

mair grown, a man that I kened wha had a big cart was gaun to Liverpool, and he gied me the chance o' ganging wi' him to help, and I gaed.

It was a' richt on the road, but after we got there he wanted me mae more; so I had to gang by mysel' again. It was hard to get a leevin', there are sae many puir laddies in Liverpool, and syne I started for London, and walkit maist o' the road. I was five month coming. This big toon is the warst o' a'—it's reg'lar starvin'. I sell thae bit things (holding up a handful of leather laces), but it's weary wark, and after I've mae had lodgin' money, and then I've walkit the streets a' night, and without a bite o' supper either. I'm gettin' aulder, and I dinna ken what will become o' me, a puir laddie and a lameter, and a' alane in the world."

"You must be nearly sixteen now?" I asked, as the story ceased.

"Just that, and no that strang i' the bargain."

"Have you no relations or friends living anywhere?"

"Nowther kith nor kin; but there's aye the minister that visited mither, and the leddies in the infirmar, that'll ken I speak true, an' the schulemaster."

It was mid-winter. The poor lad's ragged clothes and haggard face bore witness to his sufferings. But was he honest, and would he at his age, and with his past experience, brook the restraints and discipline so needful in a Home like ours? That he was Scotch was not only no bar to his admission, but really constituted an additional plea on his behalf as one so far from his country and place of birth, and now a crippled stranger in a strange land.

Many searching questions were put to him that night, which made manifest, among other things, the touching fact that enshrined beneath those old worn rags and that half-starved body, lay a simple faith in God which all his sorrowful experiences had but intensified. It almost moved me to tears as I spoke with him, to reflect upon this orphan child of a believing mother, alone and friendless amid all the pollutions and ruffianism of a London lodging-house, simply kneeling down night by night, and undeterred by jeers and profanity, communing with his mother's God and with his own Saviour.

Of course, our doors swung widely open to admit this crippled waif, even as they had before admitted hundreds of other Scotch lads and lassies who personally sought my aid, or on whose behalf friends in Scotland had written. Thank God there are no geographical limitations to the exercise of our wide charter—"No destitute child ever refused admission." Like to our Father's house, the title to admission to our Homes

has ever been only the *dire necessity of the applicants*, and so from all over North Britain the orphan, the crippled, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the homeless wanderer, or the helpless girl in grave moral danger, has received the same glad WELCOME in their hour of greatest extremity which is ever offered to their brothers and sisters who happen to be born south of the Tweed.

#### IT WAS RETURNED.

**A**N old farmer once attended a missionary meeting, and though he was little accustomed to giving, after considerable mental disputation, and specially with an eye to the promised returns, he ventured to cast a shilling into the box. On his journey home he saw, lying in the road, a shilling, which he was in nowise loath to pocket. Having reached his dwelling, he began to report what he had heard at the meeting, laying stress on the fact that the speakers had said that if anything was lent to the Lord, the Lord would give it back. "And," said he, "that is true; for I gave a shilling to the collection, and found one on my home." One of the servant-men at last said: "Now, master, I'll tell you how I think it is. You see, you gave the shilling because you expected it back, and the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and would not have your money on that principle, so he threw it at you on the road."—*London S.S. Chronicle.*

#### NEVER GIVE UP.

**N**O not be easily cast down. It is the height of folly to throw up attempting because you have failed. Failures are wonderful elements in developing the character. Perseverance, self-reliance, energetic effort, are doubly strengthened when you rise from a failure to battle again. Look at the bright side of failure as well as the dark. Strengthen your soul by reading what great men have done. What does it matter though you fail? None of our great men but could tell you the same thing. I have listened to a youth striving for five years to recite "Mary, Queen of Scots" in public. He broke down every time. He was not to be daunted, and at last succeeded. To-day he is one of the grandest poetical preachers we have in the West of England. One of the brightest of London's pulpit lights was turned out of college as a failure. But he vowed he would succeed, and he has amazingly. The difference between the great celebrities and the unknown nobodies in this, the former failed and went at it again, the latter gave up in despair."