FRONTISPIECE.—See page 32.

THE

CORNER STALL,

A

NEW YORK STORY.

BY

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THE CORNER STALL.

CHAPTER I.

THOMAS TWIGG.

EARLY dawn, the chill grey dawn of March, looked into an "upper chamber," almost as small as that built by the Shunammite woman of blessed memory, for Elisha, years ago. The place was small but was supposed to represent four rooms, each of its corners being one. There was the kitchen department — a tiny fireplace, overhung by a mantle piece, whereon were a few dishes — opposite a chair and a corner shelf

with two books, representing the library — a third angle had a square yard of second-hand carpet, a yellow chair and a stand covered with a gay oil cloth, which gorgeous furnishings indicated a parlor, — and lastly, a cot covered with two brown blankets was the exponent of the bedroom; under the two brown blankets lay Thomas Twigg, master, and sole occupant, of this residence, which I had almost called aerial, inasmuch as it overlooked nearly all the adjacent chimneys.

Dawn coming in through the curtainless dormer window, albeit not rosy robed and footed as the poets dream her, but dull and cold as if disappointed in her plannings, woke up Thomas Twigg, who rose and dressed himself as soon as his eyes were fairly open. Thomas was short, wiry, a little grey, a little wrinkled, put on patched clothes, but washed his face and combed his hair, which was not a very usual proceeding in his neighborhood.

This done Thomas pulled his yellow chair nearly into the center of his room and stood irresolute — he turned his chair about four or five times, and made as many abortive attempts to kneel down; he had a stubborn pair of knees which were all unused to bowing.

The fact was the man was trying to pray, indeed he had learned a prayer and promised to offer it; he had a notion that to kneel was the best posture for these his first private devotions; he was not rheumatic but his knees seemed terribly stiff; he stood erect, holding the back of his chair with an iron grip, and began to repeat his new "form of speech;" somehow it would not do — he went down on one knee, seizing the seat of the chair like a drowning man; he felt as if his neighbors could see him through the solid wall; was sure some one was peeping through the key hole; suddenly believed the dwellers in the opposite

attics had him in observation; he was ashamed before himself, lamentably ashamed of this, one of the best moves he had ever made, and despite the chilly room he broke into a sweat at his unusual undertaking, and muttering fast and indistinctly for less than two minutes, rose up gasping, as if plunged to his neck in the North River, just then floating down huge blocks of ice.

He had finished his unsatisfactory devotions — they were unsatisfactory, because while the knees would not bow the heart was unbowed, and while the lips rattled over what the head had learned, the heart was silent as a corpse in its coffin — yes, Thomas Twiggs' heart was stark dead, dead in trespasses and sins, and he would not come unto Jesus that he might have life; indeed he knew very little about Jesus.

As Thomas stood up to recover himself after his attempt at praying, methinks had his

vision been made clear like that young man's who stood with Elisha in Dothan, he might, like him, have seen a strange spectacle—ministering spirits doing His service, white winged messengers from the skies, looking on well pleased, rejoicing over their Master's plans for this poor Thomas Twigg, pie-man, and keeper of a Corner Stall, where those who 'pick up a living' bought the unusual luxuries of tough doughnuts and muddy coffee.

Thomas set his chair away, smoothed his bed, took one book from his shelf and put it in one of two large wicker hampers, which, held together by a broad leather strap, were hanging against the wall. He put the strap in some dexterous way across his breast so that the hamper hung over his strong shoulders, and then he went down two flights of stairs. In the gloom he stumbled against a fragment of humanity, which fragment sobbed.

"Why, Maggie!" cried Thomas, "what's gone wrong?"

"It's cold, and it's early, and I'm sleepy, and ma'am says an' I don't sell more picks to-day nor I did yesterday she'll whip me," said Maggie, running over a catalogue of ills quite enough to overwhelm a six year old.

"Chirk up and sell your picks lively," said Mr. Twigg, "and maybe if you get up by Union Square, by-and-by, I'll give you a turnover."

Maggie sniffled a little, but in a less wretched way, and went down another pair of stairs beside the pie-man; then she went on toward the street, while Thomas struck a door with his hard knuckles. An old woman, holding a candle stuck in a turnip, opened the door.

"Pardner," said Thomas, "are you ready for business?"

"Sorra a day am I behind," said the old woman; "give us the hamper man," she added, stepping back for Thomas to enter the room. She was not an ill looking old lady, her cap

with its wide ruffle was clean, and so was her striped apron.

She had several chairs in the room, but on one was a boiled ham, on another a sheet of biscuits, on another a number of pies.

Thomas put his baskets on the floor, and sat down on the foot of the bed.

"Get out wid ye," cried the old lady, "mussing up the bed I'm just after making, and me best quilt on it!"

Thomas seeing no chair, posted himself on the corner of the small table.

"A lazy lummox," said Mrs. Killigan; "can ye no stand a bit?"

"I stand all day," objected Thomas.

"Thrue for ye," said Mrs. Killigan, busily packing the baskets; "is it setting up in ould books ye are, Thomas? here's a bit of a book in the basket."

"It's a spellin' book," said Thomas.

"Howly Moses!" cried Mrs. Killigan, "a spellin' book! an what is it for?"

Thomas looked abashed, but when his partner in business demanded anew, "What will ye do wid it, Thomas?" he replied, "I'm studyin'."

"The saints help ye, man, who ever heard the like?" said Mrs. Killigan, stopping with the ham half in one of the baskets.

"It isn't justly what you might expect," said Thomas, recovering his composure, "but I'm favorable to it. There's a gentleman, a real out and outer too, he's up in the Sem-*i*-nery getting hisself made into a minister, and he's teaching me and I shall know the books rightly soon."

"An' slackin' up the business, an' I'll lose money by yer airs," said Mrs. Killigan, wrathfully, putting biscuits wherever she found room in the hampers.

"It's idle time I take and I'll not lose a stiver by it," asseverated Thomas; "my luck's your luck, Mrs. Killigan, and you'll never find a better pardner than Thomas Twigg."

"That may be," said Mrs. Killigan, "but I misdoubt the books. Can ye read?"

"Right smartly," said Thomas, who was fond of adverbs. "Next week I'm going into the Testament."

"And what may that be, Thomas?"

"Why it's piece of the Bible, pardner."

"May the Virgin take pity on ye Thomas; the Bible is a heretic book and an invention of the evil one himself," cried Mrs. Killigan.

"I know better," said Thomas; "my grandmother read it, and *she* had no dealings with the evil one; your speaking by your priests, pardner, and they'd take the last penny you earn by your baking."

"They won't get much out of me, mavourneen," said Mrs. Killigan, shutting the baskets, with a chuckle like the rattle of loose coppers in a purse: "but let well enough alone, and don't tempt thrial by the Bible."

"Did you put in the book?" asked Thomas, taking up his load.

"Och I did. Sorra the day that ye wouldn't take good advisement."

"I take better," said Thomas. "I'll hang on to the directions of the Sem-*i*-nery chap; he's an out and out gentleman every inch of him."

Away went Thomas, bending under the weight of the baskets on his back; as he went out of the doorway, for the door had been surreptitiously carried off and converted to fuel by the denizens of a neighboring alley, upon whom the aristocratic inhabitants of the house where Mr. Twigg lived, looked down with vast contempt, Mr. Twigg encountered a woman carrying a little bundle of kindlings, for which she had paid two cents.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dodd," said our friend; "you're out early."

"I have to be. I got a morsel of washing to do, and must make the rent somehow; the old woman daunders over her knitting so poky like, that I'm drhaming she'll get to the

'Sylum herself afore she gets work to the shop."

"Poor soul!" said Thomas, "and you've set up little Maggie with picks to sell. She's small for the street."

"She don't make her livin' by no means," said Mrs. Dodd. "I told her I bate her the night an' she didn't earn more for me."

"I wouldn't do it," said Thomas, "she's little and timid for the street; you don't know what it is, Mrs. Dodd, you never had to do it yourself."

"No more I didn't!" cried Mrs. Dodd. "Sorra the day I left ould Ireland for this tiresome land, an' married a man wid childer to pester me!"

"Maggie's a good child; I wouldn't whip her," urged Mr. Twigg.

"You know yourself that I trate her right decent in the main."

"So you do, better than many do their own

flesh and blood, but I wouldn't be hard on her for not earning much; she's not six year old, woman."

"Thrue for ye, it's hard lines, but other bits of childer earns more."

"Steal it more likely, and you wouldn't want to drive her to that by being hard."

"No more I wouldn't," said Mrs. Dodd. "I want no thieves nor thieveries around me — drunken ones is enough — Dodd sucks up the whiskey like a sponge the wather, bad luck to him. I'm clean discouraged."

"I believe it," said Mr. Twigg, heartily. "I'm sorry for you, woman. I wish I knew some comfort for you, but I reckon there ain't any for poor folk, but to drudge it out as stiff as we can, and die some day."

"Arrah, the time is long," said Mrs. Dodd, climbing the steep staircase toward her room, while Mr. Twigg went off bent, but brisk of step toward Union Square.

As Mr. Twigg went on he soliloquized — "The world's put together right queerlyish. It's not me nor me pardner has to complain; I makes my living and fills my bank, — he! he! Thomas Twigg, banker, who knows it? I'm Directors, I'm President, I'm Cashier, I'm head and tail in my bank, but here's Dodds can hardly keep their souls in their bodies — and Land O' Goshen, there's the Alley, Jug Alley, what did all those people come into the world for? or why should there be Jug Alley and Fifth Avenue, there's a puzzler for you, Thomas Twigg: why should there now? *I* calls it a Problum. Here's bricks and flags, and stuns, and there's more tears nor all of them, there be, and I swan there ain't the slightest morsel of comfort for them, nor no body to give it."

Solomon, sitting in his house of cedar, throned on gold and ivory, builder of the most magnificent of temples, grand Magian

who had evoked by the rods of power and gold, fair Tadmor, like a vision of beauty in the wilderness, had written, "So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter."

He who had seen Jesus in glory as he went to Damascus, who had been lifted up to the "third Heaven" by the rapturous love of the Saviour, had caught up the refrain of Solomon, and spoken of "God that comforteth those that are cast down;" but while Mr. Twigg took the same view of the case of the poor as Solomon, setting forth his wonderment in homely phrase, he had never heard of God as "God that comforteth," nor of the "Holy Ghost the Comforter," nor of Jesus who invites the "weary" to his Rest.

Thomas thought earnestly and walked quickly, and at last reached his place of business

on Union Square; he never got to it but he looked at it with pride. Weather stained boards made up the back and two sides of his stall, also the sloping roof; in front, sheltered by the roof was a kind of counter, at the back a few shelves, and the place to stand between the shelves and counter was narrow exceedingly; it was a good thing that Mr. Twigg was not a larger man.

Mr. Twigg got behind his counter, lifted up the lid which had been fastened with a strong padlock, and began to arrange his stock in trade. He had two little furnaces on which he heated coffee and water; he had also a little green tub wherein he washed his dishes, and a brown towel to wipe them. He had some jars of candy, some nuts and apples, a small stock of crockery also. He set his merchandise on the shelves, put his dishes in order before him, and made the best possible display of the ham, pies, and other edibles, he had

brought in the hampers. Next he made a fire in each little furnace, and put water to heat in a pot, and made coffee in a kettle in a fashion that set wise cooks and housekeepers at defiance.

Then, as passers by began to multiply, Mr. Twigg, for his own refreshment, and the better advertising of his humble restaurant, poured out a cup of black coffee, sweetened it with a black sugar, the deposite of molasses barrels, cut some bread and ham, and proceeded to eat his breakfast. He ate with great gusto, smacking his lips, eyeing his coffee like a connoisseur, and lovingly regarding the ham; this, partly because he was hungry and hearty, and relished what he ate, and partly because it was a fashion he had got as a sort of cheap advertisement of his edibles. Mr. Twigg being too poor to patronize the newspapers, and most of his customers not knowing how to read, a newspaper puff for "Corner Stall of Mr.

Thomas Twigg, &c.," would have been a superfluity.

As he ate, a new thought struck him; he got down under his shelves to rummage a minute, and emerged with his spelling book rescued from the basket. He opened the book, and slowly moved his finger down the pages.

"Ah," he said "I knew it; b-r-e-a-d — bread, there *you* are," and he poked a biscuit in a jocular way; "c-o-f-f-e-e — coffee, there you are," and he put his cup to his lips. Then he washed his cup and plate, looked about for a customer, sold two mites of ginger cakes for a penny, and turned to a little primer sewed into the leaves of his book; it was a Tract Society Primer, but Thomas was delightfully oblivious of that Tract Society, for which a Christian people has so much cause to thank God. Mr. Twigg again looked in every direction with an eye to business, then began to spell to himself and pronounce aloud, "God sent – his – Son – to – save – lost – men."

"Gracious," said Mr. Twigg, "it must have been Jug Alley people;" then he read on, "We are all – sinners – but – Christ – died – to save – our – souls."

"That was doing a mighty sight," said Mr. Twigg; "wonder if it means everybody;" herein running upon a Theological snag of serious dimensions, but quite ignorant of the weighty discussions that had hinged thereon, he concluded to read further. "Herein – is love – not that we – loved – God – but that – he first – loved us."

"That's powerfulish talk," said Mr. Twigg; "hillo! boys! here I am ready with your breakfast; how's business? Sold out, Tribune? What's your luck, Times? Howled yourself hoarse, Herald? there ain't such another pair of lungs in the trade as yours. World, what's the news?" Thus cordially greeting four news boys, who, according to their usual custom, came to his stall for their morning meal.

"Ain't no news," said 'World,' who took his title from the paper he carried.

"Ain't, now," said Mr. Twigg, setting out four cups and putting in sugar; "sakes, I heard you running over a list of things round the corner."

"That's to sell," said World, watching the black, smoking stream pouring into his cup; "papers flat as dishwater."

"That's your go, and you'll break on it," said Times; "last night ye were yowling about a man was 'lected, when he wus'nt; who'll buy of ye agin when onct ye're cheated 'em."

"There's lots of folk's," said World, "and agin I've fooled 'em all I'll be rich."

"I say, Herald," said the Tribune boy, "was you at the meeting last night?"

"Well, I was," said Herald.

"What does you say to the speaker?" asked Tribune, stuffing his mouth with biscuit.

"He's a brick," said Herald, eating a tough doughnut.

"Who's he? what's he talking 'bout?" asked Mr. Twigg.

"He's called Allston, and he's a preachin' man; gracious, don't he give out the doctrine! why, I felt as if I was a precious rascal, I did," said Herald, a loud voiced boy, larger than the rest.

"Ye wus'nt fur wrong," said Times, grinning.

"I know him!" cried Thomas Twigg; "when's he going to have a preachment again?"

"To-night," said World.

"I'll go," said Twigg, "be sure I will — why I knows him; he comes here every day, he does."

"Take his dinner?" sneered Times.

"No; but he don't despise to stand by the counter helping me read, he don't."

"Well," said Herald, "he puts it out right

lively about sinners and getting saved like. I'm going to-night."

The news boys went off shouting their respective papers, Thomas Twigg washed his dishes, and soon had a posse of shoe blacks to serve; as he attended to them, a stubbed figure, like the old woman in the picture books, with short dress, old country blue cloak, wide cap ruffle and close quilted black hood, came up.

"Well, pardner, what's to pay?" cried Mr. Twigg.

"Niver a thing," said Mrs. Killigan, regarding the row of hungry boys with evident satisfaction, "but the book made me unaisy like, an' I just sthrolled up to see were ye dhriving the business pretty decent."

"Never fear," said Thomas perfectly good-natured under this suspicion of neglect; "go home to your cooking, pardner; I'll run the stall handsome. Thomas Twigg is the man for me."

"Troth, but maybe he ain't the man for other folks," said Mrs. Killigan. "I'll keep an eye on him, Thomas."

"Two if it isn't to deprive yourself," said Thomas, cheerfully.

Mrs. Killigan, with another sharp scrutiny of the stall, and the money the boot blacks were handing in, turned to go.

"Hillo, hold on, pardner," cried Thomas, "here he comes, and I'll make you acquainted."

Mrs. Killigan stopped, and for occupation ate one of her own ginger snaps, while a tall young man dressed in black, drew near the stall saying, "Good morning, Thomas."

"Morning, sir, morning, hope your well, sir; here's my pardner, sir," said Mr. Twigg.

"A fine day to you," said Mrs. Killigan, with an old country curtsey.

"Thank you," said Mr. Allston; "your wife, Thomas?" he asked, turning to the pie-man.

"Faith, no!" interrupted Mrs. Killigan, briskly, "never a man of them all would I be bothered wid, respects to ye all the same."

"Business pardners," explained Thomas, loftily.

"I think, ma'am, that you have a very efficient partner in Mr. Twigg," said the gentleman.

"He alwiz did well," said Mrs. Killigan, "but I have my doubts since he's afther book larnin'."

"Thomas has a very praiseworthy desire to read the best of books, the Bible," said Mr. Allston.

"The saints preserve us!" cried Mrs. Killigan, with evident horror.

"Do you ever read that book, ma'am?" asked Mr. Allston.

"The Virgin be praised," cried Mrs. Killigan, "there's never a line of any book that I can read at all at all."

Mr. Allston drew a little black book from his coat pocket. "If you will listen a moment, ma'am, I will read a few words that will show you that the Bible is no book to make Mr. Twigg neglect his business," said he.

Mrs. Killigan crossed herself, retreated a step and listened, while Thomas was evidently much pleased. Mr. Allston turned over some leaves and read here and there in Proverbs, pausing a moment at the end of each verse — "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." Mrs. Killigan nodded approvingly.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings;" — another nod from Mrs. Killigan.

"Love not sleep lest thou come to poverty."

"Mind that, Thomas," said Mrs. Killigan.

"He that is slothful in business is brother to him that is a great waster."

"Thrue for ye," said Mrs. Killigan.

"Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger," read Mr. Allston.

"Shure it's a proper good book I'm thinking; what's better than to mind one's business and lay up the pennies?" said Mrs. Killigan, approbatively.

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he hath labored under the sun? One generation passeth away — and another generation cometh;" continued Mr. Allston, looking keenly at the old woman.

"Och hone, but you've spoiled it all," said Mrs. Killigan; "it's ever a sore thought to me that man's like a head of wheat that fills out to be cut down. Shure there's little satisfaction afther all; we go down to the grave where we can take never a thing of all we saved up;" and turning away, she was soon lost in the crowd of passers by.

"She's right," said Mr. Twigg; "it's quite discourageous to think of what will be the end of all, to die and — who knows what."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," said Mr. Allston; "are you afraid, or in anxiety about each night as it comes?"

"Be sure not," said Thomas; "it's quite comfortable after the racketh and worriting of the day, to get a resting spell, and then — the morning won't be long in coming."

"If you were a Christian," said Mr. Allston, "you would feel sure that dying was but going home to God's good rest; and that the morning of the Resurrection would soon come, and Jesus, your Master, would bring your body from the grave to His glory."

"Then," said Thomas, seriously, "I wish I was a Christian."

"God grant that you may be one; and to be a Christian is to feel that you are a poor helpless creature, and Jesus is your Saviour."

"That's a matter," said Thomas, "which I hain't by no means looked into as I ought to."

"I'd like to know something of your history, Thomas," said Mr. Allston.

"Dear knows I haven't any," said Thomas.

"Where were you born?" asked Mr. Allston.

"Up in 'Hampshire," said Thomas, "pretty near out of the world."

"I should think then you'd long for the country, sometimes."

"No *sir*," said Thomas, emphatically, "I'm a business man. Thomas Twigg likes folks more than he do fields. Thomas Twigg likes stir an bustle, and up and down trading, that's what he likes."

"And who brought you up, Thomas?"

"I brung myself up mostly," said Thomas. "I lived with grannie, a good old soul she were too, till she died, clean of old age, I guess, and folks says, 'here's this ten year old

shaver, let's put him in the poor hus.' I were a stubby little chap, but I had sperrit; says I, 'no poor hus for Thomas Twigg!' So I slipped off, walked to the sea coast, got on a vessel, and said 'I'd be a sailor.' One blow took the sail out of me. I was that sick I wouldn't go on salt water again for no money. I slipped the Cap'n when we made New York, and here I ve been ever since."

"But how did you make a living at first?"

"I had an eye for trade, sir. I had a dollar I'd saved up home; I got a basket, sir, and some fruit from the dock; sometimes I was cheated, sometimes I drove good bargains; sometimes I went hungry — makes me feel for hungry boys now — other times I had money clear. I riz little by little, sir, got a big basket, got a stand, got a stall, got a pardner and a CORNER STALL ON UNION SQUARE, and, sir, them's the adventures out and in of Thomas Twigg."

"Well, Thomas, I can see that the Lord has watched over you and blessed you. What have you done for him?"

"Not one thing," said Thomas, looking down and twisting himself about.

"Did you pray this morning as you promised?"

"When I promises I performs," said Thomas.

"Well, Thomas, what is your opinion of praying?"

"Sir, I says, says I this is just the toughest bit of business ever you got into, Thomas Twigg."

CHAPTER II.

THE WHARF RAT.

MR. ALLSTON turned and looked toward Broadway; the face that looked toward Broadway had a smile on it; the pie-man's oddities caused for a moment a mirthful nature to overflow, but the face that presently turned to Thomas, was kind and grave as ever, as Mr. Allston asked "What made it hard work, Thomas?"

"It seemed queer and awkward, and I thought somebody was looking at me; all the room seemed full of eyes. Only I'd promised, I wouldn't have done it, sir, but I never goes back on my word. I hated to, dreadful."

"Why, Thomas," said Mr. Allston, "this is'nt at all as it ought to be. God bids us come to him freely as children to a father; he bids us say 'Our Father.' He is so willing to bless us that he gave his own Son to die for our sakes, that 'we might be saved from wrath by Him.' When you were a little boy did you hate to ask your parents for anything?"

Thomas was silent; he leaned back against his shelves, his eyes cast down and rubbing his hands together. Mr. Allston watched his rugged face with interest; it was like watching the east lighting slowly up in the gray dawn of our Northern latitudes, slowly softening and growing clearer; so Thomas Twigg's face relaxed and grew soft, as he mused — like a little child's face, for his mind was busy with his childhood, which had gone away like a long, lost dream.

