roger was bringing his legacy of fifty pounds to lay out in London to the best advantage in his Lord's services. There was a grateful glow of happiness about his heart.

'I could almost find it in my heart to lift up my voice and sing his praises in London streets!' said Roger Chippendell to himself.

Just as the words crossed his mind there fell upon his ear the sound of a voice not far off—a weak and trembling voice, yet with tones in it that touched the very core of old Roger's heart:

'There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.'

Roger stood under a lamp post listening. Whose voice could that be? There was no doubt in his mind who he could be.

'Isaac!' he cried out, 'brother Isaac!

Whether delight or pain was uppermost in his heart Roger could not have said himself as he clasped the hands of his twin brother in his. Isaac had been lost so long and now he was found again, he seemed almost as lost as ever. The miserable man started at him with his bleared eyes, and stammered a few incoherent words as he tried to free himself from Roger's grasp; but he would not let him go.

'No, no, I can't lose sight of thee again, Isaac,' he exclaimed. 'I promised thy mother on her death-bed as I'd seek thee; and I've sought thee sorrowing many a day. Thou'lt come home with me to my daughter Joanna's house by. Thank God he has sent thee in my way!'

(To be continued.)

A SERMON FROM PAPER.

The Queen visited a paper mill. They showed her the machinery, how they bleached the rags, and ground them into pulp; how they made sheets, and smoothed them, dried them, and made them beautiful. As she was leaving, she saw, outside, the rag-pickers and the filthy rags. A few days after this, she found on her desk a pile of the most beautifully polished paper she had ever seen. On each sheet were the letters of her own name and her own likeness. With it she found this note: "Will my Queen be pleased to accept a specimen of my paper, with the assurance that every sheet was manufactured out of the contents of those dirty rags which she saw on the poor rag-pickers. With all the colors and filth washed out. I trust the result is such as to call forth her admiration. Will the Queen also allow me to say that I have had many a good sermon preached to me in my mill? I can understand how the Lord Jesus Christ can take the poor heathen, and low, sinful creatures everywhere, viler than the rags, and wash them clean; and, though their sins be scarlet, make them whiter than snow; and, though they be red, like crimson, make them as wool. And I can see how He can write His own name on their foreheads, as the Queen will find her name on each sheet of paper; and even as these filthy rags may go into the palace and be ever admired, some poor, vile sinner may be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and be received into the palace of the great King in Heaven."

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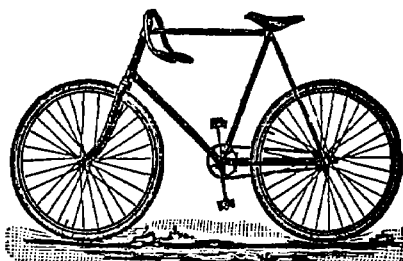
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