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THE AWAKENING OF KOHATH SLOANE.



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STORIES

BY
JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT.

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO.

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AND 36 WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO.

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THE AWAKENING OF KOHATH SLOANE.

By JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Ill., and 36 Washington St., Chicago.

CHAPTER I.

HE IS RUDELY ROUSED.



ANDY! Mandy!
Where are you?"

"Come right out
here, Mis' Bell.
I'm settin' out my
onions. I reckon
you can sit on the

porch an' knit while I'm finishin'. Ain't
it fine weather for April?"

"'Tis so," admitted Mrs. Bell, placing
herself in a sunny corner favorably near to
the onion bed. "But ain't you settin'
out garden sauce rather early?"

"Not for this garding; it lies warm to
the southwest, and the high bushes along
the fence keep the sea-wind off it. I
mostly have garden sauce before other
folks."

"So you do, Mandy. You're generally
ahead of the rest of us every way. Now
garding ain't so much as dug. 'Tain't
neither that it's a coldish bit of ground;
people is, I don't know, who to get to do
it. Most of the men folks being off to
the fishing, it's hard for a lone woman

without any men folks to get things
done."

"That's so," said Mandy Rogers, tuck-
ing another onion set into the soft brown
mould and leaving only a pale half inch
of spire peeping out for breathing pur-
poses.

"I met Tirzy Sloane's big boy as I
came in here. I wonder if he'd be any
good to me?"

"That great lump of a Ko? Not
much! I never heard of his bein' any
good to anybody. Big, slow, overgrown
fellow!"

"He don't seem to have much fo'ce."

"I should say not! Never heard of
anybody settin' much store by him."

"Mandy Rogers! his mother thinks her
eyes of him."

"Of course. That's a way mothers
has."

"Mis' Cole thinks a heap of him. He
does a sight of things for her."

"I know. Queer, that!" said Mrs.
Rogers, taking another handful of onion
sets from a tin pail. "Someway old
Cap'n Cole took to that great gawky boy,
an' sence the Cap'n died he's hung 'round

Mis' Cole. Still, Mis' Bell, you'd better get somebody as is somebody to dig your garding, if you don't want lumps left that your squash an' cowcomber vines 'll have to travel yards to git 'round. It riles me to look at that Ko! Great, heavy, lubberly thing, pacin' 'round slow as a 'nox! He hasn't ambition enough to play, nor to fight. You'd ort to hear the school-teachers talk 'bout him! Boardin' 'em, I know more 'bout the village youngsters than you're likely to do. They're a poor lot mostly, an' Ko's the poorest of all. It's as much as ever if he can read. They say his skull's so thick under that mat of red hair, that nothin' can get into it, no-how. I don't know what such boys are made for."

"Why, Mandy Rogers!" cried Mrs. Bell with some asperity, "how you do run on! In course you don't mean the one half you say. What are they made for? To grow into useful men, and do the world's work, and finally get to heaven!"

"Sho! You can't make anything out of Ko Sloane. His father is stupid drunk half the time ashore, and it seems as if Ko was born in that state."

"Mandy Rogers! how you do talk! Si Sloane hardly drank any before Ko was born, nor for five years after. Tirzy Moore was as nice a girl as ever I set eyes on. Bright, cheery, brisk young creeter, did you good to look at her. Poor soul! ain't she changed?"

"Changed? You may say so. Well,

she's lyin' in the bed she made, and reapin' what she sowed, 'cordin' to Scripter. Everybody told her not to marry Si Sloane! He always was a ne'er-do-weel, smokin' an' treatin' an' never savin' a dime. Old Job Moore, her father, was nigh down sick about it."

"Yes. Poor child, she had no mother nor sister. Job was a good old man truly."

"Mighty humbly to look at. This Ko is the very moral of him. Tirzy an' Si was both han'some; Jac'line an' the two small boys favor them, but Ko is the old man out an' out. He was allus slow an' cumbersome, never forehanded nor fitten to get on in the world."

"I remember. He died when Ko was about three months old," said Mrs. Bell, reaching her seam needle, pulling it out, and meditatively running it through her thin gray hair. "I reckon he did a deal of praying for the child before he went."

"Much good it will do!" said Mandy, beginning a new row of onion sets.

"Mandy Rogers! ain't you the very most out-doing woman to talk! Don't you know that the grace of God is able to make a good man, a great man, the best of any kind of a man, even out of a lumpy boy like that, if so be grace onct get to work?"

"No," said Mrs. Rogers stoutly, "don't know any such a thing. I hold God works accordin' to our natures - accordin' to the stuff he has to deal

He don't make black men white when a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' so you they gets converted, do he?" can't. I never see it done."

"That's nothin' to do with it, Mandy! "Dear, dear, Mandy! if you don't beat Skin color is all on a level, you may say." all! For my part, I ain't mortal sure

"That's neither here nor there, Mis' that we allus recognize silk purses, nor



On the other side of the fence sat "that great lump of a boy."—See page 4.

Bell. I don't aim to be irreligious. I hope I know my duty as a church member, but I no more b'lieve the Lord's goin' to make what you may even up to call a man, a real man, out of Ko Sloane, than he's goin' to make one of these onion sets sprout up into a pineapple. I hold with the proverb, 'You can't make sow's ears either, when we see 'em. We're liable to be mistaken, an' there's plenty of our opinions may be just growed up out of our own misapprehendings. What-over happens to me, I hope I won't be left to limit the grace of God, for me, or for my neighbors, or — for Kohath Sloane.'

"Pity he wouldn't turn out decent for

Tirzy's sake! Don't she look woe-begone and miserable! Si's no profit to her; and what good will her children ever come to? None of 'em can get a fair start in life. Tirzy'll go crushed to her grave 'fore she's lived out half her days; Jac'line will have just her mother's poverty-struck hist'ry over again; Ralph will follow his father's tricks — he's bound to be a bad one; an' 'Bijah, for all he's cute an' smart an' pretty-like now, has no more chance of thrivin' than a potato in a cellar. Si for a father an' Ko an' Ralph for brothers! Sho! Now them onions is set out; look neat an' pretty, don't they? Le's go in."

Mandy Rogers rose stiffly to her feet with a grunt, shook out her apron and tin pail, brushed the earth from her work-worn fingers, and led the way into her kitchen.

On the other side of the fence sat that "great lump of a boy," Kohath Sloane, who, with his family, had been so ruthlessly discussed. He had settled himself there to make a whistle for MacDuff, for, as he passed, he saw lying near a most admirable bit of willow, and in making whistles Kohath excelled.

Mandy had remarked that nothing could get into his skull on account of its thickness and its thatch of red hair. Some ideas had entered now, but as they had taken the way through his ample ears, perhaps Mandy's assertions were not contravened. Sharp as had been the

words about himself, not one of them troubled him; what rankled was what concerned his mother. Had she been once young, gay, a pretty girl — his worn, sad mother? Yes, she did "set her eyes by him," her big, uncouth first-born; he knew it, though love's manifestations were limited by adverse circumstances. Was she now an object of pity to old friends? Doomed to die before her time? Her family must come to ruin, and no profit could come to her from all the hard brunts of life so patiently borne? He rose and waved his great arms and shook his big fists vaguely about in objectless wrath and rebellion against these fates of his family.

"I won't let it be so! See if I will!" he muttered fiercely.

CHAPTER II.

HE BEGINS TO RUB HIS EYES.



KOHATH SLOANE

had never heard that there was a logic in events. He had not realized that there were problems in his life, nor had he applied his reason deliberately to any of his acts. As the Italians say, he "reasoned with his feet," and where his feet carried him there he went.

In most cases the result would have been ruin; but Kohath had a big heart in his big body, and that, without his being aware of it, turned his feet aside from many dangers.

What of coarse and often scanty nourishment Tirzah had been able to provide for her family, seemed only to have sufficed to Kohath for rude physical growth. Possibly he owed his unusual size and strength rather to daily contention with sun and wind, and to the ozone of the sea atmosphere, than to food and care.

Tirzah had found life too hard for her. As Amanda Rogers said, "she was wearing to her grave," and for some years past had had little comfort or energy to apply to the upbringing of her children. Kohath, eldest and biggest of the group, stood head and shoulders above his slim, sad-faced little mother.

We have daily instances of people made unconscious by blows. Mrs. Rogers' sharp words had been so many blows upon Kohath's brain, but instead of reducing him to unconsciousness, they roused him, and set him to groping, in a dull fashion, toward action. His emotions drew him back to his mother, that poor wrecked little mother, doomed soon to die. He felt as if he must take her in his arms and go down into the grave with her, if that were her destiny. But his strong young blood rebelled against the chill and darkness of death; he would rather cher-

ish his mother into renewed life, if so be he could find a way.

These ideas passing vaguely, cloudily, through his slow brain, he still walked away from his home. He had in his hand the whistle made for MacDuff, a whistle almost as good in tone as a flageolet, and so his feet carried him toward his friend. MacDuff was on the south-west porch of his cottage, stretched on his reclining chair, and looking eagerly toward the leaden, slowly-rolling sea, and the sky shining in subdued splendor through a thin haze.

"Here's a whistle I made for you," said Kohath, holding it out at arm's length, and not, as usual, sitting familiarly down by the boy's chair. The women's words had suggested to him that he was a manner of outcast, evil by heredity, not fit for MacDuff's acquaintance.

"Oh, thanks!" cried MacDuff. "Why, Ko, sit down!"

"Can't; I ain't your sort."

MacDuff looked troubled. "I know," he said with simplicity, "that you are older than I am, and much bigger and stronger every way, and know many more things than I do; but oh, I do like so much to have you to talk to! I like to look at you, and know what you can do, even if I can't come up to it myself. You're not going back on me, are you, Ko?"

These remarks put a new face on affairs. The waking mind of Kohath

THE AWAKENING OF KOHATH SLOANE.

perceived that there were two sides to the question of his status, and he dropped into his usual place on the upper step of the porch, near the foot of the long chair, and facing MacDuff.

"Twa'n't that I meant," he said slowly. "I meant that you're a finer sort than me; I'm common folks, and my dad drinks. I dunno as he's a very bad sort — he's not ugly — but it's kept us low down in the world. I see it now. I never thought of it before."

"I'm sorry that he drinks," said MacDuff, to whom this was no revelation, "but that need not make you low down, or anything that is bad. It is what you are in yourself, Ko, not what any of your people are, that will make a man of you. I'm truly sorry about your father. Perhaps he'll do better some day. Maybe if you handle yourself right, you can help him up. My father is splendid, and I'm real proud of him, but if he was dead, or was not good, I think I should not forget that God is my Father, and that my affair is to build myself up in the way the heavenly Father wishes me to do."

"Do you make out that God is everybody's Father?"

"Why, yes! Don't you know that?"

"Don't think I ever heard tell of it. I know that God made folks and things, that he lives 'way up yonder, and does the thundering and lightening. I kinder thought that a long time ago, when there was decent people, like Moses an' David

an' 'Lijah in the world, he was pretty friendly with them. I didn't think he had much dealin's with folks now."

"Don't you go to church?"

"Hardly ever. It's a long way off, an' I mostly don't have clothes fitten."

"Don't you go to school?"

"Not much. I begin, an' then I kinder drop out. I don't get hold of things by the right end, an' the teachers get cross. This new teacher looks pretty nice, but I laid out not to bother her; she'd be as down on me as the rest of 'em, in a week."

"But you can read, Ko?"

"Yes, mother got me to do that much. I like readin' when there's any sense in it. I read the story part of our big picter Bible. I don't like newspapers, for all the people they tell of are stealin' an' shootin' an' doin' sech like, an' I b'lieve it's all made up. I never see people act like that. I've found a piece or two of books, 'bout ladies all got up in silk an' jewels, an' men pullin' out swords, an' shovellin' out money, same as I would a boat-load of scallops, an' I don't b'lieve that's so, either. 'Pears like there's so little stuff to read, twa'n't wuth while to learn."

"How old are you, Ko?"

"Sixteen, mum says."

"I'm thirteen. I wonder if when I'm your age, this leg will be out of plaster, and straight and strong again? If that is so, no more football for me! Just think, nine months I've been stretched

out, for that one wretched game! Oh, won't I be glad to be big and strong like you, Ko! Say, what's your real name?"

"Kohath. Dad got it out of the Bible. He said he'd open the Bible, an' first word he put his finger on, would be my name. Seein' that was the way he did it, I'm glad it didn't turn out worse. Some Bible names I can't speak, much less spell. There's one I allus look at, an' I'm glad it ain't me."

"What is it? It can't be Keren-hap-puch — that's a girl's name."

"An' easy, compared with this 'un: be-gins with Z."

"Maybe it's Zelophehad."

"Now you talk! I guess that's it."

"Anyway your name won't hurt you."

"Something's hurt me. Folks say I'm no account at all. Folks say mum's going to die, 'cause she's miserable — heart-broken."

The boy's big ruddy face twitched and his eyes grew wet.

"You are of account! You're fine! I feel it, Ko! I know you can beat them all if you try. My mother says no woman can be heart-broken if she has a truly good son. You can bring yourself up, and you can take care of your mother and make up to her for all. There's nothing like a boy's mother, Ko."

"I'm big and strong," said Ko heavily, "but I don't see as I've got the — the power for that kind of doing."

"Yes, you have. The power is love. You have that, Ko. I see you have. It's plain you love your mother. But after all, it is God gives us power for good. All the power we need."

Kohath rose in his slow fashion. "Yon's a storm brewin'," he said, and trudged off homewards, his big head bent, a strange commotion, almost agony, within him as his rousing mind struggled against its shackles.

His mother stood in the doorway. A great flood of loving compassion filled the boy's heart. He seized her in his arms, hugged her with all his bear-strength, and leaning his face upon her head, he kissed her gray-streaked hair over and over again. Mrs. Sloane caught her breath, then burst into weeping. How long it was since she had had a caress! And in all the life of woman, there is no love and caressing sweeter than that of a son.

As they stood in the doorway, Tirzah's head resting on the lad's shoulder, and Kohath's arms about his mother, their faces were toward the sea. The house, long, low, and built flat to the ground, clinging to it as lichens cling, stood on a barren knoll; before it the treeless, half-mile slope wandered to the breadth of soft gray sand, fringed on the one side by coarse, rustling grasses; on the other, trampled by the tireless, changeful tides. Up now from that wash of leaden waters came a deep, continuous, reverberant roar,

filling all the hollow air with ominous sound.

"There's going to be a big storm," said Kohath indifferently.

Tirzah lifted her head. "The 'Sally Bell' is about due."

"Huh! dad always gets back safe," said Kohath.

sick and weak; why had she not seen it sooner? She took up Ralph's trousers, and searched for the needle that had fallen to the floor.

"Now," said Kohath, "I'm going to make a garden. We ust to have a good garden, an' that ground's laid faller long 'nuff."

He went into the shed, and after hammering and rattling about there for some time, came forth with spade, hoe and rake in usable order.

"You don't know how to make a garden," said his sister, standing, trousers in hand, by the door, and using that superfluous frankness too common in family circles.

"I've made Mis' Cole's last year, an' this, an' I reckon I can do as much for mum," said Kohath, turning up spade-ful after spade-ful of the long-fallow soil, as he bent his great shoulders to the task.

"How do you expect to have a garden," jeered Jacqueline, "with the chickens over it, day in and out! Here they come!"

"Let 'em come," said her brother. "I like 'em 'round while I dig; they'll eat up the grubs an' worms. When the ground's ready, I'll fix the fence 'fore I plant."

"Where'll you get get things to plant?"

"Mis' Cole offered 'em to me, all I want. She did last year, too, but somehow I didn't seem to wake up to it."

Jacqueline sat on the doorstep with her sewing. The mother, stretched upon the

CHAPTER III.

HOW KOHATH WAKED ALL NIGHT.



TIRZAH had come to the door to breathe the fresh air; she had felt faint as she bent over her work. Now she turned back to take up her patching. Ko, his attention keenly awake, realized how wan and feeble she looked. He took the work from her hands, and, gathering her up in his arms, laid her on the calico-covered lounge.

"You're not going to do a bit more work to-day," he said huskily; "lie there and rest, and watch me make garden. Jac'line, you're as able to patch as mum is. You do it. She's worn out, and fit to drop; but you shall rest, mum. We'll take care of her, won't we, Jac'line?"

"Y-e-s — if we can," said Jacqueline, dropping a soiled, torn story paper wherein she was luxuriating, and looking at her mother. Yes, surely, she did look

lounge, and for the first time finding the work going on without her, felt a new comfort in her children's presence, and gradually sunk to sleep.

Up and down the line of garden went Kohath, and yard after yard of earth was turned over and broken up. Jacqueline, seeing that her mother was asleep, and looking strangely death-like in that slumber, silently drew into her lap the other pieces of mending and worked with a good will.

Two hours had gone by; it was five o'clock. The sea-roar was louder, the gray gloom was heavier, and now came sudden shrieking gusts of wind. One of these tore off a board from the shed, another swept away Ko's hat. He threw down his spade.

"Whoop! there's a reg'lar tearer comin'!" he said, looking at the horizon on all sides. "Jac, you carry in these tools."

For the last eight years storms had been the chief joy and excitement of Kohath Sloane's life. Only the furious strife of the elements had been potent to rouse that sleeping nature. Day or night, whenever the tempest broke, the lad was to be found near the sea. Now he set off at his storm pace. Half way down the slope, he paused. If he turned to the left he would go to the pier, where the few fishermen, boat-owners, and summer cottage owners prematurely arrived to put their houses in order, were to be found.

If he went to the right he would presently meet the patrol of the Life Saving Station, and turning with him would reach the Station itself. That Life Saving Station, with the brass cannon, mortars, rockets, the long building whose three beautiful model boats rested on their carriages, ready to be rushed into the seething water, the baskets, the hammocks, the crew, young, vigorous, uniformed — nothing else had ever so impressed Kohath, or come so near to rousing his imagination, as this battalion of the great army that is forever combating with death. Consideration was scarcely needed; his feet turned, as if of their own accord, toward the right.

Kohath was always welcome at the Life Saving Station. He never meddled; he was silent and did not plague them with questions; he was as strong, or even stronger, than the best of them, and in his big light hazel eyes was a dog-like admiration and fidelity that won its way to honest souls.

"Big one coming!" said the patrol.

"Yes, sir!" said Kohath; and no other word was spoken, until, after tramping for over half a mile in the deep, yielding sand, they reached the Point, where rocks lined the coast and towered into a frowning cliff, and ran dangerously into the sea, in reefs and shoals. Then Kohath remarked casually, "Dad's ship's due," quite as if that had no connection with the present state of affairs.

Away out against the darkling sky ships could be seen tacking away from the land, little rags of white sail standing clear against the black trail of clouds. Here and there were small fishing vessels, wonted to that coast, steered by strong arms that had for years worked craft in and out the shallow, tortuous channel; these came cutting along before the yelling blast, to make the little port. Other ships desired only to keep well out into the open, or if they must draw near to the dangerous land, to reach the harbor of safety twelve miles to the north. The danger on this line of coast lay in being carried by wind and tide against the long, treacherous reef reaching out from Gull's Head Point, at the entrance of the great channel between the Island and the mainland. Once driven hard to the north-west before the fury of the gale, it would need strong arms and steady heads, good seamanship and a stout bark, to win to safety. Yearly Gull's Head Point claimed victims for the sea.

The night darkened; the wind and waters rose in almost unparalleled fury; the heart of Kohath rose with them, as with the Station crew he made ready for action, and patrolled the beach, watching as now and then they sent up a rocket, the fiery red torch speeding silently aloft against the blackness, its hiss and whizz lost in the clamor of the sea.

At midnight there was another light from out beyond the reef; a rocket flashed

into the sky, another, a third. Answering signals rose; a boat was rushed to the water. As now the excitement became more intense, a new, sudden solemnity entered Kohath's mind. For the first time he thought of the jeopardy of life, of the awful strain and wrestle against death, of human creatures at the point of shipwreck. With a bovine calmness he had hitherto seen them saved or lost, accepting all as a needs-be.

Now the men themselves, beyond the glare of their signals, appealed to him; and beyond the idea of the sailors, the idea of wives, mothers, children, somewhere, to suffer in their going down.

While signals were given and returned, suddenly the clouds broke in mid-sky, and as they hurried down to the horizon a great full moon looked out upon the raging waters, whose tides she drew. Beyond the reef the vessel was to be seen, her headlight and forelight bowing to the surge, and then reared up against the sky. "Reeling to and fro, and staggering like a drunken man," it was evident that her rudder had been carried away. Even as they watched her, she rolled heavily landward and lay broadside on, beating upon the cruel rocks. In an instant two of the boats were manned.

"Keep out, boy!" shouted the crew's Captain, "this is none of your business!"

Kohath's arms fell to his side. Then from the Station rang a voice: "It is the 'Sally Bell'!" The second boat was

plunging in the surf; after it fell, pell-mell, a burly figure, and over the side tumbled Kohath Sloane, roaring, "It is my business! My father is out there!"

"Sit you there!" said one of the men, "and don't be more plague than profit."

"She'll break up before we reach her."

The great waves beat and tore the ship. As the first boat neared her on its perilous way, the hull broke clear in two, the stern still wedged in the rocks, the bow with the foremast from which waved a flag of distress, was dragged out to sea. Wreckage and men were in the water. The first boat gathered up some of these, the boat with Kohath rounded the other and took off the men still clinging to the stern. The parted fragment rolled heavily seaward and northward before the wild bursts of the wind. Kohath's father was not in the boat with him. Where was he?

CHAPTER IV.

HE MET SORROW IN THE MORNING.



THE life-boats reached the beach together. They brought two dead men, one man badly bruised, five wet, worn, half-drowned. Kohath's

father was not among them.

"Perry," cried the lad in a kind of

frenzy, seizing the arm of the mate of the "Sally Bell," "where's my father?"

Perry rubbed his eyes, wrung the water from his hair and beard. "Why, it's Ko Sloane! Your dad an' the Capt'n were lashed to the fo'mast."

"They're out on the wreck! Father's out there!" shouted Kohath, looking seaward.

The Captain of the Life-Saving Crew followed with his glass the plunging fragment of the wreck, now rising above a whirl of foam, now falling out of sight in a trough of the waves. "It may drive into the channel, and we can reach it from the Port harbor," he shouted. "Come on, some of you!"

Two men were providing fire, food and dry clothing for the shipwrecked sailors of the "Sally Bell"; one was straightening out and decently covering with a sail the two dead bodies; two others were administering to the injured seamen. Three, at their Captain's call, provided themselves with ropes, rockets, flasks, whatever might be needed, and dashed away down the beach headed by Kohath. The boy's long legs, in great running strides, kept him in advance of the men. As he went he recalled the tone and look of his mother as she spoke that afternoon of the "Sally Bell." If his father were lost, there would be one more sorrow for her. He remembered how, long ago, his father had carried him on his shoulder, and whittled out a little boat for him.

These memories lent him the talaria of Mercury. Down to the pier head went Kohath. The boats which while moored to the pier had clashed against each other and against the piles, had been hauled up on the sand out of harm's way. The lad was struggling with one as the Life-saving Crew came up with him. The bow of the "Sally Bell" was still occasionally to be seen, nearer now, sometimes veiled in the surge, sometimes rising high on a crest. Three times the boat with the rescue party was rowed out to the pier's head, and three times, carried back by the waves, she refused to turn into the open sea.

Then, as they neared the pier a fourth time, Kohath seized a rope in his teeth, and without a word to any one, flung himself into the tumultuous water. The men shouted at him; he seemed to have cast himself to certain death.

Kohath knew every inch of that pier; high tide, low tide, he had sat there for hours; he knew that he was near the steps by which the row-boats were reached at ebb; and buffeting the waves that seemed striving to crush him against the timbers, he gained the ladder and the pier. Then wrapping the rope about his body, he bowed all his strength to aid the rowers, and so warped the boat along until he had made the line fast on the outer side of the pier. Thus kept from falling back, she was forced around, and as the rope was cast off, Kohath with a leap returned to his place.

