RAG AND TAG. BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER, (Author of "Hildo and Hildebrand," " Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

All of a sudden-the children having been intently gazing at the east window, an old and very beautiful one, all filled in with dark blue and purple glass, its subject "Our Saviour blessing the little children"-the great organ in the gallery far behind them sent its first notes swelling and streaming through the church; and as the beautiful chords rose and fell, echoing and vibrating throughout the building, and away softly and slowly, the clergyman entered the reading-desk. Rag and Tag felt as if their hearts would never stop beating, and as girls and people close by.

Of course they looked about a good deal during the service, it was all so strange to them; but on the whole they be-haved very well, and John and his wife were quite satisfied. When it came to the sermon they listened very attentively, for Mr. and Mrs. Burton had promised them a penny apiece if they could find out the text in the large Bible when they got home. The verse the clergyman chose was, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;" and as he spoke of the love of Jesus, so exceeding and so great, in dying not only friends, His for

that the smile of God might again at all. rest on the work of His own hands, the beings he had made, who in their blindness and hardness of heart had wandered so far from him in the darkness and wickedness of sin that it was only when a wanderer was brought home and a heart trusted in Him, and how the angels rejoiced when over a repentant sinner-and her to his side. spoke of the joys of heaven, of its pathways of gold, of its service of love, of its freedom from sin, of being for ever with the Lordhow none would be cast out who how all might come that very me." moment, even the youngest child "H

in all its simplicity and beautywas brought home to their empty, of the way, and I must be home way that I have supped with thirsting hearts, as God's Spirit to my little sick girl." alone can bring it; and although very dark and ignorant, their earnest longing was to know and the young ones can wait." more about Jesus and His love, By this time Rag had a and to really and truly become a

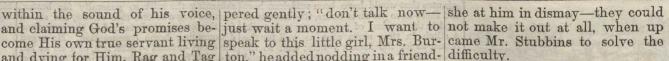
gooder boy and gel." By the time the sermon was over, large tears were rolling down two fingers, at the same time he'll be down upon me for those given her, exclaimed eagerly,

come His own true servant living speak to this little girl, this, but and dying for Him, Rag and Tag ton," headded nodding in a friend-"I tell you what, Mrs. Burton, say they wanted to belong to Him. the boy too. Just stand on one I have sent word home to my Love can break the stoniest heart, side for a minute; I have a word little girl to get her supper to-and this wonderful story—only to say to you all. Will you wait night without me, for I am quite lately heard and so lit-till I am rid of my gown and have the understood by these poor little waifs and strays, now told them so earnestly and powerfully would rather go home I canfollow in all its circuit me, for I am anxious to have a word or two with you, and it's cold standing here, and you will let me have my meal with you instead; it

"All right, Mr. Stubbins, sir," "And I hope it may not be the said John. "My missis and I last, I'm sure that I do," added

By this time Rag had got Just as Mr. Stubbins and John hold of Tag's hand, and pulled were walking off together, leaving him to a little distance from John and his wife.

"Tag, Tag, I know him now; if the sound they made must be Rag's still pale cheeks; whilst it's the man as sent me for the paper in his hand, in which were heard by all the little boys and Tag kept brushing his away with orangers for his lill' sick gel, and wrapped the two pennies he had



-only it will take me a bit out won't be the first time by a long

"And I hope it may not be the hospitable Mrs. Burton.

Just as Mr. Stubbins and John Mrs. Burton and the children to follow, Rag darted up to him, and putting a little piece of dirty

"There they are, sir. I've kept them iver since; an' Tag an' I did mean to try and get the orangers yet for your lill' gel, we did, indeed, but we've niver had the 'pertunity."

The verger turned round; then taking the pennies from the poor little trembling child, he smiled. a kind, gentle smile upon her, and walked on.

"He's got his pence now—that's off our minds; ain't you glad just?" asked Rag, with a deep sigh of relief.

Tag nodded. "But how about 'the dreadfuls' money, and the old genelman's big shilling, and the shawl and the

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but for those that hated Him, opening his eyes very widely to pennies-but I've got them in my jacket we took ?" he asked. willing to suffer that cruel death make believe he was not crying pocket; I've kept them there ever

The verger in the black gown, who had repressed Rag's rising from them, will he, an' we have merriment so effectually at the to go back to 'the dreadfuls'?beginning of the service, was an' me just wantin' to be a betstanding at the doorway through terer gel. O, Tag, I wishes which they must pass on leaving His own strong arm that could the church; and as Rag passed bring salvation—and went on to him, pushed gently along by Mrs. say how the Lord Jesus rejoiced Burton, who herself was being rather pushed by those behind her, he, to the little girl's great surprise and some alarm, laid his they saw the joy of their Lord hand upon her shoulder and drew

"Please, please, sir," said poor his voice. Rag, in a loud whisper, almost ready to burst out crying, "I didn't laugh much, only a very, very little, an' I stopped d'rectly came to God through Jesus, and I see'd you looking so hard at

"Hush, child, hush," he whis-

since. He won't tell them what bad uns we've been an' take us now as we had niver com'd to church."

"My wee lass, why?"-and John, who had just overheard the last remark, took her little cold, trembling hand in his.

"It's just this, master," said Tag, trying to speak bravely, but with a very quavering sound in his voice. "That man knows somethin' about us which looks bad, but which ain't really bad, and Rag is so afeard of going back to those 'dreadfuls,' and-and so am him.

"Oh, well I wouldn't trouble our heads about the likes of 'the dreadfuls'!" and Rag gave her chin a little chuck upwards. "They niver belonged to them, that I'm sartain sure of."

"They niver belonged to us, that's sartain surer," answered

Tag. "Well"—and Rag glanced complacently down at her neat dress, and then at her brother's-"we'd be no ways pleased to wear such odd-fitting things any more. But for all that, after all our hard work and hard blows, an' scrimping an' scraping for them two horrible 'dreadfuls,' we've the most rights to them."

"I'm not so sure that Him as we have been hearing about tothose dreadults, and and so and day would say we're right," said him. John looked at his wife and there were many worse 'dread-

