

leave home the next morning before Hagar was awake from the miserable, restless slumber into which she had fallen after recovering from her swoon. It was as hard work as when his mother lay dying. He must be away three days, but there was no help for it. "Men must work, and women must weep"—and with a heavy heart, and spirits more down than his comrades had ever known them to be, he set out for his three days' absence.

One idea was firmly rooted in Don's mind—that the whole force of the police, with all the parish officers, even to the parish doctor, were in a band, set upon catching little Dot, and confining her in the dismal prison of a workhouse. He had heard terrible stories of that unknown place; stories which had made his flesh creep and his soul rebel against the thought of ever entering it himself, or suffering any one else to meet so fearful a lot. Old Lister's strong hatred of it had increased his own dread. Could he consent to little Dot being shut up within those dreary walls, and having her merry little life crushed out of her? Don was ready to die first.

The first and chief thing to be done was to throw their pursuers off the scent; and Don took as many precautions as if all the millions of London folks were avowed enemies, seeking to snatch Dot from him. He made his way to the East End with cunning changes of his route; dodging from street to alley, and from alley to street; threading the thickest mazes of courts and passages where a policeman was seldom if ever seen. He made it impossible to trace his course. When Dot was tired he carried her till his arms ached; or he sat down in the shelter of a doorway, nursing her carefully on his knees that no damp should strike to her from the stone steps. Every word she said, every smile on her little face, was precious to him. God, he thought, had given to him the charge of saving the child from a fearful doom; and he was bent on fulfilling the charge to the utmost.

Late in the evening they found themselves in a poor alley not far from the docks; and as Don had still half of his money left, he again sought the shelter of a lodging-house, and gave the woman who kept it one of his few pennies to wash Dot's face and hands.

It was Sunday the next day; and he left the close lodging-house early, not with any idea of getting work, for he had been taught at the Convalescent Home that he must do no manner of work on a Sunday; and he was determined upon faithfully obeying God's laws, as far as he knew

them. But he had only sevenpence left; and if he did nothing to earn a few pence all day, he must make a choice between hunger and houselessness when night came back again. He could not buy both food for the day and shelter for the night. If he had been alone, nothing would have prevented him from satisfying the cravings of his hunger; but there was little Dot to consider. There could be no question as to whether she could bear the cold of a March night spent out of doors. He bought a penny loaf for her, and begged a drop of milk from a good-natured-looking woman who kept a little shop at the corner of a street, and who gave him a few stale crusts that were beginning

peaceful evening, often never uttering a word, but watching wonderingly her serious face as she sat reading her book, or making up her accounts, and counting out her money. What a clever, knowing, wise woman she was; and always so good to him!

Could it be only two days since he bade good-by to the folks at the Convalescent Home, and journeyed back to London in high hopes and gay spirits? All the time he had been at the seaside he had been treasuring up in his memory strange things to tell her and important questions to ask her. His teachers down there had told him very wonderful stories about God and Jesus Christ, which he had loved to listen to; but he was scarcely

down his cheeks. But this was a signal to Dot that he was inclined to play at bo-peep; and she clapped her little hands, and pulled at him, and laughed merrily, till he was forced to uncover his sad face and begin to play with her. But his heart was heavy in spite of the game and little Dot's merriment. Oh, how good Mrs. Clack had been to him; and now she was dead!

"What's the matter, youngster?" asked a policeman, who was sauntering past, and stopped to look at Don's sorrowful attempts at play.

"Nothink sir!" he cried, starting to his feet in alarm, and catching Dot up in his arms.

"Your little sister, eh?" said the policeman, idly.

"She's my little gel," he answered in haste. "Nobody belongs to her or me. I'm all she's got, and she's all I've got."

"All right, my lad," he said, slowly pacing on, whilst Don looked after him, his heart beating, and his limbs trembling with the shock of fear. He was not as strong as a horse yet, in spite of his fortnight at the seaside. As soon as the dreaded policeman was out of sight, he crept away to another and poorer street, and sat down in a more out-of-the-way corner. The church-bells were ringing and chiming from one tower to another, and fell pleasantly on his ear.

"It's Sunday, God's own day," he said to little Dot; "and we musn't work on Sundays. I scarcely know why; but if God wishes it I won't, and p'raps He'll give me good luck to-morrow. They told me I ought to go to church on Sunday; those great, big churches that are kept locked up all week. They're God's own houses, they said; and we ought to go there on God's days, when they are open. I don't think the folks 'ud like you and me to go—we're not fine enough, Dot, maybe they'd be asking us questions. So we'll stay

here and keep quiet and snug, and God won't miss us amongst such a many."

"I want to go," said Dot, pouting a moment.

"Ay! we'll go some day," he answered, "when I've picked up lots of money, and brought you a pretty frock. I'd like my little gel to go to God's house, but I must work hard and learn hard; and Dot shall be one of God's little children, as can read and write and sing. There was a little gel once as Jesus Christ called back again after she was dead. Oh! I wish he'd been by to call Mrs. Clack back again."

(To be continued.)

THE LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?



to get mouldy. Don made a feast of them on the first empty doorstep they came to. He felt as if he could go without any more food that day, and if he could satisfy Dot they might still be able to pay for a shelter at night.

He had time, now that his most pressing cares were over, to think of Mrs. Clack at leisure. Dot was playing up and down the steps beside him in the court where they had breakfasted, and there was no immediate anxiety to divert his thoughts. How good Mrs. Clack had been to him! He remembered his dark sleeping-place, and the hard old mattress he had been used to lie upon, with a painful choking in his throat. And Mrs. Clack's fireside, where he had spent many a warm,

prepared to give them full faith till he had heard what Mrs. Clack had to say. It was so strange that she should never have told him such good news as the words he had learned by heart: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Mrs. Clack knew about Jesus Christ; she had spoken his name to old Lister when he lay dying; and he should be quite sure she would not deceive him in any way. Very grand and beautiful the words sounded; but how was he to be sure they were true, now Mrs. Clack was dead?

Don covered his face with his hands to hide the tears stealing