

"Oh, don't you know?" asked May, opening her blue eyes, "Why, He lives up in heaven," and her finger pointed upward.

Greg's eyes followed the direction of her finger, and saw the bright stars peeping out of the dark sky, quiet witnesses of Him who made them. "Up there! why didn't she take me too?"

"Well, I suppose she couldn't," returned May.

"It must be nicer than here," said Greg, still keeping his face up to the sky—"so prett' with all them bright spots!"

"Course it's nicer there," said May. "Shall I tell you what my hymn says?"

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away!
Where saints in glory stand,
Delight, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!"

"Say it again," said Greg, as May paused.

And there in the dreary court, in the starlight, May repeated her hymn.

"And my mother's there," said Greg softly.

"Yes," said May, with a child's assurance, "and you'll go to her one day."

"Shall I?" exclaimed Greg, in a tone of joy such as never before came from that crippled form, "shall I, May? When? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I don't know why I didn't tell you," said May, taking the last question first, "I wish I had; but, you see, I haven't known you very long. And I don't know when you are going, Greg. Some day, when God says so. But I must go to mother. Good-night, I hope your granny won't beat you much."

"Good-night," returned Greg; "it won't matter if she does. I've got a mother now, and she's in the happy land, and I'm going to her!"

May ran in, and Greg was again left alone. Yet he hardly felt the same forlorn child he had been an hour ago. He had a mother now! Yes, he accepted the assurance of that with all confidence. He was not so lonely, and uncared for, and unwelcomed as he had always thought; a mother had loved him once, and would again! May said so, and she seemed to know. Who was Jesus, who had taken his mother away, he wondered? And how could He live up there among those bright stars? Oh, how many questions he wanted to ask! Then he repeated over and over again the only lines he could remember of May's hymn—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

"Yes, it must be far away from here," he thought, as he listened to the noise and screams and oaths that were continually sounding around him, and looked

up from his dark, cold corner to the pure gentle stars that were shining so peacefully so far away.

After a while he fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but he awoke at last with a start from a sudden kick and a volley of oaths, as a man came tumbling over him. Greg managed to creep away in the darkness as the man was throwing his arms about in the vain endeavor to punish the child who had been the cause of his fall.

He was wide awake now, and knew that it was late, that the public-houses were closing, and that some drunken man had stumbled over him. He crept softly up the stairs to the room he called "home," listening outside the door to find out, if possible, what sort of a temper his grandmother was in. Hearing no sound, he opened the door cautiously, to see the old woman asleep in a chair, a bottle and a glass close beside her, and a few warm cinders dying out in the grate. He made his way to them on tip-toe, and warmed his cold hands and feet as well as he could; then creeping under the rags which formed his bed, he was soon soundly asleep, dreaming of the happy land so far, far away.

CHAPTER II.

OLD ISAAC.

"The Battlefield," as Field's Court was commonly called in that neighborhood, from the public-house at the corner which bore that unusual name, was a curiously-shaped place. At the first part—the part where Greg and May lived—the houses were regularly built opposite each other, but at the other end the court turned round as if it were going to lead you somewhere, and when you got there you found one little house in a corner, smaller than the rest, and if possible darker; a high brick wall being built opposite, which shut off much of the daylight. There was no thoroughfare, and it seemed as if the house had been an after-thought of the builder's—as if he had felt that there were so many people in London to be accommodated, that wherever there was even a small vacant spot, there he must contrive to build a house. At any rate, there it was, with "No 11" faintly painted on the door.

This house held three families. In the lowest room lived old Isaac and his wife; they had lived there many years. When he was well and strong he had earned good wages at a saddler's shop in the main road, not far off; but a sad accident had laid him low, and he had not been able to walk since. His employers, however, still gave him odds and ends of work which he could do at his own house; his wife taking the work backwards and forwards. Isaac was a happy old man;

he knew the true source of joy, and though he was often in pain and weakness, yet he believed God's word that "All things work together for good to them that love God." His wife was a very reserved woman, never speaking to her neighbors if she could avoid it; and as Isaac could not get about, they were almost as much alone, and knew as little of their neighbors, as if they lived on a desert island.

