

The carter climbs up on the top, and lifting the shawl, says, "Well, and how do you find yourselves? Was it nice and warm, eh?"

Mattie says it has been very nice and warm, and thanks him.

"Well, this is Manchester, yer know. I'd better lift yer down." Shouting to someone below, he hands them down, one by one.

"You'd better stay about the market till daylight, then you'll find yer way better," says the carter.

So, thanking him again, they stand a little way from the wagon, and leave the good-hearted man to attend to his business.

II.

That Mattie is astonished and bewildered at the scene before her is not to be wondered at. The markets she has been accustomed to in the small towns and villages they have visited, sink into insignificance before this vast area, and the crowd of people selling and buying at noon hour when most people are asleep in their warm beds. Its exact size she cannot make out, for the dense fog which hangs everywhere about it; but from the rows of lamps which, from where she stands, fade away in the far distance, it must be very great, she thinks. Near the spot where they stand, wondering what to do next, the scene is one of constant noise and confusion. Dozens of carts stand round them; some being rapidly unloaded, whilst others await their contents being disposed of to some of the market people. As fast as one batch of empty carts clears the way, another arrives to block it, and the noise and bustle is kept up for a considerable time.

For some time Mattie feels too much afraid to stir, and stands with her brother's hand tightly clasped in hers; looking on at the scene, unable to tell what it all means. After a while, however, the carts begin to go away, the crowd grows less, and the noise subsides a little. Mattie looks about her, not knowing which way to turn. They go up one of the openings through a double row of stalls, all set out ready for the day. Then another and another, with similar stalls. Then across and down another, in and out amongst the rows, with potatoes, cabbages, turnips and carrots, celery, onions, and apples everywhere surrounding them, until they seem to be fairly lost amongst them. There is a coffee-stall, near, and Mattie feels for her slender stock of money, and purchases some food. She asks the stall-keeper if she can tell her the way out.

"There's many a way out," says the woman. "It depends where you want to go to; anyway, you go straight down this turning, and you'll come into Shude-hill; you can get anywhere almost from there."

Mattie has no idea which way she wants to go, so takes the turn the woman directs. As she has said it leads to anywhere almost, it certainly is to them the beginning of many crossings and turnings and thoroughfares, which they wander about all day.

Towards evening, when the lamps are being lighted and the fog has begun to gather, they find themselves in one of the leading streets, weary with walking, and not knowing where they are going to sleep. People are hurrying to and fro, cabs and busses are going up and down and crossing each other, making the road dangerous to cross. Mattie, bewildered and faint, draws Willie up an opening, and they sit down on some steps in a doorway. She has spent nearly all her money; she has perhaps enough to purchase a night's lodging, if they can find one. Whilst they are sitting on the steps, she hears a buzzing sound as of many voices, reminding her of the noise in the market in the early morning. Then there is a shout, followed by a rush, and a number of boys and girls run past, shouting something at the top of their voices, which she can scarcely catch, but which sounds very like "Evenin' News 'ere," whatever that may mean. One of them, a ragged urchin, without cap, and his hair standing out in every direction, stops by them, and surveying the steps, throws a parcel on the unoccupied portion. Falling on his knees beside it, he begins folding the sheets into small squares.

Eying Mattie and Willie, whilst rapidly folding his papers, he at last says:

"Am t'yer working?"

"No," says Mattie, "we have no work."

"Am t'yer got no tin?"

"What's tin?" asks Mattie.

"Browns," says the lad; then, seeing she doesn't under-

stand him, says, "Well, yer is green; hasn't yer no money, then?"

"Only a very little."

"Then why doesn't yer spee' in *Newses*, like I does, and make yer fortune?"

"What's *Newses*?" inquires Mattie, in utter ignorance of this highway to fortune.

"Why, these 'ere's *Newses*," folding away at the sheets; "where iver did yer come from?"

"We have come a long way, and have nowhere to sleep, and my little brother is tired and his feet are so sore."

"Oh, I knows—yer on tramp. Well, I likes the looks of yer. Wait till I jist run round wi' these, then I'll p'raps git yer a shake-down at a crib I knows on," and he darts off, crying, "*Evenin' News, 'ere!*" and Mattie sees him slip under some horses' heads, and disappear. Probably an hour elapses, during which this cry is kept up right and left of them, and boys and girls continue running backwards and forwards with fresh supplies of the evening papers. Then the boy returns, and after counting his money and satisfying himself it is all right, turns to Mattie, and says, "Now you come along o' me and bring little white 'un, and I'll see if I can't git yer a crib."

They cross the road, the boy holding Mattie by the hand. Diving in and out amongst the cabs and buses, they go down a long street, until they come to a junction of several streets, where the shops and houses are smaller and shabbier, and at last to a wall with an opening in it, and a steep flight of steps which seem to go right down into the fog, and at the bottom of which, the dim yellow light of a lamp can just be distinguished.

Mattie feels somewhat frightened and Willie begins to cry, it is so dark.

"Don't yer be 'fraid," says their leader, "and look 'ere—there's lots of 'em hangs out 'ere, and if they says ought to yer, just say as yer under the protection of 'Scud,' and they'll leave yer alone quick. Come on and stick to me."

Down a long flight of steps, called in the neighbourhood "Jacob's Ladder," they go, leaving the road high above them. It is scarcely possible to make out anything for the dense fog which prevails at the bottom; there are two rows of wretched tenements facing each other at close proximity and at one of these Scud stops. Pushing open the door without ceremony, he pulls Mattie and her brother in after him and calls out, "Aint there a light in the blessed place, Mother, when a gent brings 'is friends to see yer?"

An old woman comes shuffling in, with a tallow candle flickering in her hand. She is rather dirty and shabby, but not by any means ill-looking.

"Look 'ere mother, 'ere's two very pertickler friends o' mine from the country—they wants somewhere's to sleep, so jist make 'em nice and comfortable. They ain't very fly, so see as t' others doesn't put on 'em" says Scud.

"Has they any money," inquires the old woman.

"Yes, they has, and if they hasn't I has, so don't bother."

"Very well, Scud," meekly replies the woman.

"I'm obliged to go out again," says Scud to Mattie; "you'll be all right, and I'll 'ave a look at yer when I turns in."

"What a one he is!" says Mother Brown, when Scud has gone. "So your friends of his: well, I'll see what I can do, for I'm very full just now; but being friends of his makes a difference."

(To be Concluded.)

THE INFLUENCE OF SONG.

A WAVE of sacred song swept over our land two years ago. Beginning in the large cities, it rolled on and on, till now there is not a hamlet on remote mountain-side, or by the sea, which is not often vocal with the sweet sounds of Gospel hymns. Passing the little white school-house by the lonely out-of-the-way road, you hear blended voices singing—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer."

From cottages and farmhouses, as you ride by them in the dusk, you are greeted by the notes of the piano or the cabinet-organ; and if you pause and listen, there will fall upon your ear words like these: