

to the last, and it's your own fault that you have no friends but——”

“Wot's that?” interrupted the boy; “loved me, does yer say—loved me, Watty?”

“Yes, David, loved you. But that's nothing. I think of the love of the great God who gave His Son to die for such as you and me! Think of the Lord Jesus Christ who came to take our places, and bear our punishment, that we might be forgiven and made holy and happy for ever! Oh, David, will you never believe this glorious thing?”

“I b'lieves all yer says. I b'lieves you're a goin' to heaven, and wish I was a goin' too. I'se bin very sick, Watty, else yer wouldn't ha' found me to-day, an' I hadn't a bit nor sup fit for a dog, days together; but I ain't goin' to be caughted for them as served me shabby, and, sooner than go to prison, I means ter jump inter that river down there, and see what's to do among the dead ones at bottom. That's what I'm going to do when the fit takes me. So now yer knows.”

“And defy God's mercy, and poor Watty's love and prayers! You are finding now that ‘the way of transgressors is hard,’ while I am walking, through God's love and pity, in ‘ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.’ Oh, David, what shall I do? Can I think of you lost—lost, body and soul? Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon him!” and the voice faltered into tones of yearning tenderness; the young head drooped, and a tear, warm and soft, fell upon the forehead of the poor street boy.

“Watty, Watty, don't; I can't abear it!” he murmured, shrinking away. “Why, I ain't seen that since yer tumbled off the carriage and broke yer leg, and then I got one o' them in my own eyes without my leave, yer sees. An' it's a-coming again, and I ain't a going to stand it; so get away, Watty, and good-bye to yer,” mumbled David, in a broken voice, and putting out hesitatingly the thin, dirty hand, which Walter clasped, with a long tearful gaze into the half-convulsed face.