## The Child's Crusade.

BY MARGARDT HAYCRAFT.

Here you heard of the children's armya one on the long ago tarted forth to the Holy Land, the with the heathen foe? you heard of those little children,

i the pitiful vows they made, he sake of the Saviour's sepulchre serve in the child-grussde?

p. the children were weak and feeble, and the way was hard and long, another y tells that too many failed of that poor little helpless throng; they had them down in peace to die, at methinks the dear Lord knew of agh the children's hearts had made on the had in takes)
that their love was brave and true.

e you heard of our children's atmy, ave you heard of the ringing call, t summons forth at the present time we children one and all? we out in the morning of gladness, one out ero life's blossoms fade, one, take your place in the ranks of war, and ight in the child crusses!

to need not travel by land and sea. Nor for from your dear one's roam;
I sk up to God, and you shall not fall,
Though the fod be close at house,
We have named our ranks, the Band of Hope,

niope, And we march unto victory fair:1 or though our foe be the giant Drink, Our strength is in earnest prayer.

Will you not belong to our army, So steadfastly passing on Where the standard waves over temperancefielde

And merciful deeds are done?
God bless, you, dear little warrior,
New soldiers we pray you seek;
For the Master smites on the child crusule.
That cares for the lost and weak.

## LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of " The Man Trup."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

ir was a little sooner than usual one ovening when Sandy returned from the ovening when Sandy returned from the wood-yard, with a bundle of wood under his arm, which Mr. Mason had aent for his arm, which Gip was not yet uniting for him at the street-corner, ready to jump about him gleefully along the narrow pavement which had across the graveyard; and Sanday historial for a munitatio give her a chance to see him. The place had a man into a dear home for him. He know grown into a dear home for him. Ho knau grown into a dear home for him. He know every blackened tombstone, and could sell all the Biglish woods for the abbit in memory of Mr. Shafto's grandfather. What a quiet spot it was I how little Gip's laugh echoed round the high walls! And laugh cohord round the high walls! And the fleeting beam of sunshine that peeped round the angles of the realbest chinney, just about the suggest when his reached the house, how bright it always seemed! He had ceased to think that he had ever lived anywhere else. The small house, too, looked more cheerful than it used to do; 6 25 (Beneficial was been said the shift and the shift child trooting black had so much distressed little Gip that it had disposed of immediately. The shop window was quite empty now, except for the single announcement of "Punking done here."

Sandy was looking wistfully at this bone of his, when Gip caught sight of him, and rais to most him with receive shouts and laughter. But all that evening Mr. Shalto's face was more serious oven than Shafto's face was more serious even than ordinary. True, he mursed Gip out his knee, and at her urgent request gave her one brief ride upon it; but it was evident that his thing the property of elsewher. Mrs. Shafto watched him waxiously, though it was a long while before she ventured to make, for she had not yet grown accustional to her husband's change of character. menk; for his had not yet grown accus-tional to ber husband's change of character, it is also anything the twatter, bir. liaito? "she inquired at length." "Mary, my love," his animored, hustat-tly, "what would you say to us all four ling across the canthe ment time the Morrow grow?" "14 "

A. 65.

"Oh, no. John!" she cried. She was thinking of her children's graves, and or the old hore where they had all been thinking born, and but died, How could she bare

"My love," he continued, "I wouldn't mention it it resuld be helped. But you must be told sooner or later; and perhaps it is better sooner than later. I've been turning things over and over in my head, and I don't see what we can do better than go to Canada, and buy n farm; and all work upon it ourselves, you and mo and

"Buy a for a!" oxelaimed Mr., Shato, while Sandy's face shone at the reace been-

while Sandy i face shone at the researching of such a magnificent scheme. "Dear me! "Said Mr. Sharro, ", for all Pve begun to tell you at the wrong end. Why, my dear, be brave new, and beautiful a woman." The fact is, a railway is second with the action of graving and oning right through our gray yard, and the chapel, and our poor let be house; so we are compelled to turn out and have it, you see. In to have £400 for my house you well. I'm to have £400 for my house and losiness; and with that we could cross the sea, buy a small farm, and settle on it, all-four of us. You were born and bred on a farm, my love, and know how to make excellent choose and butter, and manage cows and poultry. Sandy can chop timber famously, and he hasn't one chop, thirder famously, and he hasn't one in his body, nor little Gip—I'll answer for her. And, please God, I'll turn my hand and my head to doing anything that has to be done."