"You might better have stayed on the pier — you have done enough!" cried the Captain, as the boat reeled at the impetus of the boy's weight and spring.

"It's my father's out there, an' mum's at home," said Kohath, his eyes searching for the wreck.

Twenty minutes' battle with the sea assured the Captain that his cause was lost.

The prow of the "Sally Bell," driven across the channel to the reef by the "Narrows," and flung there sidewise, swept every instant by the surf, was soon pounded to pieces. No one could have lived five minutes under that onset of waters. There was Kohath, kneeling in the bow, his eyes searching the distance, unable to give up hope. It had not occurred to him to pray for his father's rescue; he did not realize that God has to do with affairs of land and sea; he was not well enough acquainted with the Father in heaven to turn to him in trouble or joy.

The rowers relaxed their strife.

"You don't give it up!" cried the boy.

"My lad," said the Captain, "they drowned long ago. We must see to ourselves. Belike they will be in before us."

No waves brought the bodies near, as the boat struggled back to land. A crowd was on the pier with willing hands to aid in the landing.

Some one caught Kohath's arm. "You are a true hero!" It was the new teacher.

Kohath looked vaguely at her. His queline's crying as he neared the door. slow mind grasped few ideas at a time, His mother lifted herself from the lounge, and himself was the last of these. He and with clasped hands stood, her anxious had been absorbed in his father; now his gaze fixed on his face. Kohath looked mother filled his thought. This news steadfastly at her; his big eyes widened must not be rudely broken to her. He and grew wet; there was no need for



"Perry," cried the lad, "where's my father?"—See page 11.

set out homeward on a run. As he breasted the slope whereon the low cottage stood, behind him the first dull pink and gray of dawn edged the horizon. Ill news flies fast. Some one had gone out of the way enough to announce to the Sloanes that the "Sally Bell" was a wreck. Kohath heard the sound of Jac-

words. He caught his mother's swaying figure in his arms.

"I'll take care of you, mother!" he cried.

She did not hear him.

"Is she dead!" he gasped, as he laid her on the lounge, and bent over her in a terror far deeper than that with which

he had followed the reeling wreck of the "Sally Bell."

"Only fainted," said Mrs. Cole, who had followed him as he passed her house. "Jac'line, get Ko some hot coffee an' dry clo'es. I'll see to your mother."

Other neighbors came bringing whatever they thought was needed. The little home was clean and orderly, the children in decent array, when at noon, slowly up the slope came six fishermen bearing on their shoulders a coffin, wherein Kohath's father was already fastened out of sight, for the sea had dealt rudely with its prey. Before the bearers walked the Captain of the "Sally Bell," with the drowned man's coat over his arm.

The cottage had four rooms, all on the ground floor; in the north end room the coffin was set down upon trestles. Then the Captain went to the other end of the house, to Tirzah's bedside. Kohath sat there, holding his mother's hand.

"Tirzah," said the Captain, "I'm mighty sorry for you. I was hoping you'd see better days than ever you had in your life. While we lay there in New York, the Salvationers got a-hold of Si; he signed the pledge; an' 'pears to me he was really what they call 'converted.'"

Ko listened as one who heard not. What being "converted" meant did not fully appear to him, and of what use was a pledge if one could not live to put it in practice?

Tears began to run down Tirzah's

cheeks. That distressed Kohath, who felt a rash impulse to push the Captain from the room; but the women said "tears would do her good." Kohath knew nothing of the healing ministry of tears.

In the pocket of the coat brought by the Captain was an old mole-skin purse, in which they found a two-dollar bill, and a slip of damp paper — the lately-signed pledge. That was all the fortune left by Si Sloane to his wife and four children.

After his father was buried a terrible trouble faced Kohath. The women said freely that his mother would die. She had been breaking down, and this last trouble would finish the work of sorrow. When Kohath heard these prophecies he went out behind the house and leaned against it, as great sobs shook his frame. All the world seemed to him a whirling blackness; there was a grasp upon his throat. His mother! his mother! He could not give her up! How precious seemed to him that little faded, frail creature! He would have died for her a thousand times over. He was so dull of speech that he could neither beg her to live, nor tell his anguish, nor ask any one to save her, and he did not know One who hears the thoughts of our hearts. Where was that Friend with a light about his brows, the One whom the Bible told of as healing the sick, and raising the dead? He had gone away and left the earth desolate. Kohath looked about wildly, and

held out his arms as if appealing for a Helper.

When the Beloved returned to his glory he left his people a charge to follow in his steps and minister in his name. Some who have heard that charge do not heed it; others lay it to heart. One of these Kohath saw coming up the slope toward him — an erect, gracious woman, on whom as yet age had laid no touch. She was MacDuff's grandmother. Kohath had always felt awed and awkward when he heard her clear, firm voice, and the rustle of her silken gown. Now she seemed to be the only one able to help him, the only one different enough from these gossiping neighbors to save his mother. He went toward her, tears on his face, his big hands working convulsively.

"They're going to let my mother die! I can't have her die! I want her to live so I can make her happy. Keep her alive for me! She is the only one who looks as if she loved me. You can cure MacDuff — cure my mother."

Mrs. Lindsay leaned on his arm as she moved up the hill.

"I will do all that I can, dear boy, but God is the one who can save. Have you asked him?"

"No; I don't know him; he wouldn't heed me, but if he knows you, you can ask him for me — he will hear you."

"I will ask," she said gently.

"That ain't all. The women are sittin'

round, lookin' on; I want something done for her. It's mean to let her die like that! Say you'll do something! Say you'll save my poor little mother!"

"God helping me, I will," said Mrs. Lindsay.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN A MAN IS AWAKE.



RS. LINDSAY entered the sick woman's room and stood there quietly for a few minutes.

Mrs. Cole, 'Mandy Rogers and Mrs. Bell were talking in hissing half-tones, their theme how terribly ill Tirzah looked, how fast she had failed of late, how badly off she was left, and whatever would the children do?

Tirzah lay as if asleep, but now and then her eyelids trembled. Mrs. Lindsay took her hand; it was chilly, her pulse fluttered feebly.

"Doctor says," announced 'Mandy, in that high whisper more penetrating than natural speech, "that she's clean broke down; jes' complete nervous prostration, an' there's nothin' calk'lated to bring her up."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lindsay, "love and care will bring her up to health. God, I am sure, will bless the means."

With a little sign to Mrs. Cole she went out.

Mrs. Cole, having followed Mrs. Lindsay, shortly returned and softly informed her neighbors that Mrs. Lindsay intended to take charge of this case; that she herself had been retained as nurse at a fixed stipend, and was pledged to obey all the orders of her principal, the first being that no company should be allowed in the sick-room.

There was a little pause for comprehension, and then Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Rogers bent their steps homewards.

At this little watering-place the owners of the cottages were rich; the "natives" — they spoke of themselves as if they were oysters — were poor. To those who do not possess it, money seems to crown the owners thereof with an aureole of glory. The ready money of the "natives" came from waiting upon the wants and luxuries of the "summer guests." 'Mandy Rogers, who described herself as "bein' built to outdo any Chinee that ever set up a la'ndry," had for years "done up" Mrs. Lindsay's lawns and laces; and many a dollar had Mrs. Bell received from her, for fowls and eggs. When Mrs. Cole informed these two of Mrs. Lindsay's wishes, they made no resistance, but departed. It was rather hard on 'Mandy Rogers to be banished; she had checked her censorious tongue that she might stay at the Sloanes' house and enjoy the excitement of a "buryin' an' a

drowndin'"; now she was calmly remanded to her onion bed and her fluting-irons.

Mrs. Lindsay's "taking charge" included assuming the expenses that would accrue, and as she went down the hill 'Mandy Rogers informed her bosom friend that she "didn't see why some persons had so much more money than others," and "it must be right nice to hev' money to throw away." Mrs. Bell for her part declared that "money went to the right hands when Mis' Lin'sy got it."

Meanwhile Mrs. Lindsay beckoned to Kohath. "I want you and Jacqueline to move the kitchen things quietly to that north room. Make all as neat and convenient as you can. Are your brothers in school?"

"I — dun'no," said Kohath, looking slowly about. These boys were the last thing he thought of.

"Kohath," said the lady, "by the death of your father, especially now in your mother's sickness, you are left in charge of this family. Your sister and brothers are your care. Your sister is needed here to keep the house, but the little boys should be regularly in school. Out of school provide them with work, so that your mother will not be disturbed or anxious about them. Your deep love for your mother must broaden out and embrace all the family. After you have moved the kitchen I wish you would go and see MacDuff. And you can bring

back with you some things I am going to lend your mother until she gets well."

Those last three words shot a glorious ray of hope into Kohath's heart. All was not lost!

As he did his work in removing the kitchen his eyes anxiously searched the hill, now and again, for his brothers.

"She's right about those boys," said Jacqueline, "unless some one makes them behave they'll be rascals. Ralph's spoiling 'Bijah now. You're big enough, Ko, to look after things if — you'd wake up."

"I'm awake," said Kohath. He had made up his mind to let folks see that the boys would be better rather than worse off for his brotherhood.

"Awake." But what were the objects and duties of a man properly awake? He dimly remembered a story in the big Bible of a man who had grazed with oxen, but who looked up to the sky, and a man's heart was given unto him, and he returned unto his kingdom.

When Mrs. Lindsay had helped Mrs. Cole to make Tirzah thoroughly comfortable, and had given her a nourishing drink which she had brought, she sat beside her and gently clasped her hand. She had not come as a patroness, as an inspector, but as a sister.

"Dear heart," she said, "it is sweet to think that at last your husband turned to a better way, is it not? Perhaps the Father saw that the safest way for him, was to call him home before fresh tempta-

tion assailed him. You have your children to live for, and Kohath is a strong-souled boy. You have a host in him. Rest here under the shadow of God's wings, while we nurse you back to strength. Worry about nothing. Cast all your care upon the One who careth for you." And with this she went away.

Restfully through the open windows came the hum of bees, the carol of the bluebirds, the deep throb of the sea. Tirzah slept.

Kohath went down to MacDuff.

"I've been wanting to see you!" cried MacDuff. "I just wanted to see a real hero! Every one says you were fine that night!" Admiration was in his big deep-blue eyes. "And now grandmother says you are the head of the house, and have a man's place."

"How does a true man fill his place?" asked Kohath appealingly. "I've got the muscle; feel my grip. But what is being a man?"

MacDuff had not expected to be called to a professorship of the high art of manliness. He said after a pause:

"A man's first duty is to God; the next toward people. You serve God — because you love him. You help people — because you love them. So, after all, it is to love well, Ko.

'He prayeth best who loveth best,'

for God loves all."

"It's easy to love folks — your own

folks. But God—how does one love him? I'm not acquainted with him. How do folks get acquainted?"

Another pause. MacDuff must enter into a professorship of practical Christianity.

"Ko, the more we know of God, the easier it is to love him. Jesus says if we know him we know the Father also. Then if we learn to know Jesus we can't help loving him, for he is—lovable, and the Father is the same. Read all you can of him. As you grow to understand him, love comes."

"I read so slow!" said poor Kohath, "it would take me months and years to read all the Bible tells over and over. And I've got the garden to make, and money to earn to take care of the folks—my folks. I have to boss those boys, too, or they'll be fearful bad. 'Pears like I can't tackle that Book."

"I did not mean that. Grandma says 'all duties should walk holding hands, and keeping step.' Read a little, a chapter, a verse, and think it over, and—pray."

"Pray? I hain't prayed since mum used to put me to bed. I guess 'Bijah does."

"Oh, it will never do to stop praying, boy! Just a few words will do, if you only mean them. God hears the least little whisper; he doesn't mind if we blunder. You can pray while you work. Tell him you want to know him so that

you may love and serve him. And ask him to help you always. Say, Ko, do you have a blessing at table?"

"Never heard tell of it."

"It is just to thank God for what he gives."

"Oh, that sounds only civil," said Kohath.

"Family prayers? Do you have them?"

"Dun'no what you mean."

"As God is the Father of us all, each day the family comes together to read some of the Bible, and pray for help, and give thanks."

"Sounds right. But I don't know a prayer."

"Not the Lord's Prayer?"

"Well, yes, guess I know most of that."

"Say that then. Here's the basket for you to take home. Good-by. Pet your mother, manage the boys, and make your garden! But don't forget to pray."

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT HE FOUND TO DO.



HE basket on Kohath's arm was heavy; the burden on his mind heavier still. MacDuff had said: "Pet your mother;" that was full easy. "Manage the boys;" he could do that. He realized that some of

the ardent love he felt for his mother broadened out to the others of the family; the sister and brothers were dear to him. "Make garden;" of course he could do that. "Have blessing and family prayers." That would be terribly hard. To love God, that far-off, unknown God, would be hardest of all! MacDuff had told him that it was easy to become acquainted with God; that he was wonderfully tender and lovable. It must be so, if MacDuff said it. Since the hour when Kohath had first seen the handsome, robust, bright-faced boy stretched out on his reclining chair, his heart had gone out to him. It had been a case of honest love at first sight between the two; and when Kohath knew more of MacDuff, he believed him to be a wonder of wisdom. Whatever MacDuff considered essential to manliness, that Kohath decided must be attained. He felt that he was no longer a boy, a half-asleep boy; he had leaped into a sudden manhood. He seemed to have lost boyhood, in the fierce baptism of those waters wherein he had fought for his father's life.

Home at last! He found Jacqueline by the kitchen door, a meat fork in her hand, in altercation with Ralph. The point in dispute was the washing of Ralph's face and hands.

"I won't do it!" said Ralph, shrugging his shoulders.

"Look here, Ralph," said Kohath, "there's new rules for you. You'll mind

what's said; you'll go to school, and work out of school time."

"Whoopee! Who'll make me?"

"I will," said Ko, proceeding to wash himself.

"Like ter see yer do it!"

Kohath, his face dripping with suds, was about to take a long stride and gratify the belligerent with the required vision, when softer counsels prevailed.

"Ralph," he said, "ain't it enough that our father was buried yesterday, mum lyin' like to die, an' folks sayin' we're all goin' to ruin? Must you set out to make things worse?"

"What's the matter with mum?" asked Ralph.

"Worn out, and awful sick. Your badness has helped it," said Jacqueline from the doorstep where she was washing and combing the more amenable 'Bijah.

During that morning Mrs. Cole had gone home for a gown and apron, and had brought back a basket of provisions, which she said "shouldn't ought to be spoiling in her pantry, while she wa'n't to home."

Jacqueline, receiving these supplies, put in sole charge of the house, felt the dignity of her fourteen years, and desired to show the neighbors what she was capable of doing. Ko's work of stove-blackening and window-cleaning being done, she had made the kitchen spotlessly neat, and prepared dinner to the best of her ability.

"Such a nice dinner!" she announced. "Boiled pork, cabbage and potatoes, and — a dried-apple pie!"

Hearing of these luxuries, Ralph engaged a share of the basin of water and the roller towel, making himself presentable before Mrs. Cole was called to dinner.

"MacDuff says we ought to ask a blessing," said Kohath, looking anxiously at the platter of meat and vegetables. "I dun'no how, Mis' Cole; do you?"

"Why-y-y, mostly I hold my head down for a bit, before I begin eatin'—"

"I don't see what's the good of holdin' down heads an' make believe, when you don't say nothin'," remarked Ralph.

"No more don't I," said Kohath.

"My gran'ther had the youngest one of us learn a verse-blessin', an' say it every meal," said Mrs. Cole. "'Bijah could do that."

"Who'll learn me?" said the suddenly elected family priest.

"I'll ask MacDuff to teach you," said Kohath. "Now you boys eat your dinners, and get to school. You're not to lose one single half day till term's out. Come right home after school; I've got work for you."

"And doughnuts for good boys," spoke up Jacqueline, seeing rebellion in Ralph's black eyes.

"Mis' Cole, is mum going to die?" said Ralph. "My dinner kinder chokes me."

"Well — mebbly she won't. She's been fretted nigh to death. But now I don't see as she's got much to fret her, an' mebbly she'll get well, 'less you children don't behave."

Thinking his new thoughts, slowly forming his new plans, Kohath worked vigorously at his garden until about four o'clock, when he saw Mr. Perkins coming toward the house.

Filled with suspicion, he went to meet him.

"Ho, there, Kohath! How are ye all?"

"All right," said Kohath, frowning at the overseer of the poor.

"Where's your mother? I want to talk with her a bit."

"You can't; she's sick — can't see anybody."

"That's bad. We've been talkin' you over, Kohath; considerin' what it's best to do with you. Some thinks one thing, some another. Some says we might spare you a little weekly out of the Fund; 'n' others says your mother 'n' 'Bijah better go right to the County Farm, hev Ralph bound out, an' then mebbly you an' the gal could take care of yourselves by hiring."

"Whose business is it to talk of us that way!" cried Kohath hoarsely, his big frame swelling, and his face growing purple with rage. "Who wants your 'fund' money? Who says my mother's going to the County Farm? You can let us alone, all of you. This is our house. We can

take care of ourselves. What's our mother got four children for, if not to take care of her? We ain't paupers."

"Why, lad," said the little man, looking up at the big Kohath, who stood with

you power to part us from mother? What right have you to drag her to the County Farm? Wasn't this Gran'dad Moore's house? Ain't it my mother's now? Hav'n't I got arms big enough to



"We've been talkin' you over," said Mr. Perkins.—See page 20.

shoulders squared, and arms akimbo, making himself as broad as he could, "we can't have a fambly starvin' or runnin' round in rags beggin'—county's got plenty of money for its poor."

"Keep your county money. There'll be time enough for you to talk about beggin' when you see it done. Who gave

work for her? Don't come here to talk County Farm. Mother's got me!"

"I never reckoned you was much of a hold. Take care. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

"Take care you don't tumble over going down the hill then!" piped a shrill

boy-voice, and there were Ralph's black eyes glowing from behind Kohath's elbow.

"Two dollars a week was what we said we could allow you, if your mother wanted to stop here till fall," persisted little Mr. Perkins, taking out two dollars.

"We won't have a cent of it! I'm going to work, I tell you, and when we need county help we'll ask for it," said Kohath proudly.

Mr. Perkins shook his little dried-apple head, and went down the hill.

"See what you're coming to!" said Kohath to Ralph. "Poor-house, an' bindin' out, unless we keep ourselves. How do you like it?"

"Don't let them do it, Ko! Don't let 'em bind me!"

Kohath looked at his bright, naughty brother. Love gave him sudden wisdom.

"Ralph, you an' me can be pardners to take care of mum, an' bring up 'Bijah. We'll show folks we ain't no paupers. You give me your hand on it."

Ralph felt an inflow of manliness and dignity as he gave his hand to this compact with his big, earnest brother.

"I reckon you'll do your best," said Kohath, "and if you go to foolin' I'll thrash you, an' set you all right again."

Having made this promise, without the least animosity, or suspicion that it might be other than perfectly agreeable to Ralph, Kohath assigned him his task in

the garden, and himself set out to look for "pay-work."

Mrs. Bell received him so cordially that he sat on her fence and detailed his plans.

"I'll begin on your garden to-morrow. I'll make it good, too. Up home there's the garden, and the fence, and the shed, an' chicken house to see to. I can get up at four, an' work there till seven. Then the boys can help, and I'll work evenings what they can't do. 'Bijah an' Jac'line can rake the dooryard. When mum gets up, I lay out she'll find her place as neat as the cottages, if 'tain't so fine. I'm goin' to plant some posies for her. Nothin's too good for mum. D'ye s'pose Mis' Rogers would gimme roots of them red an' yellor flowers, an' climbin' roses, ef I worked for her? Mis' Rogers don't like me."

"Any one would have to like you, Ko, if you keep on same as you're beginning. You'll find it pretty hard work — but don't give down."

"Nothin' seems nowise hard that I do for mum. There'll be plenty of grass rakin' an' cellar cleanin' for cottage people. I'm goin' round to engage all I can. You — you s'pose — mum will be all right, don't you, Mis' Bell?"

"Of course I do," said Mrs. Bell, heartily.

"Mis' Lin'sy said to pray for her, but I don't know any prayer. Mebby God hears my thinking 'bout her. S'pose so?"

"I'm sure of it, Ko," said Mrs. Bell.

CHAPTER VII.

KOHATH GIVES HIS NOTE.



PEOPLE living in small places, and having but meagre education, are given to discussing their neighbors. When the talk is kindly it may tend to friendliness and helpful conditions.

Mrs. Cole had finished her five weeks of nursing and returned home. 'Mandy Rogers, burning to learn "all about them Sloanes," made a small tea-party for Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Bell.

"I didn't know as there'd be enough of you left to get out to a tea-party, Mis' Cole," she said, "workin' an' starvin' as you must have, up yonder."

"Bless you! I didn't work hard. Tirzah was the patientest creetur! I took care of her, an' her room, an' helped Jac'line wash an' iron. Jac'line did the rest of the work, surprisin' well, too. I sewed some, makin' an' mendin' — I'm good at that; I didn't want to fool away time I was paid for."

"I know you earned all you got. So Tirzah's up again, is she?"

"Yes; real peart, too. She's takin' on flesh, an' gettin' a color. Ko's that proud!"

"Didn't know that big lump could be proud of anything."

"'Mandy Rogers, ain't you 'shamed to talk that way! Was there ever a boy did more than Ko's doin' day in an' day out? It's truly wonderful," said Mrs. Bell.

"I own he did a fair job on my ash pile, an' no one can say I stinted the flower roots, onion sets, sweet corn, an' tomato an' cabbage plants I gave him as pay," said 'Mandy. "But Mis' Cole, what I want to know is, where them new clo'es came from them four flaunts off to church in. Three boys in store-suits, an' Jac'line in a check gingham an' straw hat, fine as a fiddle."

"MacDuff Lin'sy had some money, an' he lent Ko fifty dollars, on his note for five years."

"Ef that don't beat all! Why, Ko's note ain't wuth shucks."

"I b'lieve it's jes' as good as anybody's. Ko is strong, he can work, an' he is plumb honest. He'll pay that note, if he has to work on his han's an' knees."

"The idee! The intrust will 'bout double it, in five year!"

"Ko don't know much about interest, an' far as I could learn that note did not call for much of any interest on it. The boys fixed it up to suit themselves."

"'Zactly what I should expect of them shiftless Sloanes, to borrow money an' lay it all out in wearin' clo'es!"

"I can tell you how it was, 'Mandy. Ezry Perkins come up there talkin' 'bout puttin' 'em in the county house, bindin' 'em out, portionin' 'em some of the Poor

Fund, an' I can't say what all. 'Lowed they'd all be in rags, beggin'. Ezry never did have understandin' ways with folks' feelin's. Ko was fearful cut up about it. I s'pose he told MacDuff, like he tells him everything. MacDuff insisted on lendin' him fifty dollars, so they could get church clo'es. MacDuff was powerful set on their goin' to church an' Sunday-school. They got shirts an' suits, an' shoes all round; some was laid by for a black gown, shawl an' bunnit for Tirzah, an' some was held over to buy singles, paint, lumber an' nails, for a little mendin' up of the house. Them four got on their new clo'es, an' walked off to church, an' sot right before the face an' eyes of Ezry Perkins. It did tickle 'em pertieler, the way Ezry stared an' couldn't hardly shut his eyes even in prayin' time!"

"'Zactly like them ungodly Sloanes!" cried 'Mandy in high indignation. "What a set they be! Going to church to show off new clo'es, an' rile Ezry Perkins!"

"How you do go on, 'Mandy! Don't you see them poor children didn't know any better? They didn't mean any irreverence. I s'pose Ko told it all to MacDuff, an' likely he set 'em right, for now all the talk is what the tex' was, an' what the preacher said. Mis' Lin'sy gave Jac'line a singin'-book."

"Oh, Jac'line Sloane settin' up for a singin'!"