"These ain't all new things to me, sir," said Thomas, his voice quieter than usual; "why,

as you spoke, and as you said 'Our Father,' and as you went over that warse, why, sir, the days when I were a shaver come back to me as clear as clear can be. Seems like I can see that little house, the vines on the front porch, the kitchen, clean and bright as a new pin; and old Grannie, always knitting stockings. Wasn't no school nigh, and grannie was lame; she taught me a bit, but like I told you I never got only a little into spellin', and soon lost it in this here bis'ness place. But I mind she talked to me, and she prayed, and I used to go down on my knees by a chair, not minding what I said pretty much, but I recollects 'Our Father,' and I learned that very warse one Sunday. Onct and a while I went to church, but it was too far for old folks and little chaps. I've about lost all grannie told me, only enough stuck in my head that I never could steal nor swear, sir. I mind grannie took me to a grave yard onct—

showed me where my folks was buried. She wiped her eye on the corner of her apron, and stooped down and patted the graves, like she was smoothing a bed; 'they're gone to glory,' says she, 'mind you goes too, Thomas.' Land, sir! that's full fifty year gone, and instead of going to glory I've never thought a word of it."

"I'm glad to hear all this, Thomas," said Mr. Allston.

"Glad to hear I'm so far out of the road to glory, sir; it's quite discourageous, *I* think," said Thomas.

"I did not refer to that part of your remark," said Mr. Allston. "I mean I am glad you had pious relatives. I am sure that they often prayed for you, and that God has answered their prayers by keeping you from open sins, and I hope he will do yet more for you by bringing you to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ."

"I don't see how he can do that much for such a careless old fellow as Thomas Twigg," said the pie-man.

"There is nothing in any of us to commend us to God," said Mr. Allston, "but herein God commendeth his love to us, that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

"*That* is more than ever I heard of before, as I remembers," said Thomas. "We must be powerful bad off to need dying for; ain't many sins a man loses his life for, let alone needing somebody else's life to be took."

"Well, now, Thomas, while Jesus has felt your sin and misery enough to die for you, what have you ever done for your fellow men, for Jesus, or for yourself?"

"As to your first two questions," said Thomas, "I hain't a word to say — but as for myself, sir, I've done pretty well by myself. I've laid up two hundred dollars."

This closely practical dollar and cent an-

swer took Mr. Allston so completely by surprise, that he again turned away, and watched for a minute the tide of comers and goers that ebbed and flowed along Broadway; then turning back, he said, "In a hundred years, Thomas, where will be your two hundred dollars, or what you have bought with it?"

"That's a case I've put to myself, sir," said the pie-man. "I've said what will be the good of it all, as much as a thousand times, and to give a clear answer, sir, will take a better scollard than Thomas Twigg."

"I can tell you one thing, Thomas," said Mr. Allston, almost sternly, "if you do not get an interest in the Blood of Jesus, if you don't cast yourself on him, in one hundred years it will make little matter about your money, and you will be a lost soul."

Thomas dropped his head and looked distressed. Mr. Allston saw that the arrow had gone home, so he said, "I'll read a little to

you Thomas, and then you shall have your lesson."

Thomas sold some lemonade to a nurse maid, and some painted candy which she wanted to keep her little charge quiet, while she gossiped with her cronies in Union Square. Mr. Allston looked at the delicate little ones, and wondered what their mother would say to see them eating the inferior candy from the stall of Thomas Twigg. He then read a little to Thomas, and Thomas read too; they were reading the Gospel according to Mark. The lesson being finished, Mr. Allston went away.

The next visitor, at the Corner Stall, was little Maggie Dodd. She looked very forlorn, saying she had sold but three picks. She held out her little box to Thomas; it had in it about thirty picks, made of white bone, with two little blades to them.

"They're five cents apiece," said Maggie, "an' nobody won't buy any. I wisht I was

like them children in the Square. I don't have no good times; home pappy's drunk, and grannie's mourning, and the baby squalls a straight streak. I wouldn't mind so much only I don't never get enough to eat;" and Maggie eyed Thomas' wares, remembering the promise of the turnover.

Thomas was not stingy, neither was he forgetful; he gave Maggie the turnover, and she ate it with vast satisfaction, never thinking of finding fault because it was several days old, had a tough crust, and was scantily furnished with sugar. Apple turnover was a rarity that did not come to Maggie every day, and she accepted it accordingly.

"Now, Maggie," said Thomas, when the last crumb of the turnover had disappeared, "go into the Square, and ask every grown up one you meet to buy a pick, then walk all round the Square and do the same."

"I'm afraid, folks look so sharp at me," said Maggie.

"Come, now, you'll never get on in trade if you mind that!" cried Thomas; "run off like a little woman; hold up that long frock of yours, you'll tumble on it; your mother ought to take a reef in it."

"She ain't no thread nor needle," said Maggie; "she wants to buy some."

"Go earn the money for her then; trot along you poor little toad; you'll sell a heap of picks before you get round the Square, sure's my name's Thomas Twigg," said the pie-man, cheerfully.

Maggie gathered up her long frock in one little brown hand, pulled her hood farther on, and clasped the corners of her shawl in the hand that held the uncovered box of picks. Thomas looked after her, going timidly up to one and another, generally turned off with a quick shake of the head. One old gentleman, with a gold headed cane and gold rimmed eye glass, seemed quite angry at being asked to buy.

"Like's not he's got a gold pick in his pocket," said Thomas, watching his little friend's progress, "but land o' Goshen! he must have a stun for a heart, to refuse such a poor weazen faced little toad as that, out hunting her living."

It was noon, trade was more brisk at the Corner Stall, for a little while; some street sweepers were enjoying such financial success that they bought a bottle of ginger beer, a pie and some biscuits, from which they dined luxuriously.

Maggie came back after her rounds, with a glad face; she had sold five picks, wonderful prosperity in an hour and a half, she thought; and having made her report trotted off toward Broadway, her long, soiled frock, twisting damp and ragged about her ankles as she ran, and her light hair blowing about from under her old worsted hood.

Maggie hurried along toward the "The St.

Nicholas," where she had frequently sold picks to those who congregated about the door after the dinner hour. She did not mean to stop one moment until she got to this hotel, whose grand white front always filled her poor little heart with a sort of awe, but she did stop, right near a fine window full of beautiful French china. It was not the beauty of the china that attracted Maggie, but looking into the window was a little girl of her own age, dressed in green velvet from her hat to her gaiters; a cloud of wavy golden hair was combed down over her shoulders, and her face was fair and sweet as a moss rose. Behind this little nursling of wealth stood a maid servant, holding the child's doll, a splendid waxen affair, that seemed to Maggie almost as beautiful as its owner; the child herself held a fine Cornucopia, and was dividing her time between looking in the window, and picking out of the Cornucopia dainty confections such as pleased her taste.

"Goody gracious, don't that gal have good times!" said Maggie to herself; and just then little miss looked at her, and cried out, "Jane! what a funny little girl! why don't her mother give her some good clothes?"

"Never mind her, Miss Mary," said Jane, loftily.

"I ain't no good clothes," said Maggie, tears springing to her eyes, there was such a contrast between herself and this other child.

"What is in your box?" asked the little lady.

"Picks, won't you buy one?" said Maggie, advancing.

"Come, Miss Mary," said Jane, scornfully, "don't be stopping to talk to such trash."

"I shall see what she's got," said Mary, firmly; and taking a pick Maggie held out she cried, "Isn't it funny, Jane, only look at it. How much is it?" she asked Maggie.

"Five cent," said Maggie.

"Do come on, Miss Mary," cried Jane; "if you want such a thing your pa 'll get 'em from the store; such beggars ain't fit for your talking to, right here, too!"

"I shall buy the pick," said Mary, "so you can pay for it, Jane: do you like candy, girl?"

Maggie nodded, though such candy as Mary was eating she had never tasted. Jane reluctantly paid for the pick, which Mary pocketed with much delight.

"Hold out your box, girl," said Mary, "I'll give you some candy."

"Indeed, Miss Mary," cried Jane, "such candy is not to be wasted on beggars."

"You keep still, Jane," said Mary, quickly, "I'll do as I like to;" and she poured half her candy into Maggie's box, saying, "Tell me your name, girl."

"It's Maggie," said the little street girl, her eyes full of gratitude; "thank'ee, Miss."

"Now, Miss Mary!" exclaimed Jane, "we must go on. I'll leave you, Miss, if you don't come."

The girl went on, and her pretty charge followed her slowly, while Maggie, putting some candy in her mouth, and some in her pocket, ran down the street.

While Maggie was thus seeking her fortune along Broadway, Thomas, in his stall, on Union Square, had another guest. The pie-man kept his Testament in his hand, and when not busy with customers, studied it carefully; looking up from his book, he saw not far from him a pair of dark wolfish eyes, glaring upon him in a way that made him quite uncomfortable. Of course the eyes were set in a face, and that face was bleached and haggard, until the grim genius of famine might have thought it was his very self. About the face hung shaggy unkempt hair, and to be sure the head was mounted on a body, and that body

was lank and loose jointed, and seemed clad in a heterogeneous collection of old rags; here looked out a sharp elbow, here a shoulder; and there part of the side was bare, while knees and feet and ankles were the prey of every sleety wind that blew.

"Land o' Goshen!" cried Thomas, "Ratty, is that you?"

"Yes it be," said the boy, shuffling a little nearer.

"Why, Ratty, what are you doing up here, so far from the wharf?"

"I'm beat out," said Ratty, or rather Jeremiah Hockney. "Sumbudy stole my money, an' I got clared out of the house, an' I've slept in box'n, an' dodged the perlice, an' I've nigged a little, but ain't 'ad no luck, an' I'm done beat out I are."

Thomas saw that the boy wanted something to eat, but selfishness suggested that the profits of the Corner Stall were small, that he had

given something to Maggie, and that to feed Jerry, was only to encourage him to come again; he knew him for a bad boy, — but just here conscience put it quite plainly, whether the lad had ever had any chance to be better. Memory, coming to the aid of conscience, hinted to Thomas how bitter it was to be hungry. Reason spoke, where will all your savings be in a hundred years? and soft and earnest the Spirit cried to him, "Jesus *died* for sinners."

"What do you want, Ratty?" said Thomas.

"Won't you let me come an' warm by yer furnis?" whined the boy, called 'Ratty' because he was a Wharf Rat — that is a fellow picking up his living, generally dishonestly, about the wharves.

"Now, Ratty," said Thomas, "I know *you*; you want to get behind here to grab something; 'nig' is the word, ain't it, Ratty? I puts it to you square."

"No, 'tain't," said Jerry, but he looked guilty, and began to edge away.

"Hold on," said Thomas, "you're coming in here, Ratty, but you'll find no need to 'nig'. Here's a kag," says I; "sit down, Ratty; warm yer toes, and eat a meal. Thomas Twigg will give you a first rate A. No. 1 dinner, Jerry Hockney, so walk in."

The boy seemed hardly able to believe the word, but when Thomas held open the little gate that he might get into the stall and cower by one of the small furnaces, he darted to it quickly, as if fearful of such good fortune slipping from him.

Thomas took out of the counter the ham bone which he had reserved for his own supper, and Jerry receiving it began to gnaw it voraciously; a cup of the black coffee was next offered by Thomas, and then a mammoth biscuit.

"Now, Ratty," said Thomas, "that's what I calls a good square meal. Pardner makes a good biscuit sure as fate; and if there's a man around as can beat that coffee, or a ham as

can raise such another bone, my name ain't Thomas Twigg."

"It's good, it ar," said Jerry, eating.

Thomas' eyes fell on his book, and he bent down and began to read something that had caught his attention; the wind had turned a few leaves of the little volume, the wind doing the will of that Master, without whose kindly notice not a sparrow falls. With care and labor Thomas read, re-read to make it plain, and much delighted, cried, "Hark here, Ratty, what do you say to this 'ere?"

"Wot?" said Jerry, his mouth full.

Thomas read slowly, skipping the word 'fragments' as too hard.

"'When I brake the five loaves among five — thousand — how many baskets full of' —— well, it means bits, I guess, Ratty, 'took ye up —— They say to him twelve.' There, now, Ratty!"

"They must a bin powerful big loaves ef all the folkses was as hungry as I be," said Jerry.

"Feedin' five thousand!" cried Thomas, with animation, "that beats all nater; s'pose somebody did that here, Ratty, every day, or once a week, say?"

"Wisht they would," said Jerry. "I'm done now; I'll go, Mister Twigg; reckon Wharf Rats an' Jug Alley folkses, ain't your sort of company. 'Bliged to ye; what's to pay?" he added, with an attempt at being jocular.

"There's a gentlemen as I'd like to mention you to," said Thomas; "maybe he'd give you a lift, Jerry; you're not doing well, lad."

"No more I ain't," said Jerry; "but no gentleums fur me. They'd be down on me; every body's down on me; good bye, Mister Twigg, wisht I was as well off as you be, I do;" and Jerry shambled along the chilly street, a little refreshed by Mr. Twigg's bounty, but a very doleful object after all.

"Jane!" cried a clear, childish voice, "give me my ten cent piece!"

"What now, Miss Mary?" said Jane.

"Give it to me, Jane," said Mary, imperiously; the maid handed over the money, but just as Jerry was wondering if he could snatch it and run off uncaught, the little lady in green velvet ran up to him crying, "poor boy, here's some money for you! Come on, Jane, I'll go home now. I've done some good to-day, I've done some good to-day;" and so to this sweet tune Mary danced home, her heart as light as her feet.

Maggie, too, went home as evening closed in; she carried with her part of her sugar plums; she wanted the people at home to share what she thought so nice, and maybe there was a secret feeling that the candy might appease her mother, and avert the threatened whipping, if the money for her day's work was not satisfactory.

Maggie need not have feared the whipping. Mrs. Dodd was not a hard woman, and Thom-

as Twigg's plea for the vender of picks had been effectual; as Mrs. Dodd bent over her wash tub rubbing with might and main, she soliloquized. "Dear knows it's a hard life for us all. Maggie is born for rough times, poor thing. I'll not make it harder, but it's more'n I can tell how we'll live if she don't earn more."

As the day closed, Mrs. Dodd got ready her supper — a cup of weak tea, minus milk and sugar, for herself and grandma Dodd, some cold Johnnie cake, and bits of fried bacon; these, with water in a broken nosed pitcher, made up the supper; just as it was ready Maggie came in, timidly.

"Come to the fire, and warm, child," said Mrs. Dodd, in her usual quick tone. "Here, Teddy, come to mom," she added to her screaming babe; "where's your money, Maggie?"

Maggie handed it over, trembling; her

mother counted it without a word. "Are ye hungry?" she said.

"Yes'm," said Maggie, "only Mr. Twigg give me a turnover, an' such a picter of a little gal give me some goodies, I brung some home;" and standing near the small fire, she drew out her candy. "Some for Teddy, an' you, an' grannie," she said.

Mrs. Dodd looked at her keenly.

"Tell me the truth, child; did ye steal it?" she demanded.

"No, I didn't steal; I'm afraid of the perlice to steal," sobbed Maggie; "it were give to me it were, by a little picter of a gal all dressed splendid, it were."

"Where did you see her?" asked Mrs. Dodd.

"Up Br'way, by a winder, an' she thunk the picks were funny, an' she buyed one, she did."

"Well, well, hush up crying. I b'lieve ye.

Teddy take his pretty candy from Maggie. Give grannie a bit; there this one's nuff for me; make way with the rest fore your dad comes in."

This was Maggie's home coming, and shortly she was asleep by Teddy.

When Mary gave Jerry Hockney the ten cent piece, he stood in open mouthed wonder.

"Here's a run of luck," said Jerry; "here's five cent, that's lodgin', here's five cent, that's breffus—jolly for me!"

Of course neither the lodging nor the breakfast were very fine affairs, but the Wharf Rat was not over particular.

Thomas Twigg, in his stall, ate his supper of any small remnants that had been left that day, and meanwhile Mary Stuyvesant and her maid got home, and Mary ate her six o'clock dinner. Then it was dark, the gas was lighted, the parlors were warm and bright; at Mr. Stuyvesant's one could hardly remember

that poverty and misery were any where in the world.

Mr. Allston was a young man, and early that evening went out to call on a young lady; he was ushered into Mr. Stuyvesant's parlor, and presently Miss Laura Stuyvesant came down to see him. Miss Laura was Mary's aunt, and Mary, who always claimed the privilege of seeing Mr. Allston, came into the drawing room with her. While Miss Laura occupied a luxurious chair conveniently near the drop light and register, and conversed very easily and agreeably, Mary went close to Mr. Allston's side and stood with her dark eyes fixed earnestly on his face; she knew he would talk to her presently. Sure enough Mr. Allston said, "Well, Mary, how is it to-day? have you done any good?"

"Yes," cried Mary, joyously, "I gave some candy to a poor little girl, a very poor girl all rags, and it made her look so glad. I wish I

knew who she was; can't you tell me, Mr. Allston. She was just as big as I am, and she had an old hood, and a box of little picks. Do you know her?"

"Mary thinks you know all the poor people," said her aunt Laura, smiling.

"*Do* you know who she is?" urged Mary.

"Yes, and no," said Mr. Allston.

"That is a funny answer; what does it mean?" said Mary.

"I know she is one of God's poor," said Mr. Allston.

"Maybe she's bad," said Mary.

"The Lord makes no exception; he says 'Comfort ye the poor my people,' he does not add, 'if they are good."

"Then she isn't trash," said Mary.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Allston.

"Jane called her that, and made her cry," said Mary.

"Jane," said aunt Laura, to Mr. Allston,

"exemplifies the Proverbs of Solomon, concerning the things which the earth cannot bear, 'a servant when he reigneth,' 'and a maid that is heir to her mistress.' I find servants are apt to be very hard on that same poor class from which they themselves came."

"I hope you told Jane how to speak more properly, Mary," said Mr. Allston.

"I told her to 'hush up,'" said Mary.

"Perhaps I can find out the child's name for you," said Mr. Allston.

"I gave ten cents to an awful poor boy," said Mary.

"I'm afraid you are teaching Mary promiscuous and thoughtless giving," said aunt Laura.

"To cultivate the generous impulse is a great thing," replied Mr. Allston; "we shall have to teach her next how to do good judiciously. How would you like to take some poor little girl for your protege, Mary, to help her and be kind to her."

"Oh, splendid!" said Mary, dancing about; "I'd give her clothes and pennies, and send her to school!"

"Miss Mary," said Jane, looking in the door, "will you please come to bed, it's time."

"Good night!" cried Mary; "be sure and find me a little girl!"

"How is your pupil on Union Square progressing?" asked Miss Stuyvesant.

"He improves; he is quite an oddity, and interests me a good deal."

"I mean to walk up there and see him," said Miss Laura.

"I daresay you would be amused with him."

"To tell the truth," said Miss Laura, "I'm tired of doing good just by subscriptions to charities, and by a visit to a jail or hospital now and then. There must be active workers in the world, and I want to be one of them. Our Saviour walked abroad preaching the gospel to the poor, binding up broken

spirits, and ministering to suffering bodies, but how very few of us follow in his steps. To day I have thought what an idler I am. I have health, strength, money and time, and what do I for my Lord. I mean to go out into the bye-places of the earth to labor for the king. Yet—I don't know where to begin."

"Concentrate your energies on some special work, find some particular corner and labor in it," said Mr. Allston. "I thank the Lord that it has been put into your heart to labor zealously for him."

"Tell me where I shall begin," said Miss Laura. "This morning I came to this verse in my reading, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle,' and I have resolved to be idle no longer, for I know the time will come, when the Master of the Vineyard shall take account of his servants. Tell me of some place where I can go among the poor and teach and help them."

Mr Allston thought a moment, then said, "It has come quite strongly into my mind, Miss Laura, that you may find good work to do in the house where my Union Square pupil lives. I will visit the house and bring you my report."

"Thank you, I wish you would do so," said Miss Laura.

"I am to preach in a newsboy's room, at nine o'clock this evening," said Mr. Allston, rising. "I find the boys run the streets until pretty late, with their papers, and I appointed some late meeting this week to get in a few fellows that think they have not time to come early."

"I hope you will have an attentive audience," said Miss Laura.

"I hope I shall have a benefitted audience," replied Mr. Allston.

"At all events you will be benefitted yourself," said Miss Laura, "for we read that 'he that watereth shall be watered also himself.'"

As in the buds of some flowers the leaves are rolled and twisted one upon another from the inmost to the outmost, so in human life, from lowest poverty to highest station, the individuals touch upon each other, the poor man's misery grazing the edges of the rich man's abundance. There are two promises for 'always'; one, "So I am with you alway," the other, "The poor have ye alway with you." Let us succor the poor for his sake whose presence our souls desire.

CHAPTER III.

ALL FOR JESUS.

AT Mr. Allston's night-service might have been seen, in a corner, Thomas Twigg, his hampers deposited at his feet, himself bent forward, his eager eyes fixed on the speaker. The service ended, home went Thomas; his baskets, being nearly empty, impeded him but little.

Once in his attic, the hampers hung up with his hat above them, the pie-man walked about his room, looking at all his little belongings, and then, rubbing his hands, said to himself with a chuckle, "It's banking hours. I guess

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we'll unlock the vaults, and haul over the silver and gold."

He took his poker from the chimney and pried up a brick from the fire place, then removed another easily with his hand, and lo! revealed a little square tin-lined space, Thomas Twigg's bank of deposit, where were his careful savings, the well loved two hundred dollars. His face glowed with satisfaction beholding it; he felt like a rich man; he was not a sinner; he liked to be comfortable in his own way, and as we have seen, he could on occasion give away a meal to a hungry child, but he loved his money next to himself; it had taken what was a large sum to him to start the Corner Stall with all its equipments; and in reality this, what he had in hand, was the saving of fifty years. It gave him a feeling of importance, and what wonder that he valued it. He counted it over, dollar by dollar, delighting in the clink of the pieces against

each other, for this was before currency times.

"Two hundred dollars, them's your finances, Thomas Twigg; your a moneyed man you are; you could buy out this establishment you could; yes, two hundred good solid dollars, and now I see my way to laying up a little more every week. When pardner and me divides this month I'll add a five to that." Then into his mind came the text of the evening, of that sermon on the value of the soul, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

He put the money safely away, and sat with his hands on his knees, and his head dropped forward. He thought a long time, then with a sigh he rose, saying half aloud, "Well, if it's all true, Thomas Twigg's soul must be an uncommon poor case."

Mr. Allston had not asked him to renew the promise to pray, but the Spirit of God was striving with him, and overpowered by a sense

of his helpless need, Thomas fell on his knees, lifting up a prayer very much like that of the publican of old; he cried, "Lord, help Thomas Twigg;" and upward sped his prayer into the ear that is never heavy.

