

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Soon after they got in, Mr. Goodwin arrived from the city, where a solicitor had been consulted, who had promised to think the matter over, and to help them all he could. Mrs. Goodwin told her story—how she had heard of a friendless girl who had been living alone in Eagle Court for some years, and how she thought it may prove to be Patience Doweit. Many inquiries were set on foot; and Mr. Thompson went to see the girl himself, while Greg was greatly excited to think that very soon he might be with his long lost sister. But when Mr. Thompson returned he said he felt sure the girl was not the one he sought.

"She is too old, in the first place—she is nearly eighteen, she says; and then her mother only died a few years ago, she remembers her quite well. No, I am sure she is not my sister's child. We must look out and wait."

A few more days passed, and Mr. Thompson said he must return to his farm. Greg seemed quite in despair at the thought of returning without his sister, and begged hard to be allowed to remain in London.

"But what will aunt say?" said Mr. Thompson. "She did not like to part with you, even for this short time, and will be very disappointed if I go home without you."

"But she wants me to find Patience, and I know we shall soon. Isaac prays for her every day, and God will soon tell us where she is."

"Let him stay for awhile," said Mrs. Goodwin; "we will take care of him, and perhaps this very desire is of God's ordering."

So Greg stayed in London, sending lots of love down to his aunt, and telling her to be sure and get a room ready for Patience, for he felt sure that God would bring her home to them soon.

The days and weeks went by. Mr. Goodwin followed up every clue, and Greg was unceasing in his efforts to find the lost one. One afternoon he was visiting old Isaac, and they had as usual been talking of the happy land, when the door opened and a step was heard.

"Who is that?" asked Greg.

"I expect it is the upstairs lodger."

"I didn't know there was one."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Jones lived there for many years, till her daughter took her away to live with her; Martha's lived there ever since."

"Does she live all by herself?"

"Yes, she's quite young, but she has no friends, poor thing,

and she's such a quiet, good girl. Patty!" he called, as the steps again passed the door, "come in here a bit."

The door was pushed open, and a gentle looking girl of about fifteen came in.

"Are you busy just now?" asked Isaac.

"No, I was only just going to the shop for some bread."

"Well, stop here a bit; here's a friend of mine come to see me. Ain't you at work this afternoon?"

"No," and the girl's lips quivered; "they say they shan't have any more work at present."

"Never mind," said Isaac, hope-

fully. "I'll stay if you like, but what are you going to do?"

But Greg was off.

CHAPTER X.

FOUND AT LAST!

Mr. Goodwin hurried away to "The Battlefield" with Greg, as soon as he heard the news.

"Don't build too much upon it, my boy," he said, as they walked down the street; "there may have been another Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court. We must not let the girl expect too much, especially as she is in need, till we

"I didn't leave her; she was taken ill and went to the hospital, and while she was there the landlord sold everything up, and turned me out, and I never heard any more of her."

"What have you been doing ever since?"

"I got work at a factory, and since I came here I've been working for a manufacturer, but to-day he says he shan't want me again at present, so I must look out for fresh work."

Mr. Goodwin talked to her for some time, and rejoiced to find that the girl seemed to have been kept pure and simple through all the lonely life she had led.

"How came you to be living alone? Have you no friends?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Lister always said it was best to keep ourselves to ourselves, and I never wanted to mix with girls at the factory."

"How came you to find lodgings here?"

"I always liked 'The Battlefield.' Mrs. Lister said my mother died there, and when the folks I lived with left Falcon's Alley, I found this room was to let, and came here."

"Did you know Mrs. Lister was not your mother?"

"Oh yes, she often told me so."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have one brother—at least, Mrs. Lister told me so just after her accident, before they took her to the hospital. I think she thought she was going to die, and she said, 'Patty, you've got a brother. I'm to blame that I never let you know it before, but old Moll's such a bad woman.' I don't know what she meant; but I've never seen him."

Mr. Goodwin could hardly restrain Greg from speaking, but he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked Patty, "Do you know your mother's name at all?"

"Yes," she said slowly; Mrs. Lister gave me a handkerchief that she said was mother's, with her name on it; she said I was never to use it, but always to keep it for her sake. It's upstairs; shall I get it?"

"Yes, do."

And the girl left the room.

"She is my sister, Mr. Goodwin—oh, isn't she?" said Greg, and the boy shook with excitement.

"I think so, Greg, I really think so; God is very good to you; but don't tremble so, my boy."

"Ay, but I'm glad you found her here," said Isaac.

The girl soon re-appeared, holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief, yellow with age and



"THE GIRL SOON RE-APPEARED, HOLDING IN HER HAND A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF."

fully. "Some more work'll turn up; don't you be down-hearted. See, Greg here, he was bad off at one time: he drest all in rags and was nigh starved, and now he's quite the gentleman!"

Greg had earnestly watched the gentle face, and now he asked eagerly, "What's your name?"

"Patty Lister."

"What!" exclaimed Greg, jumping up, "did you live with Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court?"

"Yes, I did, but I lost her. Do you know her?"

"Oh, stay here with Isaac till I fetch Mr. Goodwin," said Greg, greatly excited—"promise me

are sure she is really your sister; for it would be a trial to her to be turned adrift after hoping for a home."

"I didn't say anything to her at all," returned the boy; "I only asked her to wait till I had fetched you."

The moment Mr. Goodwin saw the girl, half his doubts were dissipated; there was such a strong likeness between her and Greg. She seemed a good deal surprised at so much questioning, but answered everything in a quiet, straightforward way.

"How came you to leave Mrs. Lister?" asked Mr. Goodwin.

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