"Now, 'Mandy! That girl's got a

mighty pretty voice — sweet as a bird. You are all out when you call the Sloanes ungodly. I can tell you, Tirzah, lyin' there with nothin' to do but think, and Mis' Lin'sy to drop her a good word now an' then, why, Tirzah she went back to the religion of her old father, an' her own young days, an' it done her a heap o' good, I could see. Ko's goin' the same way — all for religion; he's his grand'ther, Job Moore, over agin. He has 'Bijah say blessin' at table. Every night they set in Tirzah's room an' Jac'line reads out a piece of the Psalms, an' they kneel down to say the Lord's Prayer. They do it that earnest it jest lifts the heart right up to hear 'em! After dinner each day, Ko set by Tirzah's bed, and read her a chapter. She see he was tryin' it for himself, an' she told him to read to her. Ko ain't a master-hand at readin', an' she helped him to the hard words. He improved amazin' while I was there, an' he finished up Matthew, an' got into Mark, 'fore I left. It was real affectin' to see that boy with Tirzah. He'd smooth her hair, an' lay his face down on her cheek, so lovin'-like."

"Big, slow, humbly thing! I'm glad I don't own him!" cried 'Mandy.

"'Mandy Rogers, ef you ain't got the sharpest tongue of all! Time 'n' often I've thought that, if the Lord hed seen fit to give me children, I'd asked nothin' better than such a boy as Ko Sloane. He looks kind, honest, brave, an' lovin'; what

more do you want anybody to look? When he had on them new clo'es, he was a proper fine appearin' boy, in my eyes."

In this gossip over 'Mandy Rogers' tea cups, we have the history of the Sloane family for five weeks after Kohath's wakening. Tirzah was now about her housework, and it was May. In those five weeks of illness, beginning with the great storm when her husband was lost, changes had passed over Tirzah. Her sallow, wrinkled skin had become fair and smooth; there was a rested look on her face, a calm, peaceful light in her eyes, hope brooded in her heart. God had "allured her, and brought her into the wilderness, and spoken comfortably unto her, and given her her vineyards from thence; the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she sang there, as in the days of her youth."

Dread, disappointment, fear, care, discouragement, had been Tirzah's portion, and they had broken her down. She was of a gentle, easily-desponding temperament, and had almost ceased to struggle for herself and family, when striving seemed to be so hopeless. Now she had nothing to dread, and very much to hope. Affairs were on the up-grade; she took courage.

When she came out of her sick-room she seemed to enter into a new world. Through the good offices of Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Lindsay, and the labor of Jacqueline, the house was much-improved. Mrs.

Lindsay had been rich in gentle, helpful suggestions. Her giving had been within moderate limits, that did not pauperize. Mrs. Cole and Jacqueline had cleaned all the house, repaired the old, worn furniture, and washed and mended the bedding. They had braided mats and made cheese-cloth curtains, cleared out all the rubbish, made over all the old clothes into useful garments or other articles. Mrs. Cole prided herself upon her "faculty of improvin' things," and here it had been given plenty of room for exhibition. Kohath had replaced broken windows and door-steps.

Tirzah looked about, drawing a deep breath.

"It is like old times," she said. "Wouldn't my poor father have been pleased to see it!"

Tirzah's children were of a sturdier, more enterprising strain than herself. "Si Sloane" might have been a very useful citizen if he had not taken to drink. While Kohath resembled his Grandfather Moore, there had been much of the natural ability of his father asleep in him, and now that he was aroused, this ability was coming to the front of his character.

"Tell me what Ko has done up there, grandma," said MacDuff, when his grandmother had come back from a call upon Tirzah, the day that Mrs. Cole left.

"He has fenced the garden neatly, and mended the outbuildings, and white-washed fences and sheds. He has cleared

up all around the house, made a neat wood-pile, mended and painted the well-curb, made a nice garden, and is planting a patch of corn for his fowls. He has set out vines, rose bushes, and lilacs on the sheltered side of the house, and has helped his sister to make two flower beds in front. He has also fixed up a sort of sailcloth-covered porch, with two benches, so that his mother can sit out of doors."

"Isn't Ko grand!" cried MacDuff. "Here he comes now. Hello, Ko! Where have you been?"

"To the grocery to see if I could get a place for Ralph when school is done. I got it too! Say, MacDuff, I asked God to help me about that, and he has."

"Then you are not finding God far off, and hard to get acquainted with?"

"Somehow that feeling's all gone. It seems as if — why, as if he's kinder than you even, MacDuff."

"Come here to-morrow night, Ko; I've got a splendid plan," said MacDuff.

"Why, boy," said MacDuff, laughing, "I don't say to go to college, or to be a lawyer; but you should know how to read, write, and cast accounts well."

"Mebbe I ought, but how can I? I have to work. I begin at home at five in the morning. I work for other folks from seven till six, and at our garden till dark. Then I'm dead tired."

"You could not study now; but after October you will have time enough. The school teacher says she will be more than glad to teach you in the evenings. She thinks you're just fine, Ko! You see you have your boys to look after and educate, and it won't do for you not to know common things like writing and accounts. You will not want to spend all your time at day's work and odd jobs. You must be fit for something better. We all of us should aim to be the best we can, Ko; you see that?"

"Yes. Well, I'll try it if I must, MacDuff."

"I've picked out some nice books and papers for Sunday, and if you read them out loud, some of you, it may help to keep the boys at home. I saw Ralph playing 'shinny' on the corner, all last Sunday afternoon. If you let him do that, he will get in with bad boys and be bad himself."

"Ralph don't do right," said Ko dolefully. "Sometimes I think I'll give him a thrashing; but when I take hold of him he looks so like poor dad, that I can't.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER HELPS.



NE thing you need, and my plan is to help you to it," said MacDuff. "You need more education."

"Oh, MacDuff!" cried

Ko in dismay, "I can't! I don't take to that."

One thing is sure, if I catch him round saloons, then I will give it to him."

MacDuff admitted that vigorous measures might be needed if Ralph took to saloons.

"You see," said Ko, "between bein' afraid of Ezry Perkins, and thinkin' work up to the house new, he did pretty well at first. Now he is gettin' balky about it; and that's one reason why I got him a place at the grocery. He thinks that's fine; but after a little he'll peter out at that."

"You must keep him home evenings. My father says a boy is sure to go to ruin, if he's out nights."

"He'll not stay at the grocery till nine."

"Then he ought to go home, and not hang about the billiard hall, or pier. Is he going to keep what he earns?"

"Of course not! What we all earn in the summer has to be laid up for winter when work is scarce. Jac is goin' to live with Mrs. Nash, and tend baby. Mum has taken Widow Carter's baby to board, so she can hire out. All we all earn has to be laid up for winter."

"That won't hurt Ralph. Mother says idleness and money hurt boys worse than anything."

Ralph's rebellion came, as Kohath anticipated. The first battle was over coming home as soon as work was done. Ralph remained at the billiard hall. He felt very important as "grocery clerk,"

and secretly scorned Ko's hard hand-labor. Whatever happened, Ralph resolved not to be ruled by Kohath. Standing by the billiard table, Ralph heard a shrill whistle close behind him, at the open window. He turned. Kohath beckoned to him. Ralph raised his shoulders, set his back to the window, and put his hands into his pockets.

"Come out of that, boy!" said Kohath. Ralph stood firm. Then two big hands and two long arms came in at the window, gripped Ralph by the neck of his shirt and the seat of his trousers, and Ralph disappeared through the window.

Ko used few words. "Come home as soon as work is done, or be bound out to a farmer."

The question of wages, however, was the Waterloo. One week Ralph kept a quarter; the next fifty cents; then he secreted the whole amount.

"I won't mind you, Ko. I can take care of myself. I'm smarter than you are. If you boss me, I'll run away and never come back. I'll show you I can do without you." They were at the dinner table. "You're only my brother," continued Ralph.

"See here! I've come after my silver thimble!" There stood 'Mandy Rogers in the doorway. "You, Ralph! hand over that thimble quick."

"I ain't got your thimble! What'd I want of a thimble? I don't sew!" cried Ralph.

"S'pose you don't? You could give it away, or sell it. You took it off'n my kitchen table this mornin' when you brung up my groceries. Len Tufts see you. You needn't deny it."

"I never!" screamed Ralph, wildly.

"If you don't hand it over I'll have you 'rested an' sent to Reform School. You're a real bad one. You run away from school, you sass the teacher, you fire peas an' paper-balls, an' burn pepper on the stove, an'—"

"That's only play! I don't steal!" cried Ralph, pale and tearful.

Tirzah was crying, 'Bijah crept under the table, and Widow Carter's baby seized the opportunity to wail.

"Ralph, come here," said Ko, in his strong, slow tones. "Honor bright, have you taken, or touched, or seen, that thimble?"

"No, Ko; true, I never!"

"I believe you," said Ko, taking his little brother's hand in his protecting clasp. "He didn't do it, Mis' Rogers."

"Oh, yes! there's two of you in it! He took it, and you help him hide it. I never had no use for either of you!"

'Mandy hurried off, vowing arrest. Kohath took Ralph to the grocer. "Mr. Moss, Ralph did not touch that thimble," said Ko firmly.

"I don't b'lieve he did," said the grocer. "He never has showed any inclining to picking and stealing. He forgets sometimes, and he stops to play, an'

he don't mind right up to the mark. But he is quick, and civil, and always tidy. I'm real sorry to part with him. But I can't send him round to the houses, with Mis' Rogers sayin' he stole out of her kitchen. Len Tufts told her that Ralph stayed in the house longer 'n he need to, an' came out with the thimble."

Kohath and Ralph carried their case to MacDuff. MacDuff began the examination:

"Did you lay the goods down, and go right out?"

Ralph mused. "No; I saw a brown beetle poking its head out of the sugar paper, where it was folded. We have lots of 'em at the store. I took a match an' picked it out."

"Well?" said MacDuff.

"Then — then I went out and — oh, I was looking at the beetle! Their legs is put on the funniest way, and I like to put 'em on their backs, an' see 'em kick!"

"Why did Len Tufts say you had the thimble?"

"'Cause him an' me's allus fightin'."

"What about?"

"I won all his marbles from him; las' spring. Got 'em home now — a hull can full."

"Have you quarreled ever since?"

"Yep — off an' on. He hollers 'Patches!' at me, 'cause my pants knees has patches. I won't stand that, an' las' week I hit him a clip on his head, to serve him out."

"I see. Ko, you go bring Len Tufts t'other day, I thought I see him round here."

Len was promptly produced.

"Len," said Judge MacDuff, "you saw Ralph go into Mrs. Rogers'. He stayed there longer than he need, you think."

"Yep!" cried Len, triumph in his eyes, "an' he come out with the thimble. I see him."

"Wearing it on his finger?"

"Nope; he had his hand scooped up this way, an' the thimble lyin' in it."

"Yes. Now how could you see the thimble if his hand was scooped up that way?"

"I didn't 'zactly see the thimble, but he was lookin' hard at suthin', an' of course it was the thimble."

"Oh, I see. How came you to be watching the house? Were you watching for Ralph?"

"Nope — for the crow."

"What crow?"

"Binks, his name is — a tame crow. Hal Ford boarded at Mis' Rogers' last year, and he found a crow with a broken leg. He mended it, and kep' him for a pet. Mis' Rogers dassent say nothin' 'cause Hal was boarders. Binks was lots of fun. He'd fly on to the table an' take the forks an' spoons in his bill, an' drag 'em 'round the cloth like carts!"

"What became of him?"

"When the other crows began to caw, an' have meetin's about flyin' South, he j'ined 'em; an' never come back — not till

other day, I thought I see him round Mis' Rogers' house."

"And you saw him to-day?"

"Yep. He flew into the house, an' then he flew up to his tree."

"He has a tree, it seems?"

"Yep. You'd orter see him. Me 'n' Hal would give him meat, or apple, an' he'd fly up that tree to a hole he had, an' tuck it in, an' come back for more, awful funny! Oh, there's dad an' our wagon!" And off went Len.

MacDuff lay back laughing. "Ko, I know where that thimble is! The next thing will be to get it!"



CHAPTER IX.

MOTHER AND SON.



"CAN you climb, Ko?" asked MacDuff.

"No; I'm too clumsy," said Kohath.

"Oh, couldn't I climb once though!" cried MacDuff, looking down at his encased leg with a sigh. "Who is the best climber here?"

"Dick Moss! Goes up a tree like a shot," said Ralph, eagerly.

"See if you can bring him here, Ko," said MacDuff.

Dick soon appeared; to answer a summons from MacDuff was to the village boys an honor and pleasure.

MacDuff stated the affair. "Find Len; speak only of the crow; get his tree and hide-holes pointed out; then up you go!"

Dick set off on a run. Kohath and Ralph, looking on from afar, saw him begin the ascent, then ran after him, and climbed as far up the tree as they could go. Len and two or three other boys waited at the foot of the tree.

"Dick's going to catch Binkie!"

"Whoop-la!" shouted Dick. "Call Mis' Rogers! Ho, Mis' Rogers! Here's your thimble!"

"Where'd that Ralph hide it?" demanded 'Mandy, coming to her gate, sewing in hand.

"It was the crow!" shouted Dick from above. "Here's the thimble in his hide-hole — full of wood-dust!"

"Ralph put it there, I know!" grumbled 'Mandy.

"He never! He couldn't get up to that hole, to save his life! Takes me to climb like that," retorted Dick.

"You Len! What'd you tell me that for?" said 'Mandy, turning angrily on Len.

"You said 'twas Ralph," whimpered Len, "an' you asked me didn't I see him, an' what he was a-doing, an' — an' I thought it was the thimble."

"Come on, Ralph; we must go tell mother!" cried Kohath, having at last succeeded in getting down from the tree.

As they passed the store the grocer came out.

"Hullo, Ralph! Dick says the crow got the thimble! Glad you're proved clear. I never thought you took it. Mis' Rogers ought ter be more keerful. You can come back to the store."

"In half an hour," said Kohath quietly; "he has to come home first."

"You were talking very boldly about not minding Ko, and being able to get on without him," said Tirzah. "But how could you have got out of this trouble without him and the friends he has made? You would have lost your place, and every one would have called you a thief."

"Ko was awful good to me," said Ralph, snuggling close to his big brother, "an' I'm going to do just as he says I must f'rever 'n' ever!"

He ran to the back yard, disinterred his last wages from under a stone where he had buried them, and brought them to his mother. "I'll never do that again," he said.

"I was just meaning to go and tell Mr. Moss that only mother could draw your wages," said Kohath, "but if you mean to play her fair, you can bring them home yourself."

"I'll be all right with it," said Ralph.

"Now, boy, where's that can of marbles you won from Len Tufts? Go take them all back to him. Mrs. Lindsay says marbles 'for keeps' is gambling, an' you can't do it, ever again. When you give back the marbles, go to the store."

Ralph went out, meekly, with his ill-gotten gains.

"It's a lot of trouble to bring up boys," said poor Kohath. He had already forgotten that he was a boy!

"You're tired, Ko," said Tirzah, stroking his cheek. "You work too hard, my boy."

"It don't hurt me," said Kohath, "and in winter there will be plenty of resting



"Say, mum, can't you plan something else?"—See page 32.

"A lot of trouble bringing up boys." He said it many times. He said it late one August evening, sitting with his mother on the doorstep, waiting for Ralph. The moon was shining, full, in a clear sky, and before them lay the wide picture of land and sea, in bronze and silver light.

time. Say, mum, I'm going to get enough work at the lumber yard to pay for lumber to fix up the house a little; and I'll work for carpenter Hay, to pay him for two or three days' work here, straightening door and window frames. Then I'll earn paint, and paint the hull house. Red. Red paint is cheapest, and thick-

est; it's the only kind for old, rough-worn wood, like this."

"The house all painted red, up on this green hill, would look pretty," said Tirzah.

"Say, mum, can't you plan something else? I want this place to look nice for you, an' so Jac' an' the boys won't feel ashamed of it. How can we fix it up?"

"A nice wide walk of pounded shell from the door to the gate, would be fine. You could set out three or four evergreens, near the house. Then, if you could get lumber for a floor and a roof, we could have a long front porch, with posts made of young hemlocks, trimmed in the rough."

"Oh, ain't you a one to plan!" cried Kohath.

"When you were a little fellow in frocks, an' Jac'line was a baby, your father and I used to sit out here and plan like that, but—it came to nothing," sighed Tirzah.

"This'll come to something," said her son resolutely. "I'll make it come."

"We planned," said Tirzah, sadly, "that you should have a good chance in life, and that Jac'line should be educated fine, and all that. But there it ended."

In his absorbing love for his mother Kohath felt a kind of jealousy of the father who had occupied her heart, and had sat making plans with her in the moonlit evenings, long ago. Then deep pity rose in his heart for her, that her

plans had fallen like unripe fruit; that her hair was gray, and disappointment was written across the story of her life. He put his arm about her, and held her close.

"In as many years more, little mum, you shall sit here with me and say how all your planning, that and this, came out true!"

"Mrs. Lindsay was here to-day, Ko, and she said that after Jac'line had been in this school two years more, she ought to go to the Normal for three years, and then she could be a teacher and get a good salary. But I don't see how we could ever keep her at the Normal."

"We could if we ought," said Ko stoutly. "MacDuff says if you just take God into partnership, and tell him all your plans, he helps you to all you ought to have; and what he sees you ought not to have, why, of course you can go without. That is what saves MacDuff from fretting about his leg."

Tirzah for answer stroked Kohath's hand.

"Jac'line is real smart, and loves books," continued Kohath, "and so does 'Bijah. Wish I could learn as quick as 'Bijah! And Ralph will make a smart business man some day. They'll all be a credit to you, mum. They're all smart but me!"

"You are better than smart—you are good!" said Tirzah, resting her cheek on his shoulder. "Besides, Ko, I believe the truth is you are smarter than all of

them; there is so much to tie to in you. I can rest on you. You don't fail me."

Kohath gave a happy, deep laugh.

"MacDuff and the school mistress say you are a hero, Ko. I know you are true and kind. If your poor father had been as strong, how happy I would have been! But now — he is safe with God. That is all right."

Kohath did not answer. The thought was struggling in his slow mind that he must make up for his father's lack, and assume the duties he had cast aside. And still, when all was done, there would yet be a place in his mother's heart unoccupied, and unsatisfied — for women have more ties than to their sons.

He rose up. "It is striking ten, mum. I must go look for Ralph."

There was a sound of wheels, then a call — "Ko-ooo! I've got to go two miles up the beach in the spring wagon. You come go with me!"

"Poor little chap's afraid!" laughed Ko. "All right, boy! I'm coming. Mum, you go to bed. I guess he has to take goods up to that fishing party, camped by the Inlet."

It was rather pleasant to think of having a ride in that glorious moonlight, and Ko ran down to join Ralph.

CHAPTER X.

'MANDY ROGERS PAID.



HY does Mr. Moss send you out so late?" asked Kohath, climbing into the wagon.

"These goods came by train, an' that's two hours late. Dick asked me if I was 'fraid to go, an' I said no. I knew that you'd come with me."

They went slowly, for the horse was old and the sandy roads were heavy.

"'Mandy Rogers is stayin' out there, with Mis' Peck," said Ralph, pointing to a small new house, near the road, a mile from town. "Mr. Peck's away, an' she's afraid. I'd rather stay alone a hundred years, than have 'Mandy Rogers 'round. We'll pay her out yet, won't we?"

"Yes, if we get a good chance," said Ko.

"I'd like to plague her awful, wouldn't you?"

"That would be nice, a great fellow like me, plaguing a woman; a gray-haired woman, at that!" said Ko.

"What would you do then?"

The glory of forgiveness rose up before Ko fairer than the moonlight shining over field and road. "I hope I'd do good for evil," he said. "There's a better way to live than just to pay people back as they give — at least, such folks as 'Mandy Rogers."

The two sat silent for awhile, then the



younger boy said; "Say, Ko, are you a Christian?"

Kohath meditated; he had never put that question to himself. But now he answered slowly, "Yes, Ralph, I am!"

"How do you know?" urged Ralph.

"Why — I belong to — to Him, you know. God, I mean."

"How do you do it?" insisted Ralph.

"I don't know, only as MacDuff says — that when we turn to Him we feel Him near. And then, as we learn to know Him, we begin to love Him. When hard things come we know He helps us."

The ride was a silent one after that, until they were nearly home, and Ko was more than half asleep.

"Ko!" cried Ralph, "there's a bonfire over yonder!"

Ko rubbed his eyes, looked, seized the reins, and gave the horse a cut. In a minute they were around the bend of the road, and before them was the Peck house, and the back of it all ablaze. Not a door or window was open, not a person was to be seen. The women evidently were asleep.

"Ralph, where's the bedroom? You've been at the house."

"That un this side back. It's afire now!"

They had reached the house, and both boys vainly beat, kicked, called, at the front door. Ko began to tear at the front windows.

"Ko!" screamed the acute Ralph, "try

the bedroom winders! All the doors will be locked inside."

They rushed to the bedroom. The cheap blinds yielded at once, and with a brick and a block of wood they speedily beat out the sash.

"Keep out, you Ralph!" cried Kohath, jumping into the room, and toward the bed through the thick smoke.

Ralph followed him, quick as a cat.

"You can't get 'em out at the window, Ko!" he shouted. "Here, come this way." His wits all alert, Ralph opened the door between the bedroom and front room, and then unfastened the outside door. Ko followed him, half-dragging, half-carrying 'Mandy, laid her on the grass at a safe distance, and then brought out Mrs. Peck.

The flames were roaring up over the roof. The wind drove them to the front of the house, and away from the out-buildings. The bedroom and front room cleared of smoke, but it was useless to try to save the house.

Without a word the two boys began to save what they could. Ralph was already dragging out Mrs. Peck's treasured bedroom furniture; then two trunks were pulled from the bedroom, the closets were emptied, and the carpets torn up. Finally help arrived, the fire having been seen.

Mrs. Peck and 'Mandy had revived, and were wrapping themselves in the garments saved by Ko. The neighbors carried the

rescued property into the barn, and before long the house fell into a smouldering heap.

Kohath put the women into the wagon, to take them to Mrs. Bell's.

"How'd we get out of there?" asked 'Mandy.

"Ko carried you out," said Ralph proudly, "and I dragged out your trunk."

"'Mandy Rogers! 'Mandy Rogers!" said Mrs. Bell at breakfast, "'pears like onct I heard you say you could not see why the Lord ever made such boys as Kohath Sloane."

"I'm prouder of you than ever, Ko," said MacDuff.

"I'd never got 'em out, only Ralph saw into things so quick; he thinks ever so much faster than I do."

"That will do Ralph good," said MacDuff; "he'll feel as if he has always to live up to last night's mark."

That busy summer seemed so short! The time came for MacDuff to go away. The summer cottages were closed; they looked forsaken enough, with their storm shutters on. The Carter baby went home to its mother. Ralph was no longer needed at the little grocery. School opened, and Ralph and Jacqueline and 'Bijah were busy in their places, while Kohath, true to his promise to MacDuff, had evening lessons with the teacher. By day he worked wherever he could, and carried out those plans of improve-

ment which he had laid out with his mother.

With the autumn came storms, and with the storms came that tugging at the heart of Kohath which led him to the sea, especially to the Life-Saving Station.

Tirzah often trembled when her boy rushed out into the tempest; but she dared not interfere; it seemed to her, as to Kohath, as if there was his mission, his call from God. There was one night of terrible storm, when the boats had been to the rescue of a beached ship, and were nearly swamped coming in. That was a fearful moment. The Captain of the Life Crew was knocked overboard. It was Ko's eyes that saw him whirling by; Ko's arms, inured to labor, that gripped him like steel. It was an awful instant; the strain of the man's weight and the cruel waters sucking him down seemed to tear Ko in two, to drag him from the boat. All at once he became strong and tranquil; he held fast, but did not know what the others were doing to help him. He said afterwards that he seemed to see his Lord walking on the waters; to hear a voice — "It is I; be not afraid." Was it an hour, or a minute, or five, or ten? He only knew that the boat grated on the sand, and he and the Captain went into the station side by side.



CHAPTER XI.

AND THE YEARS BORE FRUIT.



NOTHER April. Kohath was busy in his garden. A light rattle of wheels, the merry click of a pony's feet on the pebbles,

did not turn him from his work. A joyous shout of "Kohath!" caused him to drop his spade and leap over the fence. There, in a pretty little phaeton, sat MacDuff!

