

TWO LITTLE WAIFS, AND THE WAY THEY DRIFTED.

"Oh! would I could enter this city so fair,
And join in your anthems so sweet;
But, alas! I am sinful, alas! I am vile,
The blight-cloud of sin doth my soul quite defile,
And I dare not pollute your fair street."

He dried all my tears, and he soothingly said,
"With your sins you have nothing to do;
The Lamb has been slain, all your guilt to remove,
The Atonement is made, and your Father in love,
In Jesus, now looks upon you.

"And now, when in sorrow you're mourning for sin,
Remember the Blood has been spilt:
The price of your dearly-bought ransom is paid,
The work it is finished, and nothing can aid,
And for ever removed is your guilt."

The veil was removed, no longer I mourned,
Such a fulness in Christ I'd ne'er seen;
My soul was revived, quickened indeed;
I turned to my guide; he had vanished with speed,
And left me alone in my dream.

H. D. L.

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CHAPTER V.

DOWN a long, dark alley whence diverge certain ill-looking little streets, with small passages ending somewhere in a confusion of yards and warehouses near the banks of the Thames, dived a thin, squalid-looking youth, breathless, as if escaping pursuit, and after leaning awhile against the wall of a dilapidated tenement, he sank crouching to the ground.

The dingy neighbourhood seemed deserted for the present, but by nightfall would swarm with vice and vileness, in which no one, excepting such as were considered free of the precincts by reason of membership in some form of iniquity, would venture to intrude.

Yet before the refugee could recover breath sufficient to gather himself up to continue his flight, down the same alley came the light, brisk step of a tall, handsome, well-