

THE BATTLEFIELD.

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The last two chapters of Revelation were read, while Greg listened with all his heart.

"Then the happy land is a city!" he exclaimed, in great delight.

"Yes; are you glad?"

Greg nodded. "I like the country too, but it's so still, there's so few folks about; and I'm glad it's a city where Jesus is. But it won't be like our court," he added after a pause, "because it says 'no night' and 'no pain.'" And he lay back on his pillow with such a look of happiness on his face that Mrs. Thompson could only give thanks that she had been permitted to cheer and comfort the child.

The boy was already quite one of the hot's hold; he called Mr. and Mrs. Thompson uncle and aunt, and was always pleased when they called him by his full name, Gregory. As the spring advanced, the boy began to go out more; he had been kept indoors most of the winter, and a large part of the time had been spent lying down. Now he began to reap the benefit of the treatment; his back was wonderfully stronger, and though he still walked slowly, his whole figure was straighter than it had been, and his poor thin limbs were getting stouter.

Every country sight and sound was new to Greg, and he was charmed with all he saw, though the city still held his warmest sympathies. He soon began to make friends with the different creatures on the farm, and his gentleness won them all to his side—even the pigs would grunt louder and quicker when Greg's face appeared at the sty with some dainty morsel for them. The chickens and ducks hastened to him when he called them for their evening meal, and the cows looked round with their large dark eyes as the boy called their names and gave them a friendly pat.

Poor Greg was thoroughly happy.

One lovely summer's morning Mrs. Thompson came out to Greg, who was watching the men mowing the field by the side of the house. "I have some news for you, Gregory," she said.

He came quickly to her side, and asked, "What is it auntie?"

"Something that will make you glad, I believe. My brother, Mr. Goodwin, and his wife are coming here to-morrow."

"Are they?" exclaimed the boy, a sudden flush coming into his face. "Oh, I am glad, and then I shall hear all about 'The Battlefield.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Thompson, smiling; "your heart is there still, I believe. Well, I shall have a different boy to show Mr. Goodwin to the one he brought me last year; I don't think he will know you, Greg."

"No, I don't think he will; why, I can walk quite well now, and my back don't hurt a bit. You've made me nearly well, auntie," and the boy looked up gratefully.

"It is God who has made you so much stronger, my boy; and I am very glad He put you into my hands; we must both thank Him every day."

healthy boy out of a poor cripple in a few months."

But as he spoke the boy caught sight of the horse and sprang up, hurrying to the door. Then they saw that the boy was still slightly lame, and Mrs. Goodwin exclaimed—"It is Greg, after all!"

"Yes, it is Greg, to be sure!" said Mrs. Thompson, who had just come to the door. "What do you think of my care?"

"It is wonderful!" said Mr. Goodwin, as the boy stood there with a healthy color on his cheeks, which were quite chubby, and his whole being looking as if fresh life had come into it. "It

"Now come in and take off your things."

Greg was very eager to hear all about "The Battlefield" and his old friends there; he especially asked for May, and Mr. Goodwin told him all about her.

"May is very happy now. Her father has quite given up the drink and is steadily working and bringing home good wages. They have left 'The Battlefield,' and are gone to live in a much better place; but May still comes to our Band of Hope meetings, and we often see her father and mother. May still talks of the happy land; she says she loves to think of it now just as much as she did when she was in trouble, and she is glad to think that every day brings it nearer. She often asks for you, and she said I was to tell you that she finds she has just as hard a battle to fight as ever she had."

Greg looked rather puzzled.

"Don't you know, my boy, that Satan, the great enemy, is always fighting us and trying to prevent us living as children of God; he does not come only in dark crowded courts and alleys in the city—he comes in pleasant homes and quiet country places as well. Wherever there are human hearts to be tried and tempted, there Satan comes, and there is a battlefield in which angels are watching to see the results. May has given her young heart to the Saviour, and longs to live for Him; but she finds that Satan opposes her in every way, and that though she is not in Field's Court, she is still on the great battlefield, and has many a hard fight."

Greg looked grave and thoughtful. "When will it be over?" he asked.

"When Jesus comes, then all the fight will be over and the victory won. But even now there are victories won which cause great joy in heaven, though they are never heard of on earth; and the victors may be little children, or weak men and women, who are thought nothing of by the great of this world, though they will wear a crown in heaven."

Presently Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Goodwin came downstairs, and they all sat down to tea.

The little holiday passed all too rapidly away. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin could only stop two days, as they promised to go and stay with Mrs. Goodwin's mother for the remainder of their holiday. They had tea out in the hay, and went over the farm seeing all Greg's pets, rejoicing that the boy was so happy.

"Shall I take him back to London with me?" asked Mr.



GREG IN THE HAY-FIELD.

CHAPTER VII.
STRANGE NEWS.

The next day was very hot, and the grass was already drying rapidly, making a soft and fragrant couch; Greg was lying full length on it, playing with a large dog which belonged to the house, and who was the boy's chief playmate, when a gig drove up. Greg was so busy laughing and playing that he did not hear it.

"That cannot be Greg," said Mrs. Goodwin, as they passed him.

"No," said her husband, laughing; "you cannot make a strong,

is wonderful! I could not have believed the child could be so changed."

"And I can read," said Greg, with a flushed face, as if proud to be so altered; "and I can write a little; auntie teaches me all sorts of things."

"Auntie is very good to you, I think—she has done a great deal for you."

"Yes, she has," said Geeg, going up to her and lovingly linking his arm in hers; "and I'm going to work hard for her when I'm a man."

"So you shall, my boy," said Mrs. Thompson, kissing him.

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