"I'm coming into the house, Ko."

"Shall I help you?" asked Kohath, feeling equal to picking up MacDuff the robust in his arms and carrying him to the house.

"No; just stand by the pony's head, so he does not unbalance me by a jump;" and drawing a pair of crutches from under the lap-robe, MacDuff rested them on the ground, and was soon standing before Kohath.

"Well! I've got so far along! How do you like me as a four-legged man?"

Ko looked at him speechless; a mist seemed gathering in his big eyes.

"What are you glooming at me like that for?" demanded MacDuff. "Do you think I am to walk on these sticks all the rest of my life? Doctor says I'll be done with them by next Thanksgiving. Whoop! No more football for me! I've had my lesson. The crutches, Ko, are only for a little while!"

"Oh!" cried Ko, his face illumined. "Oh! I was just thinking if you had to be on those things always — I'd — I'd rather it would be me."

"Pshaw, Ko!" said MacDuff, boy-like striving to hide how deeply this loyalty touched him. "What would your mother do if you hadn't two good legs?"

"Yes, I s'pose when a fellow hasn't any money, he has to have legs," said Ko, as he proudly led MacDuff into the sitting-room.

Kohath thought that room looked pretty nice. MacDuff thought so, too. Tirzah had made a new rag carpet, and had covered the lounge and chairs with red chintz. She and Kohath had papered the walls, and whitewashed the ceiling. Kohath had made a corner-shelf for 'Bijah's playthings, and some swinging shelves for the books of the family.

MacDuff saw the pictures, books and games that he had sent in a famous Christmas-box. The sending of that box had crowned the Christmas-tide to him, outshining even the glories of watch, pony and phaeton. So much sweeter is it to give than to receive! Tirzah had found work for a shop at the village, and had bought a sewing-machine. She looked well content, as she rose to welcome MacDuff.

"How much land do you own up here?" asked MacDuff after a little.

Kohath took him to the doorstep to point out the boundary posts.

"So? A good piece! Some gentlemen who dined with father last week, were talking about a Syndicate, formed to build up this place. From what they said, I should think, Mrs. Sloane, you stand a good chance of selling this land for a fine price — several thousand dollars, in fact."

"We've heard something of the kind," said Tirzah. "We shall be very glad if it proves true."

Just then, up the hill from school came Jacqueline, Ralph and 'Bijah, 'Bijah waving his cap and shouting, "Oh, Ko! Ko! I'm p'omoted up one class! Hooray for me!"

Ko's face glowed. "Good for you, 'Bijah! I tell you, MacDuff, that boy's smart!" he said joyfully.

"See here," said MacDuff, facing about on his crutches, "you educate 'Bijah well, and I'll get father to take him into the bank when I go in. I have to go through college, first, and by the time I am ready, he will be ready to come."

"MacDuff! You mean it? You always do what you say — but this would be so great —"

"Not so very great," said MacDuff with the ease of one to whom all things had come easy, and the graciousness that was partly of his sweet nature, and partly a carefully-fostered plant of grace. "Of course I mean it, Ko. Father'll help, I'm sure."

Two weeks after that Kohath went to

MacDuff, one bright evening, when MacDuff was lying resting on the veranda.

"MacDuff! See!"

"Why, Ko! What is it? You are different somehow! A uniform, Ko?"

Ko's head was held higher, his shoulders were farther back, his step was more assured, his whole personality seemed illustrated and dignified with his great happiness.

"It is the Life-Saving Crew, MacDuff! Just think, I'm one of the Crew! The Captain got it for me; and he says — this is a secret, MacDuff — that some day I am sure to be Captain! Just do think of it! I can be home a great deal of the time summers, and never very far off from mother. The pay is sure; it is steady work, if you want to keep it — if you love it as I do! MacDuff, now we can send Jac'line to the Normal; and mother will always be comfortable! Hasn't God been good to us? And oh, MacDuff—" he stopped. "Ralph's changed. He thinks as I do now. I used to be real worried about Ralph; but now he tries so hard to do just right. He looks so like poor dad, I used to be afraid he wouldn't have any strength, you know."

"We have none of us strength, in ourselves. We all have to look Higher. We must not forget that."

"MacDuff," said Kohath softly, "you'd ought to be a minister—do you know it?"

"I wish I were as good as you think me. But you must not think, Ko, that

all good men should be ministers, or that only ministers need to be good men. One needs Christ as much as another. And Ko, we ought all to belong to Christ's Life-Saving Crew! — saving lives, bodies and souls."

"I like that idea," said Ko. "I'll keep it. My uniform shall make me think of it. I mustn't disgrace that."

Nor did he. And as the years went on many were the lives he saved, many were the ones he helped to nobler living, by his own simple, loving following of Christ.

There came a time when 'Bijah entered the bank with MacDuff, and Jacqueline was married.

"You next, Ko?" said Tirzah to the big Captain of the Crew.

Kohath laughed and shook his head. There was but one woman in all the world to him. She had given him life; her arms had first received him; his life was devoted to her; his arm stayed the descending steps of her age, happy above all things to walk with her toward the glorious gate of the Father's House.

DUNCAN'S ERRAND.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



EANNIE! Jeannie Grant! Whaur are ye? Here is the bonniest wee cock, white as driven snaw, wi' comb an' wattles like rowan berries!"

Searching for Jeannie, Duncan ran into the woodshed. Was that little wailing heap of blue gingham, Jeannie?

"Hoot, girl! Dinna greet! Hae ye cut yersel'? Luik! Saw ye ever sic a pert, jaunty bantam? I mended his broken leg an' brought him roun' for you!"

"Go away! My heart is breaking! Mother! Darling mother! I can't live without mother!"

"Girl! She's no deid!" said Duncan in an awed tone.

"She's going to die! The doctor told Mrs. Lee."

"Whist! Doctors are sic wise-like folk, they will surely cure her."

"No; we are so pöör we cannot get her cured."

"Hoot, lass! ye dinna mean to say that physicians, wha hae the verra name o' our good Lord, the Great Physician, wad withhol' healin' juist for lack o' a little

money? I winna be sae weekid as to believe it!"

"There is only one can cure her — he is a great surgeon in New York; if we could get him it would cost five hundred dollars. My mother must die, because we have no money! I can't live without her! I'll just lie on the floor, and not eat or drink."

"That wad be weekid, Jeannie. The Bible says, 'Do thysel' no harm.' We maun live till God calls us to dee."

"There's only mother and me! Every night I slept close to her; she kissed me the first thing in the morning; every evening we said our prayers together. Who would love me!"

Duncan set the bantam softly upon the ground. After a few scornful pecks at the chip-earth in the woodshed, it walked out to the grass plat.

"What wull ye do, Jeannie! If ye hae no mither, an' no money, how wull ye leeve? Ye might be bound out!"

At this terrible suggestion Jeannie gave a shriek; her little form suddenly became limp, and she lay unconscious upon her rude resting-place, the wood-pile. Mindful of the sick mother in the house, Duncan softly rubbed her hands, then brought water in the "well-mug" and poured it over her face. Slowly she began to revive.

Duncan, sitting by her, had time for consideration. Duncan was thirteen; Jeannie a year younger — a pretty, deli-

cate girl, and the conviction was borne in on Duncan that she could never endure the lot of an orphan "bound girl."

Since his mother died Jeannie and Mrs. Grant had been the boy's best friends. Mrs. Grant had been his teacher in day-school and Sunday-school. Without her care he might have forgotten the teaching of his own mother. To Mrs. Grant he owed holidays, gifts, home feelings, the thought that some one loved him.

"Jeannie," he said finally, "dinna greet sae. Go to your mither, and dinna darken her heart wi' your tears. Pray to God to send a way o' cure. Ye mind our Lord did miracles for folk, and he is aye the same. Wha kens what he wull do for us the noo?"

That evening when the Haltons supposed Duncan to be in bed, he was in the village at Dr. Dodd's office.

"Is it true, doctor, that Mistress Grant wull dee?"

"Yes, my boy; she cannot possibly live over three weeks."

"Is it true that yon great surgeon-mon in the ceety could cure her?"

"Dr. Krief? I have hardly a doubt of it."

"Why dinna ye hae him come?"

"It would cost five hundred dollars, and perhaps he could not come for any price. Mrs. Grant is not able to be taken to the city, even if she had the money. It is a hard case, Duncan. Lives are

sometimes lost for lack of such poor stuff as dollars."

Duncan left the office and sat down on the curbstone. The city was fifty miles away. He had in his pocket fifty cents, and a biscuit. He rose and walked resolutely along the road. Steadily on went the sturdy little figure, while constellations rose and set. Duncan had been dropping corn all day, and at last his legs fairly gave out. He crawled under a haystack, ate his biscuit, and commended his ways to God.

The sun shining on his face woke him. His plan was now to reach a railway station. Arrived there, he asked the agent for "as much ride toward New York as he could get for twenty-five cents."

The car-ride of ten miles over, Duncan bought a loaf of bread for five cents, and walked on his way. He had thirty-two miles to go. "Maybe the Lord wull gie me favor in the eyes o' some mon wi' a wagon," said the boy to himself.

Sure enough, that day he had a ride of over eight miles given to him, and supper besides. He slept in a barn and next morning trudged on, buying his dinner for ten cents, and sleeping at night in the last strawstack before the city limits. Then he spent his last dime for breakfast and inquired the way to the great man's house.

It was office hours, and people were going in. Here a terrible obstacle was encountered — the servant man would not

admit him. For nearly an hour, in spite of threats about the police, Duncan hung around the door. He made up his mind that the doctor was in a room at the end of the hall, whither a maid escorted patients. Finally, as the front door opened to admit two people, Duncan braced up his courage, darted by them, rushed down the hall, and into the office like a small whirlwind — the door-keeper after him. There was a big table in the room, and Duncan kept this between himself and the enemy, darting about it like a boy playing at "touch-tag" around a stump, but crying:

"Doctor, let me speak wi' ye! Juist ane word! Dinna let him get me!"

The amazed doctor was about to say, "Take the rascal off, Thomas," when, looking down, he saw blood wherever the boy's foot trod on the white-tiled floor.

"Stop!" he commanded; and, taking Duncan by the arm, "Boy, what is the matter with your feet?"

"They maun be worn out," said Duncan simply. "I hae walked mony a weary mile to speak wi' ye, doctor, an' I cam' fast, for there is no ony time to lose. Jeannie Grant's mither is deein', an' no mon can save her but you, to whom the Lord has given, as to King Solomon, wisdom aboon ither men. Dinna let yon mon take me oot until I plead wi' ye for Jeannie's mither, an' then he may put me in jail, or onyhaur, so ye will go to Bur-goss, an' save Jeannie's mither!"

"Tell me about it. Burgoss!—you
havé walked fifty miles?"

A mist gathered over his eyes, his skin
paled under its summer tan, his lips

"No; I had a bit ride, but I walked the

blanched, he wavered like a reed in the



"Tell me about Jeannie's mother."—See page 42.

maist pairt o' the way. I cam' fast, too,
an' I rin awa'. They wad no hae let me
come to save Jeannie's mither! Ye'll no
let her dee, doctor?"

wind. The doctor lifted him quickly in
his arms, and laid him on a couch in an
inner room.

"Now drink the beef-tea they will
bring you, and then rest. When my

patients are gone we will see what can be done for Jeannie's mother."

There was hope in his tone, and Duncan, lying back "to wait for the doctor," fell asleep.

At four o'clock the doctor had made his rounds, and stood by Duncan's side. "Hech!" said the boy, opening his eyes, "I am sleepin' like the sluggard in Proverbs. I am no fit to go the Lord's errands, to gie way to sleep, an' Jeannie's mither deein'!"

"Tell me about her mother."

"Dr. Dodd, sir, at Burgoss, says she maun dee, for no ane can save her but you. She canna be fetched to town, an' she has no money. Jeannie's heart is breakin'; she is but twelwe years old, frail like a lily flower, an' has no ane but her mither in a' the warl'. She is no fit to fight for her bread, sir. It's hard for a lad to hae no parents, an' be boun' out. I ken it; I am sae mysel'. But a lass child, ye ken, wad find it harder. I could no beleeve if ye heard o' the case ye wad no come. That wad be sae unchristian-like, for a doctor-mon who follows in the steps o' the Great Physician, 'the sympathizin' Jesus.' Ye mind, doctor, the Lord Jesus left his home in glory to heal the souls an' bodies o' sinfu' men, for dear love's sake alone. No doot, doctor, ye are like him, all the day goin' aboot doin' good; an' ye will turn aside for ane day, to cure Jeannie's mither, will ye no?"

This doctor had for long forgotten his

Lord; even when he attended church his mind had been on his "great cases." Jesus had not been the daily bread and pattern of his life. The boy's plea brought back his mother's piety, her prayers, her tears, for him.

The faith of the pleader in the great man's willingness to help, touched him; that simple heroism—the little fellow, tired and hungry, traversing those long miles to seek help for "Jeannie's mither," touched him; he was a large-hearted man. Never before had the exercise of his profession been knit to Christ; he had never felt that he was a yokefellow of the "Great Physician."

A deep awe stole over him. Making no reply to the boy, he wrote out a long telegram to Dr. Dodd of Burgoss.

"Ye are goin', doctor?" said Duncan, gently touching his hand.

"Yes; I can go on the midnight train, perform the operation to-morrow, and come back at night."

Duncan sat up, his eyes glowing with joy.

"To-morrow! Jeannie will no greet ony mair! Oh, ye maun feel grand and happy to save life! That is like the guid God! Mrs. Grant told me I could be a worker wi' God, even in droppin' corn an' potatoes, to help feed the warl'. But life-savin' is fu' better. I maun no lie here idle. Haltons will be wantin' me for corn-plantin'."

"How will you get back?"

"I maun walk. I hae no ither way
But my heart is sae light about Jeannie's
mither, I'll win through."

"You ran away, you tell me; what will
Mr. Halton say to you?"

Duncan caught his breath.

"Does he beat you?"

"He never did, only maybe a skelp now
an' again, if I did no remember, or unner-
stan', or went too slow like. But when I
hae lost a week, he'll be awfu! Never
mind; I can thole it, sae ye save Jeannie's
mither!"

"He sha'n't touch you!" said the doctor
vigorously, "not so much as with a straw!
You shall go back in the cars with me,
and first I'll fit you out with a suit. How
would you like to be my boy, and live with
me, and by and by be a doctor?"

"How could I ever be good eno' to
leeve unner the roof o' a mon who is sae
like the great, mercifu' Christ!" said the
boy, in a low, earnest tone.

Dr. Krief suddenly left the room.

The next afternoon a carriage stopped
at Mr. Halton's gate.

"Have you a boy named Duncan Leslie
here?" asked Dr. Krief.

"No; I did have him, but the young
scamp ran away, just in the midst of corn-
planting."

"I called to see if you would let me
have him."

"You are welcome to him, if you can
find him," said Mr. Halton grimly.

"Perhaps you have been at expense

for him, that I should make good to
you."

"Oh, no; the youngster has had his
board and a few clothes for the last three
years, and went to school; but he has
worked well."

"He was a very good, faithful boy, and
earned all he ever had," spoke up Mrs.
Halton, from the doorway. "He was al-
ways mending broken legs of dogs or
chickens, or torn combs of cocks, or sores
on some of the dumb beasts."

"The truth is, he is with me now. I
am Dr. Krief of New York, and Duncan
walked to New York to ask me to come to
Mrs. Grant."

"He walked there for that!" cried Mr.
Halton, greatly amazed.

"Are you the wonderful Dr. Krief?"
said Mrs. Halton. "Will Mrs. Grant
live?"

"I think there is no doubt of it. I
brought her a nurse from the City Hos-
pital. She owes her life to this boy of
yours, who ran away to get help for her."

"Bless his heart! That was just like
Duncan, never to think of himself at all,
and if he saw a thing right to do, just to
go on and do it," said Mrs. Halton, wiping
her eyes.

"I declare," added her husband, "that
was fine of him! Duncan always was the
right sort. And you mean to keep him,
doctor? Maybe you'll make a doctor of
him. I'd like to shake hands with him,
surely!"

At that very moment, in Mrs. Grant's cottage not far away, in the midst of the love and gratitude which made the day the happiest he had ever known, Duncan was whispering over and over again: "Oh, Lord Jesus, make me fit to follow sae close in thy steps."

THE GRAY CRADLE.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



THE other day I walked through the grounds of an Institution for Deaf Mutes. One of the pupils, a bright boy of twelve, ran to meet me. With his face full of curiosity, and his alert, eager little figure, he looked like an animated interrogation point.

He held out to me a twig about five inches long, and one fourth of an inch thick. It had several leaf-buds upon it. A little gray string was bound two or three times about one end of this stick near the top, with an inch of the cord left free. This cord fastened to the stick a gray, spindle-shaped object, three inches long. It was bound at one pointed end, and hung down, gently waving about. There was on one side a hole as big as a small pea.

"What is it?" signed the dumb boy.

Now if I had made answer, "It is a

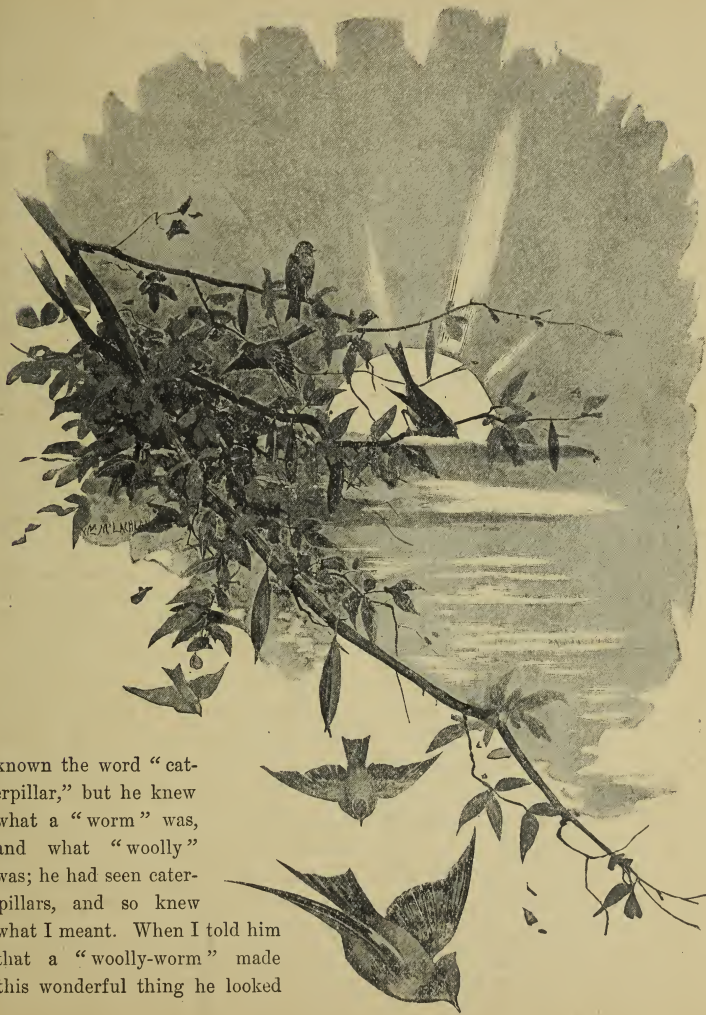
girted chrysalis," this little lad would have known nothing of what I meant. Mutes learn words more slowly than children who can hear; and unusual words they do not learn at all, or learn them late. I needed to explain things simply to a child such as this. Perhaps it is best always to be clear and simple in any explanations.

To this boy one must speak by signs, and by spelling words with the hand. In this way I said, "This gray thing is an empty cradle. In it a little creature went to sleep, and after a time came out a bright, lovely butterfly, and went soaring away."

The boy had seen butterflies, and had heard of their transformation sleep, for as I have said, he was an intelligent child.

"What made this?" he asked, pointing to the gray spindle.

"A woolly-worm," I said — that is, we both spoke in signs. He would not have



known the word "caterpillar," but he knew what a "worm" was, and what "woolly" was; he had seen caterpillars, and so knew what I meant. When I told him that a "woolly-worm" made this wonderful thing he looked

at me anxiously, and shook his head that such a thing could not be.

Then I proceeded to convince him. "The woolly-worm, with silk and gum, drawn from its body, wove this singular spindle-shaped cradle, thick in the middle, and pointed at each end. Do you see the bits of wood stuck to the outside of the cradle? The woolly-worm gnawed off bits of grass and stems, and fastened them with glue to the outside of the cradle, to make it strong. Do not spiders make nests and webs, and bees waxen cells? Why can you not believe that the woolly-worm wove this cradle?"

The deaf mute allowed himself to be convinced. "Where has the woolly-worm gone?" he asked.

"It slept long and soundly. The sun shone on its cradle and warmed it. The wind rocked it gently. As the woolly-worm slept, it changed and changed, until it had taken the form and wings of a butterfly. Then it woke, and feeling hungry and restless, it gnawed a hole through the cradle — this hole that you see — and out it came."

"No, no!" signed the boy very vigorously. "I cannot believe that! See how small this hole is, and the butterfly's wings are wide — so wide!"

"The body is small and slim, if long. The body could creep out here. No part of the body is bigger than the head, and the head could come through this hole. At first, also, the whole body is softer

than it becomes later. It is not so horny; it is capable of being squeezed."

"Yes," signed the dumb boy, "but the wings — the wide, stiff wings?"

"When the butterfly first wakens, and tries to crawl out, its wings are not stiff and wide-spread. They are soft, and wet; they cling together like scraps of damp silk. The butterfly pokes his head out of this hole, then twists out first one leg, and then another. Next it seizes the outside of the cradle with its sharp feet, and pulls and twists, until it is finally out."

"If I were there to see I would help it. I would make the hole bigger with the little blade of my knife."

"If you did that, the butterfly would be weak and one-sided, and never able to fly. It must free itself — no one can help it."

And I thought of the soul of man, and that by much tribulation sometimes it enters into the kingdom of God.

"What else?" signed the little boy.

"The butterfly slowly crawls up the side of its cradle, to the twig, and sits on the twig in the sun and air. The air dries it, the sun warms it. A trembling shakes it; the wings loosen from the body and slowly unfurl. As they spread out they stiffen. When they are fully spread, and their frame-work is hard, they can bend no more. Then the butterfly soars away, and seeks for honey. The creature that crawled, has become the creature that flies."

Again I thought of the soul of man, creeping here on earth in a body that may be sick, or weary, or deformed — at last set free, and made like unto the angels of God. The little dumb lad still studied his prize. He pointed to the gray cord which bound the chrysalis to the twig.

“How strong it is!” I said. “See, all the winds of two years could not tear it, or wear it off.”

“Two years? How do you know it was two years?” asked the boy.

“See how the twig is drawn in where the string is tied? The twig has made a second year’s growth since that cord was bound on. When the cord was tied, that narrow part was the size of the twig girth. Now it is much larger. Think how strong and tough that little cord is, and how very tough the walls of this home! The rain has not softened it, nor worn it out; the wind has not torn it; the sun has not decayed it. It was strong, warm, dry. All the wear of the ceaseless swing did not break that tie.”

Then the child signed eagerly: “Who tied him on?”

“He tied himself on.”

“No! No! Do not make joke of me! I do not like it!” signed the boy.

“I am not joking. I tell you the truth.”

“I know you do not tell what is not true,” signed the child, “but no — I cannot believe the woolly-worm tied his house on. No!”

“Let me explain it. First he wove the cord of silk and gum, and as he wove, he passed it around the twig, two or three times, and it shrank on. Then he built the top point of his cradle, and fastened it on by the cord, and passed the cord over it and about it, and let the end hang free. Then he began building more and more of the cradle, until he was past the bulged part. Then he crept in, and kept building down, until he had closed it up. Then he went to sleep.”

The child sighed. “I cannot believe it — but I must, as you tell me the truth.” He thought for some time, studying the prize. Then he signed excitedly: “Who taught the woolly-worm how?”

Then I laid my hand on my breast, looked upward, and that showed the child that the loving God had deigned to teach the woolly-worm. For this sign of the breast and the lifted eyes, means the Father in heaven.