It was no wonder that both Mrs. Shafto and Sandy should be bewildered at the

and Sandy should be bewildered at the sudden turn in their affairs. The house must be quitted; there was no question about that, for they could not set a null-way company at deliance if they wished as If, then, they were compelled to give up the old home, why not make the chang-complete, and leave the noisy street of London for some quiet country home in the great new hand beyond the said! The farm would be their own; a place for Sandy and Gip to grow up in, and live in pethages for years after both Mr. and Mrs. Shifte were dead. When she came to think it over, Mrs. Shafto felt herself growing young again at the prespect of having cows and poultry to look after, and cheese and butter to make. butter to make.

In three months' time overything was arranged; their berths were taken on board the ship that was to take out Miss Murray with another hand of destitute children. The goods they were carrying with them The goods they were carrying with them were all packed up—among them Johnny's crutches, which were to be kept in some open place in their new home, where they would be always in sight. The last day was come, and Sandy had been busy since very early in the morning, journeying to and fro between their old home and the Refuge, from which Miss Murray's emigrants were to start the next day. It was grants were to start the next day. It was evening now, and he was returning to sleep once more under the roof that had given him shelter in the hour of his deepest sorrow

and despair.

The east wind was whistling shrilly down the narrow streets, and meeting him with a biting chill just round every corner; for it was scarcely spring-time yet, and only the darkness of the winter was gone, whilst the cold still lingered. Yet it could not make Sandy shiver, so warmly supposed up who he in the thick overbust his bliste bud hought for him, in unticipation of the severe senters of the country they were going to. But the ill-clad people whom he must looked pinched and blue, and slouched along close to the houses, as he could recollect doing in the old times, which had along to recollect doing in the old times, which had almost reason away out of his mind. The spirit-vaults were all full to the doors, as though everyone who could find a pauny or two had crept into them for watruth; and Sandy felt a vague sort of dread as he ran by, as he had done when he first went to the wood-yard for work, before little Gip was found. But surely his mother would never know him again for the ragged, barefoot, and hire-headed fuses-boy he was when she forsook him! His vague fears quickened his pace, and

hat was ranning rapidly across the grave-gard, when his quick eye cought sight of a figure sitting on the ground under the phapel wall. Izn feetfelt heavy, se though they would not move auxiliar step, and his heart seemed to stand still for a throb or two, and then heat painfully, till he could hardly breathe. He falt that some great

columity to him and hittie topes of a i ga ga ta wa na to the the figure, but the second second to the figure, but the second second second to the second s onwards to the shelter of the boos. I he had been wont to ereep contents in y round sone, street corner, whethere he saw his mother appear in sight. There could be no maintake that the tational and hearthful more only and the stational and weetched woman, who was half lying and half sitting on the rank gross, with her ball restance against the well just below off Mr. Souto's tablet, was his or ther. Soudy felt of bly and frightened. She had found out I wend to dispat the bash country. Was the and to claim them both, and their them to their old insery and dieg them ( ) to their old unsery and denotate a Sha looked as though she was adeay, for her head had fallen forword, and her thin bony arms, hand helphe by at her side. If the were drank not she would perhaps forget what had brought her there, and crawl off to some of her old bounts as soon as she was of ner our trains, as seen as any was round up again. The best thing he could do may to go on noiselessly, no as not to disturb but, and close the dear between him and the hateful and dreaded sight.

Thon he must think how he could save

Then he must think how he could save little Gip and himself.

Little Gip was nursing a doll on the warm hearth, where a bright fire was burning for the last night; and Mrs. Shafto was busily packing the lags that they were to take on board with them for the voyage. It was twelve months since Johnny had left them, and her face had grown happy again, and her smile came almost as readily as it had done when he was about the house. Sandy stood in the shoot as really as it had done when no was about the house. Sandy stood in the doorway, given at her with a rate server had only be a few of the shortes at rate when the transfer the shortes at rate of the first that the shortes are the shortes and would fer her a there has continued at the south or horns alic was not of his head, though he had that the reser and bolten a so carefully bothers her and there. He could see her will, a post and stance her ting, with her withered face half hidden by the old block bornet he recollected to well. And the cost wind was wailing three every erasice, and bringing even a touch of chill to their pleasant freede. His mother! He tried to forget to ras he played with little Gip; but he was on the alert all the time; his eye upon the dear, and his ear strained to catch every sound. What ought he to do? What would John Shafte, what would the Lord Jesus Christ

have him to do? He went out into the sliop after a He went out into the shop after a while, and peeped through the window, half hoping that she might be gone away. The night had set in by this time, and it was quite dark; but a lamp at the corner of the chapel had been lit, and he could see she was yet in the same place, and in the same posture. Well, whatever must be done, little Gip must be saved, even if he himself had to go away and dwell once more in the old haunts. Gip must not be taken away from Birs. Shafto, though, maybe, he would be compelled to remain bound in London to work for their bound in London to work for their drunken and misorable mother. But, by-