Thomas had cried for "help;" so Peter cried, sinking, and help came at once; the cry for help is a cry that Jesus delights to hear and answer; help came to Thomas from that hour; his whole nature seemed quickened, his energies received a new direction, he bent his mind earnestly to the study of the word of God, and Mr. Allston, his faithful teacher, was surprised and delighted at the quickness with which he became a very tolerable reader, and the readiness with which he appreciated and applied the Divine Truth. The Bible was no longer a sealed book. Thomas had no more to skip words because they were hard or long; to be sure he miscalled many proper names, but he could read and understand.

Mr. Allston helped him, and explained to him some, but he had a more efficient teacher, even the Holy Teacher, who dwells in the hearts of the chosen.

Of Saul of Tarsus the Lord said "he is a chosen vessel unto me;" so was Thomas Twigg a chosen vessel. Saul was chosen for a high and shining track, like that of some grand planet set in heaven, but Thomas was like the little lamp chosen to shine clearly and steadily in an humble place. Star and lamp alike fulfilling His will who ruleth all, shall alike be set around the brightness of the Land above.

He who penned the Chronicles of Israel and Judah, dwells not always on the names of the mighty; he writes — "There were potters, and those that dwelt amid plants and hedges; there they dwelt with the king for his work."

Like these lowly servants of Solomon, who labored in clay, and in hedging and ditching,

are some men of little worldly knowledge or station, who toil for Jesus among the outcast and the vile, who succor paupers and criminals and world-forgotten ones — they labor for the King. Jesus himself is with them. Despise not one of these little ones, for Jesus sets their good names in the Chronicles of Jerusalem the Golden. The Lord will not forget the labors of love in the lowliest places; let no one say he can do nothing, for the Lord "increaseth strength to them that have no might," and giveth more abundant honor to those that lack. Here is Thomas Twigg, unlearned, unknown, old, poor, but he goes from strength to strength, doing the work of Jesus, an humble uncommissioned evangelist. But not yet.

A week passed away; Maggie went on as usual, only that twice she and her old grandmother had to fly out into the cold dreary night from the drunken rage of George Dodd, the son and father. Jerry came no more to Thom-

as. Mrs. Killigan, as she had promised, kept "an eye on Thomas," but the result of her supervision was conveyed to the pie-man, in the remark, "Och, but ye're a jewel of a b'ye to the business, Thomas, me man. Shure, its a mortal pity ye can't let well enough alone, and not be takin' after books at your time of life."

"Never fret, pardner," said Thomas, gravely; "I'm just getting my eyes open."

"Holy Virgin!" cried Mrs. Killigan, "is it so? For a blind man ye've made yer way most amazing; but yer worse nor the little puppies, Thomas; they gets their eyes open in ten days, an' yer goin' on for sixty years."

"It's better late nor never, says Thomas Twigg. It's no use crying for spilt milk! What's done's done, pardner; but new ways for me now. This very day I read in the Psalms of David, 'Open my eyes that I may behold wonderous things out of thy love;' that's the talk for Thomas Twigg."

"Faith," said the practical Mrs. Killigan, "if ye'll look down Broadway, ye'll see plenty of wonderous things widout fashing yerself to do furder."

"Pardner," said Thomas, solemnly, "that's a big word, 'eternity.'"

"Och but it is; too big for Becky Killigan to spell. It's meself will have none of it."

"There was a young lady by my stall to-day," said Thomas; "she was one of the grand folks, I guess, by her way and her dress; but land o' Goshen! if her voice wer n't sweeter than any music *I* ever heard, and her face was that beautiful—"

"Never mind the beauty, Thomas," said Mrs. Killigan. "What did she buy?"

"She didn't buy anything," began Thomas, "but—"

"I'll care none for her, then," interrupted Mrs. Killigan.

"But she said, 'You're reading the best of

books, Mr. Twigg. I hope the Lord will bless it to you.' "

"Pooh, pooh," said Mrs. Killigan.

"Says she, 'Mr. Twigg, I think I'll call on your partner, some day; what is her name?' She's Becky Killigan, pardner is, says I—"

"Well, let her come," said Mrs. Killigan, "an' *I'll* tell her my victuals is good enough for any body's buying."

"You won't tell her anything but what's nice, when you see her, I'll be bound," said Thomas.

"What's to hinder," said Mrs. Killigan, defiantly, setting her brawny arms a-kimbo.

"The good Book tells me, 'a soft answer turns away wrath,' so I'll not answer you back, pardner," said Thomas, camly.

"Saints alive, man, you'll know the book, whatever it is, by heart soon," cried the old woman.

"I wish I might. I read it is 'a lamp to the feet and a light to the path.' "

"Turrul lurul," said Mrs. Killigan, airily, "I'd rather have a lanthern — or the gas."

"I daresay you might, until the Lord opened your mind, Pardner, but the 'enterance of His words gives light,' it teaches simple folk like us wonderful things; as the book says, 'the words are sweet as honey.'"

"Give me the honey," said Mrs. Killigan. "I've lived my own way with none of your nonsense this fifty year, Thomas Twigg, and it's a good enough way to live by."

"But is it a good enough way to die by?" said the pie-man.

"Arrah, I cannot tell; the word 'die' is miserable."

"So I thought, but dying's got to come; so be a man, and get ready. Says I to Thomas Twigg,—Thomas, me man, you can't live forever in this world. But if there's a life after dying, and a good road to it, look about and put yourself to get in it, Thomas."

"And what is the road?" asked Mrs. Killigan.

"The book tells me," said Thomas, "that Jesus Christ is 'the life, the truth, the way,' and he that gets in him shall dwell safely and be quiet from fear of evil."

"Land alive," said Mrs. Killigan, "how can you remember it all?"

"I set my mind to it; when I read a bit, I say, Lord, help Thomas Twigg to remember that; and I can't justly explain how it is, but those words I read stick in my mind; when I get to bed at night I go over it all, and fit this and that to everything about me. Seems like as if my head was full of little pegs, and I hang up the idees on them, and there is each one fair and square, ready for use just when there wanting."

"It's none of your pegs I want in my head," said Mrs. Killigan; "get out wid ye, palavering crater that ye are; I've my baking to do."

Thomas was quite in despair over his partner.

It was now the end of May. Miss Laura had not been able to visit the house where Mr. Twigg lived, and try to help and teach the inmates, for her sister-in-law, Mary's mother, had been very ill, and home duties had multiplied. But now the invalid was convalescing, she sat up in her chair, and talked of soon going into the country for the summer. So one day Miss Laura and her little niece set out to visit No. 27, the house where Thomas lived.

Mary Stuyvesant had been sorely disappointed about her little "pick girl." She saw her no more on the streets, and Mr. Allston had not been able to find out the poor child's name; he had not thought to speak to Thomas about it. Now Mary was soon to go into the country, and though she was trying, in an earnest child way, to do all the good she could,

she wanted very much to find some special object for her charity, and she had set her heart on the little "pick girl."

On this afternoon Mary went cheerfully with her aunt on her errand of love, and as she went she said, "Oh, aunt Laura, wouldn't it be nice if I could find *my* little girl to-day."

"Yes it would, but if you do not, you will find some little girl to be kind to, for Jesus' sake. See, Mary, what a dreadful looking place it is down that narrow street."

"That is Jug Alley," said a policeman, who stood on the street corner, and heard Miss Laura speak. "I hope you are not going there, ma'am; they're a rough set."

"We are looking for No. 27," said Miss Stuyvesant.

"Two doors below, ma'am, that ain't so bad," said the officer, who considered it a very refreshing incident in his day's work to see and speak with such an elegant young lady as Miss Laura Stuyvesant.

Miss Laura and her little niece went on a few steps, when Mary darted away from her aunt's hand, crying, "Oh, here she is, aunt Lolly, here is my very own little girl. Oh, what's the matter with you! look at her poor little face!"

"Pappy did it," sobbed poor Maggie, who, when discovered by Mary, had been leaning against a lamp post, looking absently at the sluggish black water slipping along the gutter.

"Oh, aunt Lolly, do look at my poor little girl," cried the compassionate Mary; "why, girl, I've forgot your name, but I've looked for you so much. Where have you been, and where are your pretty picks?"

"They're all broke," said Maggie, crying bitterly now, as her misfortunes came up fully before her.

"Tell us all about it," said Miss Laura, kindly.

"It's the whiskey did it," said Maggie; "it

does every thing. I wisht there wasn't any I do. Pappy got ragin' drunk, an' he knocked me with a chair and made this," and Maggie pointed to her discolored cheek. "He turned grannie out o' doors, an' he fou't mom, an' he threw down my box and stamped on all my picks, an' he grabbed Teddy an' broke his little arm — oh dear, oh dear!"

Over Mary's soft cheeks the tears of sympathy were flowing fast, while Miss Laura's brilliant eyes flashed with indignation at the man who would thus make a brute of himself, at the death dealing villians who sell the poison, at the land which cannot frame laws that shall be an ægis of defence for weary wives, helpless babes, and aged mothers.

"And have you no friends?" asked Miss Laura.

"Mr. Twigg he come an' cot pappy, an' the perlice nabbed pappy too, but he broke off an' ain't been back sin'. It's three days now.

Mr. Twigg give mom some money, and took grannie's knitting to the store. Mr. Twigg's very kind, Miss, but mom's clean wore out."

"We will be your friends; take us into see your mother," said Miss Stuyvesant, while the kind Mary, not despising to take Maggie by the hand, whispered, "you'll have some money, and some clothes, and lots of nice things now."

In the hall of No. 27, Miss Laura met an old woman whom she at once recognized, from the description given by Mr. Allston.

"Is this Mrs. Killigan?" she asked.

"True for ye," said the dame, "an' I'm thinkin' this is the beantiful young lady Thomas tells about."

Miss Laura blushed crimson, and Mrs. Killigan, looking at her in undisguised admiration, said,

"Shure it's a true tale he's after telling; would ye plase to walk in, my room's tidy if it ain't fine."

"Thank you," said Miss Laura, "I would like to get a little advice from you. Come in, Mary. May this little girl come in, too, Mrs. Killigan?"

"Indeed she may," said Mrs. Killigan, bustling about for chairs, her heart completely won by the young lady's gentleness.

"I have been talking to this little girl," said Miss Laura, "and she tells me a very sad story, and I want to ask you what kind of parents she has, and what had better be done for them."

"Faith, miss, it's a sorry case," said Mrs. Killigan; "her grannie has seen pretty good days, but she's simple now; and the child's step-mother is a hard-working, honest body as is to be found. The father is lazy, but when the drink ain't in him, he's that mild and meek as a sheep; but once the whiskey gets hold of him, he's like a ragin' lion. He made bad work th' other night. The woman is just heart-sick, for her baby's arm is broke. They

would have been turned out, only for Thomas. He paid the rent and got a bushel of coal. I said he was a fool to be afther givin' his money, but I give them a couple of loaves meeself, afther all."

"I suppose they need most everything?"

"They need cheering up and encouraging, most of all, miss. A good word from ye would do a weight of good; and thrue for ye, victuals or money would n't come amiss, but it's work she wants mostly."

"Thank you, Mrs. Killigan; I'll go in and see her," said Miss Laura; and she followed Maggie into the room above, Mrs. Killigan not hesitating to come after.

The room of Mrs. Dodd was clean, but its broken furniture, and the sad faces of its suffering inmates, gave token of the storm of drunken wrath that had swept through it. The distressed infant lay moaning on his mother's lap, by the window the old grandmother knitting and sighing.

"O, mother!" said little Maggie, "here's the *best* young lady," and this was Mrs. Laura's introduction.

Miss Laura did not hold herself loftily aloof like some superior spirit ready to confer unmerited favors; but with a woman's tender sympathy for a sister woman, she sat down by Mrs. Dodd, looked frankly in her eyes, laid her soft hand on the restless baby's head, and spoke gently of their griefs, of her own sympathy, proffered her aid in the way of one who finds highest happiness in making others happy; and cheered the despondent heart with the hope of higher things to come.

"We use'n't to be like this," said old Mrs. Dodd, catching the word of better days, "when pappy Dodd war livin'; he was a right straight, go ahead, up and down business man. He kept a stand by the wharf, and he made a good living for us, but George's got astray, he drinks, and pappy Dodd never touched a drop. Pappy Dodd give good evidence and died like

a good man; he's got to glory I know; hope I'll get there too."

"I hope you will," said Miss Laura, well pleased; "and I hope in all these troubles you will turn to Jesus, who can feel for you, and comfort you. He will not suffer you to be tried more than you can bear. Trust in him."

"I ain't going to trust in nothing else; pappy Dodd didn't," said the old lady, who thus referred to her departed husband.

"Don't do you much good," said Mrs. Killigan, in a whisper, as she stood in the door.

"Mrs. Killigan," said the delightful Laura, "I want you to bring up some of your good meat and bread for Mrs. Dodd, that much," she added, holding out a dollar bill; "and now Mrs. Dodd, let Maggie come home with us for a while — Good bye," — and as Miss Laura rose, she put a folded bank note in the lady's hand. On the stairs she met Mrs. Killigan laden with provisions.

"If ye'll give me yer numbers Miss," said the dame, "I'll step up that way an' walk home with the bit child; she's too young to come back with what ye might give her; there's folks might snatch it."

Home went Miss Stuyvesant and Mary, Maggie following.

If Maggie went out with her new acquaintances feeling hopeful, she returned with Mrs. Killigan feeling joyful. Coming home she had on a dress that had been Mary's, carried under her arm her old frock wrapped up, and in her hand a basket, wherein were little white nightgowns and shirts for Teddy, soft old linen for bandages for the afflicted arm, a vial of bay water to bathe the little sufferer's head, and crackers, oranges, rice and jelly to tempt his appetite. Mrs. Killigan very willingly helped Maggie, by carrying a bundle wherein was a variety of clothing for Maggie, and, though unknown to Mrs. Killigan, a Bible, which

Maggie was to tell her mother and grandmother to read. Mrs. Killigan was kind enough in her way, and she heartily rejoiced in this succor for the Dodd family, especially as she flattered herself she had some hand in bringing it about.

She was a gossipy old body, and must needs waylay Thomas Twigg, when he came home from his stall, and tell him the events of the day. Sitting on the lowest step of the third flight of stairs he had to traverse, Mr. Twigg listened attentively to Mrs. Killigan's evidence, and gave his verdict as follows: —

"That's religion, pardner; 't aint nothing else."

"Fiddle-de-dee, man," said Mrs. Killigan, "ye lay everything, any ways good, to reli gion."

"And there's very little decent that isn't to be laid to it, pardner; not much good comes out of the nat'ral heart. Did you ever see many rich folks like this young lady?"

"Thrue for ye, I didn't; she's a jewel, every inch."

"And she's one of the Lord's jewels, mind ye, pardner. She's got religion in her heart, and that's the way it grows out."

"And have you religion, — Thomas, me man?"

"I can't justly tell, pardner," said Thomas, dubiously. "Mr. Allston says it's just 'look and live;' believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved; but there's summat in the way of Thomas Twigg."

"Faith, Thomas, you'd better take advisement of Becky Killigan, and not be meddlin' wid things too high for ye."

"O, pardner!" sighed Thomas, picking up his hampers, "I need something high, to lift poor Thomas Twigg up to Heaven;" and he went on up to his attic, and there casting himself on his knees, cried out, "Lord, help Thomas Twigg!"

Then he lit his candle, and took out his Bi-

ble, and his iron-rimmed spectacles, which he needed when he read at night, and turned to the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, and beginning at the twenty-fourth verse, read slowly along through the fifty-second. Then he went to his bed, and all night long those Parables of the tares, the mustard seed, and the net cast into the sea, followed him through the world of sleep.

The next day, as far as business was concerned, was one of the worst days Thomas had ever known. It was suddenly and fiercely hot, and customers were almost as scarce as rain in Egypt. But of all the days that Thomas had ever lived, this was the crowning day, the white day,—the day that should in all his life never suffer eclipse from any other day; but that one most blessed which should usher Thomas into the sanctuary above. And the good was on this wise. Thomas, idle from his usual work, read, pondered, prayed; the Lord

softened his heart, and then came Mr. Allston, as the afternoon grew cooler, and standing in the shade of the little projected roof of Thomas' stall, took the Bible and read of the death of Jesus. Before that wondrous scene of love and mercy and sacrifice, Thomas's heart melted. Like Thomas of old, he cried, "My Lord and my God!" Tears ran down his rugged cheeks.

"All this for you, Thomas," said Mr. Allston. "What can you do for him?"

"I'll give him myself, all I've got. Yes, everything, sir; and I wish it was ten million times more;" and everything at once stood before Thomas Twigg in a new light, — himself, his time, his strength, his treasured hoard; all doubly valuable from being consecrated to Jesus.

So in this new light and rejoicing, Thomas went home early, eager to tell to all he knew what God had done for him.

Maggie met him on the side-walk, and said, "Mr. Twigg, the good lady will give me hat and shoes, and I'm to go to Sabbath school and church with you every Sunday!"

"Bless you, child, what a block Thomas Twigg has been, never to think of taking you before."

Then in went Thomas to Mrs. Killigan.

"Pardner," he cried, "I've found the Lord Jesus. I belong to him and he cares for me. Sit down, pardner, and let me read how the Lord has treated Thomas Twigg," and he read the Parable of the Prodigal Son, which he had read many times to himself, and to which he kept a leaf turned down in his book. His earnestness kept Mrs. Killigan silent, while she could not be sympathizing.

Thomas wanted some one else to tell the good news to, and he knocked at Mrs. Dodd's door.

"How are you all, and how is the baby?" he said.

"We're all better," said Mrs. Dodd; "how do you find yourself, Mr. Twigg."

"Jesus has found me," said Thomas, "and I hope he's made a new man of me; this is a good day for Thomas Twigg."

"That's just the way Pappy Dodd talked," said old grannie, lifting up her head from her pillow, for she had gone to bed. "Pappy Dodd said he'd get safely over the river of Jordan, and I hope I will too."

"Do you love Jesus and trust in him?" said Thomas.

"Yes I do," replied the old lady. "Pappy Dodd allus did."

"Shows what a blind old sinner I've been never to mention the matter before."

"There ain't nobody to talk to me since Pappy Dodd's gone," said the old lady.

"I'll talk to you," said Thomas. "I'm muchly to blame that I've been dumb as well as blind."

"Well, Pappy Dodd said that if folks was

right they'd talk what the Lord had done for 'em."

"He's done a heap for me," said Thomas; "seems like I want to tell it all over town."

"That's just what Pappy Dodd said," cried the old lady.

And then Thomas climbed up to his attic, feeling as if indeed old things had passed away and all had become new.

CHAPTER IV.

JERRY HOCKNEY.

THE weather grew very warm, the Stuyvesant's were ready to go into the country. Miss Laura had been often to No. 27, and could see good results from her labors in the Dodd family; but while Mrs. Becky Killigan greatly admired the young lady, and always received her warmly, all religious instruction seemed to avail as little for her as tears shed upon a tomb. Miss Laura was not discouraged; at the close of the afternoon before she left the city, she sought the stall on Union Square.

"Thomas," she said, "I am going away,

and it will be sometime before I can call at No. 27 again. I want you to help Mrs. Dodd all you can."

"Indeed, ma'am, I will," said Thomas.

"For yourself, Thomas, remember the word in Revelation, 'Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown.'"

"Won't you mark it for me, ma'am," said Thomas, eagerly taking out his Bible, "and I'll read it every day."

Miss Stuyvesant marked the verse, and then asked — "Thomas, what efforts are you making for your partner's conversion?"

"The truth is, ma'am, I don't say much to pardner any more. She's so set agin Scripter, an' so full of her own way it don't do any good. I thought I'd leave the Lord to work."

"But, Thomas, the Lord works by means. And one chief instrument is the Scripture; 'The word of the Lord is quick and powerful sharper than any two edged sword.' I have

been reading the Bible to Mrs. Killigan, and as yet I have seen no good results. I am now about to leave town, and I want you to read the Bible to her as nearly every day as possible, and with it drop what good word the Lord puts into your heart."

"If you hav'n't done any good to her, how can I?" said Thomas, mournfully.

"Let me tell you a little story," said Miss Laura. "A little bird, resting on a fir-tree, got one of the fir-seeds in its wings. As it flew on, the seed dropped, falling down, down, into a narrow crack in a great rock. The winds had carried there dust and dead leaves; they brought yet more. The suns smote on the rock and warmed it, rain trickled down the crevice, the fir-seed grew. A long, weak, slender shoot at first, but gaining vigor and thriving; it expanded, shot down along the crack tough roots, and by its strong life it tore the stubborn rock in two, found the rich soil,

and lifted its head up to the sun, and stood for years a landmark by the sea."

"I take your meaning," said Thomas, bowing his head; "you've told me a parable, like our Saviour used to tell. I'm muchly ashamed, that after the Lord's done so much for that old gray-headed sinner, Thomas Twigg, he'd go to despairing of Becky Killigan, or any other poor creature. I see the point, ma'am; if I ain't no more than a poor, ig'rant little bird, if so be I've lit on the Tree of Life, I can carry good seed somewhere, and the Lord can give it rooting, even in a rock. Thank ye, ma'am, I'll not forget that lesson very soon."

"I fear, Thomas," said Miss Laura, kindly, "that you have been resting satisfied with the good work in yourself, and have forgotten that the first rule of the Christian *life* is Christian *labor*. If you would live, you must grow, and you grow by activity."

"Indeed, that is the clear truth," said Thomas. "I'll pray over that."

And Thomas did not forget Miss Stuyvesant's words. With renewed earnestness he prayed that he might be wholly consecrated to the Lord's work; that if he had but one talent, he might be preserved from hiding that; and hourly went up his cry, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?"

If we look for work we'll find plenty of it; and daily Thomas found something to do for Jesus. Each evening, when he came home from his stall, he sat down in Mrs. Killigan's room, and read a few verses, making often quaint and striking application of them. Mrs. Killigan grew weary of making jests, or disputing the word read; she heard in stony silence.

George Dodd, after his drunken uproar, when he broke the baby's arm, had entirely disappeared; his wife and mother could hear nothing from him, and concluded that he was dead. Maggie, who had known her father only to dread some whiskey outbreak, and who could charge him with many a chilly night and

hungry day, and blows that she had suffered, felt glad that he was gone. But old grannie maundered on, about how different George was from "Pappy Dodd," what a nice little boy George had been, how his hair had curled, and he had loved play and hated school; and she, poor soul, had spoilt him; humoring in place of governing, until he who might have been the comfort of her age, became its curse. Alas! the common story.