The face of the dumb child brightened. He had understood. He repeated the sign for God, and spread wide his arms, to show that the good God, the loving all-Father, embraces all things in his care, and had not forgotten to teach even a woolly-worm how to build his house and so marvelously to tie it to the tree.

I told the boy that in some way God had printed this instinct, this habit of building, upon this especial kind of woolly-worm, which makes the girted

chrysalis, though I did not use those hard words to the child.

Then I picked up a twig. I took a dead leaf from the winter ground; I took a piece of withered grass, and rolled it into a little cord. I twisted the leaf spindle-wise, and I bound it to the twig by the bit of dead grass. Then I waved it gently two and fro, and showed the child how much the twisted roll of dead leaf, hanging to the twig, looked like the cradle of the woolly-worm, and like a natural withered leaf.

"Why? Why?" signed the child.

"This is part of the plan. If birds knew that a fine fat grub lay hid in that spindle, some bird would cut it apart with his beak, and eat up the worm. Now, as the cradle looks so like the dead leaf as it blows about in the wind, the birds mistake it for a leaf, and do not molest it. This imitation is the defence of the poor, helpless little woolly-worm lying sound asleep."

Then there came a reverent smile upon the face of the child, and he knew that he had been thinking God's thoughts after him.

"FIDDLIN' JIM."

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



TILL going on with that Sunday-school for colored people, Mrs. Dole?"

"Yes, indeed. I never found work that paid better in the good done. I can see the poor creatures improving from week to week."

Mr. Ross shook his head. "I never put any faith in work done in the East End, and now that you've let 'Fiddlin' Jim' come in, I'm sure you'll fail."

"Why shouldn't that poor soul be given a chance to hear the gospel?"

"Because she don't deserve it. Half the folks in this town have had fits of trying to improve Fiddlin' Jim. She don't want to be better, and she can't be better. She is' the most saucy, lazy, untidy, no-account darkey alive."

"Perhaps this Sunday-school is the means appointed to make her better," said Mrs. Dole.

"Don't flatter yourself. She comes to rout you out!"

"She came in and took her place in my class, and has been quiet and attentive. I cannot take the responsibility of denying any poor soul the Word of Life."

"You'll find she is merely waiting to raise a rumpus and break up the school."

Mrs. Dole went homeward in melancholy mood. This work among a long-neglected colored population was dear to her heart. She paused by the kitchen door and said to Sabrina, who was making pies:

"Sabrina, did your church people ever try to do anything for those colored folks at the East End?"

"No, Mis' Dole, we don't 'sociate with any such trash as that!" said Sabrina, with a toss of her head.

"Their very misery is an appeal to Christian benevolence. Did none of you ever try to improve Fiddlin' Jim?" urged Mrs. Dole.

"Well, Mis' Dole!" cried the scandalized Sabrina, "I sh'd say not! I wouldn't be seen speakin' to her! Why, as for stealin' an' lyin' an' fightin', Jim tops all. Lan' sakes! Spec' me to be goin' with Fiddlin' Jim!" Sabrina pinched on a top crust, and cut a neat little round breathing-hole in the center. "Do tell, Mis' Dole, have you took in that Fiddlin' Jim into yo' Sunday-school?" demanded Sabrina.

"She came of her own accord, a month ago, and has seemed much interested."

"Oh, lan' sakes, Mis' Dole! Intrusted! She's only tryin' to git yo' off yo' guard laik, an' then she'll whip out her fiddle an' start a dance, or whoop out into a song, or suthin', to break yo' all up—that's the

plumb truth. I'm older nor yo', Mis' Dole; yo' take my 'visement, an' turn Fiddlin' Jim out."

"What! Refuse help to a poor, dark soul?"

"Soul? Well, mebbe she has, ef yo' say so, Mis' Dole, but I nebber see no signs of it. Don' she go there her head lookin' laik it nebber see a bresh, dirty shawl pin' crooked at her neck, dirty frock, an' no trouble took to sew up the tears?"

Mrs. Dole's fallen countenance admitted the picture true.

"I thought so," said Sabrina, cutting out tarts. "She too lazy to keep clean, or to wuk. She nebber wuk 'cept to earn her fiddle."

"She has learned to read a little."

"Jes' so she could learn silly, no-'count songs, to sing when she fiddles."

"Where did she get such an absurd name?"

"Her name rightly was Jane James, but Jane is a quiet, respectful name, not fitten fo' huh, an' as she was allus a settin' on do'steps fiddlin', they call her Fiddlin' Jim; Jim's short for James, an' James is a kin' o' swell an' propah name, not fitten for huh neither."

Burdened with such opinions of her unpromising pupil, Mrs. Dole went next day to the Sunday-school. She had with her some Sunday-school papers that were eagerly accepted by all but Fiddlin' Jim.

"Dunno's I keer for 'em, Mis' Dole.

They's nice 'nuff, an' true 'nuff, but they ain' pow'ful. I'm a mighty bad lot, an' it takes what's rale pow'ful to get hol' o' me. 'Peared like when I hear you read the Bible, the fust day I come here, it was the pow'fulest readin' ever I heard. I want a Bible."

"Oh, do you? Then I must give you one."

"No, don't. I'd ruther git it fo' myse'f. I'll keer mo' fur it, if I struggle to git it. Same way with my fiddle. I wuked weeks fo' that, an' then I sot sech store by it I tuk it into bed with me, fear somebody'd come steal it or break it at night. Say, Mis' Dole, is a fiddle wicked?"

"Certainly not."

"Lots of 'em says it is."

"Any kind of a musical instrument can be used for the glory of God, and to sound his praise — a fiddle as well as an organ. If you use your fiddle to play and sing profane or wicked songs, then you do wickedly; but the fiddle is innocent."

"Does you say my fiddle can be used for the glory of God? Las' week I sot tryin' to play 'Jesus loves me,' an' Miss Kite comes along, an' says I was profanin' holy words."

"She was mistaken. Sing and play all the hymns you can. God will not scorn to hear them. God says he will come into every heart that longs for him, and into every home that desires him. He will come to you, if you ask him and make him welcome."

"Will he?" said Fiddlin' Jim, with a glad flash of her sullen face.

"Yes. Don't you think if you ask such High Company that you and your home should be as clean and orderly as possible?"

"I nebber kep' nuffin clean but my fiddle. Thet shines," replied Fiddlin' Jim.

"Try and make yourself and your home shine, if you mean to ask Jesus there."

After two or three hard days' work, "making garden," Fiddlin' Jim appeared at the bookstore and asked for a Bible.

"There's one — twenty-five cents," said the clerk.

"Oh, I don' want no sech skimpy little letters as them," said Fiddlin' Jim.

The clerk offered another Bible, bound in purple cloth, and with red edges. "There, that's nice large print. One dollar."

Fiddlin' Jim examined it carefully. "Yes, I kin read that. Here's 'and' an' 'thee,' an' 'but' an' 'God,' — lots of words I know."

She paid the dollar and carried off the book. It was put into the case with the cherished violin. Then she sat down and surveyed her room. An old tub, pail and broom, a box set on end for a table, while certain unwashed utensils for cooking were tossed inside. Dirty windows with flour sacks pinned across them for curtains; a soiled, ragged bed, a few neglected chairs and dishes, some untidy clothes

cast in a heap on the floor. The only fairly good article was a looking-glass, given her as a joke.

"Well, you are a bad-looking lot!" said Fiddlin' Jim, addressing the room. "I'd never expect the Lord Jesus here, shuah!" She went to the glass and observed herself critically. "An' you match the place," she said to her image. "Nebber spec' the Lord Jesus lib in de likes o' you! The book an' the fiddle's all there is heah decent 'nuff for him, an' they looks lonesome. It'll take a lot o' wuk an' o' airned money to mek this yere place an' pusson so we darst arsk Him to please come heah."

She rocked back and forth. The old, lawless, idle nature struggled against this new yearning after better ways, after the Lord of Life.

"It's got ter be done," she said, "'cause I wants him, an' I has to have him, 'cause I'm plumb sick o' what I am!" Then out came the sudden cry, wrung from her by her helplessness, "O Lord, won't you help me to stick to tryin' to do better? If yer don't, I'll give up shuah!"

Week after week, between hope and trepidation, did the faithful teacher watch Fiddlin' Jim. The rough head became tidy; the soiled shawl, the torn gown and dirty shoes passed away. The great strength of the woman, put to honest work, won wages which by degrees clothed her properly, and provided her

room with the comforts of a home. The busy hands of Fiddlin' Jim whitewashed the room walls, and painted the wood-work. Her Bible was as scrupulously kept as her fiddle; and, used as zealously, illuminated her soul.

"I likes to study up things," she said. "Las' week, I hunted an' foun' all 'bout John Baptis'. Mighty peart readin', that. This yere week, I done foun' out all 'bout Peter. Peter's very pow'ful readin'; it jes' suits me. I'm doin' Teeny's washin', an' Teeny she's teachin' me to read some better."

"What think, Mis' Dole?" said one of the women, six months later. "Nan Lane was took very bad sudden — dyin', yo' know — an' no time to fetch a preacher, so some one says, 'Run call Fiddlin' Jim, 'cause she's pious, an' goes to Sunday-school, an' kin pray.' So they calls Fiddlin' Jim, and Nan cries out:

"'Oh, I'm dyin'! What shall I do?"

"Then Fiddlin' Jim she says, 'Oh, honey, the dear Lord is able an' willin' to sabe, an' he nebber casts out any who comes to him. You jes' trus' him. Lay right back on him, an' trus' him with all yo' heart.'

"Poor Nan! She says, 'Oh, I don't know how to trus'!"

"Then Jim she says, 'Honey, you has to arsk Jesus to he'p you trus' him. He'll show you how to do it. He gib you to will an' to do of his good pleasure — the Bible says it.'

“Then Fiddlin’ Jim she kneels down an’ prays, an’ she sot by Nan, an’ show the Lord Jesus to huh, an’ poor Nan pass away as easy as a lamb, trustin’ to Jesus.”

Then the teacher who had wrought in faith and humility in a dark place gave thanks to God who had added such jewels to her crown.

THE SEA GARDEN.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



NUMBER of years ago I was sailing upon the Mediterranean Sea. The day was bright and sunny, the water smooth. Some distance from the ship I saw drifting slowly toward us, what seemed to be a little island of dull gold. The sun lit up spots and specks upon this island, until they shone like burnished or molten gold. Slowly this beautiful thing came nearer. Then I saw that it was a mass of gulf-weed, about half an acre in extent. We dropped some lines and large hooks among it, and drew up handfuls to examine.

“That,” said a ship’s hand to me, pointing to the sweep of weed, “is a Sargasso Sea. It is a small one. Down near the Bahama Islands there is one that reaches ’most over to Africa. It is hundreds of miles big. I’ve heard tell

that it is so powerful big that it is printed down on the maps, but I never looked at them printed things much. The world is the maps of men that sail the seas.”

Yes, I knew that there was such a vast tract of this weed, and that it was so set down upon the maps. It has its name, Sargasso, from the weed itself, which is called “Sargassum,” though “gulf-weed” is the more common name. This gulf-weed grows floating. It is never rooted nor fastened to any steadfast object.

Seaweeds do not have seeds; they grow from what are called spores. The spores of the gulf-weed germinate in the water, and go drifting about. Very large masses, clinging together, move slowly, and from their weight remain nearly in the same locality for months or years.

The gulf-weed has long, slender leaves, with crimped edges. Up and down the stem are fastened tiny balls, about as big

as little chick peas, or very small grains of allspice. These balls are of a brighter gold color than the other parts of the plant; they are semi-translucent, and at times look as if powdered with gold dust. They are air-bladders; by means of these the gulf-weed can keep afloat, and not be dragged to



the bottom by its own weight. The general color of gulf-weed is a dull old-gold, water and wet, it is very shining and clear looking, reflecting the sunlight.

A cousin of the gulf-weed is the rock-weed. This is a coarser plant than the gulf-weed; its leaves are broader, and cut in five or six sections, to a rude resemblance to a hand. This plant grows upon rocks, to which it adheres lightly, while its long branches float upon the water, at low tide lying on the surface. The rock-weed is so thick and heavy that it would droop down from the rock in a rough mass, were it not for its bladders.

At the ends of many of the leaf-straps, are bladders about the shape and size of a white navy bean. They are slightly roughened on the surface, and full of air. By means of these the rock-weed fronds can spread and float upon the water. Rock-weed is of an olive green, darker than gulf-weed. Both of these weeds when taken from the sea and dried, become quite black.

In the barren islands north of Scotland, the small tough breeds of horses, sheep, ponies, cattle, feed much upon this bladder wrack, which is torn from its rock-moorings and drifted ashore, during storms. Thus in those sterile places the heavenly Father provides a food for the beasts which are the friends, and, with the fish, the chief dependence, of the inhabitants of the islands. Other seaweeds are also eaten. Once on the Irish coast I saw a girl out gathering something at the margin of the low tide. It was kelp — a kind of short, broad-leafed sea-weed, known as “Irish moss.” It grows fastened to rocks

under water, but is easily broken off by the waves and floats ashore. It is bleached and dried, becoming white and clear, like gelatine. The young girl told me she meant to cook it for her sick brother.

“Seaweed is then useful to you?”

“Oh, yes! Great heaps of coarse weed come ashore, and we dry it for our winter fuel. This long, green, grass kind, we scatter on the fields to enrich them for the potato crop. My grandfather says that when he was a boy, his people all made their living by burning kelp, to make baking soda out of the ashes. Now they get most of the soda in other ways, and people don’t burn much kelp. The good God sends us, his children, many gifts from the sea — fish, oysters, lobsters, salt, fuel, seaweeds,” added the girl.

On the Pacific Ocean grows a kind of kelp which is the largest plant in the world. It is sometimes a thousand or fifteen hundred feet long. The roots cling wonderfully fast to stones on the sea bottom. The stems are very long, rise to the surface, and spread out like a giant vine. Along the part of the stem spread on the surface, grow innumerable leaves, and little blades full of air, that support the immense weight of this living raft. This giant kelp has a very big cousin up by Alaska. The bladders on this plant are six or seven feet long, bigger than any man. The leaves are forty feet long. A single plant of this kind makes a marine

grove, in the dull green shadows of which the seals and otters love to roll and play.

When I lived in South Carolina, I used to bring up from the sea-bottom with a line, a very curious seaweed as stiff as wire. It was about as thick as a wheat straw. These stiff stems were white, pale buff or pale pink, peppered over with deep red. They were about a foot long. They grew on bits of stone or shell, in the shallow water of bays or inlets.

All these weeds are large and coarse. They are used for various purposes, and are the homes of many little mollusks. The rock-weeds are full of tiny red, yellow, green, brown and black shells, where-in live cunning little animals.

The sea-garden has also a marvelous variety of delicate, dainty plants, far more frail and delicate than any plants which can grow in land gardens. The water gently holds and spreads out the lace-like fibres of these sea-weeds, which a single breath of our softest breezes would shrivel and destroy.

Sometimes one in a boat drifts over broad belts of California weed. This looks for all the world like a strip of long, rich, very green grass, waving slowly to and fro in the water, as it grows rooted in the sand at the bottom.

Then again there are large patches of a very thin but broad-leafed, very curly weed, with full-frilled edges. This weed grows on stones, or dead shells; its leaves

are shining, as if varnished, and as a whole it resembles lettuce of some very fine, thin-leafed, crisp kind, such as no market offers for sale. This weed varies from very light to dark green, and I have seen it pink, white and crimson. When these are dried they do not lose their fine color.

There are still more wonderful and beautiful varieties of which to tell. They are divided into leaves as fine as the most soft, silken hair that ever danced around a child's head. In color they are pink, green, brown, rose, scarlet, or various shades of these, mixed on one single plant. There is an infinite variety in their shapes. They are so delicate that as soon as you lift them from the water, which gently cradles and nourishes them, they all droop into little heaps of pulp. Do not be discouraged. Drop them into a basin of sea water, and stir the water softly into little mimic waves. The weeds expand, and spread out, as lovely as before! Now cut a piece of card larger than the extent of the weed, and slip under it, as it lies in the water. Let the water drain off as you very gently raise the card. With a camel's hair brush spread the dainty fronds out in their natural shape. Lay a piece of soft cloth over it, and press it in a book. They will adhere to the card without glue, as they are of a slightly gummy nature. You can preserve dozens of them in almost perfect natural beauty, and you will think the poet said truly:

“Call us not weeds—
We are flowers of the sea.”

There is a coarser weed than these, of an olive green; its fronds are about as large as your hand. It grows moored, but is soon wrenched off by the motion of the waves, and set afloat. It has no bladders, but all the plant is full of little air tubes. It can not only float as a piece of wood can, but it often serves as a raft for little mollusks, which fasten themselves upon it, and drift up and

down, seeming to be very happy upon their pretty raft, sheltered from evil in their nice shell houses, and fishing for a living.

When I see all these “happy, happy living things,” so well fitted for their places in the world of life, I think how wonderful and beautiful is the care of the good God for the creatures that he has made, how perfect are his creations, and how marvelous are the myriad forms of beauty that his hands have fashioned.

MANY KINDS OF CLOCKS.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



HOW many kinds of clocks does the world tell its time by? “Oh, many kinds,” do you say? Eight-day clocks and one-day clocks; tall clocks which have long, heavy weights, and small, round clocks like watches. There are great tower clocks and little mantel clocks; cheap clocks in tin, or wooden, or nickel cases, and elegant clocks in hand-painted china cases, in malachite, or rolled gold, in alabaster, or silver — no end of clocks. Bide a wee, my readers; I shall

tell you of stranger clocks or timepieces than any of those.

First there is the great clock, high in the heavens, made of stars. The sun, which is really a great near star, marks the time for our earth, and by that all clocks and watches are set. From very early ages people have watched the great clock of the skies, the rising and setting of the various stars telling the hours. Joseph and Moses, watching their flocks by night, counted time by the stars in the sky; and the shepherds “in the solemn midnight when the Christ-child was born,” were also counting the hours until daylight, by the clock of the sky.

A sun-dial is a clock-like face, or disc, with hours duly marked upon it, and a central pin or bar to cast a shade along the disc, as the sun moves higher or lower in the heavens. Sun-dials were much admired in gardens long ago, before town clocks were plenty.

Once I saw a flower-clock. It was a great round bed in a garden; it was divided into twelve parts, by low, closely-clipped rows of box-plants. It had a peg in the center, with two hands upon it, but they were only for show. Each of the twelve parts was divided in the center by a line of red coleus, and the two divisions thus made were for day and night plants. Then the spaces were filled with plants which open at different hours of the day or night. Thus, there were poppies for five in the morning, and dandelions for six, and a tub of water-lily for seven, pim-pernel for eight, marigold for nine, and so on. On cold, wet or cloudy days, the flower clock did not work very well; the flowers would not open on time.

What would you say to a water-clock? Little Greek and Roman boys told time by those, long ago, before our Lord was born in Bethlehem. A very simple water-clock was a globe with some fine holes in the bottom, or part on which it rested; through these holes the water slowly stole away. When the globe held just as much water as would drip out in an hour, then half full was half an hour, one-third marked twenty minutes, one-fourth a

quarter of an hour. A very pretty water-clock was a glass globe, with hours and parts of hours marked on it; within, on the water, floated a little figure with a wand, that rested on this line of time-marks. As the water sank, the wand moved down, so telling the hour.

When I was a child, I was often set to study my lessons by a sand-clock. What was that? Just a little frame holding a wasp-shaped glass; there was enough fine sand to fill one of the halves of the glass, and it took just an hour for the sand to run from one to the other portion. The half and quarter hours were marked on the glass.

Who invented clocks such as we have now, which move by machinery and can strike the hour? Nobody knows. When were they invented? That also no one knows. There is a story that a preacher named Pacificus, living in Verona, Italy, a thousand years ago, invented a clock, but there is no evidence that there was anything like a real clock until about six hundred years ago. I suppose, like other inventions, there was a very simple, crude beginning, and constant improvements.

Six hundred years ago people had in their church towers clocks that would strike the hours. A little over six hundred years ago, the Sultan of Egypt sent a clock to the Emperor Frederick II. It was round, with the sun, moon and stars upon it in gold. There were weights and wheels inside, which caused these gold

planets to move on the surface of the globe, and so indicate the hour. The machinery of old-fashioned clocks was moved by weights, called pendulums. Now most clocks, especially of moderate size, are moved by springs, which are wound up tight, and then slowly unroll themselves, turning the wheels of the machinery, and so the hands of the clock move, pointing out the hour on the face. Watches are merely little clocks, and move by springs.

The machinery of clocks and watches is constantly made finer and more delicate and accurate. A watch-spring now is almost as fine as a hair, but the spring of my grandfather's watch, when I was a little child, was at least half as wide and thick as a strip of ordinary whalebone.

A cuckoo clock was once a very popular piece of furniture or ornament. It was a clock with a little steel bird, beautifully made like life, and which by means of machinery within it, could call

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" just like a real live cuckoo-bird. The machinery of the clock worked the motion and voice of the cuckoo, along with the hands of the clock, so that at each hour, or at a certain hour, a little door opened in the clock, and out hopped the bird crying, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

Many clocks have been made to move figures of some kind by machinery. One of the most famous clocks in the world, is the great town-clock of Strasbourg. At noon the face of the clock opens, and the twelve Apostles march out. These figures are so large that they can be plainly seen from the street, although the clock is high up in the church steeple. Beside the Apostle figures there are figures of Time and of angels, all of which are moved in various marchings and other performances by the works of the clock. A crowd of people is generally in the street below waiting for the hour to strike and these revolutions to begin.

ROBBER PLANTS.

By JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

AYE, aye," said my old Scotch gardener, "it's a robber-plant, sure enough; there's no very mony o' them — they are bye ordinar. Maist o' plants are

weel behaved, an' seem to live to the glory o' the guid God, who made them a'."

What did he mean by robber plants? He meant the parasites. And what are

parasitic plants? They are those which do not prepare food for themselves from substances drawn from the soil and air. The manner of life of most plants is, that their roots draw from the earth water, holding various kinds of mineral matter in solution. Thus the water sucked up by the rootlets, holds chalk, iron, lime, silix, and many other materials, and these, with the water, ascend through the plant to the green leaves. The surface of the plant, especially the leaves, is covered with tiny pores or mouths for drinking in not only water, but air. The air carries into the plant carbon and oxygen, and some other gases in less quantities. All these materials are to be turned into good plant-food. This transformation is effected in the leaves of the plant by means of the chlorophyl, or "leaf-green," — that soft green pulp which fills up all the network of the leaves. A piece of purslane or "live-forever" shows this chlorophyl clearly. We can strip off the thin gray skin, or cuticle, and there is the thick leaf-green, which does all the wonderful work of changing mineral into vegetable matter, and so affording food not only for plants but for animals.

Animals cannot effect this change in their own behalf; the plants must be their middle-men, and prepare food for man and beast as well as for themselves. Most plants work busily at this food-preparing, and one can never look at the green leaves and stems, without thinking of the mar-

velous chemistry carried on in them. But there are some plants which do not draw their food-supply directly from the earth or atmosphere; instead they lazily settle down upon other plants, and feed upon what these more industrious neighbors have prepared. Plant idlers and paupers are these, called parasitic plants.

Some of them do a little work for themselves, and thus are not entirely parasitic. The mistletoe is a partial parasite. It springs from a seed dropped upon some tree; this, rooting in the bark and growing, derives nourishment from the sap of the tree. But it is not an entire parasite, because it develops green leaves, which draw food from the air and digest it, so preparing a large portion of its own diet. The mistletoe matures a pure white waxen berry, bearing seed. This berry is about as large as a chick-pea. The mistletoe is evergreen, prefers the oak tree as its host, and was worshiped by our Celtic sires, in their Druid rites.

