

just then from his work, but he promised to come down with his wife when he could get a holiday. He saw Greg just before he started, propped up in bed, looking pale, but happy, and eating some breakfast with evident enjoyment.

"Good-bye, Greg," he said; "try all you can to get well, and be sure to be a good boy. I will give your love to May and Isaac—shall I?"

"Yes, and to Biddy."
"Who is Biddy? I don't know her."

"Yes, yer does; her what keeps the apple-stall just at the corner. She's good to me."

"Is she? Yes, I know her now. I'll tell her what you say; good-bye."

Whatever thoughts Greg may have had about the court he had always lived in, he was far too happy and comfortable now to have any wish to go back; besides, he was not accustomed to be consulted or to have any of his wishes thought of, and it did not seem to occur to him that he was left among strangers. He was lying back on his pillow as if he found it very pleasant, when Mrs. Thompson came back into the room after seeing her brother off. She sat down beside him for awhile and talked soothingly to him; then she once more wrapped him in the hot damp blanket, meanwhile busying herself in preparing clean, fresh clothes for him. By-and-by he was dressed in his new clothes, and his hair carefully washed and brushed.

"Ain't it nice!" he said, gratefully, feeling already the comfort of cleanliness, to which he had long been a stranger.

"Can you walk downstairs?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"Oh yes," said Greg, "I can walk;" and he hobbled across the room, going so slowly and painfully down the stairs that Mrs. Thompson's heart ached for him.

"Now lie down here," she said opening the door into a pleasant sitting-room, where a fire was burning brightly, for it was getting late in the autumn, and the mornings and evenings were chilly. "Come and lie down here," she repeated, shaking up the pillows of a very cosy-looking sofa. "I am not going to let you walk about much till you are stronger."

"I never did walk much," said Greg.

"What did you do all day?"

"Why, Granny went out to wash, and she turned me into the court, and I sat in my corner best part of the day."

"What was your corner?"

"Why a little corner again two houses; it wor nice for my back—not like this, though"—and the boy smiled—"but it worn't a bad place. I didn't get so very wet there when it rained, only a few drops, and it were nice and warm when the sun shined. Sometimes I went to Biddy; that wor nice, only it hurt me to walk so far."

"How did you get anything to eat all day?"

"Oh, Granny'd give me a chunk o' bread in the morning. Sometimes she'd give me a ha'penny for dinner, and I'd buy a bit o'puddin' or a slice o'fish."

me an apple or a sup o' tea." "But were you not often hungry?"

"Oh yes," said Greg, quietly, as if that was quite a usual experience.

Presently Mr. Thompson came in from the farm yard: "Why, is this the little boy who came last night? Well, you do look different to-day!"

"Yes," said Greg, gravely, "I've been washed."

Mr. Thompson laughed. "Is that a new thing to you? When were you washed last?"

"Mrs. Goodwin washed my hands and face afore I come

says you may; you must get strong before you can work."

A fortnight more at the farm worked wonders for Greg. Mrs. Thompson was a great believer in her hot damp blanket; she wrapped the boy in it for an hour every morning, and, however it might have suited other people, it certainly did Greg good. The nourishing food and fresh air, too, gave him strength, and though he was still feeble, he did not look like the same child who was carried into the house in a faint. The doctor had been called in to see him, and after a careful examination he gave his opinion that if the boy had good food and fresh air, and was allowed to lie down a good deal for some months, he might yet have very fair health, and might not even be so very much deformed. Mrs. Thompson was thankful to hear this, for her heart began to twine round the feeble, loving child, who was so patient and grateful for all her kindness.

One day when he was lying on the sofa, and Mrs. Thompson was busy writing, she handed him a book to interest him. He looked at the pictures for some time and then shut it up.

"Can't you read at all?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"No," replied the boy, sorrowfully.

"Well, you shall learn. Don't be troubled about it; you will soon get on if you try."

And from that day Mrs. Thompson gave up an hour every morning to teaching Greg to read and write. He was an apt pupil, for he was very eager to learn, and he got on so fast as to surprise his teacher. By Christmas time he could read small words, and Mrs. Thompson was obliged to invent other things to amuse him, to prevent him trying to read too much.

"But you see I want to be able to read about the happy land," he said wistfully.

"Shall I read you about it now?" asked Mrs. Thompson, taking up her Bible.

"Oh yes, do!" said Greg, settling himself in a comfortable attitude to listen.

(To be continued.)

"ABSTINENCE IS EASIER," a learned medical authority (Dr. Felix Oswald) says, "as well as safer than temperance." This from such a source is of weight. Perhaps we may all find, after awhile, that total abstinence is like perfect honesty, "the best policy."

To do so no more is the truest repentance.—Luther.



POOR GREG AND KIND MRS. THOMPSON.

"How did you cook it?" asked Mrs. Thompson, wondering how the boy got on at all with such food.

"Oh, 'twas all ready cooked—why, ain't you seen them shops all full of fish ready cooked? Oh, don't they smell good! and they had puddin's too, and sarsages, and such-like. But I didn't often have any of 'em, only now and then, when Granny worn't cross."

"Was she often cross?"

Greg gave a decisive nod: "Nigh every day, but she wor worse some days. Sometimes May would give me a bite, and sometimes Biddy'd give

away, but I wor never washed all over."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Thompson, "I wonder you ever lived at all, Greg."

"Well, I expect I had to," he returned, gravely.

"And you have to get well now," said Mr. Thompson. "I shall want you to help me on the farm, and arms like those cannot do much."

"I'll do what I can, mister," said the boy, raising himself up; "but I ain't good for much."

"You're a willing boy that's half the battle; but you are not to get off the sofa till Mr. Thompson