

Little Jim's simple faith was evinced by his awe-struck manner, and by his glance into the shady parts of the room, while his voice sank into a whisper as he said :

"You loves Him, sir, doesn't you? *Is He here?*"

"Yes, my lad, He is here; we can't see Him, but He can see us, and He can hear us, and He likes us to ask Him for whatever we want, and if it's good for us He'll give it."

So we knelt down, and simply asked the Lord to bless the little lad. When we arose to prepare for our midnight journey the boy's eyes were suffused with tears, and we felt that another heart was opening to the gentle voice of the Good Shepherd.

It was about half an hour after midnig't when we sallied forth upon our interesting quest, Jim no longer following behind, but with his hand confidently placed in ours.

Quickly passing through the greater streets, our little guide eventually led the way into Houndsditch, which having partly traversed, we stopped midway, and ascended one or two steps into a kind of narrow court, through which we passed, entering at length what seemed, as far as one could judge at the time, to be a long empty shed. This, in truth, it was; but throughout the day it is filled with persons buying and selling old clothes. It is called the 'Change, and terminates in a network of narrow passages, leading from and into Petticoat Lane.

But when upon the night in question, guided by our little waif, we passed through these narrow lanes and streets, all was still. The black and dingy shutters of the little crib-like shops were closed by strong bolts and bars, and no sound did we hear save the echo of our own footsteps, and now and then the lonely and sorrowful wail of some forlorn cat.

We looked around on every side, expecting to see the lads whom Jim had spoken of. We peered under barrels, peeped into corners, and looked everywhere, but without success. We began to feel doubtful concerning the lad's story, when he dispelled our doubts by saying :

"All right, sir. Come on 'em soon. They

dursn't lay about 'ere, cos the p'licemen keep such a werry sharp look-out all along on these 'ere shops. Oncet, when I wor green, I stopped under a barrer down there"—pointing to a court adjoining—but I near got nabbed, so I never slep' there agin."

Meanwhile we reached by a circuitous route the outside wall of the shed, and Jim, turning to us, with his finger on his lips, said :

"'Sh! we are there now, sir. You'll see lots on 'em, if we don't wake 'em up."

We were at the end of our journey. A high dead wall stood in front, barring our further progress; but, looking hastily around, we could see no traces of lads.

"Where are the boys, Jim?" we asked in an under'one.

"Up there, sir," he replied, pointing with his finger to the iron roof of the shed of which this wall was the boundary.

(Concluded in our next.)

GIVING TO CHRIST.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning—
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

EVERY man who is in vital sympathy with Jesus Christ rejoices in the consciousness that he is working for posterity.