A true example of a parasite is the dodder, a slim vine much like the convolvulus and wild bind-weed. It is of the same family originally as these. The bind-weed, however, kept strictly and honestly to its work, developed large leaves, beautiful broad white and painted blossoms, and ripened its seeds. On the rule of "To him that hath shall be given" the bind-weeds have grown more and more comely. Who does not love the morning-glory, with its hundreds of exquisitely painted

chalices, opened to the early day? The dodder has clusters of tiny pink blossoms, shaped like minute morning-glories; it has no leaves and its stem has paled and shrunk to a slim pink thread, which we find wandering over clover and every other low-growing, soft-skinned plant or shrub, to which it fastens itself. Examine it, and you will find here and there clusters of minute roots, fastened into the stem of its enforced host-plant, and drinking the juices and food-stuff it is preparing for itself.

Agreeing the dodder was less lazy, and merely twined about other plants for support, as do the morning-glories. It had green leaves, and good roots fixed in the earth; it prepared its own food. By degrees it turned pauper, and demanded food of its neighbors; it wanted its entire support given to it. Its little pink blossoms still attract insects to carry pollen for it, so that it can ripen seed; for all else it begs.

The Indian pipes or "beech drops" that are often found in rainy weather at the foot of the trees in the woods, are all parasitic. They grow from the roots of the forest trees, fastening upon them, and drawing for support the sap which is the prepared plant-food. If you examine these pipes — which are usually all snowy-white, but sometimes all yellow, pink or red — you will see that there are numerous leaf-shaped scales upon the stem; these are colored like the stem and bloom;

once they were good green leaves, doing the work of food-preparing, but when the roots fastened upon the tree roots, and sucked prepared food, the occupation of the leaves was gone — they lost the chlorophyl of which they could make no proper use. So in Scripture, he who had buried his talent, lost it entirely.

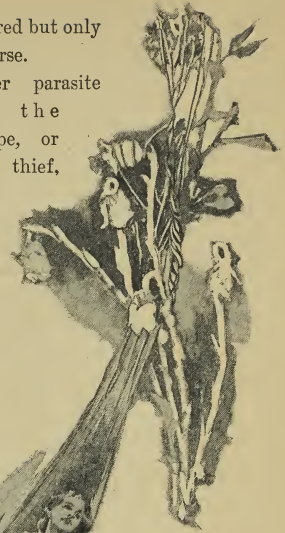
These Indian pipes or "beech-drops" are members of the wintergreen family; their cousins, the wintergreens, have plenty of stiff, aromatic, dark green leaves; they perfect that red, spicy berry, delight of children's hearts, and joy and comfort of the birds which winter among us. Long, long ago these "pipes" may have had toothsome berries, and, like the other wintergreens, may have been competent to yield useful extracts. Now they produce nothing; mere blanched ghosts of their ancient selves, feeble and short-lived, they make in a night their rapid growth on borrowed capital, then in a day blacken and decay.

The dodder seems never to realize or regret that it wears out the plants upon which it fastens, causing their decay and death. The busy plants cannot collect and digest food enough for themselves and their enforced guest. Here we might take the dodder for the text of a little sermon about idle people who hate work and who insist upon living on some relation, who is worn to death in trying to support them. Very contemptible style that! What became of the green stem and green

leaves that the dodder plants had ages ago? As they were not used they were taken away; the less they were used, the more they shrunk and faded, until they were all gone. Atrophied, that is called. Here we might preach another little sermon about idle people, who will not use the powers which God has bestowed upon them, and so become weak in body and mind, according to the general rule that the unused is noth-

ing bettered but only grows worse.

Another parasite is called the broom-rape, or broom - thief,



from its habit of stealing for its subsistence the juices of more industrious plants. The broom-rape is a tall, slim plant with stem, small scales and tiny flowers, all of a dull reddish-brown color. It is a "seedy" looking individual, of the kind that loafs about for other people to maintain. Sometimes the broom-rape fixes itself upon the red clover plant, close above the root, and the more the

broom-rape thrives, the feebler grows the clover, which, no matter how hard it works, cannot secrete and digest enough food for itself and its greedy guest.

Another species of plants, resembling somewhat the parasites in their manner of growth, are the epiphytes; these are plants that naturally fix themselves upon other plants, rather than in the ground, but they are by no means parasites, because they do not draw any of their nutriment from the plant upon which they are fixed. Epiphytes are air-eaters; they take all their food from the atmosphere,

and all they ask of the trees upon which they fasten themselves, is leave to remain, held up in a position where their roots and abundant green leaves can gather plentiful food from the air. These epiphytes have most magnificent blossoms, as for example many of the orchids.

The mistletoe in its manner of growth is partly parasite, and partly epiphyte, as it sucks much nutrition from the tree upon which it grows, yet absorbs from the air at least an equal amount of food-stuff, which it prepares in the laboratory of its green leaves.

A GARDEN IN THE SEA.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



HE Lord God once planted a fair garden "eastward in Eden." Also he has planted a beautiful garden in the sea. In this sea-garden the flowers are all known as anemones. A part of this wonderful garden has been transplanted into large glass tanks in the Brighton Aquarium.

Brighton is a handsome city on the south coast of England, and its Aquarium is its pride. The long building, the sides

and roof chiefly of glass, is placed below the cliffs, and close to the beach. Water from the sea is carried into it by pipes. The animals in the tanks are nearly all natives of salt water.

The tanks are as large as small rooms, the sides and fronts being very heavy plates of glass, braced with iron rods, to resist the heavy pressure of the mass of water. A small iron pipe enters the tank about a foot above the surface of the water, and through it a little stream of sea-water falls with some force. You can

see the bubbles of this little stream carried down almost to the bottom of the tank.

The stream thus flowing in, keeps the tank water constantly changed so that it is pure and healthful, an equal amount escaping through a pipe. The air-bubbles carried in with the stream in its fall, give the entire body of water that air which all sea-animals need. For sea creatures require air as much as land animals do, though their breathing apparatus is so constructed that the air must be in very fine portions, held in water. In the sea itself air is always carried down by the foaming, breaking, tossing waves.

The floor and back of the Aquarium tanks, also the corners, are provided with sand, shells, heaps of rock draped with sea weeds, to make as natural a home as possible for the creatures brought from the ocean. Of all sights in the Aquarium, the portions of God's beautiful sea-garden are the most attractive. These exquisite objects are living animals, and although they spend much of their time resting, fastened to a rock or shell, they can, and at times do, move from place to place.

The "live flowers" of the sea-garden are all called anemones, but they differ much in appearance, and are named Sun-flower, Marigold, Carnation, Dahlia, Daisy anemone, and so on. Let us fancy ourselves before a tank. Here seated on a rock draped with green, velvet-like weed, is a snow-white, flower-like creature as

large as a small bowl, and shaped like a bowl turned upside down. It is covered with delicate long rays or plumes which wave gently all the time. It is as pure, clear and dainty as pearl, and from this spotless beauty it has been named the "Dianthus" (or "divine flower"). Close beside it are two little copies of itself, as big as dimes; they are baby dianthus flowers, and will grow to be as big as their parent.

Look closely at this fair white flower; the little flat portion upon the rock is called the foot, or root. It acts just as the leather sucker which boys play with; it expels all the water from beneath it, and so by suction clings to the rock. The column, or thick central part of the animal, is called the stem; the disc, or flat top of the stem, is the bloom; and that long fringe of constantly waving plumes are called tentacles or feelers. Those feelers are each hollow. Do you know what they are doing as they gently whip the water? They are catching tiny, invisible, living things to eat. I wish you would look and see what this lovely dianthus is doing! It draws in its tentacles, and the disc begins to shrink into the stem! It looks as if it were turning itself outside in! Did you ever see a flower turn back to a bud after it had bloomed? That is about what a sea-anemone does, when it is tired. Now our dianthus is become a soft, white velvet bud, among the green velvet weed

Look at this cluster of crimson Daisies here in a corner. They have long stems and discs, while the top of the stem bulges to form a calyx for the daisy petals. See the rich colors. The stem is pale yellow, the calyx pink, the broad bloom is bright scarlet. This next one is chocolate color, with violet edges. The tentacles on each are delicate gray, blue or white. No human mind ever thought out such a rich combination as that, so vivid and so harmonious. "What hath God wrought!"

Do you see this cunning little cave that has been made yonder in the tank? It is for a shy anemone which wants a cave to live in. The body of that one is olive-green and white, the tentacles are black and white. This funny anemone loosens itself from its rock, draws in its foot, spreads out its tentacles and ruffles, and travels about to visit the other anemones. Then it seems to be tired of social life, and goes back to its cave, draws itself into a bud, or "Button," as it is called, and all you can see in the dark shade where it lies, is a little olive-green knob, specked with white.

Do you see that great whelk shell? In that lives a hermit crab, his claws hanging from the front of the shell. On the top of his house is fastened an anemone, lilac, white and pink. Notice what numbers of tentacles it has! There are five hundred, set in seven rows. See that little fish swimming by. He is a real tease.

He glides up to the anemone and pokes his saucy nose against her delicate petals. Now observe what the anemone does! Out dart dozens of long white threads, seeming to spring from every part of the body! Off goes the fish. Probably those fine threads can sting a little; they are the anemone's weapons.

Perched on yonder high gray rock, is a dove-colored flower. Its tentacles are vivid green, tipped with pink. It is called the Nettle anemone, for it is ill-tempered, and its pretty tentacles will sting and raise a blister if you touch them.

Down on this ledge of rock, are a row of eight little anemones, about one inch in diameter, and two inches tall. "Gems," they are called — and surely gems they are. The forty-eight tentacles ceaselessly waving in the water are violet, the stem is rose pink, the disc has a violet center, shading to rose pink, and then to a clear crimson. No garden on earth ever gloried in brighter colors than God's garden in the sea. The life of these sea creatures gives a vivid brilliancy to their tints, which only living things can possess. "No Eastern bird," said the Aquarium superintendent to me, "was ever arrayed in a more splendid assortment of colors than this Gem anemone."

In our earthly garden no flower is of a statelier beauty than the dahlias, none show more varied colors. A very magnificent sea-flower is the Dahlia anemone. The disk is six inches across, sometimes

nearly ten. In the tanks were specimens variegated in purple and white, orange and crimson, rose, yellow, and snow pale. One great purple and crimson anemone was lazily fanning the water with its plume-like tentacles, its disc wide spread, like a rose in the noon sunshine, when along came a blue crab, which saucily put out one big claw and pulled a tentacle! Up from the center of the disc, where the eighty short tentacles suddenly retracted, shot a jet of water a foot high. The crab swam off, and for a minute or two the angry anemone kept shooting fountains. The tentacles of this *Dahlia* are shorter and thicker than those of other anemones.

I have not told yet of the glorious Sunflower anemone, short-stemmed, broad of disc, glowing in color, spread out upon the white sand like a flower of molten gold through which throb the pulses of life.

The Marigold anemones are the most common of all. They are named from their shape, rather than their color, for

they are red, brown, green or yellow, thickly spotted with red or yellow.

Hidden in a corner on a cushion of green sea-moss is the charming Strawberry anemone. This keeps in the bud or button shape most of the time, and is a translucent red, speckled with gold.

Who can ever weary of looking at these wonders of creative skill? None but the Divine, all-embracing mind could have conceived such varied and wonderful forms and gorgeous blending of colors.

Here comes the superintendent with a lad carrying a large basin holding food for the anemones. The food is fish, meat, oysters and mussels, finely chopped. The lad goes up the ladder to the top of the tank and sprinkles handfuls of this mince meat upon the water. It begins to sink slowly down. At once every bud unfolds, every tentacle is fully expanded and begins beating the water at a lively rate. The particles of food are swept into the hungry mouths. The water is swept clear of every fleck of food. The anemones have had their dinner!

OLD PLYMOUTH TOWN.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

THERE is no town in the United States more full of precious memories than Old Plymouth where the "Pilgrim Fathers" of New England landed, and made their first settlement. One summer I spent two days rambling about the his-

toric city. To be alone with the cherished reminiscences of the place, I went to the easterly brow of Burial Hill.

Below me, stretching to the water's edge, were terrace and terrace, all filled with handsome buildings. What would the storm-tossed, heart-sick Pilgrims have thought if a sudden vision of the coming city, crowned with the magnificent monument to their deeds and the deeds of their children, had suddenly been revealed to them? Perhaps their faith amid all their trials, grasped such a recompense — a free and prosperous land.

Beyond the line of sandy beach we have, not the open, tossing sea, but an almost land-locked harbor. To the left, lie Kingston, Duxbury and Captain's Hill, named for stout Miles Standish. Beyond these is Clark's Island, named after the mate of the "Mayflower"; next to Clark's Island lies Saquish, a headland still bearing its Indian name, and then the Gurnet. This last is named after a headland in the English Channel, near Plymouth, perhaps the last land of their native country to meet the Pilgrims' eyes as they set forth on their perilous way across the sea, seeking "for a faith's pure shrine." This naming of the town "Plymouth," the headland "The Gurnet," after those English shores where they had suffered so much persecution, reminds one of Moses in Midian naming his first-born after his ancestor Gershom, with tender reminiscences of his birth-land and his exile;

and the second Eliezer, with thought of his father's Helping God.

On the twenty-first of November, 1620, the ship "Mayflower" had entered Cape Cod Bay, and anchored near Provincetown. On the twenty-fifth Captain Standish landed with some men to explore. Three exploring expeditions, on foot, were made after this, while the others of the Pilgrims remained in the ship, or on the shore near the ship.

As the country about Provincetown was rough and sterile, the shallop of the "Mayflower" in charge of Clarke, the mate, and one "Master Coppin" as pilot, set off to investigate further down the Bay. Where they could coast near the shore, some of the party landed and explored on foot, keeping the shallop in sight. It was now late in December. The weather had been mild and clear, but now changed, and wind, sleet and snow added to the toils and fears of the little band.

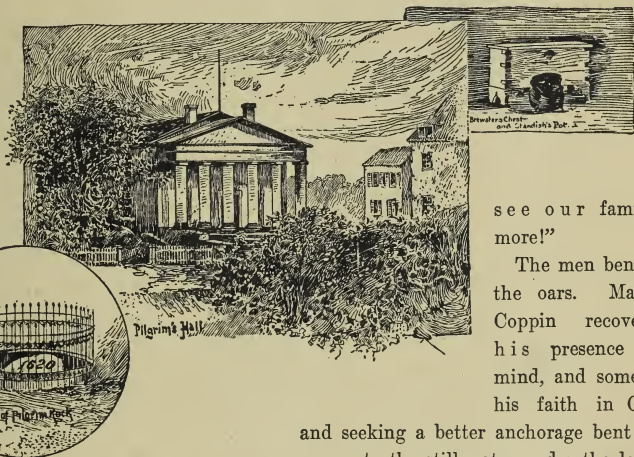
Cape Cod Bay became very rough, and huge waves threatened to swamp the shallop. The rudder hinge was broken, and they steered with oars.

"Be of good cheer!" cried valiant Master Coppin. "I see before me a harbor that I have heard of, safe and good."

Forthwith he turned toward Plymouth harbor. Across the tossing Bay they steered, pressing all the sail that they dared, to make harbor by nightfall of the short winter's day — December the twen-

ty-fifth. Far behind them, by what is now Provincetown, lay the "Mayflower." Should they ever see ship and friends again? No, it seemed not. For a great gust broke the shallop's mast off short, and sail and tackle dragging in the water, nearly wrecked the little craft.

Master Coppin was so distressed that having the steering oar in hand, he was just about to run the boat into a cove full of breakers, when a stout seaman who also had a steering oar, saw the error, and shouted lustily to the rowers, "Now if ye be men, about with her, or we shall never



It was flood-tide. As they righted the shallop, cutting loose from the wreck, the rising currents caught the shallop and swept it into Plymouth harbor, past Gurnet Nose. Master Coppin looked about. This was not the harbor which he had expected, but an unknown, unheard-of place! In great dismay he threw up his hands, crying out, "May God be merciful unto us! This place I never saw nor heard of before!"

see our families more!"

The men bent to the oars. Master Coppin recovered his presence of mind, and some of his faith in God, and seeking a better anchorage bent the course to the still water under the lee of a "small island." There they anchored. It was dark; like Paul and his companions, they "wished for the day." They considered that the land was safer than the sea, so in the darkness they managed to get ashore, and, after infinite trouble, to build a fire. All night in storm and darkness they tended their fire, dozing by turns.

Morning came, and they found themselves on a small, woody, uninhabited island, "safe from Indians."

The day was Saturday. They were wet, cold, hungry. They named the island "Clarke's Island," after the mate who was in charge of the "Mayflower" shallop, and resolved to spend Sunday there. They prepared food, built a shelter of boughs, dried their belongings, and secured some little wild animals and berries — probably cranberries or squawberries.

The next day dawned cold, but clear. Near the fire was a large, flat rock. Upon this one of the number stood, and read the Scripture, then made a prayer, and delivered a sermon. Then they all joined in "thanking God for his many, merciful deliverances of them," and begged for his guidance next day, in seeking for a settled habitation. Thus the Sabbath passed in rest and worship "according to the commandment."

On Monday morning, while the shallop was made ready for a fresh start, one of the number cut on the great rock this inscription: "On ye Sabbath Daye wee rested."

They were afloat early, and Master Coppin, being comforted by the goodness of the harbor, directed their course southwest, along the shore, until they came to the gently shelving beach, where now the queenly town of Plymouth lies between sea and sun, in noble state. The shallop was brought up alongside a great boulder and the explorers stepped upon the mainland.

Here fertile soil, streams, hills suitable for fortifications, abundant level spaces for cultivation, decided them to choose this as the spot where God would have them to be.

This was the story of brave men, and heroic deeds, that I reviewed in my mind, seated on Burial Hill. I saw the news taken to the "Mayflower." I saw the little vessel spread her white wings, and, guided by Master Coppin, enter the new harbor, and land her sea-weary men, women and children by Plymouth Rock. I saw them come ashore — gentle Rose Standish, and arch Priscilla Alden, and little Peregrine White, borne in the bosom of his mother; John Clarke, from whom the island was named; excitable Master Coppin, the Carvers, Bradfords — seventy-four men and twenty-eight women, consecrated to sorrow, to valor, to early dying, and immortal fame.

When I turned away from the place where I had been watching and thinking, I wandered among the graves of many of these. I stood on the stone that marks the site of the first log fort, also used as a home and a church. Close by is the site of the watch-tower, set up a few years later, from which many weary eyes watched for ships from the beloved homeland. I looked down to Cole's Hill, where scores of the Pilgrims, stricken by strange disease, were buried in unmarked graves, "for fear of letting the Indians know of their diminished numbers."

The first street laid out and built upon, was "Leyden Street," named in grateful remembrance of the hospitable city in Holland which had sheltered for years the persecuted Puritan church.

Below the hill we hear the ripple of that "very sweet brook" and "many delicate springs" which furnished part of the "reason why" for establishing the first home of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Beyond, there is the Court House where ancient deeds, letters and legal papers in the handwriting of Miles Standish, Governor Bradford, Governor Carver, John Alden and others, may be found. Captain Miles Standish, in one of these, avouches that he buys "six full shares in the red cow" — cows were scarce in those days, and it seems that the colony owned but one "red" one! The signature of Captain Miles is exceeding crooked; evidently the valiant soldier found the sword easier to wield than the pen. Here, too, is a paper transferring the ownership of "the least of four black Heyfers," and also "two shee-goats that came over in the brig 'Jacob.'"

Farther along we find Memorial Hall, "Pilgrim's Hall," a delightful museum, filled with portraits and relics of the

worthies of 1620. There stands a model of the "Mayflower;" near by it the cradle wherein Peregrine White was laid, when he was born aboard the "Mayflower"; there are Miles Standish's Bible, sword and iron dinner pot; John Alden's Bible, also his halberd. There is a little cabinet in which Mistress White kept her famous baby's little garments. Behold Elder Brewster's chair, and in a case many a well-worn Bible, and more than one well-studied book of Latin or Greek, for these were men of scholarship and culture, who came to found a kingdom, "a free church in a free state." Governor's Carver's chair is here also, and many a plate, cup, weapon, or bit of old silverware, treasured keepsakes of the forever abandoned but never forgotten English homes.

"Cast not away," says one inscription, "what the fathers so hardly gained."

"Ay, call it holy ground,

The spot where first they trod:

They left unstained what there they found—

Freedom to worship God."

One turns away from Plymouth with regret. The place is consecrated to the memory of noble lives. "The memory of the just is blessed."



PINE CONES AND PINE-APPLES.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



UNT RUTH, Nell, Esther and baby Bob came from the veranda and took the narrow path leading up the hill to the pine grove. Aunt Ruth had her embroidery frame; Nell a book; Esther, who was lazy, had nothing; baby Bob dragged behind him a little red cart, which bumped and rattled over the rough path, and most of the time came on with wheels in the air, the little red box jerking and knocking about in fine style.

"This grove is so lovely!" cried Esther, as they sat down on the ground strewn with fragrant pine needles, under the shade of the tall trees. Before them, under the hill, wound the white roadway; beyond that were the bath houses, and the sea creeping up the beach to full tide. To the right, across the green marshlands, the sun was setting in a red light that turned the waterways to that hue of blood which frightened the armies of the king of Moab, drawn up to battle with the king of Judah. The pines wandered down the long left-hand slope to a deep valley, full of blackberry bushes white with bloom.

"I'm going to get a load of pineapples to sell you!" cried baby Bob.

"How children do imagine things!" said twelve-year-old Esther. "Bob really believes those cones to be pineapples."

"He does not have to imagine very far to think that," said Nell, as the little man trudged back with three of his "pineapples" in the red cart — the remainder of his load, all the others having hopped out. "I think the green cones look exactly like pineapples, except for size. See, isn't this one precisely like a picture of a pineapple?"

"Not exactly like," said Esther, who was a closer observer than her elder sister. "The pineapple has always a bunch of leaves atop; the pine cone ends in a plain tip or point."

"There is the fruit-seller's wagon coming along the road," said Aunt Ruth. "Esther, here is my purse; you run down the hill, and see if you can buy us a nice pineapple."

"Do!" said Nell, "and meanwhile I will skip back to the house for knife, dishes, spoons, sponge-cake and sugar. We'll have an impromptu picnic!"

Off went Esther, and after her baby Bob with the little red cart, which pur-

sued most of its journey in the air, as its plump owner toddled down hill.

Finally they were all back under the pine trees. Nell laid out a damask towel, then placed upon it the spoons and dishes, cut the cake and handed the pineapple to Aunt Ruth to be dressed. Bobby took the red cart for a seat, as near the sugar box as possible, and laid his three green cones on a corner of the towel, as his contribution to the feast.

"Hand me Bobby's biggest cone," said Aunt Ruth.

"'At's yight," cried Bobby; "cut my pineapple up, wid sugar, an' eat him too!"

"Poor eating, that," said Esther.

Aunt Ruth held up the pineapple and the pine cone side by side. "The big one is this little one's namesake, I wish you to know," she said.

"W'at is name'ake?" asked Bobby.

"You are named Robert after your uncle, so you are your uncle's namesake."

"And was the pineapple named after the pine cone, because, when green, the two look so much alike?" asked Nell.

"Yes, exactly. The pineapple is a native of the New World, found wild in Mexico and Central America, Brazil and other South American countries. By cultivation it is now distributed through nearly all tropical lands. The Old World discoverers were all familiar with pines and pine cones. The Pyrenees and other European ranges have pine trees bearing very large cones. Look up into these

trees to cones still on the branches, and you will see that as they hang on the trees, with the pine needles clustered about and above them, they resemble the pineapples more nearly than when lying on the ground. From this resemblance the tropical fruit had its name."

"Are the trees they grow on alike?"

"The pineapple, Nell, does not grow on a tree. A thick stem with thick, long leaves rises; these leaves are of a yellowish green, and very rough at the edges; the hard covering or skin of the leaf, forms teeth like a coarse saw. This tuft of leaves that I am cutting from the top of the pineapple is a pattern of the much larger, sharper-toothed leaves, that grow below the fruit. What do you think this pineapple is? Really it is a bunch of modified flowers. The flowers of the pineapple bloomed club-like around the upper part of the stem, with the tuft of leaves at the apex. Each blossom was supported by a hard bract, or scale, of a peculiar, many-faced shape. See, each of these divisions on our pineapple rind is one of these scales. When the leaves had bloomed, and the pollen had fallen upon the pistils, so that seeds could grow, the seed cases, instead of becoming woody and hard, began to swell and soften; they became full of richly flavored juice and flesh, and embedded in this were small brown, round seeds. These swelling, luscious seed-cases grew together; all signs of division between them were lost,

except in the outer scales or bracts which marked still the places and numbers of the original flowers.

