

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"No, no, my lad, you're never to fight Granny. You've the evil to fight—the sin in your heart; that's where the first victory must be gained. If you are one of the Saviour's lambs you must never tell lies, or cheat, or say bad words, or do wrong things. When the wish to do such things comes into your heart you must fight it down, and look up to the Saviour and ask Him to give you the victory."

Greg listened earnestly with grave face, but he did not say anything. Presently Isaac's wife came in, bringing her husband fresh work, and while she was repeating to him the saddler's instructions the children slipped away.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

In a small room in a house a few streets away from Field's Court, a happy-faced woman was leaning over her husband's shoulder, looking at a map and a list of names. The room was only plainly furnished, but there were one or two brightly-illuminated texts on the wall and a few pictures. The lookout was on a busy street, with the noise of omnibuses and trams continually passing and repassing; but a few flower-pots in the window, with some plants which, though not in flower, were yet bright with fresh, green leaves, shut out some of the dullness of the street. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin had only been a few weeks in that house; he had not long been appointed city missionary to that district, and was looking over the map of the neighborhood.

While they were still poring over it the former missionary came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Goodwin; good morning, ma'am. I see you are busy over the map."

"Good morning, Mr. Healey; I am glad you have looked in. I want to ask you a few questions about the district."

Mr. Healey opened his notebook, and the two missionaries consulted together for some time over the state of the locality.

"And now about this court curiously named 'The Battlefield'; I expect it will be pretty much of a battlefield for us there."

"It is a dreadful place," said Mr. Healey, with emphasis—"a dreadful place, not fit for any lady to go into."

"How comes it by its strange name?"

"I am not very sure, but there is a tradition that a battle was fought some hundreds of years ago on this spot, and a field on which the court was built had from time immemorial been called 'the battlefield,' so I suppose there must be something in it."

"I see you have only one name down there, Isaac Hardacre; how is that? Are there no more families?"

"Oh, dear! yes, plenty—too many. But they are so bad no one can visit them. Isaac is a good old man and always thankful for a visit, but the rest—and Mr. Healey held up his hands

that there may be victories won there which will make heaven ring with praises."

It was in the spring that Mr. Goodwin came to that neighborhood. Greg and May were both going on much the same, both bearing their childhood's griefs and special sorrows in their usual quiet way. Many a visit had been paid to old Isaac, who was always pleased to see his young visitors, and did all he could to teach them more of the Lord he loved. The winter had been a severe one, and Greg had spent much of his time with his unfailing friend and comforter, the apple-woman, who

that folks would come to me."

"No doubt you worked when you had the opportunity," said Mr. Goodwin, pleased to find so intelligent and earnest a Christian in such a place.

"Well, you see, sir, I didn't know much about the Lord myself till I was crippled. It's my accident has been the means of bringing me really to Him, so I can thank Him for it, though sometimes it is a sore trouble not to be able to get about."

"It must be, indeed; but there is one thing you can do: you can pray for your neighbors, you can continually bear them up before the Lord, and so bring down blessings upon them of which they have never dreamed."

"Yes," returned Isaac, "sure enough. I do pray for them, and have done so this many a year, and I believe your coming among us is the answer to the prayers. I wish you could make one of your first visits to a man called Langborne, at No. 6, upstairs. His wife is a good woman, and I believe his little girl is one of the Saviour's lambs—she comes to see me sometimes—but Langborne is breaking their hearts. He drinks dreadful, and beats both his wife and child; but as May told me one day, 'we sings of the happy land, and wishes we was there!'"

"Poor things!" said Mr. Goodwin, compassionately, "I will certainly visit them as soon as I can; but you see I have a large district, and there are many other courts too." Then, after making one or two notes in his pocket-book, and joining Isaac in prayer, he left the house.

It was up-hill work. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin often said that it was a real battlefield to them, there was so much to discourage, and try, and dishearten. The people resented their visits, did not want to be looked after, and said openly that they did not care to be interfered with. But the missionaries gained the victory through Him who loved them, and did all

they could to help the poor lost ones. Langborne was happily more easily reached than they feared; he was greatly taken with Mr. Goodwin's hearty, manly way; and before many months were over, he signed the temperance pledge, and joined a Bible-class that Mr. Goodwin had begun on Wednesday evenings.

The day after the pledge was taken, May came out to Greg in the court, her face all smiles and tears.

"What's the matter?" asked Greg, curiously.

"Oh, such good news! Father's turned tectotal, and won't touch



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in horror. Presently he took his leave, and after he had gone Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin sat for a while in silence.

"This dreadful court," said Mrs. Goodwin at last, "you must be careful how you go into it, husband."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," was his answer, with a smile.

"There are those who need visiting there; there are wounded ones on that battlefield, no doubt, who need helping and blessing; and the only way to do them good is to take the Gospel to them, so

stuck to her post notwithstanding the rain and snow, and had a warm welcome at all times for the poor little cripple.

Mr. Goodwin paid his first visit to old Isaac, who was delighted to see him, and to find that an earnest servant of God was to labor among them.

"There's need enough of work for God in a court like this, sir, sure enough; the poor souls is slaves to sin and Satan, and no one to help 'em. I wish I could do something, but you see I'm tied here and can't move. I haven't been outside that door for seven years, and it ain't likely