ing bitter thoughts, another kind of fear crept over him, which made than tremble so much that he could havely walk across the shop again and open the knoben does "Mrs. Shafto," he called, in a hisky voice. He had always so I mother to high since Johnny deed, but he could not call her that now. Mrs. Shatter as a to him her that now. Are Shates as a to him at once, with a look of great surprise on

and bye, as Sandy stood with his opes fastened upon the monantess figure, think-

ber pleasant face,
"Rush!" he said "Shut the door.
Don't lot little Gip know. Mother athers,
out in the yard, and I in scared to each
almost. What must I do! Sh. haste stirred since I came in more than we to ago; and I'm more scared now than when I first see her sitting agen the wall there."
"Are you sure it's your mother," asked Mrs. Shafto, looking through the window at the window.

at the miserable crosture.

at the miserable creature.

"Ay, I'm sure and ceriam." he answered, bitterly. "She's found us at last, and she's come to hinder little Gip and me going to Canada. If she'd only leave Gip alone, I'd stay behind; but I could never so wethout little Girs."

never go without little Gir."
"No, no," said Mrs. Shafte, "sho'll never hinder ye from going with us. I know how a mother feels; and the worst rer go without little Gife"
"No, no," said Mrs. Shafter, "shu'll

Him woother to state a thir We R so and the total to of her paint of the form of the Month by and by and of the Month of are of her; and of do con-1. and so lessing but nerves to corner where his a last ar i her hand upon to a story were quite the a to the a not move, though the second and the second and the second about the second accordance to t 1. 2. 44 ragged showl a little, the a 4 - 15 at - 42 - 45

and been to have obtained the Mother to be a second trembled, "Shorts a There we have no given as not lift up her fallen he stooped, and latel her head ahrivelled fingers which he o 15 17 17 133

shrivelled tingers which have some your woman's side.

"Sindy! Why, Sor; the had quickly; "your notice is a late.

Sendy's heart gave a sort should digref and relief. All he to a sort of most of weet gone in an instant. The sort, a safe now for overnore. In a chast time both she and himself we the long to resolution only, and could can he mether, with no one class to have my claim upon them. Yet the next name the felt a sort of sorrow, very faint and the buy, as if. of sorrow, very faint and thering as if, after all her wickedness, there was a latte natural love for his mether impering me his heart. He knell down by her and draw the old alawl more of sols to make.

uraw the old allawl more closely found here as though she could everywhele letter of the more than the second here the best of the second here the letter of have told a corb, neight come after to Canada, a shell only give up the druh,

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE BND.

Next day the Shafe se with Soudy and little Gap, I had Lee her for I come of whence there has been were all. There were a hundred after the little from the muces of the large cities some our to serie. In new homes in Canada, and Mrs. Sheftfound so much to do among hose little ones, that she had not time to free over the thought of Johnny's grave, which she was leaving farther and farther behind her Mr. Shafte also had a good trial as twhether he was really conquering his old besetting aim of selfishiness and idleness. and he passed through a traumphantly, his own secret delight and the great glad-ness of his wife. Gip was the life of the party, growing prettier and merrier every day, and Sandy's happiness was complete. A farm had been found and bought for hir. Shafto, by a friend of hiss hurray and before the autumn come they were settled in a loghouse of their own, withm sound of the lappang of the waves of ake Huron.

The last time Sandy was seen by any of his English friends he was driving a yoko of ozen in a strong substantial waggon, with Mrs. Shafto and little Cip soutod, consiortably in the tack of it. Ho and Mr. Shaftwere taking it in turns to walk at the head of the ozen, and arge them over the rough roads. It was Mr. Shakes sturn to walk, and he was striting along cheerfelly, as though he had been used to hard work, adi lus lifo, has face was brown and sun-burnt, and the plants of his hands a gre-hard. It was to cost that Mrs. Shafto had blue relitons in her can and that her checks we're diner as roop as hello Gip's Sandy had grown into a group, active boy, with a bright and happy expression on his

with a bright and happy expression on alle face.

"Have you any message to send to Mr. Mason!" asked the friend from England.
"Ah' tell," said Sandy, "as I'm trying to be asgued as John Shafto. And tell him I'll nover forget hearing him preach about the Lord Josus being lock, like lithe Gip. Father hought me the verse when he went to Montreal, and is a printed in scarlet and blue and gold and hangs over our chimney present home. The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was last