“See now — I cut the pineapple across, and it looks like one solid, simple fruit. I peel off the rind, made up of the bracts. I must cut deeply to get below the deep division lines. Think back to the time when the length of this apple was a piece of green, fleshy stem, with flowers clustered about it, hung in these horny bracts. Who would have dreamed that the outcome was to be such a single delicious fruit? The pineapple represents a very unselfish community or family; each individual effaced or self-forgotten, for the good of all — a solidarity, as it is called.

“There now; while I slice and sugar this respectable, good-example of a fruit, examine one of Bobby’s pineapples, or pine cones. Let me tell you that the manner of growth is exactly the same. Each of these bracts, or divisions on the cone, represents a blossom of the pine tree. Each of these bracts covered one set of seed-bearers. They grew together, and within this green cone the pine seeds

are ripening. Here is my pen-knife; cut one green cone longwise, and one around. Now, Esther, reach for that ripe cone behind you, where each of these bracts has turned a deep brown color, and has spread wide apart. Yes, that one. Near it is another, where the scales or bracts are just spreading open. There is nothing sweet, juicy, luscious, about a pine fruit. It is hard and dry as a bit of tin. As the cone ripens the dry bracts begin to part, and so the seed can be shaken out by the wind. As it is light, it may blow to some distance — the hope of pine trees to come. The pine trees are much more useful to the world than pineapples. Still, dropping the thought of that, the likeness and contrast of the hard, dry, husky pine cones, and the luscious, fragrant pineapples, have a little lesson to teach one — to grow in a sweet and gracious fashion; not to be hard and dry of sympathy and graciousness, growing apart from humanity, but each day to grow toward a lovely and beneficent age. When old age shall be reached in that way, then life is crowned with glory.”

TIP AND TRIC.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

WHEN Jonas and Ellen Martin married they bought two hundred acres of new land, twenty-five miles from the railroad. A log house and some barns and stables were built, land cleared, fences made, stock and crops were raised, and, as

the Bible tells us the hand of the diligent maketh rich, these honest young people prospered. Jonas could read and could write a little; Ellen could read, but could not write her name.

When first they bought their farm, there was no church service in that region, but the country soon filled up, and there was preaching once a month at a school-house.

Jonas and Ellen were very happy when a pair of twin children, a boy and a girl, came to them. They called the boy Tip and the girl Tric. And then came slowly darkening upon them a great sorrow. Neither Tip nor Tric could hear and speak. When Jonas and Ellen realized this, it seemed as if their hearts would break. They did not know that there are schools for deaf mutes and that they can be taught; it seemed to them that these children were forever shut out from happiness and usefulness, and condemned to the life of little brutes.

These parents were themselves so little educated that they could think of no way to enter into communication with their deaf children. They loved them, fondled them, fed and clothed them, and let them run and play like the colts and the calves. A few signs of beckoning or warning or reproof they managed to make, and that was all. No other children came, and Jonas and Ellen looked at Tip and Tric and felt very miserable.

Everything prospered but this affair of

the children; the house was enlarged, and when the twins were seven years old, crops were so good that Jonas and Ellen set a day to go in the big wagon to the town at the railroad, and buy a stove, a table, a rocking-chair and perhaps even a bureau! Tip and Tric were to go; they had never been away from the farm before. Ellen had been but once to the town, and Jonas went only once each year. This was a great outing.

While they were buying the stove, the hardware dealer said: "Are those children mutes? You must send them to the great State school for mutes, fifty miles from here."

"A school? I didn't know dummies could learn anything!" cried Jonas.

"Of course they can. They teach them to read and write and draw, and to do all kinds of work — tailoring, printing, shoemaking. They learn as well as any one."

At the furniture store the dealer was much interested in the twins. "Mutes? Oh, you must send them to the Institution."

"We never heard of it till to-day," said Ellen. "Would they be good to the poor little things? Could they really learn?"

"Good! Learn! I should say so!" The dealer held up his arm, making queer signs, and a young man in a blue suit came up.

"Here is my brother-in-law; he is a mute. He has just graduated at the Insti-

tution. Do you see those clothes and shoes? The pupils made those. Do you see those two suits of furniture? They were made at the Institution. Tom, here, learned cabinet work, and he is now working with me. He is a good hand. You shall go back in the shop and see some of his work."

Then he made more queer signs, and Tom took out a tablet and wrote rapidly upon it, "Be sure and send your children to the school. They will learn all that other people do."

"Land!" said Jonas, "I never could write as handsome as that."

Then the dealer looked Tom in the face and said: "These people want to know if the teachers will be good to their children."

Jonas and Ellen were amazed to hear Tom speak out clearly, "Yes, they will be very good indeed."

"Do they teach them to speak? Can he say 'mother'?" cried poor Ellen.

"I can say 'mother,'" said Tom.

"I'll send Tip and Tric, if I have to sell the farm to do it!" cried Jonas.

"It will cost very little," said the dealer; and he addressed an envelope to the Superintendent of the school, stamped it and put in it a sheet of paper. "Now you must write to that man all about your children, and he will tell you what to do."

This was the way it came to pass that the next summer, when the twins were eight years old, they were taken to the

station and handed over to a teacher who was gathering up the mutes to take them to school. They found themselves at evening at a large, handsome building, standing in beautiful grounds. There were seats under the trees, and swings, and places for playing games, and there were hundreds of children nicely dressed in uniforms of blue and gray. Tip and Tric had never seen folks in such nice clothes, except that one day when they went to town.

They were washed and dressed like the rest, and taken to supper. There were long tables covered with white cloths, and each child had a white napkin and a big glass tumbler. Tip and Tric had never seen such splendor before. At each table some one arose, looked upwards, and made some signs, while each child watched the signs and at the end bowed its head.

At bed time a matron took Tric to a long ward full of little beds, where twenty little girls were put each into a white gown. Then all the twenty knelt down, and the matron with lifted eyes made some signs. The children who had been there before, repeated these signs. After this each child was tucked into bed.

Two hours after, Tric woke up and saw the matron in a long gown, with a lamp in her hand, come from her room at the end of the ward and take a look at the child in each little bed. Tip had similar experiences.

Between the children and the teachers

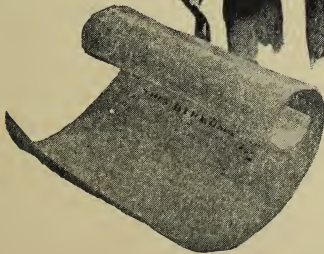
Tip and Tric learned very fast. All mutes show great aptitude for writing. Soon Tip and Tric could write many words. They were a bright little pair, and before long could make their playmates understand them in the sign-language, and could understand their mates. They learned that there is a God, and that the signs before meals were to thank him for their food, and the bedtime signs were a prayer for his care over them during the night. By degrees they learned



The parents saw them graduate.—See page 76.

much more about God, and about right and wrong. So went by a happy year, and Tip and Tric went home for vacation.

When they reached home all was so very different from the school! Tip and Tric



wanted to bring in school ways. Tric was bound to set the table with a cloth, and as she could not find a cloth, she took a sheet. She put on the table her mother's four cherished tumblers, which had ornamented the best room shelf, and in place of napkins she found her mother's few treasured handkerchiefs. Then about the blessing. What, no blessing! Well, Tip managed that. At bed-time the twins made their parents kneel down, and they made their sign-prayer.

"Jonas," said Ellen with tears, "I do believe they're going through the Lord's Prayer my mother taught me long ago. Oh, Jonas, what heathens we be! The blessed children are teaching us, and we never taught them more than if they were little dogs or calves!"

Soon Tip and Tric became very homesick for their playmates and their lessons. At home no one could communicate with them, or teach them, and their hungry little minds longed for school. No one could tell them how far it was to the railroad, or that steam cars did not run abroad over the country roads, or how long it would be before they were sent back to school. After a week of longing, they ran each day to climb two tall gateposts and there they sat, perched like little images, looking with eager eyes for the cars to come and take them to their dear school! When the cars did not appear the children cried, and poor Ellen sat down on the doorstep and cried, too. She

bought table cloths and napkins, and pink dishes and new spoons, and white curtains, and still the children pined for school.

One Saturday the preacher came to stay over Sunday and preach at the school-house. Happily he understood the sign language, as he had once taught in a school for mutes. He explained to the twins all about vacation, and when they could be taken back to school.

The next day at the preaching, they found slates and pencils at the school-house, and the school-teacher loaned them each one. Then they were happy. They wrote "father," and "mother," on the slates, and "God loves me," and "I love God." At this wonderful exhibition Jonas and Ellen were so overjoyed that they cried and said, "These dear little ones will soon be like other folks. They will know as much as the preacher!"

When school began Ellen accompanied the children and remained a week, trying to learn something of the sign-language, and the teacher gave her a little book about it.

That winter Ellen boarded the school-teacher, and she and Jonas studied every night to keep up with their mute children! Each year Ellen visited her twins at school, and the home far up in the country received the benefit of all she saw and heard.

At the end of ten years Jonas and Ellen saw their mute children graduate. Tip was now as fine and sensible a lad as the

Tom who had so much surprised his parents, and Tric was a very pretty-mannered young woman and was an excellent dress-maker, who could get from her neighbors all the work she could do. It was a very pretty, comfortable, happy, Christian home they came to. Jonas did not need now to be told to ask a blessing or have family prayers; the parents and the home had been made over by means of a pair of deaf mutes, and what Christian philanthropy had done for them.

THE MAN WITH A DRIED-APPLE SOUL.

By JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



GAFFER LANE, tottering along the sidewalk, paused and looked wistfully at a chair in front of Hans Beck's grocery.

It was borne in on Gaffer's mind that Hans begrudged his sitting in that weather-worn old arm chair. But Gaffer's legs were tired; he was chilly; at home, unless it was very cold, they could afford only one fire, and there was so much washing and cooking going on about that! On this chair the sun shone warm and golden, and there were all the street interests to keep Gaffer's attention.

Gaffer sat down. There was a kind of creepy feeling along his back when he felt sure that Hans Beck's gray eyes were fixed on him through the window.

Hans came out with a basket of apples. "Gaffer Lane," he said, "s'posin' you

sort them apples for me. You don't seem to be doin' much, an' you might as well pay for the use of the chair. Put the all-good apples on this paper, the all-bad ones in that box, an' the betwixt-and-between ones in this basket. I kin take 'em home for sass."

Gaffer bent to the task. His thin shoulders ached as he stooped forward, his lean hands trembled, for Gaffer's working-days were past.

Mrs. Nott went into the shop for pepper, soda and ginger.

"Where's Ruth now?" asked Hans, anxious to be pleasant to a customer.

"She's living with Mrs. Dalling; a fine place and such a good lady!"

"I don't call her a good lady," said Hans tartly. "I call her proud an' stuck-up. Why don't she trade with me?

It would do me some good if she bought her groceries here. But no, she sends to

the big down-town stores. I call that all folly and ambition!"

"The Dallings live handsomely, and entertain a deal; naturally they want the best, as they're able to pay for it. The big stores keep fresher goods of better quality, Mr. Beck. You see you bid for the trade of us poorer folks."

"All the same I call her selfish for not helping me with her trade," said Hans.

"There's no selfishness about her," retorted Mrs. Nott. "She's always doing good and helping somebody. She's helped your own kin, Mr. Beck. No end to what she has sent to your niece, Gretchen Kist!"

"Let her. I don't take stock in Gretchen, nor in Kist her husband. Shiftless lot!"

"Oh, Mr. Beck! People say quite the contrary. They are unfortunate; hard it is for a young man to lose his leg!"

"All carelessness. Other folks don't lose their legs. I didn't lose mine. Then if Kist can't work enough, let Gretchen take hold."

"They say she does; but with twins six months old, she has poor chance to earn bread."

"They needn't look to me," said Beck doggedly. "Why did they marry, with nothing to live on?"

"I suppose they loved each other, and meant to work. That's the way me an' Nott set up. It's the Lord's will there should be poor folk among us. Don't he

say, 'The poor have ye always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.' Mr. Beck, it is a sin not to share and give. I'm poor, but I love to give all I am able."

"I give," said Hans. "I give my reg'lar share in church — ask the deacons; but I never give to idlers. No getting something for nothing out of me! There, anything else to-day, Mrs. Nott? Thank you. Come again."

Mrs. Nott went out with her parcels. Gaffer Lane had finished with the apples; he looked white and tremulous.

"Come home with me, Gaffer," said Mrs. Nott. "I've a fine fire in the Franklin, and you can sit by it and take a nap in my stuffed chair. We'll have a cup of tea and some doughnuts for lunch. My men folks are off to the wood-lot for the day. Come, Gaffer, have a quiet visit."

"I dunno as I'm tidy enough to go visiting," said Gaffer, looking eager as a child at the invitation.

"Oh, you're always as neat as a new pin; and if your shoes are damp, you can slip on Nott's scuffs. Here, take my arm, and let me help you along."

When Gaffer Lane was seated in the big soft chair before the fire, had his feet in Jonas Nott's slippers, and had eaten a slice of hot apple pie, Mrs. Nott sat down to sew.

"I do say," she remarked, "that Hans Beck is just eaten up of selfishness! I

reckon he set you to work sortin' them apples."

"Yes; he is a kind of a driver," said Gaffer; "he wanted me to pay for using his chair."

"Sinful man!" said Mrs. Nott sharply.

"There, there! Don't be too hard, Mrs. Nott," said Gaffer. "I've long lived, and observed many. I don't size Hans up that way. I believe Hans thinks he's a Christian, but he don't in no way live up to his privileges. He's reg'lar at church, he keeps Sabbath, he gives to the collections, he has a blessin' at table, an' he's living gen'rally in a way he s'poses to be right and pleasin' to God. But you see, he has never made full use of his opportunities. Beck hasn't patterned after the dear Lord; he's forgot to love an' to sympathize, an' his soul has jes' shrunk up small, dry an' hard. I allow the Lord must have his patience dreadful tried with some of his people. The Lord's so lib'ral an' lovin', I'm sure he don't approve of the poor showin' Hans gives his religion. It makes people talk agin religion, Mis' Nott, when we don't show it forth right."

Gaffer took from his pocket a small, hard thing, the size of a hazel nut. "I found it on a stem longside o' one of the best big red apples ever I see," he said, holding the object out for inspection. "It minded me of Hans. 'Pears his soul is all same as a little, hard, dry apple. Lots of folks has dry-apple souls! You can

tell this thing started out to be an apple, but it don't have the proper p'int of an apple. So with Hans: there's things you can tell he started to be a Christian, but he don't have the proper p'int of a child of God."

"I do say, Gaffer!" cried Mrs. Nott. "I love to hear you talk. It's improvin'. Go on."

"That fine big apple, Mis' Nott, has used its privileges an' become what it ought to be. But this little thing, it didn't use the sun to meller it, nor the rain to fill it out to a proper sample of an apple. The rain rattled off its tough skin, an' the sun jes' dried it up. An' ain't it a disgraceful picter of an apple!"

Mrs. Nott took the specimen for examination, looked at it and laid it on the window-sill. "I think," she said, "that the stem has been pricked by some kind of a fly, and that has hindered its growing — the stem hardened up, like."

"Jes' so, Mis' Nott; jes' so. I tell you there's a fly called Selfishness that pricks its way deep into our souls, an' after that's took possession, it is with us all self and no service. From this sting of selfishness may the dear Lord deliver us! What use on this earth are the dry-apple souls? Why, even pigs can't eat an apple like yon, Mis' Nott."

Now it happened that Gaffer Lane, comforted by the fire and the warm pie, sat musing on dry-apple souls until he dropped asleep. At night-fall he went

home, forgetting the apple. Mrs. Nott found it when she dusted, and, not wishing to throw away the text of Gaffer's sermon, put it in her pocket. There it was when she went to Hans Beck's store for salt and soap. She felt it when she searched in her pocket for change, and, as they were alone in the store, she took the little dry apple and set it under Hans Beck's eyes. Then, kindly and faithfully, she preached to Hans Beck Gaffer Lane's sermon about "folk with dry-apple souls."

Hans heard, flushing, winking hard, twitching his mouth, and making inarticulate gruntings—but he put the dry apple in his pocket. He felt it whenever he took out his silver watch, and that hard, dry, useless, abortive apple told the big watch Gaffer's sermon, and the watch ticked the message into Hans Beck's

ears. Had God meant his soul to bring forth fair fruit for the glory of God? And, being bitten of Selfishness, had it become hard, dry, sapless? Was his withered soul a disgrace, and not an ornament, to the church of Christ? So the Master had come for fruit, and found none! Why cumbered he the ground?

One day Gretchen Kist was surprised by a big basket of groceries from her Uncle Hans. Gaffer Lane was amazed to have a buffalo robe laid over the chair, to wrap his shaky old knees up, and a box set before him for a stool. Also, he was told to make himself at home, and sit there in the sun all he pleased. Someway Hans Beck was changed; he lived not for self, but for service. "God can work miracles," said Gaffer Lane. "He has made a little, hard, dry-apple soul become soft, mellow, serviceable."

A TEXT AT THE RIGHT TIME.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



ACH morning when Fred Allston left the breakfast table, he went around to his mother's place to bid her good-by before starting for school.

When he did so Mrs. Allston always handed him a card. The card had a verse

of Scripture written upon it—a text for the day. Mrs. Allston required no promise that Fred would remember or act upon this verse, or even read it. Having been brought up in the habit of courtesy, he always did read it, and say, "Thank you, mother."

True, Fred sometimes looked at the verse in such haste that he forgot it by



"There's Bill Burt!" said Noah.—See page 82.

the time it was well in his pocket; or he read it and lost all memory of it in the crowding of daily lessons; perhaps he thought of it on the way to school and determined to bear it in mind, and practice it, and then — it slipped out of his head entirely! Sometimes it came into his thoughts again and again, gave him light in doubt, showed him his way in emergency, helped him to resist temptation, or endure trial manfully; the text in his pocket thus made good to him the parable of the sower and the seed.

When a text had been thus helpful, Fred turned up the corner of the card. At night he put the day's card in a box. By the end of the year he had three hundred and sixty-five cards. Then he selected the ones with the bent corners, and glued them in a scrap-book. The others his mother took back to distribute at the mission school, or tied them with a ribbon and dropped them into the home missionary box of the church; or Fred put the nice square cards, so clearly written, into a fancy box, and sent them to some "shut-in" for a New Year's greeting.

"Thank you, mother," said Fred this particular morning as he hastily read his card — "Co-workers together with God."

"Nothing for me in that, surely," he said to himself, as he took down his cap, and slung his book-strap over his shoulder.

"Meant for preachers and such folks," he mused, as he ran down the steps.

"God doesn't need any help; he is able to do anything." This, as he rattled up the street. "My help would not be any good; I'm not enough for myself. Algebra gets the better of me, and Cæsar floors me." Then he slid into his desk, and picking up his general history went to studying industriously.

"Say, Fred and Joe," said Noah Lee at the noon hour, "over across that field by the hedge, is a woodchuck's hole. Old Pete Wing gave me some medicine to put on a crust and lay by the hole, and if you watch and keep quiet the woodchuck is sure to come out to the bait. Let's go try it."

"Don't want to catch him, do you?"

"Thought I'd bring him here for Prof. North to talk about in the zoology class, and let him go back to-morrow; don't believe mother will let me keep him."

"He wouldn't be a nice pet," said Fred.

"Wouldn't enjoy himself shut up," added Joe.

Then the three ran across the field, found the hole, laid the bait, and sat down to await Mr. Woodchuck, in perfect silence.

Some one came up the road.

Noah peeped through the hedge. "There's that big, slow Bill Burt, clumping along, making noise enough to scare everything within ten miles."

"He'll want to stop and talk," said Fred. "Queer fellow; always looks at you as if he was wishing for something."

“Keep quiet and he won’t see us,” said Joe.

Bill Burt came stolidly along; a thorn with low-growing branches was near the place where the boys were in hiding on the other side of the hedge. Between the thorn and the hedge was a little sheltered nook. Bill stepped into the green closet.

“Come to catch the woodchuck himself,” said Noah in his own mind.

But no. Bill dropped his cap on the ground, threw himself down with his hands over his face, and made a low, long moaning of unutterable misery. Sobs shook his burly, rough figure, and choked him. Here was a soul in agony, and the three boy watchers were awed. Fred Allston was called “brave as a lion;” he was also soft-hearted as a woman. This is a fine combination, and perhaps those daily texts had much to do with it. He could not endure the sight of Bill’s grief, so on his hands and knees he thrust his head through an open place in the hedge, and close to Bill’s shoulder.

Bill heard the sound, felt some living thing near his hidden face, and rashly concluded that it was Mr. Kerr’s Jersey calf, a little denizen of the field which in his longing for “lovingness” Bill often petted. He reached out a tear-wet hand, saying, “So-o-o, calfy — so-o-o!”

This was too much for Noah and Joe, and they burst into a roar of laughter which brought Bill up straight with his

face uncovered. That face, wet, swollen-eyed, again sobered all the boys.

“I say, Bill,” cried Noah, “what’s the matter? Has Mr. Wells discharged you?”

“No,” gasped Bill. “I don’t do things to be sent away for. Fred — I didn’t know it was you — truly. I’m always doing something stupid, like—”

“Oh, never mind that,” said Fred. “Just tell us what’s wrong, Bill.”

“It’s my sister Sue. The doctor told me just now to tell mother if Sue couldn’t go to the city hospital to have her leg healed, she’d die, or be crippled for life. It will break poor mother’s heart! Sue is so good and sweet! She is all our comfort and—”

“Why don’t you send her along, then, as the doctor says?” cried Joe.

“We haven’t the money — and we have nothing good enough to sell — and poor folks like us can’t borrow. I wish I could chop off my leg or arm and turn it into gold for little Sue!”

“Wish we could help you,” said Noah.

“Thanky for wishin’ it,” said Bill gratefully. Then he picked up his cap and trudged down the road.

The three boys forgot the woodchuck and looked blankly at each other. Fred turned clear around then, lest his mates should see a big tear running down his nose. Joe’s face was all in a pucker, with his effort to rise above an exhibition of his sympathy. “Don’t he feel awful, though!” he mumbled.

"Didn't know Bill was — that sort of a father and Uncle Tom," urged Fred, eagerly. "Kind of awful about his sister, ain't it? I've got a dollar in my pocket. Wish I had just thrown it into his cap."

"A dollar's not much account, though I could have put a half with it. Come on, Fred; let's go back. Queer about Bill — thought he was a big, dull fellow; now he kind of seems like an angel, or like a saint in a picture book. Say, boys, I b'lieve that he was prayin' as well as cryin'."

They went slowly over the field toward the academy. Noah and Joe looked back. Fred had left them and gone another way.

Suddenly, as if written in fire on the air before him, he had seen his verse, "Co-workers together with God," and — had understood it. When people went on God's errands of kindness to fellow-beings they were co-workers with God!

He went home and found his mother giving the children their lunch in the dining-room. He told her the story.

"Mother, something must be done — only think, to have his sister die for lack of a little help! Suppose it was our Grace!"

"We must see to it right away, Fred."

"It would need money to fit her out, and get her to the city and back, and some one would have to take her there. How much would it cost? I could take a paper around this afternoon; I could start with

"Ring for Sallie to come to the children, and we will go right to see Mrs. Burt, and then to Dr. Pike. The sooner we arrange the affair the better."

As Mrs. Allston and Fred came in sight of the Burts' home, they saw Bill, with Joe and Noah. Noah's arm was thrown over Bill's shoulder in friendly style, and Joe seemed to be crowding something into his hand, holding his elbow and talking earnestly.

