

no more drink! Think o' that, Greg!" and the child grew excited. "Mother and me has been crying near all night, we're so glad."

"I wouldn't cry if I wor glad," said Greg.

"Wouldn't you? P'raps you couldn't help it if you was very, very glad, Greg. Shall we go and tell Isaac—he'll be so pleased?"

They soon pushed open the door, full of their news, when they discovered that Isaac was not alone. Mr. Goodwin was there reading. The children were hastily retreating, when Isaac called—"Don't go away; come in, come in! You've come to tell me about father, haven't you, May? Well, I'm just as glad as can be."

"May was so glad, she cried," said Greg, as if he could not understand it, and then shrank back in a corner as if ashamed of having spoken before a stranger; for it so happened that though Mr. Goodwin had been working in the court for some months, he had never seen Greg before.

"Well, well, we'll talk about it presently," said Isaac. "Mr. Goodwin was reading me a beautiful story about a blind man, and I'm sure if you'll sit still he'll begin the chapter again, and let you hear the whole story."

The treat was an unusual one to Greg, and both he and May eagerly squatted on the floor with upturned faces to listen. It was the ninth chapter of St. John, and the story attracted them: the poor man who had been a blind baby, a blind boy, who had never seen the faces of his father and mother, never seen God's beautiful sunshine as he sat in its warmth and begged, who all his life long had been in the dark, and had never seen anything in the world. Greg gave a little shudder as he thought that that would be worse than even his own crooked, painful back. But then how he listened when he heard that Jesus cured him, gave him sight, and that all the man had to do was simply to wash as He told him!

"Was he never blind any more?" whispered Greg to May, who was close beside him!

"Hush!" said May. "No; he's sure to be all right now."

And they listened silently to the end of the chapter.

"You see," said Mr. Goodwin, turning to the children, "the Lord Jesus not only gave the blind man his sight, but He forgave him his sins: the man became a true believer on the Son of God. And the same Jesus who did such a wonderful thing as that, He also loves you, dear children; He died on the cross for you, and He cares for you in all your trials."

"It's a wonderful thing," said Isaac—"a whole chapter in God's Book taken up with a poor blind

beggar, and the way the Saviour saved and healed him."

"Ah, there will be many such chapters in the Lamb's book of life—the book that is written in heaven," said Mr. Goodwin. "There will be many a chapter there, all taken up with the Saviour's mercy and love to one poor blind sinner; there will be a whole chapter for each of us. What a book it will be!"

Greg started up. "Will there be a chapter about me there?"

"If you are one of the Saviour's little ones, my boy, your name is written in that book, and there is a chapter about you too. The blessed Lord loves and cares for all His children, whether they are young or old."

Greg gave an emphatic nod, his dark eyes looking earnestly on the missionary's face; but he did not speak, and presently sank back on the floor again till Mr. Goodwin took his leave.

It was not long after this that Mrs. Goodwin, who had been greatly touched by her husband's account of the lame boy, opened a "Band of Hope" for the children of the district. At first it was but thinly attended, and none of the children from "The Battlefield" could be persuaded to join except Greg and May. Mrs. Goodwin conducted the meetings in a very lively way, having a good deal of cheerful singing, and showing the children in simple words the great advantages of total abstinence and the terrible evils of drink. She also showed them how much good they might do if they held fast to their pledge, and how they might be the means of winning older people to give up the drink, which was the cause of such untold evil.

Greg could neither read nor write, he had never been taught anything but evil; and when he went up to the table with May, he was somewhat startled when Mrs. Goodwin asked, "What is your name, my boy?"

"Greg," he answered.

"Ah, but that is a short name; what is your proper name your surname?"

"Ain't got none," he said, shortly.

"Oh, but you must have one; does nobody know?"

"No," said May, "we all calls him 'Greg.'"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Goodwin, "I am afraid I cannot give you a card to-day, my boy; but do not grieve," she added, as Greg began to cry, "we will try and find out before the next meeting, and you shall have a card then."

But Greg was in great trouble. "I ain't a bit like other folks, May," he said, sobbing, as they left the meeting. "I hadn't a mother, and now I hain't a name."