"Pappy Dodd warned me," said she to Thomas; "he said I was goin' right agin' the Lord; but he were a peaceable man, an' he never did no more than talk. The Lord forgive me that I spoiled the boy. When I think of dying, the Lord will be asking why I ruined George. And Pappy Dodd 'll be asking for his boy; so I'll be clear ashamed to go into Heaven, and I don't want to go no where else."

"It's bad enough," said Thomas, shaking

his head over the wreck George had made, "but mind, neighbor, the Lord can abundantly pardon, and he will heal all thy backslidings, so you repent, neighbor; hold on to that."

The missing man's wife said nothing, a gloom hung over her, but the family must have food, so she left her sick baby for grannie and Maggie to nurse as well as they could, and went to the Oyster Stall on the wharf, where her husband had pretended to do business; and as there was no call for oysters this hot weather, she had other refreshments; and washing and scrubbing her stall, and its furniture, and doing her best to please, she was patronized by Wharf Rats, the lower classes of boat hands, and as night grew dim, around her two faint lamps gathered, to buy food and coffee, a strange horde of human bats and owls, who fear the light of day. Then, when ten o'clock came, the sturdy woman made all safe, took her basket on her arm, and sought

her home and the helpless ones there, with a heavy heart to be sure, but with enough honestly earned money to give them food and shelter and some poor raiment.

Among the days of heat and glare came a cool rainy day, rather a relief, as it washed the streets and houses clear from dust, and gave a chance for freer breathing.

Thomas stood in his stall that morning; about ten o'clock he found leisure for washing his counter and dishes, and setting things in order; he kept the Corner Stall quite clean, and this morning a little flower girl's imploring eyes had won him to buy a small bouquet, and this, set conspicuously in a brown mug, lent to his little establishment that charm which leaves and flowers forever bring.

Thomas could sing, he had always loved to sing, and had once known plenty of street ballads; perhaps he had forgotten these, for lately he sung other things; now as he washed

his cups and plates, he sung, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Mr. Allston had given him a hymn book, which Thomas carried to the Mission Church where he attended service, and every Sunday he committed one hymn to memory. He was catching some strains of Sunday School music too, for every Lord's day, he took little Maggie and they went to Mission school.

Thomas had opened his little door or gate, whichever it may be called, when some creature sprung around the corner, coming bowed down and swiftly, and taking refuge under his counter lay panting breathlessly at his feet. The intruder was no other than Jerry Hockney, the Wharf Rat, who, like a hunted animal, moaned and clung at the feet of Thomas Twigg.

"Why, Jerry, is this you? what's up?" said Thomas.

"Hold on," groaned Jerry. "Go on with

your dishes, Mr. Twigg, don't look at me, don't speak to me! They'll ketch me they will!"

"Are you running the police?" asked Thomas.

"Yes I are; don't let 'em nab me, *don't* Mr. Twigg."

"Have you been nigging — hist now, there they come" — and Thomas proceeded with his dishes, while a couple of policemen, coming about the corner and looking in all directions for their fugitive, wiped their hot faces, and walked away.

"They've give you up for to-day," said Thomas; "now, Jerry Hockney, tell me fair and square what you've been doing. Out with it now honest true."

"I nigged a matter of some old junk," said Jerry, still cowering under the counter. "I had to, I did. I wer starvin'."

"Why didn't you come here for a meal?"

"Cos" — replied Jerry.

"That's no reason," said Thomas, sharply; "stealing seems to come natural to you, Jerry."

"I can't help it," whined Jerry, "don't no body care for me, I allus had to look out fur myself. O don't give me to 'em, Mr. Twigg, don't now, I'll never do it no more."

"How old are you, Jerry?"

"I dunno," said Jerry.

"A matter of 'leven or twelve I 'spose," said Thomas. "Now, my man, 'spose you turn over a new leaf."

"I can't read," said Jerry, misunderstanding him.

"'Spose you be a good boy."

"I can't," said Jerry, "ain't never had no folks, no 'couragement, nor no shiners, like other folks."

"That's true, you weren't more 'n five year old when I first knew you, and you were

knocking about for yourself then, more shame to me, — Thomas Twigg might have made a man of you by this time."

"'Twant mor'n five cent worth," said Jerry, mustering courage, and venturing to swear a little to strengthen his affirmation, but Thomas at once ducked down and griped him vigorously, saying, "Don't let another such word out o' your mouth, Jerry, or I'll take you to the nearest station."

"Axin' pardon, didn't know you'd 'ject to it," whimpered Jerry, released from Mr. Twigg's grasp, "but I was so" — choking back an oath with effort, "starvin', Mister Twigg, I could pretty near eat the junk itself, I could."

"Sit up," said Thomas, shortly, and Jerry sat up as well as he could under the counter. Thomas handed him a good supply of meat and bread, and a cup of water saying, "There, make your meal and then stretch out, Jerry,

and go to sleep, you're safe, and I want to think."

Jerry ate, and then lying down on the hard pavement under the counter, his head dropped back, and his arms in their ragged, dirty sleeves, folded over his breast, he slept profoundly. Meantime Thomas attended to his customers, thought earnestly, searched his Bible, and often lifted up his heart in prayer to his Master. He wished very much to see Mr. Allston, but he did not come, and Thomas had to make his plans alone. What these plans were became evident at night, for about eight o'clock he woke Jerry, gave him a doughnut, and bidding him take a small basket filled with different articles, said,

"Now, Jerry, if you likes, come home with me. If you bolt with my basket, I don't say one word, nor take one step after you, but never come a near Thomas Twigg again. If so be you come home with me, I reckon you

won't be sorry in the end. He fastened up his stall, and walked leisurely homeward, Jerry following him, dodging into the shadow of Thomas' big hampers, and going in fear and trembling because of the police. They reached No. 27 safely, and climbed the stairs. At Mrs. Killigan's door, Thomas called out,

"Ain't coming to read to-night, pardner."

"Glad of it," said Mrs. Killigan, sharply.

Putting away his baskets, while Jerry lingered in the little attic hall, Thomas next carried out to him a small tub half full of water, a brown towel and a piece of soap.

"Strip off them rags, Jerry," he said, "and go to work and keep scouring yourself, till I gets back." Then shutting himself into his room long enough to draw five dollars from his bank, he locked the door, set a lighted candle in one corner of the entry, and went off, leaving Jerry splashing away in the water with much zeal.

In the course of half an hour, Thomas returned with two bundles; he put one down in the hall, saying, "There, boy, there's clothes; put them on decent." He then went to his room, and unrolling the quilt contained in the other parcel, folded it in the middle, and put it down on the floor in one corner. Next, taking his candle in hand, he surveyed Jerry in the clothes he had bought, and remarked, "Jerry, my man, you're improving." He again locked his room, and bidding the lad bundle up his old rags and throw them out in the street, he escorted him to a fourth rate barber's establishment, where he had Jerry's hair cut close to his head, and his head thorougly scoured.

Jerry submitted in wondering silence to all these proceedings, and when he had been admitted to Thomas' room, our friend sat down in his "parlor corner" on the yellow chair, stood Jerry in front of him, and holding him firmly by both elbows, looked straight into his eyes, saying,

"Now, Jerry Hockney, are you willin' to bide by me, mind what I say to you, keep scot free of your old rowdy mates, leave the wharfs, quit your games, and make an honest livin'?"

"Yes I be," said Jerry.

"Then Jerry Hockney you can't nig, you can't tell lies, you can't loaf about, you can't use no bad talk."

"I won't," said Jerry.

"Yes you will," said Thomas, "and then I comes down on you. But if you stands bein' come down on, and if you takes to good ways, and works like a man, then I'll be a father to you sure's my name's Thomas Twigg. You'll live here with me, you'll have 'nough to eat, 'nough clothes, place to sleep, you learns your book, you goes to church and Sunday school, and by-an'-by mebby you'll be took in pardner in my stall, and hev money in your pocket."

"That's so," said Jerry, approbatively.

"There's your bed, Jerry, and there's the door, — if you bolts you bolts, an' I don't run after you, but so doin' you turns your back on a good chance."

"Shan't bolt," asserted Jerry. "I'll go to bed."

"No you don't, Jerry, there's more to be done. There's a chair, sit down my son. We ain't brute beasts, Jerry; we've got souls, and we must look after 'em. Listen now while I reads the Scripter, then we'll both go on our knees and I'll pray."

Jerry sat down quite overawed, while Thomas conducted his first family devotions. Rising from their knees, Thomas again took Jerry by the elbows, saying, "My lad, no son of mine's going to be in fear of the police."

"They won't know me now," said Jerry.

"You'll start fair and square. To-morrow morning we go to the wharf and pay for that bit of junk, and you beg pardon and makes

your promises. I'll stand security for good conduct in future."

Jerry looked dubious.

"Them's my terms," said Thomas.

"I'll do it," said Jerry, and undressing went to his quilt.

Great was the amazement of Mrs. Killigan, when next day Thomas introduced to her his adopted son. Great was the amazement of the wharf people, when the whilom "rat" came clean and decently clad, to pay for his last thieving, and promise amendment. Great was the amazement of passers by the stall on Union Square, to see an apprentice under Thomas Twigg, being inducted into the mysteries of coffee and lemonade making, and instructed half a dozen times a day in spelling-book intricacies; and yet greater astonishment was it to see Thomas pounce upon his boy, grasp him by the collar, and shake him with great zeal, — Jerry, with rolling eyes and quick gasps, sub-

mitting to the operation, and thereafter quietly returning to his tasks. This was Thomas' way of "coming down" on Jerry for swearing; and the method seemed to suit the subject, for "bad talk" was pretty effectually shaken out of son Jerry.

On Sundays our friend Twigg looked quite like a family-man, as with Jerry on one side, and Maggie on the other, he went to church and Sunday school. Before church on Sabbath mornings, Thomas read and talked to old Mrs. Dodd and her daughter-in-law. After Sunday school in the afternoon, he did the same in Mrs. Killigan's room; before evening service, he instructed Jerry and Maggie to the best of his ability; and after evening church, prayers with Jerry closed the well-spent day. All these exercises did not weary Thomas; he proved that "they that wait on the Lord renew their strength." Thomas made it a rule always to keep Jerry by him, and the boy

went with him like his shadow, yet never grew weary of his company, for Thomas was quaint, chatty and simple-minded; yet shrewd withal, and Jerry grew to love his plain old benefactor with intense devotion.

"Mind you don't spile the lad like as I did George," old Mrs. Dodd would say. "I've had many a heart-ache for not taking Pappy Dodd's warnin's, an' keepin' him up to the mark."

But Thomas was wisely kind, and was bringing up his adopted son in a commendable way. Mrs. Killigan was at first quite set against Jerry, but Thomas took care to make the boy so useful and respectful to her, that she began to feel kindly to him, and mended his clothes, and gave him advice in a very motherly manner. Something seemed to have gone wrong with Mrs. Killigan. She had grown quite silent; her loud laugh and jest, and rollicking Irish songs, were still.

"What is the matter," said Thomas one evening, as he found her sitting on the door-sill, with her arms crossed on her knees, and looking quite dejected.

"Och, hone!" cried Mrs. Killigan, with a sigh, "this is a weary wur'ruld; its Becky Killigan is willin' to lave it. The day I burned up a loaf, an' a roast past sending to the stall, an' yisterday me gingerbread fell like a lump of lead, things that never happened to Becky Killigan before, sin' she was bor'run—"

"Never fret," said Thomas, "I'll go halves on the loss."

"No you won't," said Becky; "the bye's a burden'; is making a poor man of ye, now."

"The land o'—!" Thomas suddenly clapped his hand over his mouth.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Killigan, "have ye the tooth-ache, Thomas?"

"No," said Thomas, "but I'm trying to stop using bye-words. I read in the Scripter,

'Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil,' and I'm trying to live up to it, but it's tough work."

"I should think so!" cried Mrs. Killigan; "what would I do couldn't I say 'Holy Peter,' or 'Blessed Virgin,' to relieve me mind a bit."

"You'd better by far spend your breath prayin'," said Thomas.

"And what should I pray for?" asked Mrs. Killigan.

"That the Lord would change your heart, and forgive your sins," said Thomas, promptly.

"Och hone," said the old lady, "Becky Killigan 's allus been a decent body and has no great weight of sins on her mind. It's not often I throuble the confessional, for I've little to confess. Burnin' up them good vittils, an' lavin' the sody out o' me gingerbread's the worst I've done this long while!"

"Oh, pardner," said Thomas, "you'll never

get to glory at that rate; ask the Lord to let you feel yourself the chief of sinners!"

"I won't, for I ain't," said Mrs. Killigan, stubbornly. "The young lady used to talk like that, but I never believed a word of it. If I want to get to glory, I'll just go straight up to the front door, and see if they won't take a decent woman like Becky Killigan in. It's Peter that keeps the gate, an' shure he knows honest folk when he sees 'em." Mrs. Killigan spoke angrily and defiantly.

"Indeed, pardner," said Thomas, shaking his head, sadly, "you're awfully wrong. There's only one narrow gate to heaven, and it's the one the publican and the penitent thief got in at, crying out for mercy to sinners."

"Then I'll not go in," said Becky, viciously, "for *I* don't consort with no thieves."

The summer passed away, Thomas had done a good work in it; he had been the counsellor and friend of the Dodd family, and had done

wonders for Jerry Hockney; the good man felt no self-gratulation, but he was glad to be working for his Master, and longed to do yet more.

One Sunday evening, while old Mrs. Dodd sat by the window crooning an old time hymn, and her daughter-in-law, in a second-hand rocking chair which she had managed to purchase, was trying to soothe Teddy to sleep, a strange apparition appeared in the doorway. Wasted of figure, clad in rags, thin cheeked and hollow eyed, George Dodd had come home again. He slunk in, hanging his head and not daring to hold out his hand, and made his way to a corner.

"George, is it you?" said his wife.

"Has me boy come home?" said the old lady, bending forward and peering, with her weak, bleared eyes, through the twilight gloom.

"You've been long away," said the wife, going toward the returned prodigal.

"I was ashamed," murmured George.

"George, ye nearly killed the baby!" said the old mother's shrill, quavering tones.

"I didn't mean to do it," said George.

"You never mean to do anything," said the younger woman, in a despondent way.

"It's the whiskey does it," said George, groaning.

"All this summer there's been bread and quiet here, George, but never a drop of whiskey," said his wife. "Here's your boy, George, you broke his arm, and it didn't mend right, and here it is all helpless and shrunk, and he crippled for life;" there were tears in the woman's voice, but she had suffered too much for them to be in her eyes. The man, however, was of a weaker nature, he bowed his head and sobbed.

"Where have you been?" asked his wife, impatiently.

"Travelling the country, and I've been six week sick in the poor house."

Mrs. Dodd groaned.

"Well, George," she said, "I've cared for your mother, and your child, and my child, and I *could* take care of you, but I *can't* take care of the whiskey."

"I know you can't," sobbed George, "yet I know I'll be at it agin, sure as I can see it and get a cent. Kill me, Bridget, and put me out of the way. I've tried to kill myself, but I'm too much of a coward; kill me for I hate myself, and you hate me, and the whiskey rules me;" and he dropped on the floor moaning.

Then his old mother tottered over to him, with the only human love that did not fail the wretch, and sitting down on the floor, drew his head to her worn old breast, and mumbled such endearing words as she had soothed him with thirty years before. The wife stood by, catching her breath quickly, but she held in her arms the babe he had maimed, and for a while she could not speak; finally she said,

"Get up, George, I'll give you your supper, and you can go to bed."

So at last she had the babe and Maggie asleep in the trundle bed, the old lady in her cot, and George too was asleep. Then she went softly out, and up to the attic, and knocked at the door of Thomas Twigg.

"What's wanted?" said Thomas. "I'm in bed."

"Get up and come out, Thomas, for my heart is breaking," was the answer.

Thomas got up and fumbled about with his clothes for a while, then came out into the entry, and found his poor neighbor sitting on the top step, groaning and rocking herself to and fro as one in sharp distress. Thomas heard poor Mrs. Dodd's story of her sorrows and fears, as the call of his Master ordaining him to another labor of love.

"Cheer up, neighbor," he said, "don't give way; the Lord helping us, we'll save George yet. Go to your room contented, to-morrow

you must tend your stand and make George bide at home all day, and after that I'll have a plan laid out for him."

Mrs. Dodd went to her room comforted.

The succeeding day, as George was feeble, and also ashamed, it was not very hard to keep him at home, especially as Mrs. Killigan agreed to cook him a good dinner. "Arrah, but it's a pity that iver he come home to desthroy all, and make a baste ov himself," she said; "if Becky Killigan was his honor the Mayor, shure as preachin' she'd rub out all the whiskey shops and cellars, and she applied dishcloth and towel with new zeal.

That afternoon Becky concluded to take an airing, and as there was but one place in all New York that she esteemed of particular interest, and that the Corner Stall on Union Square, thither she bent her steps.

As Thomas had powerfully considered Jerry's case, so now he did George Dodd's; all

day long it had occupied his thoughts, but as Becky drew near he stood in front of the stall, looking anxiously about the street.

"A good day's work to ye!" cried the thrifty Becky.

"Yes, I have had a busy day," said Thomas; "would you mind watching the stall for a bit, pardner?"

"Och, no," says Mrs. Killigan, "but what's wantin'?"

"I sent Jerry off on an errant," said Thomas, anxiously, "and it's time I was looking for him."

"Go, thin," said Becky, taking her place with dignity behind the counter, "it's not well to be trusting bye's, Thomas."

Thomas walked along a square or two feeling quite distressed, when, confirmation of all his fears, he saw son Jerry sitting with several ragged urchins on the sidewalk, playing pitch penny, the parcel of sugar he had been sent

for lying on the ground beside him; his back was toward Mr. Twigg. Instantly, without any warning, Thomas pounced upon the young renegade, and while the penny Jerry had just tossed up was yet ringing on the pavement, Jerry himself was shaking and spinning about in the strong hand of the indignant Thomas, like a rat in the mouth of a mastiff. Jerry's companions in evil were too much stupefied by the swiftness and violence of Thomas Twigg's descent to do more than sit and stare, open mouthed, at his proceedings.

"Where is your change?" said Thomas, holding his ward at arms length. Jerry pointed to the handful of coppers on the sidewalk, gasping.

Thomas stooped and sorted out five pennies. "Are these what you had?" he asked. Jerry choked and nodded. Thomas picked up the sugar, and bidding Jerry "walk on," they proceeded to the Corner Stall; by the time

they reached there Jerry was somewhat revived after being "come down on," and Thomas bade him make some lemonade.

"Jerry makes good limmon*ad*," said Becky, sipping some. "Did he bring you the change, Thomas?" and she eyed Jerry, sharply.

"Here it is," said Thomas, putting the cents in the money drawer.

"I'll walk along," said Becky. "What can I do for ye, Thomas?"

"You might stop and speak for more taffy for to-morrow, the tray's about out," said Thomas. And now Thomas was left alone with Jerry.

"Jerry, my son," said Thomas, gravely, "you're fell away — bad."

Jerry looked down and rubbed his eyes with his fists.

"You've fell away in diverse ways, Jerry," continued Thomas; "you've disobeyed, that's one, you've been gambling, that's two, you've took my money, that's three.

"I didn't go for to keep it," cried Jerry, "I knew I'd win more, and, certain true, I was goin' to bring back yourn."

"How did you *know* you'd win more?" asked Thomas.

"I allus does," said Jerry.

"Then you cheats," said Thomas, decidedly. "Now, Jerry, who saw you when you fell away?"

"You did," whimpered Jerry.

"Who else?"

"God did," whispered Jerry.

"Yes, my son, you've sinned agin the Lord. Lay that to heart. Stand up here, Jerry, while I deal out a Scripter for you to learn. 'My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.'" When Jerry had learned this, Thomas said, "Now I shan't talk to you any more, Jerry, but you go to thinking of your sins, and fix your mind so when I asks the Lord to forgive you to-night, we'll both mean it."

That night, when Jerry and Thomas were at home and ready for devotions, what an earnest, soulfull prayer the good man put up for the erring boy; that prayer, following such a train of kindnesses, and such conscientious coming down on sin, Jerry never forgot; he recognized that higher power from whence all goodness flows, and Jerry's progress was thereafter from grace to grace.

CHAPTER V.

THOMAS TWIGG IN TROUBLE.

WHEN Jerry had gone to bed after his falling away in the matter of "toss up," his adopted father went down to Mrs. Dodd's room. The old lady and the children were in bed, but George and his wife were waiting for Thomas. Mrs. Dodd rocked in her little chair, sighing now and then as if in despair of any thing, while George had bowed his head on the window sill, evidently even more dejected than his wife.

"Well, George," said Thomas, in his usual

blithe way, "we're going to see what can be done for you, my man; here's your wife such a main hand at business that she's taken the stand away from you."

"Let her," groaned George. "I never can do anything, whiskey's got the upper hands of me, you know it, Mr. Twigg."

"Come, come," said Thomas, briskly, "you surely won't let whiskey whip you out of business; stand up against it."

"I can't," sighed George. "I've said I would, and I've tried hundreds of times. I promised Pappy, and the old woman, you and Bridget, there, but just let me get the sight or the smell of it, and I'm done for. Somebody says 'come, treat;' or, 'come, I'll treat you,' and I go straight on, leave the stall, spend the money, come home here like I did, and there's the end of it. I had schoolin' and a good chance, and it all goes for nothing."

Thomas knew all this before George told

him; they had none of them heard of an inebriate asylum. If Mr. Allston had been in town he might have mentioned such a refuge to Thomas; as it was, the pie-man had to manage all his own way.

"What's to be done for you, George?" he asked.

"Nothing," said George, moodily; "if somebody was at hand always to knock the glass out of my fingers, or knock me down, I might stand a chance."

"I hold myself ready to do both," said Thomas, with a grim smile. "I'll come down on you like I do on Jerry, and fetch you right up to the mark."

George shook his head. "You can't," he said; "wish I was a boy again, so you could; but now I'm bent on going to ruin; there's plenty to tempt, and none to save.

"Don't go to ruin, George," piped a shrill voice from the bed. "What'll Pappy Dodd say if you do?"