But one day Greg's granny had been unusually cross, even for her; she had beaten him, and turned him out into the wet court—for it was pouring with rain—telling him that she could not think what cripples were allowed to live for, and she heartily wished he were out of the world. The poor little lad's heart was nearly broken, and in endeavoring to find a corner to hide quite out of granny's reach, he discovered the bend in the court near Isaac's house, and sat down on the step crying as if his heart would break.

"What's that noise, wife?" asked Isaac, looking up from his work; "it sounds like a child crying. Do open the door and see."

She did as he wished without a word, and Isaac raised his voice a little: "What are you doing there?"

Greg jumped up, and would have shuffled away, but the voice sounded kind, and he looked in.

"Come in, come in!" said Isaac. "I'm very fond of little boys, and I'd like to have a talk with you."

So Greg stepped in, thinking too what a nice shelter it was from his granny.

"Well," said Isaac, with true delicacy not noticing the child's deformity—"I am glad to have a visitor. You see I can't walk at all."

"Can't you?" said Greg, with great interest; "don't you never go out at all? Shan't you never walk any more?"

"I shan't walk any more on earth, but in the happy land I shall walk again."

"Shall you?" asked Greg, brightening up. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, sure; do you know anything about it?"

"I've got a mother in the happy land, and I'm going to her," replied Greg, with a nod.

"God bless you, my boy," said Isaac, with deepening interest, "I didn't know any one in this court thought of these things. Who told you about it?"

"May told me."

"Who's May?"

"Why, May, what lives just opposite," said Greg, as if he thought every one ought to know her.

"Dear me, I wish I could get about. Will you bring May to see me some day? I should like to see her. And Isaac pushed up his spectacles, looking thought-

ful, as if he was considering whether he ought not, to have sought the welfare of those about him in some way, instead of shutting himself up so much alone. "Lord," he whispered softly, "Thou hast sent this lamb of Thine here to show me what work I might do for Thee, even in my helpless state. Lord, I thank Thee for this. Help me to teach this lamb the way to the happy land." Isaac's eyes were shut and his hands clasped, but his face was upward.

Greg watched him gravely, and looked up to the ceiling of the little room to see what made the old man's face so bright. When Isaac opened his eyes again, and turned with a smile to the child, Greg asked gravely, "Who was you talking to?"

"Why, to the blessed Lord Jesus, to be sure."

"Him as took my mother away?"

"Yes, child; don't you know anything about Him?"

Greg shook his head.

"Dear, dear me, how sad! The Lord Jesus loves you, my boy, and wants to make you His happy child. Will you love Him?"

"Yes," said Greg, earnestly, his heart at once going out to any one who loved him.

"Where's your father? Isn't he living?"

"Don't know," said Greg, as if surprised at the question.

"Who do you live with?"

"Why, with granny, at No. 2."

"What's is granny's name?"

"Some calls her 'Old Moll,' and some says 'Mrs. Jackson,'" replied the boy, gravely.

"Well, come and see me again when you can, and bring May with you—I'd like to see her."

So Greg went out again into the rain and cold. He noticed a group of children at play on the corner, evidently enjoying themselves, in spite of the wet weather. He hurried past them as quickly as he could go, but not before one curly-headed child had caught sight of him, and shouted out—"Hunchback Greg!" The pained look came over his face again, and as others took up the cry, the tears came into his eyes. He hastened on, and as he passed by No. 2 his granny appeared at the door.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN CITY minister is chargeable with unfaithfulness to the word of God. While he is reading his pretty little sermon from gilt-edge, sweet-scented note-paper, in soft and dulcet tones to the select few, in the pleasant church, the masses are rushing headlong to ruin and carrying our country and its institutions with them.—Selected.

If YOU would create something, you must be something.—Goethe.