"Oh, but you have, Greg. Why, you know you have a mother with Jesus in the happy

land, and you have a name somewhere, sure to," said May, comfortingly. And then a bright thought coming into her head, she added, "Why, the gentleman said your name was written in heaven, so God knows what it is; it's all right, you see."

And Greg was comforted. He resolved to tell Mrs. Goodwin about it at the next meeting. But Greg did not go to the meeting again for a long, long time.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW HOME.

A day or two after the last Band of Hope meeting, as Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin were sitting at breakfast, the postman's knock was heard, and Mrs. Goodwin ran out to receive a letter for her husband.

"From your sister," she said as she handed it to him.

Mr. Goodwin read it through with a somewhat puzzled face, and then handing it to his wife, he said, "There, read it through and tell me what to do."

After speaking on family affairs, the letter went on: "We are much interested in all your work in that sad neighborhood, and we wish we could help you. We have been thinking lately we should much like to take some poor lost child and care for it. The Lord has not given us children, yet He has given us this nice farm and plenty of room for a child to run about; and we have felt strongly lately that perhaps He has some lonely, ill-used, motherless child for us to bring up for Him. I want you and Kate to think over the matter, and send us down the most unhappy and uncared-for child in the district. We do not care whether it is a boy or girl; we leave all the details with you."

"Well," said Mr. Goodwin, as his wife finished reading the letter, and folded it up with a smile—"well, what conclusion have you come to?"

"Greg," said Mrs. Goodwin, looking into her husband's face.

"But he is such a cripple, and such an uncared-for little lad."

"Then he is just the one your sister wants. I believe it would be the making of him. If he had fresh air and good food and care just now, he might grow up much stronger. Poor little fellow! I should like to know he was down in the country; I am sure he would repay any one's care."

"He has won your heart, that is evident," said Mr. Goodwin, laughing; "and he is a good little fellow, I am sure. Isaac always speaks very highly of him. I wonder what his grand other would say to the plan. I will call by-and-by, and see what she says."

Mr. Goodwin had somewhat of a stormy visit to old Mrs. Jackson. At first she declared she "didn't

want the lad, would be glad to get rid of him;" but when Mr. Goodwin explained to her that he wanted to take Greg right away she at once declared she could not let him go unless a sum of money were paid down for the loss he would be to her in going errands. He resolved to think the matter over before he decided to do anything more, and accordingly rose to go.

"What is the child's real name?" he asked.

"Greg," she said, defiantly.

"But that is a contraction; what is his real name?"

"What's that to you?" she said, getting more angry. If 'Greg' ain't good enough, you can give him any name you've a mind to."

When Mr. Goodwin was telling his wife about it afterwards, he said, "I hardly know why, but I do not think Greg is that woman's grandchild at all. He has fallen into her hands somehow, and she seems afraid of telling his real name."

"Perhaps we shall find out some time; we must keep our eye on the woman."

At last, after some consultation, it was agreed to give the old woman ten shillings, and take Greg off at once. "Though I am sadly afraid all the money will go in gin," said Mr. Goodwin.

At last all was arranged. Greg had bid May good-bye with many tears.

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH CHINA *Herald* gives an account of the boy-emperor of the Celestial Empire, who is now eleven years old, and has been legally of age since he was six. He is styled Foo Yeh, or the Buddha Father, and all who enter his presence pray to him as to the Deity. Even his mother, who visits him in state once a month bows down and worships him. He is attended by countless servants, where he lives in the palace of his ancestors, sleeping in a great bed where many emperors have slept who are now dead. He dines grandly, but his servants tell him when he appears to be over-eating, as your mother does you, perhaps. His teachers come in and fall upon their knees, not rising until he bids them. Every day he reads the Chinese and Tartar languages, and rides and practises with bow and arrow. Then his youthful Majesty sits for two hours on a throne and talks government affairs with his Ministers of State.

MAKE OTHERS to see Christ in you moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.—*Rutherford*.

"Shame is the loss of our own esteem."