"Never fear," said Thomas; "George is going to do better now. George, here 's my plan. I'm constable Twigg. I takes you in charge. Where I goes you goes; you do business long side o' me. We goes and comes. I looks after you, George, till you can stand a glass of whiskey right under your nose, and not want it."

"That'll never be," said George. "Wish it would. I am a ruined man, Mr. Twigg, all along of whiskey."

"O, George," implored the hitherto silent wife; "do what Mr. Twigg says; see what he's done for Jerry."

"I'll do it, but it won't do any good," said George.

"Well, George, you'll try and I'll try; and we'll leave the rest to the Lord," said Thomas, cheerily. "Let your wife keep the stand on the wharf; she can make a living there, and you can't. Old Polly Kepple has got a stroke,

and went to the hospital, an' there's nobody on the square selling tape, needles, shoe-strings, soap and such like. You get a basket and a stool, and nail together a little awning to stick up to the fence, and you sets up in a new business right long side of me."

"O, Mr. Twigg, that's a good offer, but I hav n't a red cent to set up with."

"Well, George," continued Thomas, with the air of one resolved to carry through what he proposed, to a happy completion, — "I'll lend you twelve dollars to start like a man, and you'll pay me back twenty-five cents every week for a year out of your profits. That will be my money and a good interest on it."

"I'll get whiskey spreeing, and make no profits," groaned George.

"No you won't, said Thomas, "and if *you* do, why, I'll take in all your stock to secure myself."

"George, do it," cried his wife.

"I'll do it, Mr. Twigg, and I hope you'll hold on to me pretty tight; but when I *do* go wrong, you know I warned you a-head of time."

"It's time we went to bed," said Thomas, "but before we does, just kneel down here, and we'll lay out our plans before the Lord, and ask a blessing."

They all knelt, and when the prayer was ended, a tremulous "Amen!" came from the old lady as she lay in her bed.

The next morning Thomas left his stall in charge of the penitent and thoroughly subdued Jerry, and taking George, who had accompanied him from No. 27, he bought a second-hand stool, a large basket, a good assortment of small wares, a little frame covered with canvas to fasten against the fence, to shelter him from the sun or rain. Thus he set up George in business a few feet from himself. Providing the new merchant with fifty cents

in small coin to make change with, Thomas also gave him a knife, a piece of wood, and a square of sand-paper, saying, "Satan gets idle folks in mischief; so, while you're waiting for customers, you whittle out picks and rings and reels, any traps you can, and mind you takes my Bible and reads a chapter twice a day; that's the Street Anchor, man, to tie your good resolutions to. That's the Looking Glass, holds up all one's own meanness; that's the Treasure House, tells all we can get for the asking; that's the Guide Book to Glory, George, mind you reads it."

Besides teaching Jerry to read and to make lemonade, coffee and sandwiches, and sending him on errands, Thomas now sent him each morning, to a Confectioner in a small way, to learn how to make taffy, cornballs, peanut candy and mint sticks. "You'll have a shop of your own, Jerry, one day," Thomas would say encouragingly. Thomas meant to send

Jerry to night school as soon as it opened, and to find some way of learning to write and cipher himself. Suddenly it occurred to him that George Dodd could be their private instructor in these arts, and forthwith they began at once.

Thomas faithfully kept George in his sight, going to and fro between Union Square and No. 27. How often George strove to bolt, into some groggery, and just as often Thomas dragged him along by main strength! At times, when the thirst was furious, patient Thomas would furnish a pail full of coffee, and lock the demented George into his own private attic, while himself slept on the entry floor. George's wife blessed Thomas, and took what courage she could, though her maimed, miserable child was a sad sight to a mother.

Often on Union Square such scenes as this were enacted.

"What ails you, George? You look like running away; what are you uneasy after?"

"Have a drink, George?"—Page 137.

"Oh, whiskey, Thomas, I must have it; just one taste, or I'll die. I'm going for it, don't hold me; I'll knock you down if you do."

"I'm the tougher man, George, and you'll go down first. Come on with me."

"I'm going after whiskey if it kills me."

"Come along," said Thomas, seizing the arm of George, and taking a cup as they passed the stall, he led him to the hydrant. "Have a drink, George?"

"Not water, whiskey."

"*Drink*, I tell you."

"I can't, I hate water. I'm raging thirsty."

Thomas filled the cup, and taking George's hand, and feeling his forehead said "You ain't overly hot, water won't hurt you, drink," and he pushed the cup to George's lips — George drank.

"Another;" that went too.

"I've had enough," said George.

"Drink more," said Thomas, the inexorable.

George was growing meeker, he denied the cup again.

"Another, and you'll be like a lamb," said Thomas.

"I'm chock full," said George, yet took the cup.

"Here's more," said Thomas.

"O, I'll burst," groaned George.

"Do you want whiskey now?" asked Doctor Twigg.

"No, nor nothing else to drink. I'm full to the teeth."

Thus again and again did Thomas conquer George's foe. "For it stands to reason," said Thomas, "that George won't crave whiskey when he's full of water."

Never did Thomas' faithful watching fail or grow weary, and yet that Evil One who was playing with him for the stake of this soul, sometimes very nearly snatched away the

prize. As for instance, when one day, one of George's bad days it was, as they came home arm in arm, Thomas stopped to help a child that had fallen down, and George seizing the opportunity bolted down Jug Alley, and into a dram shop; at once Thomas was after him, and neither too soon nor too late, he grasped him just as the reeking glass was at his lips, and in spite of the struggles of the infatuated George, and the oaths and expostulations of the rumsellers and his hangers on, he dragged him to a place of safety.

"I confess," said Thomas to Mrs. Killigan, that evening, "that the case of George do look most dubersome."

"I wouldn't worrit myself about the rapscallion," said Mrs. Killigan; "you ain't his keeper."

"That's just what Cain said," replied Thomas, shaking his head, "but the Lord made it out to him right fair and square, that he was

'sponsible. I'll do my duty, pardner, and let the Lord take care of the rest."

Miss Stuyvesant came back, and was soon at the Corner Stall, and No. 27. Little Mary at once gave her friend Maggie sufficient clothing to go to school looking decent, and promised Mrs. Killigan a trifle a week for looking in on the old woman and the baby now and then."

"How are you, Mrs. Killigan?" asked Miss Laura.

"Och, honney, I'm the same woman I was last spring," was the reply.

"I hoped you would be a new woman by this time," said Miss Laura. "I prayed the Lord to change you."

"Well, He ain't," said the obstinate Mrs. Killigan.

"Then I must pray harder," said Miss Laura, calmly.

"Indeed, miss, I hope you had a pleasant time the summer; you desarve it," said Mrs. Killigan, touched.

"Thank you," said Miss Laura, "I've enjoyed it very much."

The case of Jerry greatly delighted Miss Laura and Mr. Allston, and they at once took great interest in George. Mrs. Stuyvesant and Mary promised to patronize his basket, and give him a Bible and Hymn Book, and made him promise to go to church with his wife. The old lady revived a little, as things grew better, and spoke less dolefully of "Pappy Dodd."

The rush down Jug Alley after George, stirred Thomas' heart with pity for the wretched inhabitants of that quarter. He saw them degraded, miserable and friendless, and he longed to carry the light of God's word to illumine their darkness, and to tell them of the Friend of sinners. As Mrs. Killigan had grown quite restive under what she appeared to consider the infliction of hearing the Bible read, Thomas concluded to take Jerry, his Bi-

ble, and a few picture cards and texts, and go into the Alley, after Sunday school, and taking possession of the door-step, read and talk, and may-be pray with whoever would listen to him. Once, twice, Thomas did this, several women, some half-grown children, and a man or two were his auditors, listening more from curiosity than any better motive.

But all unconsciously Thomas had fierce enemies in Jug Alley. They called him "Methodist," "Parson," and many other names, and spoke to each other of "twisting his neck," "cracking his head," and "braining" him. That Thomas was trying to rescue George from bondage to whiskey was an unpardonable offence; the Alley had its code of laws, and its fugitive Slave Law against all helping the bondsmen of whiskey to freedom. The groggery keeper, from whom Thomas had carried off George, was particularly loud and violent against our pie-man, and the third

Sabbath, when Thomas, with Jerry at his side, was sitting on the front steps of a Jug Alley domicile, and talking in his own quaint way about lost men and their Redeemer, Paddy McClure had his wildest followers gathered in his low groggery, while himself stood treat in strychnine whiskey. Yet a little while and Paddy McClure, and his so called friends, came roaring and gesticulating about Thomas and Jerry, upsetting the children, roughly pushing the women, and swearing and threatening at a fearful rate. Stones were thrown, a door crashed in, some windows were broken; and while Thomas, holding fast to Jerry, tried to parley or escape, louder rose the yells, "hold the b'ye! Pour whiskey down the throats ov 'em! Clear out the hiritics! Give us their Bible, man, we'll bile the kettle foor hot poonch wid it." And while one party tore off Thomas's coat and hat, another dragged off Jerry, and served him in the same manner.

The echoes of this confusion reached the police, and two or three blue coats came to the rescue. Thomas, seeing entreaty and expostulation vain, was valiantly defending himself, and as the rumor of the approach of the "Stars" came about, Paddy McClure yelled "finish the hiritic!" and the men about Thomas, with a few parting blows, left him almost senseless on the pavement. With that keen discretion that characterizes the modern police, the real rioters were quietly allowed to make off, while Jerry who, with a bruised arm and bleeding nose, was struggling with his tormentors, and Thomas who, with black eye, bleeding face and sprained arm, was lying on the pavement, were arrested as disturbers of the public peace, and charged with rioting and drunkenness, were hurried off to the Station House and locked up.

Jerry begged to be put with Mr. Twigg, and succeeded in getting a pail of water where-

in to bathe their wounds. A doleful ending this to the blessed Lord's day.

"Thank the Lord you're here, Jerry, my son," said poor Thomas, faintly, "and not to be led away with them bad ones."

"Oh, o-o-o," blubbered Jerry, "we're in jail, and all our decent close is torn, and there ain't nobody to mind the stall, nor Mr. Dodd."

"Never mind all that," said Thomas, who, very faint and full of pain, was lying down. "The Lord can take care of all that."

"But we're in jail," sobbed Jerry.

"Well, sonny, when we're wrongfully accused we must take it patiently," replied Thomas; "just think how many wrong things our Lord and Master was 'cused of."

"O–o-o-o," moaned Jerry, "a jail's such an awful bad place to be, o-o-o-o."

"Come, come, sonny," said Thomas, "Paul and Silas in prison sang and gave thanks and so can we. A jail wa'n't too bad a place for

an angel to go to, to see Peter, and John and Peter went to prison a time or two. What wasn't too bad for them ain't to be grumbled at by us; cheer up, Jerry, me boy, the Lord will make it all go together for good yet."

There was a long silence. Jerry watched Thomas, and saw that he was in a deep reverie, and one that was not painful. "Don't you feel bad at all?" he said.

"Well, Jerry," replied Thomas, "I feel like David did in the Valley. 'I will fear no evil for Thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

"But," said Jerry, "suppose we gets sent up to-morrow stid of bein' let go."

"That won't be," said Thomas, decidedly, "for the Bible says 'He shall bring forth thy judgment as light and thy righteousness like noonday,' or words to that effect, son Jerry."

"But the perlice don't know nothin' 'bout you," persisted Jerry.

"The Lord do," said Thomas; "and the Lord knows the magistrates, and has their hearts in his hand to turn where he will; don't you fret, Jerry; we're in prison, 'tis true, but bless the Lord, he ain't ashamed to come to prison 'long with us, and He says 'all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord;' and I know I do. Now, Jerry, you give out the Commandments. I want to see that you ain't forgot them since last Sunday."

Meantime the news of Thomas' ignoble capture was triumphantly reported by Jug Alley, and Jug Alley's version of the affair speedily reached the ears of Mrs. Killigan. The dame was quick-witted enough to perceive the rights of the matter at once. She rushed into Mrs. Dodd's room, her best cap-strings flying, and her Sunday calico rustling in high indignation, and her tongue pouring forth a torrent of Irish wrath, without let or hindrance.

"Have ye heard the news of our Thomas?" she cried. "Here's Jug Alley been beating and maiming him and the bye, and then get's them taken up for riotin'. Bad luck to every mother son o' 'em. Sure, ain't Thomas Twigg as nice a man as iver trod shoe-leather? and has money laid up, and is niver sparrin' to those that needs? And there's Jerry, a civil sapleen, that 's niver unwillin' to carry wather nor wood, for Becky Killigan! Sure, they have 'em in the statin-house! Sorra the day that Thomas left mindin' his own business, and took to lookin' out for other folks' souls. It's yer fault, George Dodd; its carrin' for you has set folks against Thomas, and there ye sits glowerin' an' makin' ready to run to Jug Alley for whiskey, to be a baste wid, after him that's gone can no more guard ye."

After this tirade, Mrs. Killigan stopped for breath, and her fearful climax about George was followed by a shriek of dismay from Mag-

gie, and a groan from Mrs. Todd the younger, while the "old woman" broke forth in this wise: — "O, it's a sin to wish Pappy Dodd out of glory; but 'pears like he could do something for Thomas if he were here; and what'll he say to George? Oh, dear, Pappy Dodd was such a main hand — but," suddenly breaking off her lamentation, "seein' Pappy Dodd's gone where we can't get no good of him, there's the Lord can look after Mr. Twigg, can't he?"

"I don't know," said the unrighteous Mrs. Killigan, "but there's George, arrah, he's glad of the throuble and will run for Paddy McClure that did the wicked turn for Thomas, bad 'cess to him!"

"I won't," said George, stoutly, "less I go to knock his head; if Jug Alley's abused Mr Twigg, I'll never put my foot there again, Mrs. Killigan."

"I wish Jug Alley was burrunt," said Mrs. Killigan.

"But what can we do for Thomas," said Mrs. Dodd, relieved of anxiety about George's starting at once for McClure's groggery.

"What shall we do for Thomas?" demanded George.

"Och," said Mrs. Killigan, "his business shall not be deserted, I'll go up in the morning and kape the Corner Stall a goin'." Mrs. Killigan evidently felt that to keep the Corner Stall closed would be like the sun neglecting to rise. Then, after a moment's consideration, she said, "Shure, George, if ye're in airnest, and won't run fur the whiskey, ye might rin to Mr. Allston and tell him about Thomas, and bid him go up to-morrow and see justice done him and the bye."

George at once took his hat and departed, his wife tremblingly fearing a relapse into his old habit of drunkenness, and Mrs. Killigan quite confidently looking out for the unpleasant consummation.

It was nearly dark when George returned;

he had missed Mr. Allston, and then followed him to church, and at last had seen him and obtained his promise to look after Mr. Twigg, early in the morning.

"Mrs. Killigan regarded George suspiciously. "Is it the thruth ye're tellin'," she said; "come a near me, and let me see if ye've been at the dhrink. Arrah, but I b'lieve ye've been doin' the right thing; bad luck to the day Thomas Twigg got into throuble; it's Becky Killigan will have no rest till he's out agin."

Meantime it had grown dark in the little cell where Thomas and Jerry were locked up.

"Jerry, boy," said Thomas, "we'll say our prayers and get to sleep, to see if my head will quit aching. That is a fine thought, Jerry, 'the eyes of the Lord are in every place.' And what a text that was this morning, Jerry — 'The Lord shall deliver me from every evil, and bring me into his Heavenly Kingdom.'"

Now Jerry had in himself so much of the "old leaven," that he was not duly comforted by Thomas' quotations, but now his gathered wrath broke forth as he exclaimed, "Well, I hope old McClure and his bummers will never get there, I do! He's knocked and kicked me a grist of times, the old wretch! Don't I wish his rascally grog shop would burn down on his head, and they'd all break their hateful old legs and ——"

"Jerry, Jerry!" cried Thomas, "hold up, while I deal you out a verse — 'Lay aside all malice, and guile, and hypocrisies, and envies and all evil speaking.' Learn that, Jerry, and then mind it."

CHAPTER VI.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

WHEN Thomas and Jerry woke early the next morning, and found themselves locked up in the Station House, instead of being in their snug attic all ready for a start to the Corner Stall, Jerry broke forth into renewed lamentations, but Thomas, after a moment's thought, said,

"Here's a verse for your comfort, son Jerry; 'My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, the snare is broken and I am escaped.' The Lord's done bigger things for Thomas Twigg than to get him out of the Station House."

All this did not console poor Jerry, and Thomas said, "Come, sonny, we'll have worship, to cheer us up a bit."

Jerry listened while Mr. Twigg read a chapter, and then both knelt while the worthy man prayed; but it came to pass that Thomas was much more exercised about other people than about himself, and his supplications were chiefly for forgiveness for McClure & Co., and for protection for George Dodd. Jerry rose from his knees quite dissatisfied, and began to complain in this fashion —

"I say you ain't hardly said one word 'bout us. You spent all the time talkin' bout Paddy McClure an' George Dodd."

"Well, son Jerry, don't you care for them?"

"Yes — but I care more for us. Why didn't you tell the Lord what sort of fix we'd got into?"

"Why, Jerry — the Lord knows it. Scrip-

ter says 'He knows what things ye have need of before ye ask Him.'"

"What's the use of prayin' then?" says Jerry.

"Because, son Jerry, it's the Lord's appointed means of getting blessin's."

"Then," says Jerry, briskly, "why don't you axen what you wants?"

"Well, Jerry," said Thomas, "I'm sorry you don't like my prayer mostly 'cause the promise is to two or three that are agreed. Howsomever, Jerry, me boy, I hopes the Lord will be better to us nor all our fears, and that he'll do for us over and above what we can ask or think."

"If he don't," said Jerry, with a sniffle, "he won't do much for us this time."

Thomas took refuge in the little Bible that, having been in Jerry's trousers pocket, had not been confiscated by Jug Alley rioters. Hardly had he opened it, getting as near to

the window as possible, for his sight was dim, and his spectacles had been destroyed the day before, when he cried out joyfully,

"Come here, Jerry, and let me deal you out a Scripter that just comes pat to what you've been faulting me for — 'And the Lord turned again the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends.' There, don't that hit your case exactly, Jerry? Now mind my words, Jerry, the Lord's going to bring light out of darkness for us, or I'm muchly mistaken."

The hour for the appearance in court of Thomas Twigg and Jerry Hockney, charged with assault and battery, and rioting, speedily arrived.

The two had washed as well as they could, and combed their heads with Thomas's wooden pocket comb, but despite this care they had certainly a very disreputable appearance. Neither had a coat, their shirts were torn and

spotted with blood, their trousers were well dashed with the black slime of Jug Alley, and their black eyes and swollen faces made them look like a wretched pair of prize fighters.

Public sentiment was evidently against them. After the offences of the two prisoners had been rapidly indicated, and the uproarious character of Jug Alley adverted to, and the necessity of "making an example," for that quarter set forth,— in answer to a question addressed to Thomas, our friend replied: —

"No, your honor, I've asked no counsel but of the Lord; and the Lord's counsel is to tell the truth, straight to the pint. I've never lived in Jug Alley, your honor, and I don't justly know as I've been there more than a time or two. I goes there, your honor, to read a bit of Scripter, and to give a little good advisement to a set of lost sinners, your honor, that I plainly see was a livin' without God, and without hope in the world, which I leave

to your honor is a bad case for any man to be in."

"His Honor" winced, and a broad smile passed over the faces of those gathered in the court.

"But how did you get into such a row?" was the next query.

"Your honor, the natral heart is agin the Lord's work. I've no doubt but that the Evil One led on those Jug Alley folk to set agin me and the boy. The boy, your honor, is my adopted son, and I am hoping to make a decent sugar-baker of him. I accounts for the fight thusly: — that I'm dead set agin whiskey, and they're dead set for it; and they pitched into me pretty lively, your honor, and I didn't fight no more than I could possibly help, not considerin' fightin' is a Christian work for Sunday nor any other day."

"Have you any body to vouch for the truth of these statements?" asked "His honor," who was quite taken with Thomas's oddities.

"I've done an honest business in this city, sir, for near fifty year. For five year I've kept a Corner Stall on Union Square, sir, and I *did* think pretty nigh every body knew Thomas Twigg, and would say a good word for him. Shows, your honor, that mostly we ain't nigh so much account as we think we is."

The smile that was going about deepened into a laugh in some cases; and just here appeared a friend in need, who turned the scales of justice fairly in favor of Thomas Twigg. Mr. Allston came upon the scene, and soon showed Thomas to be a victim of persecution, a good man abused for doing good, and the cases of George Dodd and Jerry being mentioned, Thomas was honorably dismissed from custody. His honor highly commended him for his benevolence, and remarking that in making decent men out of George and Jerry, Thomas was doing good service for the commonwealth of New York.

Sympathizing with Thomas's mortification at his unseemly appearance, Mr. Allston procured a hack and took him back to No. 27. Mrs. Killigan, George and Mrs. Dodd had gone to business, but Thomas soon succeeded in making himself and Jerry comfortable with bath, food and clean clothes. Mr. Allston bought a lotion for their wounds and bruises, and then went home promising them a visit from Miss Stuyvesant.

The misfortunes of Thomas Twigg worked for the upbuilding of the strength of George Dodd; he was out of leading strings, he could go after whiskey if he would, but all at once he was resolute against it. That king whiskey should make a beast of George was one thing, but that it should make a martyr of Thomas Twigg was quite another. Now that Thomas was in trouble, George would not make matters worse by proving recreant himself.

In a few days Thomas and Jerry were back

at their business. Thomas had replaced their Sunday coats, and Becky Killigan was busy baking for the stall, and making new shirts to supply the ones destroyed by Jug Alley.

The matter of the uproar in the Alley had not been allowed to drop, some attention had been turned to the place, and to the performances of its denizens; and the result was that Paddy McClure and his two most vigorous supporters were arrested and sentenced each to six months in the penitentiary, the McClure groggery was closed, rent was due, and the McClure family were turned into the street. The other families were quite destitute. Paddy and his friends had made matters worse by resisting their arrest, and knocking down one of the officers who made it. All this did Jerry report to Thomas, with triumphant look and voice, on returning to the stall from the humble establishment where he had been to learn the high arts of making taffy and mint stick.

"Now, Jerry," said Thomas, "here's what I want you to take notice to. Just look how Scripter comes true. 'The wicked shall be taken in his own pit — His violent dealings shall come down on his own pate.'"

"I'm glad of it," said Jerry.

"Now, Jerry," said Thomas, "don't rejoice over them that fall. Mind you don't do it, Jerry, or you'll get into trouble."