Through the partly open door of the front room of the Burts' home they saw Sue, lying asleep on a lounge. The room was neat and pleasant, but poor. Beyond, on the back doorstep, sat Mrs. Burt, evidently crying. To her they went softly.

It was eight o'clock that night before Fred reached home. He shouted for his mother.

"I've had the best luck! Got all the money the doctor said was needed, and twenty dollars over, so Mrs. Burt can go down once and see her, and have things nice for her when she gets back! Dr. Pike's wife went out to buy Sue's outfit, and Mr. Bragg, the tailor, sent for Bill and fitted him out in a full suit. Bill is to take Sue to the city, he knows how to lift and help her so well. Dr. Pike says he's just wonderful handy. Nurse Low is going, too, to get her there all right. Day after to-morrow morning, they'll start,

and Dr. Pike says Sue'll come back cured! Mr. Wells, where Bill works, subscribed eight dollars, and when I told him, you knew, he said Bill was the right sort of boy, and he'd promote him so he'd get two dollars more, and he'd pay for him in night school for a year!"

"This is splendid," said Mrs. Allston. "Sallie is keeping your supper, and Noah Lee brought your books."

"I'll take the alarm clock and get up at five for once, to study. Bill gets up at five every day. Mother, when I went into Burts' to tell them all was settled, do you know Bill told me he had been praying, and God had answered him. And then, oh, you don't know how I felt about my

verse, 'Co-workers with God.' God had let me be his co-worker in answering Bill's prayer! Isn't it wonderful!"

"Yes, Fred, it is. And not only in such ways does God make us co-workers with him. Everyone who plants and tends a seed, doing his duty so, helps God to feed the world. Every teacher faithful to his work, helps God to mould the mind of a nation; each faithful teacher of a little Sunday-school class, is a co-worker with God in saving souls. Whoever does a kindly deed, says a true word, or offers a hand to lift up the fallen, is working with God."

"That makes life solemn, and fine — and worth living," said Fred.

THE BOY FROM SCOTLAND.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



HERE now! I hope I will have a little peace!"

Dr. MacNab shut his office door, pulled down the curtains, leaned back in his big, cushioned chair, laid his feet

across the seat of another chair reserved for patients, and closed his eyes. It was

high noon; very likely he might be left in quiet for, say, half an hour. The doctor's iron-gray hair, ruffled by hard rubbing in the region of his over-tired fifth pair of nerves, stood up like a window brush; to the usual lines in his large-featured face were added some wrinkles of weariness. He had been up nearly all night, and since six o'clock had been hard at work, from hospital to private patients, and office cases.

"Old Crusty," many called him, from

his stern, dominant face, rough voice, and sharp speech. Nevertheless he was overcrowded with patients, not only because he was a surgeon of repute, but, when the poor came to him, hard-working, small-waged men and lads, widows and orphans, he soundly rated them for their "foolishness" in being injured, gave them the care for which his rich patients paid heavy fees, and then put by the proffered pay, saying, "Leave that for next time."

Scarcely had Dr. MacNab's tired eyes closed, when there was a knock at the office door.

"Oh, bother!" mumbled the doctor; then, "Come in!"

When the door swung open, there was a lad of fourteen, big and well made, but gaunt and weary looking, as if he had known recent hardships. A poor boy, a foreign boy; on his head was a Scotch cap, or bonnet; his coarse suit was home-made, shrunken, faded; his big wrists showed below the sleeves, and thick blue knitted stockings were revealed in wrinkles between the trousers and the tops of his heavy cow-hide shoes. There were wide, dark circles under the boy's honest blue eyes, and something pathetic about the firmly cut mouth and chin, which suggested that he had "sighed for sorrow of heart."

The doctor took in all this at a glance, for it is part of a doctor's business to be observing.

"Well!" he said sharply, "what's

broken about you? What do you need mended?"

"It's my heart that's broken an' nane on this earth can mend that; it maun be the Lord himsel' does it. Some tell me time will cure it, but I canna believe it."

The boy advanced very slowly as he spoke. The doctor spoke sharply:

"What broke your heart? You're too young to own one!"

"I hae lost my mither — two weeks ago to-day. We were on the 'Sea Queen,' an' my mither was in one of the boats that went down."

"So!" said the doctor, becoming more interested, for the papers had been full of the affair of the "Sea Queen," "and were you in the boat that was picked up, and carried to Baltimore? How came you to be parted from your mother?"

"They put the women in the boats first, sir, and when it came to the rest of us, they said the boat where my mother was, was o'erful, an' they would na let me in. It was an awfu' grief to her, to be parted; for we hae nane else but ilk ither. I wish they had let me in."

"Then you'd not be here alive, but in the sea."

"I wad be in heaven with my mither, an' ithers that God took long syne." He was close to the doctor's chair now, and he laid his hand on the arm of it, looking earnestly at the doctor. "Are you my Uncle John MacNab?"

"I'm John MacNab, but I don't know

as I have any boy of your inches to call me uncle."

"I'm Norman Bruce. Were ye not own brither to my gran'mither, Ailsa Graham, an' own uncle to my mither, Annie Bruce o' Paisley? Did you no get a letter fro' my mither, tellin' that Uncle Bruce was dead, an' naething at a' was left us; an' she wad come in the 'Sea Queen' to America? Did you no?"

"No—but about three weeks ago, I remember, I threw a couple of sealed letters into the fire, by accident, and as one went in, I saw it had a Scotch stamp. So you and your mother were coming to me, to be taken care of? You might have waited for an answer."

"We were no coming to be paupers," said the boy, flushing. "We wad both work. As ye are a lone man, my mither thought that maybe she could pay our way, by keeping hoose for ye. She kept hoose brawly. Gin you did no heed her, she thought your good word might get her a hoosekeepin' place. Money is plenty here, they tell us, an' my mither wanted to give me schoolin', for I was aye set on my books. We were not meanin' to beg. I could gie up the books an' work, gin it was God's will."

"And what have you to show that you are Annie's son?"

"Eh? did na I say so, the noo?"

"But that does not make it so. You may be some one else."

"Hech, sir! But that wad be leein'!

Wad I lee to win an uncle, or anything else? Does na the Scripture say, 'Lee not at a'.' I wad be in a bad way—to lee!"

"And you have nothing to show me! No proofs of your identity?"

"To show you, sir? Oh, yes. Mither an' I, knowin' it is sorely dangerous to go down to the sea in ships, divided a few bit keepsakes. I hae here a picture o' your sister Ailsa Graham, an' twa letters you wrote her an' my mither."

He took the little mementoes from an inner pocket of his jacket. Dr. MacNab softened, as he read them. "Well, my lad—Norman, is your name?—I suppose I must shoulder my responsibilities as an uncle, and take you home with me. So you want to study. What for?"

"To be a doctor," cried the boy eagerly. The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "That takes many years and much money. You aim high."

"Aye. One does na get onywhere, by aiming low. But uncle, I winna beg. I can work for you; and, sir, maybe you could lend me the money to go through the schools, and then I'd pay you back, with interest, when I was a great man, like you;" and he looked about the two office rooms with admiration.

"Perhaps we can manage it somehow," said the non-committal doctor. "You look as if a dinner and a new suit would be the first requirements."

"I had a roll when I left the cars. The

people at Baltimore were verra good, and gave me my ticket to Boston, and a bit money besides. Uncle"—in a persuasive voice—"wad ye no like to take a girl bairn?"

"A girl child!" roared the doctor. "No! No! No!"

"She's unco pretty behaved, an' weel favored," coaxed Norman, "and only three years old; wi' no one in a' the wide world."

"A three-year-old girl! No! What next? No!"

"Did no the Lord Jesus say, 'Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me'? Surely if you wad be a faither to the wee girlie, you wad get a great blessin'! The bit bairnie canna be let perish."

"And how did you come by her, in the name of sense?"

"She was wi' her father an' mither on the 'Sea Queen.' The father was knocked overboard. The mither was in the boat wi' me, but she died; she could no thole so much trouble. The bairn has no one to look to. Will ye no pity her?"

"I can't take up all strays. There are orphan asylums—"

"Uncle doctor, she is named Alice, yer ain mither's name."

"But I can't take up every child that happens to be named Alice. Where is the child?"

"I brought her wi' me, but I left her near the car station, wi' a braw sonsie

woman who has a little shop, to take tent o' her till I found you."

"The overseers of the poor must look after her. I can't."

Then Norman straightened himself, and looked Dr. MacNab in the eyes, firmly. "I'm only a boy, uncle, but I hae given my word, an' I canna go back fro' it. When her poor mither was deein', she said to me, 'Wad I keep the bairnie an' be a brither to her, an' not forsake the tender 'bit lambie to strangers?' An' I said 'Aye!' There was no ither way but to promise. Her deein' eyes bein' on me, I could no go back fro' my word. For God is a God o' covenant-keepin'. Gin ye will tell me where I can get wark, uncle, an' give me a good word to an employer, I mak' no doot I can 'arn bread for me an' the bit bairnie, an' maybe the braw dame will board us."

"And what about your fine plan of being a doctor?"

"I could study o' nichts; an' by an' by I'd win through, no doubt. One can do a' things, wi' God's blessin'."

Dr. MacNab threw his arm about the boy's shoulders, and drew him close. "You're the sample of boy I've been looking for this ten years for a son! Thank God you did not go down with the 'Sea Queen'! Come, Norman, first that dinner, and then the clothes, and then we will find your bairn Alice."

"Do you mean to tak' her?" cried Norman.

“Certainly. I’ve been wishing for just such a pair for ten years. Now I have a son and a daughter. Who will now call John MacNab a lonely man?”

“Were you no in earnest wi’ your ither words?” asked Norman.

“I was feeling your moral pulse, that was all.”

At four o’clock Dr. MacNab, with his nephew and the lovely little Alice, reached his house. As they stepped from the doctor’s carriage, the housekeeper appeared on the steps much excited.

“Doctor! your niece from Scotland got here this morning. Poor soul, what a way she was in! She was wrecked in the ‘Sea Queen,’ and was out in a boat, and picked up by a vessel running into Portland. Oh, but she is worn and heart-broken, for she lost her only child—a boy—in the wreck. They were parted in the boats and—”

A kind of whirlwind in jacket and trousers, new boots and soft hat, dashed

past her, and into the house, and the long decorously silent halls of Dr. MacNab echoed to a boy’s shout: “Mither! I’m safe! Whaur are ye, mither?”

In a minute more a fair-haired woman in an over-large black wrapper, loaned by the housekeeper, was hugging the whirlwind. And the arms and legs arrayed in Dr. MacNab’s latest purchase were doing wonders of hugging and leaping, whirling, frisking, waving—while a little fluffy yellow and white creature, with big blue eyes, was tugging at black wrapper and gray trousers, crying, “Here’s Allie! Hug Allie, somebodies!”

Thus it was that Dr. John MacNab sat down to his tea-table provided with a family, and when the bell rang after tea for evening prayers, no longer did the household consist merely of three servants, but his niece and the boy and girl cheated him into a dream that he had daughter and grandchildren to bless his age, and his heart praised God.

THE WINDOW LADY.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

I KNEW her well. She was one of those happy natures that are ever unconsciously scattering brightness about them, because of their own inner light. Little children and stray dogs and cats followed her in the streets, finding consolation in being near her. She gave them the largess of a smile or a pleasant word. The children had their own names for her—“The sunny lady,” “My sweet lady,” “The lady

of the smile." Perhaps the dogs and cats had their names for her also, in their own language.

"Why do you run after that lady?" a woman asked of a little laddie. "Because she always shines on me," was the reply.

One day, hearing as she walked along the pavement, the sounds of altercation behind her, my friend turned. "What are you little lasses disputing about?" she asked. She discovered that the cause of strife was, which of the two should have the privilege of running on, to open a gate through which she was to go!

One of the names child-given to my friend, came to have a certain sweet pathos about it. She spent many hours among the books in a famous library. Standing one day in one of the alcoves, reading a reference, she looked through the wide window and saw, almost opposite, a child in the window of a tall house that towered above the library garden. The back of the house overlooked the library, about eighty feet away, and the child was in one of the upper windows; a golden-haired, fair-faced child of four. True to her nature, the lady nodded and smiled, and the child returned the salutation. The lady held up her book, to indicate her occupation; the little maid held up her doll. They were now on terms of intimacy.

Every day the reader spent some time in the wide window, and the little child

was always watching for her. Every new toy was held up for the lady to see; the child made a block of patchwork, and that, too, was held up for approbation. The wide window-sill was the child's play-house, and as she made up her doll's cradle, or set out the dishes for "play tea," she was happier because the lady opposite knew what she was doing. Her mother was called to share her enjoyment of her friend. When the lady appeared, the turning of the child's head, and an eager nod, made it plain that she said, "Here she is again!"

The child and her mother seemed to live alone in those two high rooms. The mother was neither too poor nor too busy to make her little one small cakes and tiny pies on baking days. These sweets were duly held up for the lady to see, and when the yellow-haired darling had a new frock and apron, she stood on a stool that her friend might have a full view. Several months of this friendship passed.

One spring day, an attendant in the library respectfully asked a young lady who was studying there, "Where is your friend, who was here all winter? My little girl became very fond of her. She watched her from the window of the Duane street house, and now she misses her, and asks for her every day."

"My friend was suddenly called to Europe. Tell your little girl that she will see her again. She will be back with the roses."

"My little girl calls her 'The Window Lady.' All life seemed brighter and more enjoyable to her from the sympathy of the Window Lady in her little joys."

"She will come again with the roses. Take her this pink rose, and tell her when the roses bloom in the garden, she will see her Window Lady smiling across them."

A month later the attendant stopped again at the young student's desk. He was changed. His face was sad; his voice was broken.

"Tell the Window Lady," he said, "that my little girl could wait for neither her nor the roses. She has gone into the gardens of heaven. She had placed on the window-seat all her new toys, to be ready for her Window Lady. One day, as she was arranging them, she looked up into the blue sky and said, 'Perhaps God is looking at me, and smiling, just as my Window Lady did — only I cannot see

him now.' She was sick but a day or two. Just before she went away she said, 'I shall look down out of God's windows and smile at you all, as my Window Lady smiled at me. Tell her I didn't go very far, we live so high up near the sky!'"

Then the attendant in his list slippers stole away, with his sad face. He and the mother were lonely, for all they knew the little one was not very far off, but was in the gardens of God, and smiling at them from the opal windows of heaven.

She had all her little life lived high up, so near the blue! The dust and tumult of earth had seethed and rolled far beneath her; even its trees and flowers had been away down below her in the garden.

The Window Lady came again over the sea, and she was told the story of Golden Hair. And now as a choice treasure she hides it among her memories, that same Window Lady.

MAKING A BUSINESS OF IT.

By JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.



THE bell for Sunday-school was ringing and Robert Worth was still leisurely eating his breakfast.

"How about Sunday-school?" asked Mr. Worth, looking across the table.

"We're too late this morning," said Robert carelessly.

"You could get there in good time, by starting now."

"Yes, father, but I am not dressed. It would take me half an hour to dress properly. I have on my every-day suit. I'll be ready by church time."

"Which merely means, Robert, that you did not rise early enough to get ready for Sunday-school, before breakfast."

Two weeks after this Mr. Worth went into the library for a book, and there was Robert, lying at ease on a sofa, reading. It was ten o'clock.

"I thought you went to Sunday-school, my boy."

"Yes, father, nearly always. Last Sunday I went with Cousin Grace in the afternoon to a temperance meeting; then the Christian Endeavor, and to church twice, so I did not have time to read my book. It is splendid, and I don't want to take it back until I have finished it. I thought I'd stay at home to-day, and read."

Mr. Worth sat down and contemplated Robert. Finally he said: "Robert, you are nearly through the high-school?"

"One more year only, father."

"And after you graduate there, you wish to come into my business, I believe."

"Yes, indeed, father," said Robert, all interest, closing his book.

"Of course you know that you will have to begin low down in the line of the clerks—at the beginning, as the others do—and rise as you learn."

"That is just what I wish to do, father. I mean to make a real business of it. I want to learn it well."

"And you understand that if you do not do well, I cannot, merely because you are my son, advance you over the heads of clerks who do better."

"Certainly not, father. I shall do well, never fear. Why, I stand head in my school classes, right along."

"I am glad to hear it. When you come into my office, if you desert your place one day to play base-ball, another day to go to the fair, again to attend a picnic or to go hunting or fishing—if I find that when you are at your desk you intermit your work to read something that you fancy, to write notes, to dream, to idle, to play practical jokes—much as I may desire your advancement, I cannot advance you."

"I understand all that. Why are you speaking so? I am not that kind of a fellow. I mean to make a business of it."

"I hope so indeed. That is the only road to success. Is it not a little strange, Robert, that you are ready to deny yourself, be prompt, faithful and energetic, in a simply secular business, which at the best can bring you only that wealth and worldly position which we must all abandon when life closes, and yet you are not so earnest and energetic, you are not making a business of that which concerns your higher nature and may help fit your soul for eternal happiness? If your Sunday-school is worth anything at all to you, my son, it is worth a great deal. You ought there to receive an impetus toward Christian living: you ought there to come to a closer acquaintance with the letter of the Scriptures, and a deeper understanding of their meaning; you ought there to identify yourself with Christian people, with the work of the church, with a group of young people who will carry on church and phi-

lanthropic work when we of the older generation are gone. Is not that worth making a business of? Yet I find that one Sunday you are absent from the school because you lazily rose too late to be dressed in time, again you think it would be pleasanter to lie here at ease reading a nice book, and so these small excuses for irregularity go on. Do you know what these absences include? Disappointment and discouragement to your superintendent and teacher, a bad example to the other pupils, a habit of doing but indifferently well the religious duties that lie in your way. I do not feel inclined to lay upon you a command to attend your Sunday-school and be faithful in your work there. For a time, at least, I prefer to leave it to your own conscience, with such instruction as I can offer, to direct that conscience. All I have to say is, is it not worth making a business of, at least as faithfully as secular business? and if it is worth that zeal, why do you not show it?"

Robert had tucked his book under the sofa pillow; his feet had slipped gradually to the floor; he sat up, put his elbows upon his knees, bent his head, and vigorously grasped his hair with each hand. It was a fashion he had when deeply meditating. Then he rose and seated himself on the

arm of his father's chair, and rested his head against his father's shoulder.

"You're right about it," he said heartily. "I see now it is worth making a business of. I never thought of that about disappointing the teacher, and the superintendent—they are always there, rain or shine. And there's the example—I never thought of that! It does seem mean to boast of making a business and doing my best in every other thing, and letting go things about religion and all that. Why, father, do you know sometimes when I'm late and tired, I don't skip my prayers, but I hurry them up dreadfully! There's my Sunday chapter, too: I spend more time often hunting for a short one than it would take to read two long ones! Some days I skip reading my daily text, and some evenings I drop the Endeavor. Oh, I've been getting real slack!"

"That is what I thought," said Mr. Worth, "and it seemed to me that you are old enough to look at your duty in these particulars, and pull yourself together, and work like a man."

"That's so," said Robert with conviction, "and after this if I'm not in my seat at Sabbath-school, people may be sure there is some very good reason for it. I'm going into this thing on business principles after this."



SPEAKING TWICE.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

Grandma sat in the shaded parlor hushing Richard to sleep on her lap. Philip came under the portiere. His eyes were large, with a hint of wet in them; he walked on his toes, and held out his hands with all the fingers spread. This was a way he had, when distressed. He said in a lamentable voice:

"I b'lieve I'm going to cry!"

"I wouldn't cry; not for a dollar!" said grandma cheerfully. "Come here, and tuck your head into my neck, and tell me all about it."

Philip ran on his tiptoes to put his head in what had seemed to him, since he was a day old, a very good refuge.

"My mamma speaked sharp to me," he mourned.

"Did she?" said grandma, sure that there must be very good reason for such conduct on mamma's part. "What were you doing?"

"Playing with the hyd'ant."

"Oh! Yes, I see; somebody's clean kilt is wet."

"And mamma's dress is wet, too!"

"Dear me!—mamma's nice new dress! And mamma said kindly, 'Don't do that, Philip,' didn't she?"

"Ye-e-e-s," admitted Philip.

"And you did not pay attention? You

did not mind dear mamma; you went right on playing with the hydrant?"

"Ye-e-e-s," said the little boy.

"And then mamma spoke out, 'Philip! come away from there, instantly!'"

"Ye-e-e-s."

"If you do not wish mamma to speak so firmly, why don't you mind when she speaks softly?"

Philip did not answer.

"It is because, just then, you do not want to mind at all."

"Yes, I minded, grammal!"

"Because you had to, but not because you wanted to. When I was little, my grandpa used to tell me that waiting for two speakings was only half-minding. It shows that the little child would not mind at all if it did not have to: it is not glad-minding, love-minding, but must-minding, for fear you may be put to bed, or sent to a corner. To wait for two speakings is not honoring-minding—and you have just learned, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' That is what God says. Will you not mind God?"

"Oh, yes, I will!" said Philip, smiling. Then hearing mamma in the hall he ran to meet her.

"Here I am, mamma! I love you! I am a good boy now!"

MacDuff's legs were very short, and so his heart and his eyes were near to the ground; and like all the lowly he was full of tender sympathy for weak and humble things. He saw beside his path a flower — an evening primrose with balmy breath; he stopped to look, and to leave a kiss upon its golden chalice. Then a little toad came hopping along, and he paused to say a kind word to the common thing. A thistle struck its spike against his bare fat hand, and he stood to pity himself, and to sigh a little. Two caterpillars lay across his path next, and thinking that they might come to harm from some careless foot, he picked them up and laid them on a soft bed of grass. A bird sat singing on a post, and MacDuff tarried to search in his kilt pocket for a bit of cracker to strew on the wayside for it.

Next the little lad fell down; that was hard; he had to pick himself up, and brush the dust from his hands and white clothes. There is no human journey to the Glory Gate without its falls, MacDuff, but a child of God sang long ago: "Though I fall, I shall arise."

There was a little dog coming by, who would be happier for having his head patted, and a white rabbit behind a fence, for whom MacDuff picked a big plantain leaf. And now — he looked, and the glory in the west had faded!

"It's gone! God's house has gone!" he cried in sorrow and amazement.

All at once a little cloud drifted by, and one long splendid ray flashed upwards!

"A piece left, grandma! A piece left!"

"There is always a piece of God's House left, my child," said grandmamma, laying her hand upon his curls.

"MacDuff's feet so tired and dusty!" said the little man, who had had a day's play.

"Come, then, my treasure," said grandmamma, taking him up in her arms.

Lifted thus, MacDuff saw, not the west, but the front of his own home, all blazing with that last bright sun-ray!

"Grandma, the Glory Gate is my home!" he cried joyfully. "And my father is waiting at the door!"

Oh, dear and beautiful MacDuff! Must your feet grow weary on the lengthening ways of life, because the world wants men? Must you be pricked by cruel wrong, and stumble amid temptations, until the beauty of the Glory Gate grows dim? Courage, my child! He who lingers on his way to speak comfortable words to the miserable, to praise well-doing, to rescue those that are ready to perish, to do the Master's errands as he goes his way, will not fail to find the end for which he set out — a piece of God's House at last — the Glory Gate, the door of Home, and a Father standing to welcome him, with outstretched arms.

AT THE GLORY GATE.

BY JULIA MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

TEA was over and Mac Duff and his House! I did not know it was so near. grandmamma went out of doors. Mac I am going to run there, and play with Duff stopped to inspect the corners of the the angels for a little while! Come, stone steps; the golden rings of his long hair trailed on the gray granite. He loved all living things, and he had friends in the crevices of the steps, —beetles and crickets, and little drab toads, which sometimes crept out of their crannies to entertain him. When he bent down he crooned a little song to his dumb playmates, and when he lifted up his head, he cheerily cried "Good-bye!" into their holes. As he lifted himself now he saw the full splendor of the western sky; the wide street looked to him as if it shot straight through to that intense flood of gold.



"The Glory Gate is my home!" he cried.—See page 96

"Grandma," cried MacDuff, "I see the grandma!" Away he ran, and grand-Glory Gate! I see the door of God's mamma followed, meditatively.

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