

Every one—save Dr. Joyce—could see that the darling of the house was "wearing away to the land of the leal"; but the doctor himself either could not or would not admit that Wilfred was worse. He sent for an eminent physician from London, besides getting Dr. Meadows every day to see the boy, for, skilled doctor though he was, he would not trust his own ability alone for his son. Dr. Meadows had long since told him very gently that lung disease had set in hopelessly, and all the physician said was, "While there is life, there is hope." But Dr. Joyce called them a pair of croakers, and bade his sister keep up Willie's strength with jelly and beef-tea and new-laid eggs; she noticed, however, that he hung about the boy with a very anxious face, and he would suffer none but himself to undertake the night-nursing of the little invalid.

As the school was so near, Davie often called to ask after Willie, who never failed to invite him to stay to tea; he liked to hear of the boys' classes and games, but oh! how much more eagerly did the dying boy drink in the sound of the "Name to sinners dear."

This afternoon Miss Joyce was watching at the garden gate for him. "Doctor Joyce is in Mereham," she said, speaking in an agitated voice; "do find him for us, Davie. He went to some patient who has had an operation in the workhouse infirmary, but he may have gone elsewhere now. Run, Davie—Willie is so ill."

The whistling stopped, and tears filled Davie's eyes, as he rushed forward as though possessed of wings; he loved Willie so dearly that he had often felt as though he would like to bear his weary pain so as to give him ease.

The infirmary was at the other end of Mereham, and to Davie's relief, the doctor's carriage was standing at the door.

"I must not frighten him," he thought, trying to frame his message gently; but just then the doctor came out, and seeing the breathless boy, his face went ghastly white.

"Willie!" was all he could say; and Davie nodded, for the doctor's agitation frightened him out of speech.

The doctor tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it. "Dr. Meadows is in there," said he; "give this to him; when he is done with the young man, he must come at once."

The carriage rolled away, and Davie asking for Dr. Meadows was shown into a large ward, where the doctor stood beside the bed of a youth, whose leg was to have been removed, but the doctors had found to-day that there was hope of saving it.

"He ain't of much account," said one of the male nurses in a whisper to Davie, whom he knew well by this time: "hurt himself

in breaking into a house; he ought to be in the prison infirmary by rights, but it was an old lady's house, and she wouldn't prosecute him 'cause of his leg being wounded."

Davie gave the note to Dr. Meadows, and turned towards the patient. Their eyes met. Jarvis did not recognize the doctor's page, but Davie knew him directly. Davie had prayed for this; ever since he had learnt to love Jesus, he had prayed for Jarvis, as the one who had "despitefully" used him, and he longed to do good to the evil associates of the life from which he had been rescued. Many a little wanderer had Davie brought within the influence of the ragged-school and Sunday-school, but he

nurse; I'd knock down, ten of you, but for this leg."

"Does it hurt you very much, Jarvis?"

"Why! its 'Red Dave,' I declare; to think of seeing 'Carrots' in buttons; your master don't know as how you was in the lock-up, do he?"

"Yes, he does, Jarvis; I'm Dr. Meadows' boy, and he knows all about it!"

"Blessed if he does! you don't know all about it!"

"I think I do, Jarvis; but won't you have a drink of this milk?"

Jarvis drank it feverishly. "Something queer has come over you, Davie; I suppose you're too grand to go to the 'penny gaff' now?"

"Grand, Jarvis! Fancy call-

"Oh yes, I know her, it's Mrs. Bryant, a great friend of my mistress. I'm so glad, dear Jarvis; and oh! so glad you confessed about the purse. I knew you must have done it, and I have asked Jesus to forgive you."

"Don't you feel like punching my head, though?"

"No, Jarvis; but do ask Jesus to forgive you."

"What's the good? It ain't only that—I've done a sight of bad things; it's only one like you as could forgive me."

"But, Jarvis, Jarvis, I forgive you because I want to be like Jesus; oh, do try Him! There ain't nobody forgives like Jesus."