Having said this, Thomas bad Jerry mind the stall and not neglect customers, and putting on his knit jacket, Thomas went as fast as possible to Jug Alley. Not surely to triumph over the fallen — no, he went to help the helpless and cheer the unhappy. He got Mrs. McClure, her children and her small lot of furniture, into a room near No. 27, and gave her such good advice and encouragement that, looking forward to six months' freedom from whiskey tyranny, she made everything about her as clean as possible, and went out for some work whereby she might buy bread for her

family. Not less did our friend Thomas do for the other women, happily relieved of their drunken husbands, and having finished his work for them, by asking Miss Stuyvesant to look after them a little, he slept that night with a quiet heart.

Good deeds as these did not go unrewarded. Jug Alley was amazed at this new method of revenge. Thomas, from being hated and despised, was hailed as their patron saint, and one Sabbath afternoon a delegation, composed of a ragged woman, a ragged baby, and two ragged boys, waited upon him at No. 27, requesting that he would "come back and read the book and give them a bit of a peachment; shure wasn't they all willin' to hear him!"

So on those very steps whence a fortnight before he had been so ignominiously expelled, stood Thomas, with Jerry at his side, Thomas, with his new Bible in his hand, and his heart glowing with new love and zeal, and telling in

his own earnest, queer, simple way, "just the thing they wanted to know." So for Thomas the light had come out of the darkness.

But for other than Thomas, light came out of darkness. Becky Killigan was one of those in "gross darkness" upon whom light did shine. Shining, it revealed so much of irrate corruption, as made Becky first angry, and then unhappy, and getting desperate under the smarting of the wounds of sin, she set to work to heal them herself. But One Good Physician, with the true Balm of Gilead, can heal the sin-sick soul. Becky Killigan, setting up for a spiritual quack, and calling other spiritual quacks to her aid, only made matters worse.

On the evening of a stormy fall day, Thomas closed up his stall earlier than usual, and going home, Jerry was soon sound asleep, while Thomas sat by his stand reading his beloved Bible. A slow step came all along the stairs, and there was a knock at the door;

"come in," said Mr. Twigg, and Mrs. Killigan entered. Thomas handed her the fine yellow chair and closed his book, saying, "Well, pardner, do you want to settle accounts, or count over the money?"

"Och, no! it's not the money that throubles me!" said Mrs. Killigan, with a deep sigh.

"Have you had bad luck with your baking?" asked Thomas.

"Faith, I haven't, it's all good," and she sighed again.

"Have you lost anything?"

"I have, an' I haven't," said Mrs. Killigan.

"Are you sick?" persisted Thomas.

"Och, hone, but I am."

"Why don't you go see the doctor, pardner?"

"Howly Virgin! don't I know it's a sickness none ov 'em all can cure."

"Why, pardner!" cried Thomas, now really alarmed. "Is it consumption, or mebby it's of the heart."

"Troth, but you've hit it now, Thomas."

"But the doctor could help you, pardner, or mebby you are deceiving yourself; go see the doctor, pardner."

"The doctor is it!" cried Mrs. Killigan, angrily, "and what will the doctor do for me! What can I tell him over an' above that I fell sick over the way Thomas Twigg, and Miss Stuyvesant read and talked and prayed over me, till all the comfort is clean druv out of me life, and I goes to Thomas, and sorra the day! he says see the doctor!"

Thomas dropped his head for very shame. He had prayed for Mrs. Killigan this many months, and yet how slow of heart to understand the beginnings of the gracious answer. He had prayed; was it with faith? He had *expected* this reply; he took himself severely to task. How easily he had become discouraged, faint-hearted over Becky's resistance to the truth; he had fallen into a mere form of prayer for her. It is truly wonderful what a

very small amount of faith can be sifted out of all the prayers that are uttered. No wonder that so often they go no higher than our heads. Faithless prayers have been among the clogs of the church, from its earliest ages.

Thomas was so long silent, that Mrs. Killigan said sharply, "I'll be going back agin; it's little ye care for the throuble ye've made me, bad luck to you."

"Oh, pardner!" cried Thomas, "I'm too glad, and too ashamed to know what to say."

"An' you ought to be ashamed; a man that has disturbed the peace and quiet of a well-doin' woman like Becky Killigan."

"Oh, pardner, it's the best thing that ever happened to you to be anxious and troubled; for your peace was just like floatin' easy along in a little boat, bound to go over a big fall and destroy you. It is the work of God's spirit that disturbs you, pardner, and not the work of Thomas Twigg. And there's but one way for you to get at good, sure, safe peace—"

"And what may that be?" demanded Mrs. Killigan. "Shure, I've tried fifty and none would do. Didn't I try to drive thom doldrums away for weeks, and they wouldn't be driv! Didn't I mark my ways, and they never to do a wrong thing, but be as innocent as a new born babe, and it wouldn't do at all at all. And then didn't I go to the praste, and he said do penance; and I did it? Shure it was all the same as when I didn't do it. Then I confessed, an' I got absolution. Shure, says he, your sins are all done away clane; but I knew in me heart they wasn't, for I felt 'em like a red hot burden weighin' down me soul. Then, Thomas, I paid out me money, and if I paid one dollar I paid ten, though each one came like me heart's blood, and sorra a bit of good did it do me."

"No," said Thomas, eagerly, "and the priest deceived you when he said it would; doesn't the Bible say itself, 'Thy money

perish with thee, because thou thoughtest the gift of God might be purchased with money!"

"Does it say that," cried Mrs. Killigan; "and clean in the face of it he tell't me to buy me pardon! Out on him for a rapscallion; is me money clean thrown away?"

"Indeed it is, and if you'd spent a hundred it had been all the same."

"But I'd spent a hundred, yes and five hundred, which is just all I have, to get aisy!"

"It would have done no good, pardner; it is not money, but blood that takes away sin. Thank the good Lord, I've got peace and I never paid a penny for it; it was a free gift bought with the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Och, hone," groaned Mrs. Killigan, rocking to and fro, "was iver a woman that unfort'nit as Becky Killigan. The work and the sorrow and the time, and the throuble that I've spent and all for nothing."

"The Bible tells of just such a case," said Thomas; "you listen and I'll deal it out from me mind. A poor woman was sorely sick, and she suffered a long time, and spent all she had on doctorin', and was nothing made better but only grew worse."

"Faith, it's juist me own case intirely!" cried Mrs. Killigan; "and did she iver get help?"

"Yes, she found a Physician at last who cured her."

"Troth! and what did he charge?" asked the benighted Mrs. Killigan.

"Nothing," said Thomas, "it was the Lord Jesus, and he cured her and bid her go in peace."

Then poor Mrs. Killigan, here in the nineteenth century, took up the cry that Job lifted when the world was young, "O, that I knew where I might find him!" and Thomas straitly responded, "He is not far from every one of

us;" and in his own plain, heart-taught and heart-touching way, he preached to her—Jesus.

That night Mrs. Killigan got hold of one glorious truth, the willing power of Jesus; to that fact she clung. No longer rebelling against hearing the word, she sought instruction continually.

Under the clear shining of the Truth, the fogs of superstition and the black night of obstinacy cleared away, and at last she could take up that other saying of Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

"Indeed," said Becky Killigan to Thomas, "the difference is curis. Why, here's Sunday is not too long, and the Book is like good music. How did I iver stay away from church that long. Ye must hear the childer say their questions and their catechize in my room now, Thomas, so I'll learn ov 'em. It's wonderful

how I never took no more comfort in hearing the ould woman talk. Shure I can't laugh at her, Thomas, I think she's goin' to get into Heaven, what ever Becky Killigan does; but praise God, Thomas, I'll get in too."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR.

AMID so many changing scenes winter had come on apace.

Through the kindness of bright little Mary Stuyvesant, Maggie Dodd was going every day to school, well wrapped up in woolen hood and shawl, a plaid dress of Mary's made over, and carried a primer in her hand, bought with some of Mary's pocket money.

Every Saturday morning, Maggie, made as clean as possible, and looking very happy, went to see Mary for an hour, and the little

patroness gave her small protege much wise advice (second-hand from mamma or Aunt Laura), many childish treasures of sugar plums, pennies, or pictures, and always something to carry home to Teddy. Teddy, poor baby, grew but slowly; his left arm hung down weak and helpless, he walked about a little, but preferred to sit still and look at pictures; Mary gave him a little chair which he kept close to his old grandmother's, first and second childhood agreeing very well together, and the old lady took quite as much comfort in dropping remarks about the venerated "Pappy Dodd" to her sickly grandbaby, as to any other person whatsoever.

Thomas arranged his stall for a little larger cooking apparatus, and had a corner for George and his small wares: for said corner George faithfully paid rent; he was also paying back Thomas's loan. Things were prospering with the Dodds, they had hired a small room open-

ing on the one they were living in, and this little room was furnished for grannie and Maggie; they had a new cooking stove, a new table and some gay paper curtains. George had still many secret and some open inclinings toward whiskey; to quell these Thomas tried a new plan one day when the ground was winter whitened; he forced his patient to eat nearly a pint of the new fallen snow, and then advised him to keep his mind easy by taking his Bible and finding all the verses he could about snow.

By Mr. Allston's advice, Jerry was sent to public school during the winter; out of school hours he was busy learning his humble part of the confectionery business. Mrs. Killigan, looking at things in a new light, became very zealous for the comfort of Jerry and Thomas, and was very neighborly to Mrs. Dodd. She was a firm friend also to Mrs. McClure, and the two other families whom Thomas had fished up from the depths of Jug Alley.

As to Jug Alley it was getting too cold and stormy to have meetings on the ricketty, tumble-down door steps; attendance on these informal meetings now amounted to thirty or forty every Sabbath, and Thomas was sorely puzzled what to do for those stray sheep without a shepherd. One day he sat reading in his stall during a leisure hour, when Mr. Allston came up. "What do you find good to-day, Thomas?" he said.

"O," replied the pie-man, "it's a mine as is always turning up sumat choice, but here's a bit as has set me thinking, 'to the poor the gospel is preached, and blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me.' Now mebby that had some 'special meaning to John, but here's a meaning it has to Thomas Twigg. We ain't to set ourselves above bringing the gospel to the poorest, when it's tough work to do it, and takes a heap of outlay mebby. We ain't to be offended at no call whatsumever. Now, sir, says I to Thomas Twigg, 'There's

Jug Alley is as heathen a place as can be; why it's a flock without a sign of a shepherd, and the whiskey wolves forever yowling after whom they may devour. And I says to Thomas Twigg, there ain't no body else a working in that stony corner of the Vineyard, mebby the Lord's left it to you, and you to find your own tools."

"Can you do it?" said Mr. Allston.

"I can try," replied Thomas.

Jug Alley on his mind, Thomas stepped in that evening to see how Mrs. McClure was coming on. He found her sewing at blue overalls, in a poor but tidy room, the children eating their supper of mush and molasses, and the baby sound asleep in its cradle. Mrs. McClure was unusually cheerful. Miss Laura had been there and offered to clothe the two little boys so they could go to school, and had found a place for the eldest child, a girl of twelve, where she was to begin service the next day.

"We'd do well enough," said the woman, "if McClure was never coming back; but yet — I must remember old times, and I sort of want to see him. But I knows so well how he gets to cuttin' up. Deary me, McClure was a decentish fellow before he took to drinking."

"Cheer up," said Thomas, "who knows but he'll come round all right yet. There ain't no limit to the Lord's might and power. I'm prayin' for McClure, and after what the Lord's done for me and pardner, I ain't a mite faint-hearted of getting what I asks for."

"I hope you'll get it," said Mrs. McClure, a fair specimen of many New York heathen, "if it's only on account of the children."

During the watches of the night, while Jerry slept the sound sleep of boyhood, came to Thomas his plan for the help of Jug Alley.

"Pardner," said Thomas, the next morning, while Becky was filling the hampers, "I'm

getting to be an old man, and do you know what it's set me to thinking of?"

"Och," said the practical Mrs. Killigan, "mebby it is that ye ought to be layin' up more of the coppers."

"No," said Thomas, "just contrarywise. I says to Thomas Twigg, you're old, Thomas; step about lively now, and lay up some treasures above, for you have done but little in all your life for the good kingdom. No, pardner, I did not think to lay up more but to give away more for the Lord's work while I could."

"Howly Peter!" cried Mrs. Killigan, dropping a plate full of doughnuts in her amazement, "but that's a quare notion!"

"Pardner," said Thomas, shaking his head with all due solemnity, "I'm afeard that while you have been sumat converted, you ain't properly converted in that long stocking where you keeps your five hundred dollars."

"Moses!" said Mrs. Killigan, collecting her doughnuts, "but there's many a one that ain't converted where the money is!"

"More shame then," said Thomas, "and no excuse to you! I puts it to you fair and square, when the Lord didn't hold back his own life, and when the Father gave his Son, isn't it a sin and shame that we'll hold on to a little miserable money, and look at a dollar ten times before we part with it."

"I look at it a hundred times," said Mrs. Killigan, "and maybe it's a sin as you say, Thomas. I'll study on it. Ah, well! it's a grand making over religion is requiring!"

"And oughtn't it to be," demanded Thomas;" what was there of old Thomas Twigg or Becky Killigan that was worth taking into the kingdom! And here's another thing, pardner; don't call on Peter and Moses, the Virgin or the saints in your talk. It's agin Scripter, and you ought to get beyond it."

"I'll thravel fast if I gets beyond all you sets for me to," said Becky, stoutly; "but I'll do my endeavor, with the Lord's help, Thomas; and as for five hunder — well, Thomas — oh, dear me, man — if the Lord wants it — he can have the whole of it — and I'll haul it over, man, if you say so."

"It's not me, pardner," said Thomas, "keep your money till you have a call, and then hand over whatever conscience and the Scripter bids you."

When Thomas came home that night, Mrs. Killigan's door was ajar, and she bade him "come in."

"I've been watching for you, Thomas," she said; "have you done anything like you talked of to-day?"

"Yes," said Thomas. "The Lord has helped me. I made up my mind that I'd hire a room where we could have good meetings, all we wanted to. It's all one if I don't lay

up another cent. I'll pay the rent of it for this winter. I left the stall with Jerry, and away I goes to Jug Alley, and what did I find vacated this morning but poor McClure's groggery. At once I think this is of the Lord, and off I goes, and pardner, that very whiskey den, where the Lord was abused and defied, is the very one where now we'll praise his good name! O, pardner, it makes my heart jump for joy to think how there Satan's going to get ousted for the good of the kingdom."

Tears of excited feeling shone in old Thomas' eyes, and Mrs. Killigan smote her brawny hands together, crying out, —

"Good for you, Thomas, shure it will be a blessed sight, the Bibles for the whiskey tumblers, and psalms instead of swearing. It is meself will go down when iver there is a mateing, to wonder over the doing's of the Lord."

"I'll get a stove and some deal benches and

a table, and I'll ask Mr. Allston to come down and give us a preachment," began Thomas —

"Indeed," interrupted Becky, "you'll not do it alone; shure it is a pity if I can't give the matter a lift. Now, Thomas," — she took a long breath, for the proposal was a serious one to her — "you go and get them benches, and the table and stove, an' shure, you'll want a chair or two; get 'em cheap, Thomas, at second-hand; don't go and get cheated on 'em, and it's me will foot the bill, Thomas, for shure that's but little to do for Him as paid for me with life."

Thomas was so elated at this bringing forth of good fruit in Mrs. Killigan, that he sprang up and shook hands with her, sat down, and reconsidering the matter, rose and shook hands again.

"You're right, pardner," he cried, "and I'm coming to the notion, pardner, that to do good is all that is worth living for!"

"Be quick about doing this business up, Thomas," urged the cautious Becky. "If you're going to give the money, its no use letting it go so slow as to get rusty. Kape it moving, man, and we'll see what'll come of it."

Thomas rose to leave the room, but pausing, with his hand on the latch, said, "I meant to tell you, pardner, for a sure token that the Lord was with me, that the lad took in eight dollars while I was gone to Jug Alley, which is more than ever was took in the like time before. He is no great business chap, pardner, nor was their 'special reason for such a stroke of business; so I take it as a token that the Lord was making all work for good."

"That's as may be, Thomas," replied Mrs. Killigan; "but if your going brings in the pennies like that, you had better go pretty often."

To hire and furnish a room for religious

uses, was a great undertaking for two people like our pie-man and his partner, greater indeed than themselves imagined. All work that is dictated by humble zeal, designed by loving hearts, and made the subject of earnest prayer, will at last succeed. God gives his people the help they do not know they need. While Thomas Twigg was manfully making ready to lift a burden he could not bear, Mr. Allston was sent his way. Of course, as soon as Thomas saw his friend, he began speaking of that subject so near his heart, the reformation of Jug Alley. His plan of a room for service was made known, and Mr. Allston was asked if he would not give "Jug Alley folks a reg-'lar preachment!"

"Go and get your room furnished as you design, Thomas," said Mr. Allston, "and I will think over the matter, and see you again about it."

Thomas hired the room, Mrs. Dodd and

Becky Killigan cleaned and whitewashed it, — George Dodd, who was handy at everything, did the carpenter work, and Becky, according to her promise, paid for what furniture was got at second-hand. It was not a very large sum that this furniture cost, to be sure, but it was large for one whose whole fortune was five hundred dollars; nevertheless, the night that Becky Killigan paid for it, and saw it all set up in the whilom groggery, she felt richer and happier than she ever had before.

Little Mary Stuyvesant came down to Mrs. Killigan's, one morning, in the carriage, under the care of the nurse-maid and coachman, and brought some cards with illuminated texts, a few large colored cards of Scripture scenes, mounted on stiff card board, a Bible in large type, and a dozen hymn-books. This was Mary's contribution to the Jug Alley reformation; the dear child's birth-day had just passed, and her father had given her a twenty-dollar

gold piece, a part of which she had spent in these things she brought to Becky's. Mary's radiant face bore bright witness that it is more blessed to give than receive. So delighted was Becky with Mary's gift, that she could hardly cease looking at the different articles long enough to attend to her baking.

Mr. Allston "thought over" the Jug Alley mission to such good purpose, that he enlisted several gentlemen of piety and means in the enterprise, and they agreed to help hold a Sunday School there, to furnish fuel and lights, and hire a teacher, and provide books, if a night school could be organized. When Thomas Twigg heard how the Lord was prospering his new undertaking, he felt ten years younger, treated three bankrupt shoe-blacks to a hot dinner, and all that night was too happy to sleep, so lay awake reflecting what the Lord had done for him. While the arrangements in the room that Thomas had hired were

going on, Thomas left the stall for several hours each day with Jerry, while he scoured Jug Alley, explaining to the residents the intents of the new mission, getting recruits for night school, Sunday School and preachment. He went with his heart full of love, his pockets full of little pictures and biscuits, and winning the hearts of little ones by his small gifts, and of grown folks by his simple, hearty speech, he got a good many to promise to attend to his various meetings. While going about in this way, he gained the appellation of "Daddy Twigg," from the children of the unfortunate quarter upon which he had had compassion.

And now, before this chapter closes, let us look on a goodly sight. On a Saturday, Thomas had taken down the tawdry, dilapidated sign, "LIKUR AND WIN BY PADDY MCKLURE," which had hung thus long, and breaking it into fuel by vigorous blows, he had given it to

a poor woman to cook her supper. Then came Sunday, the inaugural Jug Alley Mission room, and at evening, when up-town people were going to fine churches, Mr. Allston and his friends, and Thomas and Becky, with all the Todds, grannie, baby and all, went to the new mission room, and met there some fifty Jug Alley folks of all sizes, a dirty, wan, ragged, wondering crew, — and prayers were made, hymns were sung, and then the rejoicing Thomas, and all his humble friends, listened to Mr. Allston's preachment.

It must have seemed strange to see and hear those solemn, tender words in that room; strange to Mrs. McClure with her babe on her knee, and her children on either side; strange to the men and women who had drank and cursed and rioted in that very room. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Thus in Jug Alley "to the poor the gospel was preached."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OFFENCE OF THE CROSS.

AS the winter advanced, so advanced the prosperity of church services, Sunday school and evening school, in Jug Alley. Thomas had become so interested in his work among his humble friends, and found he could do them so much good, that he spent from four o'clock to six, every day among them.

During these hours he left the stall in charge of Jerry, and Jerry, virtually in charge of Dodd, who, sitting under the same little roof with Thomas's mercantile ventures, gave an eye to all that was going on. George was

getting quite steady; he could go about the streets alone, and though he might not yet be able to resist the fumes of a glass of his favorite poison, if held under his nose, was yet established sufficiently in good purposes to avoid temptation. Old Mrs. Dodd was flourishing in clean caps and dresses, and spent her time in talking cheerfully of the sayings and doings of her deceased husband, and in feebly meditating on what Scripture was read to her by Thomas and George. Under the vigorous administration of the younger Mrs. Dodd, the Oyster Stall by the wharf was quite decent and successful, and the nearest policeman had ceased to feel uneasy about it.

But now we must put on record a very pleasant circumstance about friend Twigg. From the day he began to give, and actively labor for the Master, affairs of business at the Corner Stall took, what is called, "a start." Trade increased, profits increased, and while

Thomas provided for himself as before, and took care of Jerry, and gave away as the Lord prospered him, he yet laid by as much as ever, the more he gave the more he got. He frequently spoke of this with surprise to Becky and George, and in his own odd fashion of counting fingers and strokes, and making on his slate scrawly figures like the tracks of a drunken spider, he went over his accounts of income and outlay, ever with the same result.

One day, however, sitting in his stall reading his Bible, while George, in his own corner was carving some chess men, Thomas cried out, "there, now, George, it's all as clear as a streak of daylight; give us an ear man, while I deal out what I've been turning over to in my reference Bible: 'He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack.' 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and that which he hath given will he pay him again.'

Do you take the sense of those verses, George? 'He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.' Don't that make all plain to you, George? I'll mention it to pardner this evening. Why, man, it's the Lord's appointed way of doing business; we give and it's like dropping seed into ploughed ground, we get a crop like we sowed."

So also Thomas explained his new light to Becky, and true to the mingling of old leaven and new, she replied, "Arrah, Thomas, but it's an illigant way of gettin' rich."

Not long after this, Thomas found Mrs. Killigan, one evening, very melancholy, and "sighing like a furnace." To talk her into cheerful interest in her fellow creatures, Thomas began to tell of a sick woman he had visited that day in Jug Alley; she had been ill of a fever, and had two small children who were wandering the streets as beggars.

