

The long-sought moment had come; the hard heart gave way, and with a passionate burst of tears the boy threw his arms round his true and faithful friend.

"Now, David," whispered Walter, when they both grew calmer, "you are coming with me; I know where to find clothes, and all you want."

"No, no, not yet; yer'll be ashamed of the dirty ragged feller."

"Not till my Lord Jesus is ashamed of me. He'll soon take away the rags and dirt, Davy, outside and in."

"But, Watty, I might be tellin' some time about the old broom and the crossing, and yer won't like that now ye're a gentleman."

"Tell away; why, I tell it myself to encourage other poor boys; and as for being ashamed of having been poor and destitute, why, Davy, the Lord Jesus Christ had nowhere to lay His head, and at last was hung on the accursed tree, and instead of being ashamed of it (of course it was our fault, and not His), He has ordered it to be told all over the world now He's a King in glory! I'm only ashamed, Davy, of many wicked things I did while I held the broom, and swept that crossing."

"Ah, that were my fault; yer'd ha' bin a better boy if I'd a let yer."

"The good, kind Lord took me from you, David, made me different, and taught me to try and get you for Him too. And now it's all right, so come along."

"Now I'll tell yer wot I'll do. I'll see yer go, and yer boys, and if I keep in the mind to, I'll swim off to yer ship, and you'll pick me up. I'll come, Watty, for Lunnon won't seem like Lunnon without yer."

"No, David, I don't stir without you; I've no time to chase you again. It's now or never."

"But, Wat, I wonder ye ain't afeard I'll make yer boys bad—ain't yer now?"

"No, for I shall trust you, Davy. If I hear or see what is not right, I'll give you a look, and you'll say to yourself

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