"They learnt me about Him when I was a little chap, and lived with grandfather; but when he died I was turned out in the streets, and I've forgot everything, I think. Oh dear! how this leg hurts—"

"Shall I ask Jesus to make it better, Jarvis? There ain't nobody minding us."

"Tain't no use, lad; Jesus'd think it served me well right; the bobbies said so when they picked me up."

"Jesus never says that," said Davie; "it ain't in the Bible nowhere; I believe He pities you all the time, and I'm a-going to tell Him all about it," and putting his head down beside the pillow of the astonished Jarvis, Davie whispered—"Saviour, our Saviour, save Jarvis, and make Him sorry he has done wrong things, and take this pain away, and show him how Thou dost forgive him, much more than I do—and I forgive him with all my heart—for Thy Name's sake. Please Jarvis, say 'Amen.'"

"Amen," said Jarvis; but nobody didn't listen to you. How could God hear you a-whispering like that?"

"I don't know how He can, but He does," said Davie firmly; "I feels it inside my heart."

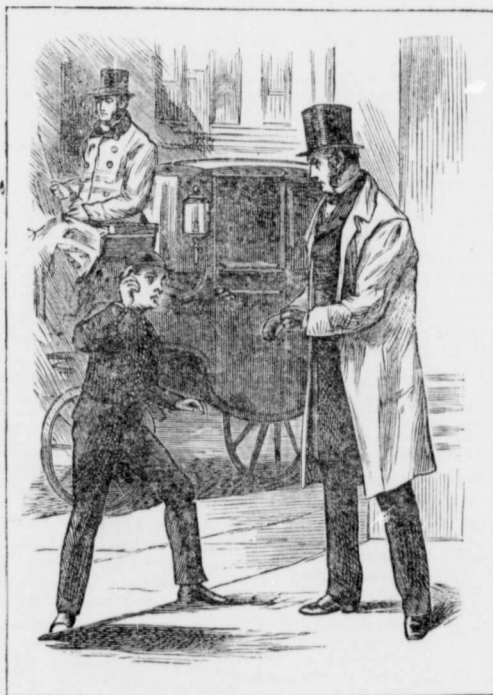
Here the dresser came up to attend to Jarvis, who looked at Davie eagerly, and said, "Come and see a chap sometimes won't you?"

"Indeed I will, whenever master can spare me. And I'll tell mistress what ward you are in; she brings the children here sometimes. I wish you could see our baby, little Miss Daisy. Good-bye, Jarvis; I hope your leg will leave off hurting you."

But ere he left the ward he returned, and laid silently on Jarvis' bed his chief treasure—a little Testament that had been found in the basket of the old woman who died on the bridge, and that Dr. Meadows had secured for him, writing the names of the two outcasts together, first "Betty" and then "Davie."

It was very hard to part from it, but very sweet to give up something precious for Jesus Christ's sake

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(To be continued.)



DAVIE ACCOSTING DR. JOYCE.

had never been able to see Ben Jarvis, though he had even sought for him once in the "penny gaff."

"Doctor," said he, "it's Jarvis."

"Eh, what? he gave his name as Jones."

"Well, it is Jarvis," whispered Davie, "and he don't know me."

"You can remain here with him awhile if you like; I don't want him to sleep just yet, for his wounds are to be dressed when Mr. Drew comes round. I must go up to Sunnyside; don't you come there, for Willie will want to see you, and he ought to keep quiet."

The doctor moved away, and Davie sat down quietly by the bed.

"I say, young buttons!" cried Jarvis, peevishly, "you're a nice

ing me grand! No; but, Jarvis I never go there. I've signed a paper never to touch strong drink, and that's about all they does there. But I did go once—I wanted to find you out."

"Look here," said Jarvis, suddenly, "if it will make you squarer with your master, you can tell him as how I knows you never took that purse. I slipped it into your jacket, Dave; but I didn't feel like being locked up. They've caught me twice since then, though, and if that old girl hadn't begged me off, I'd have been in prison now. Ain't she a brick, Dave? Blessed if she didn't send me some sponge cakes and oranges yesterday. The folks say as how she comes and reads to them here once a week."