"It's full time, pardner, that you were up

and doing for the Lord your Master," said Thomas.

"And what can I do?" asked Becky Killigan, groaning,

"You can do a power of good if you've a mind," retorted Thomas; "why, pardner, go to that woman, wash her face, comb her head, make her bed and tidy up her room. I felt when I went in there as if I wished you to work there for an hour. What a change might you make, pardner. Then there's more you might do: you could give her a thrifty notion or so, and make her muchly more careful than she is. And more'n all, pardner, you could just tell straight along what the Lord did for you. Tell justly how you felt and what the Lord did for you; it's the truth hit's home, pardner, not so much the larnin', though that's good in its place; but right out solid truth of the Lord's dealing, that's the talk for Thomas Twigg. There's many a hand's turn

you could do for the Lord, pardner, if you set to it."

"Could I?" said Becky, eagerly, leaning forward, her strong arms crossed on her knees; "are ye shure on it, Thomas?"

"That I am," said Thomas; "why not? Don't the Scripter say for its self that out of the mouth of babes the Lord perfects praise, and it ain't always the high and mighty and noble that are called."

"Och, but ye're lifting a load from me heart," cried Becky. "Shure Miss Stuyvesant came here to-day, and what is she goin' to do but to hire a Bible woman for Jug Alley. O hone, Thomas, when she set out before me how the Bible woman would go about from one house and room to another, reading and praying and teachin' and comfortin'; whin she told me how they did good to souls and bodies, I was fit to die that I couldn't do that good work meself. It's not the money, Thomas,

for I makes as much by me baking, but whin on Sunday I hear 'em holdin' forth about working for Jesus, and lovin' him, and livin' for him, my heart is breaking to be about it. Nothing else seems worth livin' for. What is Becky Killigan to be caring for herself and not laborin' for the kingdom."

"That's true," said Thomas, "we oughtn't to grumble at spending and bein' spent in the Lord's service, we needn't set out to say as how we can't do so and how, for fear we'll be tired or sick, or made poor; what did Jesus do for us? What do the saints say, but 'for thy sake we are killed all the day long,' and the killing isn't to be noticed if it comes in the way of duty, pardner. I don't ask no more nor no less than to do what the Lord wants of me; kill or not, it's all one to Thomas Twigg."

"True for ye," said Becky, eagerly; "but make it plain man, what I can do for meself."

"Have you any time you can spare for this work, pardner?"

"Troth, but I can spare two hours every day but Monday."

"That's what I spares," said Thomas; "and how much do you think Mr. Allston laid out to me that it was?"

"How can I tell; if it ain't two hours, what is it?"

"Why, pardner, in a year its three weeks, five days and two hours, more or less, if I ain't disremembered."

"That's illigant, intirely, Thomas, but what shall I *do*," said Becky, impatiently.

"Why, pardner, go about, I'll tell you where you're needed most, and show 'em how to be clean and savin'."

"Indeed, them's two things I know intirely," cried Mrs. Killigan, in a lively tone.

"Show 'em how to make the best of what they've got. Cheer 'em up, talk to 'em of

the meetings in our room. Make mention to Miss Stuyvesant of des'pret cases, and 'bove all, pardner, tell what you feel in your own heart of the goodness of the Lord. O, pardner, that's the gold key that unlocks shut hearts; it's the fire that thaws out icy hearts; it's the hammer that breaks up stony hearts; it's the medicine for sick hearts."

"Troth," said Mrs. Killigan, "but that's as good a preachment as iver I heard, Thomas, from Mr. Allston, or ere a man ov 'em all."

And now while the Bible women commissioned by good Miss Laura Stuyvesant, went bravely and faithfully about Jug Alley, Mrs. Killigan, not interfering with any other laborer, went about that helpless alley too; and while the little unfortunates there called our pie-man "Daddy Twigg," they called her "Mammy Killigan." She did a good work, and the Lord was good enough to let her seed time and grape gathering touch each other in

some cases, that she might be thereby encouraged, yet the "offence of the cross" has not ceased, and under gross ingratitude, under bitter revilings, under such personal assaults as stones and mud and gutter water cast upon her, Becky felt her Irish choler rise betimes, and was sorely tempted to use her brawny arms for other ends than the performing of her legitimate duties. Never the less Becky was helped not to render railing for railing, nor to commit assault and battery on any body, and so disgrace her profession, and Thomas, at home, made it plain to her that if she was not willing to bear this cross of contumely after Christ, she was not worthy to be his disciple.

"It ain't nater that Satan could see you fightin' his kingdom without his settin' in and fightin' you. You can't expect him to do less than kick a little mud and some bad names onto you, pardner."

"It makes me feel like fightin', me man," said Becky, ruefully.

"And what would that be," cried Thomas, briskly, "but turnin' right agin your own colors, and doin' justly what old Satan wanted. He'd laugh so loud at the advantage he'd got that I muchly believe you'd hear him, pardner."

"I shan't do it, then," said Becky. "I'll keep quiet as — as long as the Lord helps me."

"That'll be as long as you pray good and strong," said Thomas.

Those who oppose evil are unusually forced to suffer persecution from that evil; the offence of the cross never ceases. There were those among George Dodd's olden companions who took high exception to his separating himself from them, and taking to decent ways. Whenever they saw him they followed him with jests and jibes, and names which he need not have been ashamed to have applied to him, but yet as he knew they were used as reproaches, they disturbed him greatly. They called him

"long coat," "parson," "priest," "cold water," "Twigg man," and tormented him with being under Thomas's authority, or "tied to the apron strings of the old women." They offered to treat him, and invited him to go to "shows" and "rat fights."

Ono day two of them met George going home earlier than usual, and getting him by either arm they drew him down Jug Alley to a groggery such as McClure's had been, and shouting how glad they were to see him "himself again," and a "man like the rest," they ordered a glass of hot whiskey, and pushing him to the reeking bar pressed it into his hand.

No faithful friend, no anxious wife, not even Jerry, with voice of warning, or Maggie, with entreating eyes, was near.

In a dim corner of the vile shop, standing close to a smoky, foul lamp, a glass of gin in her big, shaking hand, was a coarse, bloated

woman. She wore no garments but a ragged petticoat and a dirty, torn sack; her hair, uncombed and rough, hung down over her shoulders, and about her purple throat was loosely tied a red cotton handkerchief; she looked the very genius of the wretched place; yet from this poor helpless creature came a voice of warning. She turned her blood shot eyes, gleaming yet with the frequent fires of the drunkard's delirium, upon George, and cried in a harsh, shrill voice,

"If I were as near bein' saved as *you* are, George Dodd, *I* wouldn't go back to ruin! If *I* stood where I could be somebody fit and decent, I wouldn't go down to the ditches agin, not I. Are you ashamed of daddy Twigg for saving you! It's a pity he ain't here now to keep his work from falling through!"

So many and such honest words had never been heard from drunken Jane before; they

roused what slumbering honor and goodness was in George Dodd; he looked about him on the haggard and bloated faces, the trembling, ragged figures, the bleared eyes of those who crowded about him; a vision of their beggary, their misery, their wild riots and their horrible frenzies rose before him, and putting down the untouched glass and clearing his way between his crowding tempters, he dashed out of the door and homeward through the keen, cold winds, and the rising winter storm.

It was a day or two after that he told the story of this escape to Thomas, giving Jane her due. Thomas had sometimes spoken to Jane, and tried to influence her, but without any success, but this story of George's gave him hope for the woman; he resolved to seek her out and try and reform her. He sought her for two days, and found her at last — but where? drawn out of the river from amid blocks of ice, her blue lips glued, and her eyes

staring stonily in death; stiff, still, forever undone; so he found drunken Jane, one of the wrecks that daily go down among us to infinite despair.

On one of those gray, chill, winter afternoons, perhaps it was March, but winter still, Paddy McClure came from the six month's confinement, to which he had been condemned, and walked slowly down Jug Alley; he had not a penny in his pockets, and was perfectly sober, preferring to get home and get drunk on his own premises. He was cleaner, stouter, straighter, than when arrested for assault and battery; his time in the penitentiary set apart from rows, and bound to honest labor had done him good. When he came to what he considered his own door he found it fastened, and the windows were closed with strong shutters and barred; the sign too, was gone. He struck the door with his fist; a small boy, a professed pickpocket, a sharp-witted little vil-

lian, who bore McClure ill will for sundry kicks and curses, dodged out of a cellar, crying, "hi, yi, what you doin' there!"

"I want to get into my house," said McClure.

"'Taint yours no more. Thomas Twigg hires it for schools and preachin', an' it's all furnished up, and"—seeing McClure was about to kick the door violently, he added, "you'd better look out, he's got some rich men to back him and they come there every week."

"Where's my folks?" demanded the man, doggedly.

"Reckon they're dead," said the boy; "got turned into the street, and the old woman's dead, and the children got took to the Home, an' your big gurl is bound out for her livin'," continued the remorseless urchin, drawing largely on his imagination.

There was a remnant of decent feeling in

Paddy McClure, not yet burnt out by whiskey. He had hitherto had some den he called home, and clung to it as the wild beast to his lair. He leaned against the side of the house a minute, looked about for a place to get a glass of liquor, but seeing none but that kept by his olden foe and rival, concluded to go to another street for whiskey, and, stumbling blindly along, dazed by the blow he had received, he plunged against a woman carrying a bundle of work, a thin, half-slatternly woman, the same who had used his sign for fuel, and to whom, when she was sick, Thomas had sent Mrs. Killigan.

"O, Paddy, are you out?" she said; "have you seen the old woman?"

"How should I?" asked McClure.

"Mebby you'd better not, she's better off without you. Jane's dead, bin drownded, and, where's them fellows got sent up with you?"

"Bill's sick, in 'ospital, and Dick's gone tramping."

"Glad of it," said the woman. "Bill's wife's taking in clothes to wash, and doin' pretty good at it, and Dick's woman is hired out to a restaurant; her chil'ren is put out to places. I'm doin' pretty good myself—so's your old woman."

"My woman! ain't she dead?"

"No, in course not, why should she die? She's living nice, and your big girl is out to place, and the boys goes to school, and the baby's grown like grass."

"Your chaffing," said McClure.

"No I ain't: she was turned into the street, the boys was sick, she hadn't a cent, they were crying with cold, and Daddy Twigg got 'em a room and work, and helped 'em amazing. It's all along of him them other women got above board, and he did all for me or I'd be dead afore now."

"Thomas Twigg, him as we thrashed and pounded!"

"Just him."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Go see," said the woman, tartly; "round in the street, No. 29, third floor, back; there, now, if them ain't your folks, and helped on just as I said, pitch me into the river."

She walked on with her bundle, and McClure, half convinced, followed her directions, though slowly, and just as it grew dark, stood before the door indicated. He was about to knock, but recognizing his wife's voice, opened the door; for a moment he was unnoticed. He had a full view of the room; it was comfortably warmed by a small stove with a coal fire. The bed and cradle were properly made, some cooking utensils stood on a box, by a pine table stood his two boys, while on one side sat their mother, with the baby on her lap. The family were eating their supper. The boys had mush and molasses, in blue bowls, the mother a cup of tea, and in the center of the table

stood a plate well supplied with good bread. McClure moved; the group at the table looked up, the little boys gave a cry of dismay and fled behind the bed. The mother rose; she felt somewhat like welcoming her husband, but she glanced about her comfortable room, and felt as if he brought desolation, then she checked the feeling, and went to meet him. McClure was softened by the afternoon's experiences; he greeted his wife cordially, called pleasantly to the children, asked for his daughter, and sat down to eat his supper. The family gained courage; the wife told of her prosperity, and her friends. "The boys go to school," she said, proudly.

"And to Daddy Twigg's Sunday school!" said one boy.

"And to Daddy Twigg's church!" said the other.

"Sally's got a new frock!" said boy one.

"And a new bonnet!" said boy two.

"It's all along of that good man, Mr. Twigg," said the wife.

Then there came a knock at the door, and on opening it, in came Thomas Twigg himself; when he saw Paddy McClure, he walked up, holding out his hand, looking him squarely in the eye, and saying,

"I'm glad to see you home, my man."

"Thomas Twigg!" cried McClure, "*you're* the last man I'd looked for this, from! You fed my wife and boys!"

"And why not if they needed?" asked Thomas.

"Didn't I set them on to pounding you, that time?"

"So you did, but I cared for your folks all the same," replied Thomas, looking him full in the eye, "but I haven't got done with *you*, yet."

"Well," said McClure, "if you want to have a reg'lar set to, have it; hit out as hard

as you ken, but I ain't the one to hit back after this."

"What I want of you is to take you square along to our temperance meeting to-night, a meeting in your old whiskey shop, man, and have you sign the pledge!"

"I can't write," said McClure.

"You can make your mark," said Thomas, cheerily.

"But"—said Paddy, "all the fellers will laugh at me."

"The idee," said Thomas, afterwards, to Becky, "the idee of *him* getting ashamed of doing decent, that wasn't ashamed to pizen his neighbors, and lie in the gutter like the swine."

What he said to Paddy that night was, "And this here woman, and these boys, will laugh too, a good, loud, happy laugh, too. Here's a home for you, will you drink it up?"

"No," said McClure, slowly. The coals of fire Thomas had carried burning as the wise

men promised. "No, Mr. Twigg, I'll go with you and I'll make my mark, and the man that sets out hereafter to pound Mr. Twigg 's got to pound me first — bet you a dollar."

CHAPTER IX.

HOLDING ON.

THAT was a grand temperance meeting in Jug Alley; grand not so much from force of numbers or from the power and intelligence of those who gathered to it, as from the fact of reformation that permitted it to be there at all. It was a grand thing that the old whiskey shop was turned into a room for the temperance lecture, that the whiskey seller put his *sign* manual to the "Total Abstinence Pledge," and the whiskey drinkers came out to listen and wonder, and some of them to sign also.

Mr. Allston made a speech, two gentlemen who came with him made speeches, Thomas Twigg got up to speak, and, unconsciously to himself and to the surprise of all who heard him, was eloquent, queer and quaint of language it is true, but eloquent because his words told, and stirred to overflowing the spring of laughter and the spring of tears that lie so near akin; when he finished, from some ardent admirer, in a corner, came the cry "Three cheers for Daddy Twigg," and the cheers were given with hearty good will.

When Thomas went home that night, Mrs. Killigan asked him to have prayers in her room, and George Dodd, hearing it, came in with his wife, and never did one read a portion of Holy Writ with more intense feeling than Thomas read the psalm beginning, "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Paddy McClure got work as a coal heaver

on the wharf; such hard labor might be supposed enough to work off any extra physical excitement, but less than two months after signing the pledge, Paddy McClure was arrested on the old charge of assault and battery. It was a good way from her house to Union Square, but poor Mrs. McClure dropped the blue overalls she was making, and went almost on a run to Thomas, whom she deemed her strongest friend.

"Oh, Mr. Twigg," she cried, wringing her hands, "help Paddy, or they'll have him in the 'tentiary for a year or two, this time, and him doin' so well; it will be the ruin of him, poor bye."

Thomas hurriedly inquired into the trouble, and found at what police station Paddy was, and bidding George mind the stall, he went to the same place and before the same "His Honor," where he himself had been tried after the Jug Alley riot.

The facts concerning Paddy were these; some of his olden boon companions had for some time been taunting him for his new temperance ways, and had sought by every means to make him drink; on this day five or six of them surrounded him and proceeded to extremities, holding him, throwing whiskey in his face, and so on. Paddy had always been a big, strong fellow, and his present business of coal heaving had tended to muscular development. Driven to bay, he turned on his persecutors and, striking vigorously right and left, he soon cleared the field, his foes ingloriously retreating with wounds and bruises.

Paddy, however, was arrested, and past experience taught him better than to resist the officers. The court looked on him as an old offender, and had not the honest, well-remembered face of Thomas Twigg appeared on the scene, Paddy must have gone to the Island. With Thomas to certify to recent good conduct

and temperance principles, with Thomas, who had learned from Mrs. McClure what witnesses there were to testify to the truth of the prisoner's statements, and with Thomas, valiantly ready to go bail for Paddy McClure, the accused was simply bound over to keep the peace, and was dismissed with a portion of good advice from "His Honor."

"Now, my man," said Thomas, walking away from the Police Court with Paddy, "you must learn to take railing patiently, and not to hit out when you gets mad. Can't you stand a little teazing or ill talking?"

"O, but it's tough to be flited and hooted an' made every manner of fun of, bedad," replied Paddy.

"As for that you ought to be proud to give occasion for such kind of persecuting," replied Thomas; "if you went on like the rest they'd not set on you, but what for a decent man would you be?"

"Shure I don't want to turn to dhrinkin' agin," said Paddy, "but it makes me ashamed like, to be sing'ler;" he turned away to go down to his place of work.

That evening Thomas and Becky were indulging in a little social chat, and Thomas was recounting Paddy's adventures. "It puzzles me," he said, "to see the way things work; folks ain't a mite ashamed to do wrong but they're mortal 'shamed to do right. Now there's Paddy, never feared to be a beast and make a nuisance of himself, went at it as brazen as could be, but here he is shamed enough of being sober and hard working. It's all of a piece, folk's ain't ashamed to serve the devil but they're put to the blush at thought of serving the Lord who made 'em. Shows mighty clear how muchly the world's gone wrong."

"Well," said Becky, "I might as well say the thruth and done wid it, I have them simple

feelings meself. Shure I'm tired of not knowing how to read, but I am getting Maggie to teach me, and troth I puts me book under me apron or under me pillow, if eve a body comes in at all at all. And shure whin Mrs. Dodd walks in, and me sayin' me prayers, I felt like a thief I did, now, Thomas. Indeed, if ever there was a crooked stick in the buildin' of glory it's Becky Killigan, an' it's the morning I says to meself, 'och, Becky, you're that crooked intirely the Lord will have to make a chimney corner ov ye, for ye're fit for nothin' else at all at all.'"

"Well, pardner," said Thomas, after a moment's meditation, "that may be as you say, but it's my belief that the Lord's a wonderful hand at straight'ning."

But here comes to our quiet study an echo from the outer world, and we pause a moment. One says that such tales as this we are so plainly telling are "interesting," and yet—

"we do not witness such results from acts which we ourselves or our neighbors may perform." This is a cry often repeated — and still, dear friends, what are you saying? Are such results as these, indolence, vice, drunkenness, self-serving, abandoned from the preaching of the gospel, old things passing away and all becoming new from Christian influence, exceptions to a common rule? Is not this the legitimate effect of religious life and labor?

No wonder that you *do not see* these things when you *do not expect to see* them! You must work with *faith!* Are you so working? are you toiling on in God's wide vineyard relying on his *promised* reward? Are you giving until you feel it, working until the flesh grows weary, praying in faith, *nothing wavering?* Ah, there is the key note of success; those who so work and give and pray, "shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

O, earnest, whole-hearted laborers, we appeal to you for confirmation of our words — we point to some of your sheaves. Was not the work of good constable Lyons, in "Battle Row," wider and more effectual than this of pie-man Twigg in Jug Alley? What can be said too much for the seed sowing and harvesting in the Five Points? Who will forget the work of one good woman in Rossiter's alley; look at the full sheaves of one Bible woman's harvest! Verily, great is the labor and greater the reward, for God has said —

"As the rain cometh down, and the snow, from Heaven, and returneth not thither again, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I sent it."

Be not faithless but believing.

But while we are thus discoursing and saying some things and leaving others unsaid, as

for instance, any mention of the Wynd Mission, the daily life of our friends about Jug Alley is being, as usual, filled up with plenty of work, and many little cares and pleasures.

Of these last was the stopping of a sleek, dandily dressed black boy at the Corner Stall, and at Mrs. Killigan's, and leaving at each place a small parcel in white tissue wrapping; said parcel being carefully opened, behold a glossy white envelope tied with a white ribbon, and embossed with a monogram so elegant that neither Thomas nor Becky could decipher it. They read the words on the cards inside the envelopes though, and gazed well pleased at the accompanying white box also tied with white ribbons, and containing a slice of wedding cake.

Thomas thought his cake too fine for anything but a "relic," but Becky told him he must take a taste for decency's sake; so he took the least possible bite, and gave Jerry

another, and then put the box with the rest of the cake away in a multiplicity of wrappings, and, for all I know, he has it yet, among his most sacred treasures.

"And so," said Becky, "Miss Laura ain't Miss Laura any more at all! Troth, I hope she'll be as happy, as Mrs. Allston, as she's been all her life, and as useful. Shure, if Miss Mary'll grow up as like her auntie as two peas in a pod, it's me will be glad ov it, for she couldn't be better."

"I don't doubt but what Miss Mary'll grow up just like, pardner, for the Scripter has it, 'train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

"Well, the blessed child, she's bein' trained up right, for it's not a week, Thomas, sin she went into Dodd's, with her nurse, taking the old lady a double gown and a basket of goodies. The old lady's feeble."

"Yes, she's feeble, is Mrs. Dodd," replied

Thomas, "and I don't think she'll live much longer. She's always been a weakly minded woman, but, as I read Scripter, the Lord is merciful and tender, and don't despise any. That's reasonable too, pardner, if you look at it, for if He took to despising any He might easy despise us all, for what's any one in comparison. There's a fine book I got of Mr. Allston, Pilgrim's Progress it's called, and it shows up how careful, like a Good Shepherd, the Lord is over weakly ones."

Old Mrs. Dodd was growing weaker, but as her bodily strength decayed her mind brightened up a little. She said one day to her daughter-in-law, "Well, Bridget, Pappy Dodd told me to hold on to the promises, and I've been holding on as fast as I could, and now seems as I hold on stronger and stronger, the Lord says, 'fear not, I will help thee,' and Thomas read me 'I will save thy children,' and I hold on to them, and he says 'come,'

and I think I've come, and he says, 'take freely,' and it's just what I want to do."

She asked her son one day, "George, have you put your name to paper not to tech no more whiskey?"

"Yes, mother," he replied.

"Well, now, George, just hold on to that; hold on to it and I won't feel onpleasant when I gets to glory and meets Pappy Dodd. I'll not fear to make mention of you, if I know your holding on to good ways."

Mrs. Killigan looked after Mrs. George Dodd's feeble ones, the old lady of eighty, and the young baby of two, but after a while the old lady got so helpless that she needed constant care, and Mrs. Dodd said she must stay at home and take care of her, but what would become of the stand on the wharf which was half their living. Thomas offered to sell George's small wares at the Corner Stall that George might go to the wharf.

"It's a bad tempting place for George," said the wife, uneasily; but here, with a sudden gleam of intelligence, the old woman spoke, "Let him go, Bridget; I want to know if he can stand temptation and ain't a-going to fall away any more, so's I can tell Pappy Dodd, for I know he'll ask. I want to be sure of George."

"I don't see as there's any other way to do," said the younger woman, still anxiously; she had suffered much from her husband's drunkenness, and now if he should fall back into the old, evil habit, how dreadful it would be; she was not so sure of him as to be willing he should be far away from Thomas Twigg.

Again the old woman spoke, mingling in her reeling brain the past and present, "Georgie, sonny, do you say your prayers?"

George stammered and hesitated.

"Speak up, sonny, don't be ashamed of it if you do, but oh, be afraid if you don't; you'll

surely fall away if you don't say your prayers, you will, sonny; folks can't stand alone, and they must ask the good Lord to hold on to 'em. *Do* you say your prayers, Georgie?"

George bent his head, and, touched by the words that brought back his childhood and this weak, over-fond mother's love, the man wept, and as she repeated drearily, "Georgie?" he replied, "Yes, mother, I will."

So as the fall passed away, and the winter came coldly on, she, whose life had long since passed into it's desolate winter, was going by evident steps to that fair land where sweeping storms of sorrow and chilling winds of disappointment may never come, and where they, who are weak and feeble-minded, are kindly welcomed and nurtured and dowered with the good things of the Better Life.

When for days she had been too helpless to leave her pillow, and it was evident that the end was near, Thomas bent over her, and

speaking loudly to reach her dulled senses, he said, "Do you know you are soon to die?"

"Well," she said, slowly, "I ain't sorry for that — I've been waiting — a long time."

After a while, holding out her wrinkled, trembling hand, she said, "Good bye, Georgie, the Lord's been good to me, many ways — I ain't a bit afeared — mind you get to glory, George, Scripter 'll tell you how" — and in a few minutes she was gone from among them.

The old lady was laid in her grave; it was a weary life well ended; they all felt that it was a thing to thank the good Father for, that she was buffeting the whirling storms of this life no longer, like a poor, faded leaf clinging to the branch beyond its time: all felt so but the baby, who missed the chattering occupant of the big chair, and made some pitiful complainings after "Grannie."

The mission room in Jug Alley was like the

"little leaven leavening the whole lump;" its influence spread through all the miserable tenant houses, from slimy, reeky cellars to stifling and leaky attics. Here was a man rescued from a drunkard's grave, there a woman taught to work and hope, there a child brought to school, an embryo pickpocket taught to read and make an honest living, and often neglected babies were, by the watchful Bible woman, gained for the fostering cares of the children's Home, or the Island Nurseries; but while these things encouraged some of the poor folks to hope for better things, and while the hearts of many of God's children were strengthened in seeing how he prospered the work of humble instruments, the adversary of souls and his like-minded servants greatly raged.

First there were rumsellers and inveterate rum-drinkers, who wanted nothing so much as liberty to kill and be killed in their own way.

Next came the zealots of Rome, who, hitherto, had given the cold shoulder to Jug Alley, inasmuch as there was there absolutely nothing to be extorted; but now that gospel light was beginning to shine, and Thomas Twigg was as a steady little lamp set by free grace in that dark corner, Rome, loving darkness, made haste to bring a bushel to cover up the "candle."

Up and down the Alley went a priest in black robes, and Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in black robes, too. The priest told the people "they must come to church and confession; they were living like beasts," and added that "to turn heretics was sure destruction;" Thomas Twigg was designated as an arch heretic, and "a true son of the evil one," and Becky Killigan was described as "a wicked renegade, lost, herself, who laid in wait for the souls of old people and children."

The priest visited Becky, bidding her re-

pent, and turn to the bosom of the true Church.

"I wouldn't do it for five hunder dollars," was the characteristic reply.

"Then you'll be excommunicated with book and bell."

"What is that?" asked Becky.

"Turned out of the true Church."

"Arrah," said Becky, "that can't be done, I turned myself out long ago; it's no place for me. How can ye turn out her as ain't in?"

"And it is delivering you over to the evil one," went on the priest.

"Hut tut," replied Becky, "I'd juist like to see you, or any other man in the world, do that at all at all. Don't the Bible say 'him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' and whin Becky Killigan's heart was broke intirely, and she went to the good Lord, do you think ere a one of you is going to cast her back to the burnin', if she *is* a crooked

stick. Faith, you aint, for Thomas read to me that the Lord is 'able to kape what is committed to him,' and that's Becky Killigan, sure and certain."

The priest had been dumb before the rapid flow of Becky's Irish eloquence, but now, as she paused, cried —

"The church casts you out, and will no more help you, forever."

"I want none of her help," said Becky, "so long as I have the Lord, and I ain't so much trusting to me holding on to him as to his holding on to me. Shure, I'd hold to that doctrine if it took ivery cint I have in the wurruld."

A similar effort at reconversion was made with the stalwart Paddy McClure, and with no more success, and a plot was quietly laid to make a personal assault on Thomas, and punish him for his meddling.

This plot was confided to Paddy McClure

by a brother coal heaver, who was too tipsy to know that Paddy was not "one of his boys."

The fact was, olden passions were strong in Paddy, and he really relished the idea of a melee in which he resolved to make his burly figure a shield for little Thomas Twigg, and "give as good as he got."

As Thomas left the Mission room on the evening of the proposed assault, Paddy took his place by his side, and whispering what was coming, said, heartily, "stick by me and don't fear 'em; I'll stand by you, and I'll hew 'em down like a scythe;" and he smote his arms around his broad chest, exulting in his strength.

"Hold on," said Thomas, "that ain't Scripter way, and I'll not be false to my doctrine. Keep your hands in your pockets, Paddy, I bid you."

"And is it Scripter to run, or to get pounded, man!"

"The Scripter is, 'A soft answer turneth

away wrath,' and 'leave off contention before it be meddled with;' and now, Paddy, I mean to try those words, and be you sure they'll come good."

"There they come!" cried McClure, uneasily.

"Where is the heretic? where is Daddy Twigg?" was the cry from a dozen voices.

"Here I am!" cried Thomas, clearly.

"And here I am, too," roared big McClure. "I'm bound to see fair play; what do you want with Mr. Twigg?"

"We'll bate him for a meddlin' hiritic!" cried the mob.

"Well, my men," cried Thomas, in a shrill, plain voice, "here I am, and now let the first man I've ever hurt or injured come out first. Here I stand to answer for the first ill turn I've done in Jug Alley."

"That's fair; come out," cried McClure; but not a man came.

"Where is the man I've ill-treated!" exclaimed Thomas, unconsciously emulating the challenge of Paul, 'where is the man I have not treated like a brother, in the fear of God.' I have gone about here trying to help you — and your women and children, and so I will, while life lasts."

"You've hurt me," cried one; "you're spoiling my trade!"

"It's Mic Fillin," said McClure, in a whisper, and called out louder, "Did ever he hurt you, but by trying to get your neighbors from hurting theirselves; and who got your baby buried!"

"Mr. Twigg did it; hooray for Daddy Twigg, he give me Jake a new pair of crutches! Hooray!" cried one, reering around with drunken facility.

"Give him three cheers and go home wid ye," cried McClure; "it's him as if a friend to every mother's son ov ye. Don't let ere a one set ye agin him. Three cheers, now."

The men gave one good cheer, and then, with a laugh, walked off, leaving Thomas and Paddy to go home.

"My way was the best, found it in Scripter," said Thomas.

"Scripter's a proper good guide I'll be bound," said Paddy.

CHAPTER X.

TAKING THE LORD AT HIS WORD.

THREE years have gone by. Let us go again to No. 27. Workmen have been busy at the lower rooms, and have fitted up one for a very comfortable shop; back of the shop some one has been white-washing and scrubbing, and in the room across the entry, from the shop, are Mrs. Killigan and Mrs. Dodd.

"Mrs. Killigan's cap ruffles are as stiffly fluted, as wide, and as white as ever; her dress is as clean, and one would think she had on the same striped apron as when we begun

this tale; she had just entered the room; over one hand was a woolen stocking drawn for darning, in the other her yarn ball and darning needle. She took a chair by one well-cleaned window; the other window was occupied by Teddy, tidily dressed, and occupying a high chair: his face looked as if he was older than four; his figure was much smaller than usual at that age; he was thin, large-eyed, sickly; yet had a contented look, marked on his slate as if his life depended on the curly-cues he was making, and by him, on the window sill, were two pots of blooming flowers. Mrs. George Dodd stopped, duster in hand, to greet her friend Becky.

"Troth, you're most in order," said Mrs. Killigan; "indeed, you look nice. Them curtains is very fine, and shure, that's an illigant bed quilt if I did help make it. And what a comfort it is to have new table and chairs and beds! how much might you have spent fixin' it all up?"

"Well, thirty dollars, with some bits we got for the kitchen."

"Troth, it's a mint of money, but it's well spent bein' decint and tidy, and making a home for the children. It's meself wishes ye well in your new shop; cash pay, good, honest dealings, and small, steady profits, them's my rules and Thomas's, and we've turned a pretty penny for it. And, Mrs. Dodd, which is iver sing'ler to me, but which Thomas says is no wonderment to him since we give a share, and give some of our time, why we prospers most amazing."

"Well, it isn't George who will drive hard bargains with the poor, for we knows what poverty is. It is a glad day to me who have toiled in cold and heat and storm, so many long days, and have been sore put to get a bite for the children, it is a glad day to me to have a room like this, and George able to set up a decent, honest, temperance shop, for the

poor folks about here. And, indeed I knows well he could never do it only for such friends as he's had."

"Yes," said Mrs. Killigan, "Thomas has been a good one to him.

"He'd be in a drunkard's grave, and me heart broke over him now, and it wasn't for Thomas Twigg," said Mrs. Dodd, earnestly.

"And there's that blessed child," said Mrs. Killigan, thus indicating Mary Stuyvesant.

"Indeed she *is* a blessed child. Not one penny of expense has Maggie been to us this three year, getting her books and her clothes from Miss Mary, and then the nice manners and idees is better than all; and to look at the sight of clothes and toys, and good things she's bought Teddy. When I see her many is the time I've said, there is a born angel without the wings, indeed!"

"She's like her aunt," said Mrs. Killigan; "niver in the wurruld did anything go to me

heart like having her sind them weddin' cards and cake to me and Thomas. Shure, it was the Christian spirit ov her made her think of it, for what to her were two such poor cratures as me and Thomas, saving she see in us two folks on the road to glory?"

Here Maggie came in from school with Mrs. McClure's hearty, barefoot, but clean and whole-clothed boys.

"When's your shop going to open, Mrs. Dodd?" cried one; "mammy says we're going to buy all our things at it; ain't you glad?"

"Tell Mr. Dodd to keep some crackers for the 'Fourth. I want 'em to shoot," cried the other boy.

"See the long head of the child, looking on two months!" said Mrs. Killigan, approvingly.

"Why are you so late, Maggie?" asked the mother.

Instead of replying, Maggie laid her head on the table and began to cry violently.

"Where have you been?" urged the mother.

"To Mrs. Allston's," sobbed Maggie.

"Shure, there's no crying matter in that, only ye ought to ask," interposed Mrs. Killigan.

"What did you go for?" asked Mrs. Dodd.

"I heard," sobbed Maggie, in much grief, "that she wanted a nurse girl, and, and — I wanted the place, and — she said — I was too little, and must go to school longer — but I want to go there, the baby's just like pretty Miss Mary, it is; and she's got Mrs. McClure's girl, and I wish it was me."

Here a fresh-faced girl of sixteen put her head in the door; she was neatly dressed, and her round, smiling countenance prepossessed, in her favor, every one who saw her.

"I'm going to live with Mrs. Allston!" she exclaimed.

"So Maggie says, and she's crying after the

place herself," said both the women, laughing.

"Don't cry, Maggie," said the girl; "do your best to grow and learn, and some time you shall go and live with Miss Mary!"

"She's only nine years old," sniffed Maggie.

"So are you only nine years old," said the girl, merrily, "and she'll grow as fast as you will; but I must run and tell mother, she'll be so glad; she grieved enough when my mistress went West, and now for me to go to Mrs. Allston's, will make it all up."

"She's a bonny girl," said Mrs. Dodd, as her youthful neighbor ran off.

"And Thomas Twigg's been the savin' of all that family," said Mrs. Killigan, with much pride in her old friend.

"Well, I pray he may be blessed on earth, and sure and certain there's reward laid up for him in Heaven," said Mrs. Dodd.

"You ought to step down Jug Alley," said Mrs. Killigan; "the health men have cleaned

out three or four cellars, and drained the street, and some other men have torn down those two worst houses, saying they wasn't safe no longer, and glad am I ov it, for as true as you're alive, me heart was in me mouth every time I walked troo 'em this three month. They've straightened up the pavin', too, in a place or so;" as she spoke, Jerry, a well-grown, lively lad, burst into the room without any ceremony, crying, "Here you are; I ran up stairs for you; I got let to come home for tea, from the stall, to tell you the jolliest news!"

"And troth what is it; are you runnin' for Congress, or is Thomas nominated for President?" asked Mrs. Killigan, jocularly.

"Oh, no, but — now *ain't* it good. Mr. Allston stopped by the stall, and told us how them rich ones, who've been helping here in Jug Alley, have bought, where the houses were torn down, for a chapel and school room;

they're going to make a mission of it, have an industrial school, and a night school, and Sunday school, no end of schools."

"Well, that's news, and good news, shure enough; happy is the day for Jug Alley; but," added the thrifty Mrs. Killigan, never forgeting the interest of that center of all attraction, the Corner Stall, "how's business to-day? doing well?"

"Yes, first-rate; we'll want pies and cakes to-morrow, and I'm to go down to the wharf, now, for lemons; and to-night I'm to make a load of taffy and mint stick·"

"And what does Thomas say to the Mission House?" asked Mrs. Killigan, her anxieties about the stall relieved, so that she could return to the first topic.

"Well," said Jerry, "he said this, 'he'd taken the Lord at his word, the Lord said, 'fear not, I will help thee,' and he'd taken him at his word and gone on for Jug Alley, and here the help was coming.'"

"True for him; could you find me that werse, Jerry?" asked Mrs. Killigan, reaching for Mrs. Dodd's Bible; she was very proud of her new accomplishment of reading.

"I don't know where it is," said Jerry, after a little search, "but I'll tell you what more he said: 'One never loses by taking the Lord at his word;' and he bid me keep it in mind."

"It's a good word," said Mrs. Killigan, "but run now to the wharf for the lemons, and mind you make a good bargain; there's many a Scripter about bein' diligent in business."

Meanwhile, active as ever, a little more wrinkled of face, and grizzled of hair, Thomas Twigg stood in the Corner Stall. It was about six o'clock, and newsboys and shoeblacks were gathering about him, eager for their supper, most of them having eaten nothing since breakfast. There were those called

"Times," "Herald," "World," "'Tiser," not the same boys as three years ago, for most of those had outgrown the business, and found other work to do.

Of all these boys Thomas was the adviser and confidential friend. "Times" confided to him how much he had put in the Saving's Bank, and "Herald" asked his advice about getting a home in the country; "'Tiser" was roundly reproved for selling papers on Sunday, and several Scripters, suitable to the occasion, were dealt out to him.

Here was a boot-black whose sick mother was inquired after, here another with a little humpbacked sister, a deformity, alas, fearfully common among New York poor, and to this little unfortunate Thomas sent one of his best cakes, a trifling gift, to be sure, but what a sunny ray in that poor little one's existence. To a homeless boy, new to the shoe-blacking business, Thomas heartily recommended the

"Boy's Lodging House," and, indeed, offered to take him there as soon as Jerry got back.

Thus daily was Thomas sowing good seed beside all waters; he found even in that humble stall, on the corner of Union Square, a wide field of labor, and plenty to occupy heart and hand, a fine commentary his active, useful life on those who have "nothing to do."

On a hot summer evening, Thomas went home, after a long day of standing in the stall, and two hours of labor through the stifling tenant houses of Jug Alley. As he came to No. 27, he saw McClure, and his wife, sitting on the door-sill of No. 29, and stopped to talk with them.

"Where are the childer?" he asked.

"They're gone for a walk, poor things, where it's cooler," said Mrs. McClure.

"I tell you what, Mr. Twigg," said Paddy, "I'm a big, strong chap, as can earn my living anywhere, and here's the woman could do

better at day's work, now and then, than at shop sewing. I've nigh made up my mind to walk off into some of the Jersey villages, and hire a bit of a house with a yard to raise our own vegetables, and engage work, and come back to bring the family. I've laid up forty dollars, and that'll make the move; tell us what you think of it?"

"We won't be worrited about the girl, when she's with Mrs. Allston," said the mother.

"It's a good plan, and you'd better follow it up soon; it will be better for you and the childer, only, wherever you go, take the fear of the Lord with you, and 'whatever you do, do it as to the Lord and not as unto men' — 'not with eye service as men pleasers, but with singleness of heart as unto God;' them's Scripter as nigh as I can recollect. Be sober and industrious. Here's another Scripter, 'Not slothful in business, fervent in Spirit, serving the Lord.'"

"Thank you, kindly," said Mrs. McClure.

"I'll go next week and look out a place," said the husband, decidedly.

Thomas went up stairs, weary but encouraged, and humming a hymn tune; as he went through the lower-entry, he saw Mrs. Dodd in her room, rocking her little sick boy to sleep, Maggie, making patchwork, at the window, and in the opposite room, a snug, tidy shop, George waiting on two or three customers, who had come for sixpences worth of soap, salt, matches, or tea. Up stairs, and in her room, door and windows open, sat Mrs. Killigan.

"Did ye leave the boy to lock up?" she asked.

"Yes," said Thomas, "I thought he would do well enough alone."

"And does he lock up safe, and bring things home in good order?"

"Yes, pardner, he's very trusty."

"Och, well, then, come in and rest in me big chair, Thomas, me man, you look clean done out; and ye must quit going to Jug Alley. Shure, ye're getting an ould man, Thomas."

"That's no excuse for quitting work," said Thomas Twigg. "When it pleased the Lord to convert my soul, I was bound out to him body and soul, to be his servant and do his work. He's never given me back my indentures, and I'm of the opinion that he never will. Indeed, pardner, don't the Lord justly say 'watch,' and 'blessed is the servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.' Not blessed is the servant whom the Lord shall find lying by from work, and saying, 'Lord, I'm old, and I'm tired, and I've done my share,' but him the Lord finds up and doing, and giving to all their meat in season."

"Seems to me it comes pretty hard on you, Thomas, and will wear you out," said Mrs.

Killigan, in whom nature continually warred, evidently, with grace, and often very nearly got the upper hands.

"No, 'tain't hard, for it's satisfactory, and if it *is* hard, we can't expect big wages without hard work, and I'm looking to big wages."

"And what may they be?" asked Mrs. Killigan.

"Why, pardner, if you puts your mind on these things you'd know yourself; it is a crown of life which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Killigan, with a sigh, "that is a price worth getting. But," she added, after a pause, "ain't it better to work easy, and save yourself a little, and not wear out."

"No fear of wearing out," said Thomas, setting his spectacles over his nose, and reaching for the big Bible on the table, a present to Becky from Mrs. Allston. "Let me deal you

out a Scripter on that head, pardner;" and turning to the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, he read, 'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and shall not faint:' there, now, pardner, ain't that a promise well worth trusting in; ain't it good just to take the Lord at his word, and go ahead whatever work the hand finds to do."

"Well, mebby it is, Thomas, you see into things clearer than I do."

"And now, pardner, don't you want to give them something toward buildin' their Mission House, round in the Alley; nobody has mentioned it, but I thought mebby you'd feel it a privilege."

"How much will *you* give, Thomas?" asked the wary Mrs. Killigan.

"I gave 'em fifty dollars, if it ain't breaking the right and left hand rule to tell," replied Thomas.

"Fifty dollars!" cried Mrs. Killigan. "Now, Thomas, that was too much for a poor old man; you'll miss it, see if you don't."

"I see I must deal you out another Scripter," said Thomas, with a sigh over the "old Adam," in Becky, and opening the Bible again, and holding it to the light, he read, 'Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or wife or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive *manifold more* in this present time,' (note that, pardner) 'and in the world to come life everlasting.' Now, pardner, *ain't* it best to take the Lord at his word on such a promise, to the vally of fifty dollars. I felt like giving every penny I had when I dwelt on that word 'life everlasting,' not that I could buy it, but just to show how I 'preciated it. But Mr. Allston said no more than fifty, so I give in."

"There was a long silence, the shadows of

evening gathered in the little room; at last Becky rose, took a key from under her pillow, opened her blue chest, drew from the bottom of it a long and well-filled black woolen stocking, and asking Thomas to light a candle, she deliberately counted out, in bills and coins, fifty dollars.

"There," she said, with a long, deep breath, "I've got just even six hunder, Thomas, and there's fifty of 'em, and may the Lord help me to give not grudgingly, but of a ready mind, as you've often told me."

We think our friend, Becky, was getting converted in "that big stocking."

What shall we say more? We know that they, whom God hath chosen, go from strength to strength, and every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

It may be that as the years have passed, friend Thomas Twigg is seen no more in the Corner Stall on Union Square, perchance he

has prospered unto the attaining of a shop, with Jerry for his confectioner; it may be he has gone where good men "Rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Early this morning the roar of cannon and the snap of fire-crackers awoke me to the consciousness that patriotic America, big and little, was celebrating the Nation's birth-day.

If the most that patriotism did to show its zeal, was to use unusual amounts of powder and Lager, our land would be poor indeed. The true Christian is the best patriot. Religion is the Palladium of our liberties.

Young friends, he best serves his country who best serves his God. Remember righteous men would have saved Sodom, and the Christians of America are they, who, by earnest labor and faithful prayer, shall bring down largest blessings from the King of Nations.

Many men have built in New York marble

stores and hotels, and palatial residences; many men have dowered public buildings, and beautified public grounds; but I hold him a truer patriot, a more useful citizen, who, moved by love to God and fellow beings, rescues men from vice and ignominy, and gives to the state honest workers who might have been outrageous criminals.

He who spreads gospel light, temperance, industry and education, even in one poor home, is better to his country and his native place, than he who sets on high a splendid piece of statuary, or rears a lofty dome.

To such, as Thomas, comes the good commendation, "He who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and cover a multitude of sins."