SALLE GAGNON

BIBLIO-
THÈQUE
DE LA VILLE DE
MONTRÉAL

MONTREAL
CITY
LIBRARY

823.89
T455re

71349

# THE REV. JOHN

AND A

# FEW PHILANTHROPISTS

CYRUS THOMAS

C. R. D.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE LIBRARY
Gagnon
VILLE DE MONTRÉAL

MONTREAL:
JOHN LOVELL & SON, LIMITED
1903

823.89
T455 no

ERRATA.

Page 11. line 13, for contended read contented.
" 113, " 27, " felt read left.
" 114, " 1, " replenish read replenished.
" 134, " 1, " to read of.
" 178, " 22, " forset read forest.

DOMINION OF CANADA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Entered according to Act of Parliament in the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by JOHN LOVELL & SON, LIMITED, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics at Ottawa.

C813.52
T455r
1903

71349

# INDEX


CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

A young bridegroom—His fear that he has not duly considered his circumstances—A glance at his life—His fiancee—The wedding—Commencement of the wedding journey.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 9

CHAPTER II.

The wedding journey continued in a waggon and through a new section of country and forest land—Tom Haggerty, stage proprietor and driver, entertains his passengers with wit and wisdom—An adventure with a bear and her two cubs.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 16

CHAPTER III.

A new character—He is much astonished at a new business secured for him through the energy and ambition of his wife.. .. .. .. .. 23

CHAPTER IV.

The Bethesda—A contract—A trying ordeal.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 27

CHAPTER V.

The Rev. Mr. Dawson introduces his bride to Mrs. Tillson, his boarding mistress. She decides that he has been captivated by a pretty face—that his wife is incapable, and too proud to associate with his parishioners—Mrs. Dawson soon rises in her esteem.. .. .. .. .. .. 32

CHAPTER VI.

Christmas—Christmas presents—Children of the Bethesda.. .. .. .. .. 40

CHAPTER VII.

A change in the management of the children—The effect surprises the directresses—The Annual meeting—Boys skilled in the art of self-defence—A street arab.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 46

CHAPTER VIII.

A new contract—Customs at the Bethesda—Mark's troubles with the drains and sidewalks.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 52

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Dawson's tact and judgment gain the respect and friendship of their parishioners—Her dread of getting in debt—A hungry visitor produces a famine in the household—John's two sisters visit him and May, and their experience and practical knowledge are of great assistance to May, at a time when it is much needed. 59

CHAPTER X.

PAGE.

Mark meets, at the Allan Steamship wharf, an artist who has just landed in this country with his wife and two children—He renders the stranger an act of kindness, and thus begins an intimacy which is fraught with important consequences to Mark—The artist meets an old and dangerous enemy—Mark visits his new friend, and while with him hears a startling story.. .. .. .. .. .... 64

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Horner, a directress, who complains to Mark and his wife that one of the oldest girls of their charge has committed the outrage of speaking to a lady's daughter on the street—A sudden disappearance—Sad and terrible forebodings—Langdon's body found in the Canal—A foul murder.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 73

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson have a remarkable ride.—Service interrupted by a dog-fight in the church—A ride on an ox-sled in midsummer—Our friends are startled by the collapse of a bedstead.. .. .. .. .. .. .. 85

CHAPTER XIII.

Another sad death—Two orphans admitted to the Bethesda—How vanity was squelched in this institution—Women who delighted in the arbitrary nod.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 98

CHAPTER XIV.

The wood bee—Mrs. Dawson offends several individuals because she objects to their smoking in her kitchen—"Uncle Sandy" effects a reconciliation—May's mortification and sorrow because she fears she has not cooked enough for dinner—"Uncle Sandy" again comes to the rescue.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 109

CHAPTER XV.

A baby girl—John's new house—his removal to Dexter—Narrow-minded parishioners—Ben Fogg and Kitty Gordon.. .. .. .. .. .. 116

CHAPTER XVI.

Intelligence of the children of the Bethesda—The school examination—Manner of indenturing —Tommy Radcliff's trials.. .. .. .. .. .. .. 125

CHAPTER XVII.

John gives Ben Fogg a chance to show his unique qualities—Fogg's meanness arouses the indignation of Aunt Kitty Gordon—Crazy Polly—Fogg refuses her shelter, and Aunt Kitty takes her in during a cold rainstorm.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 131

## CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE.

A boy, who had been indentured, arrives nearly frozen at the Bethesda—Mrs. Shendy comes a hundred miles to explain to the directresses why the boy was returned—A stormy meeting between her and the directresses.. .. .. .. .. .. ..... .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 138

## CHAPTER XIX.

A unique letter from an indentured boy to the matron, in which he declares he has learned the trade of "peelin' pertaties" and "tendin' baby," and solicits her intercession with the directresses that he may be promoted—A sadder case of indenture.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 151

## CHAPTER XX.

Polly's illness—Dr. Gibson gives little hopes of her recovery—Aunt Kitty's devotion to her patient—A wonderful change in her mental condition—Believing she is going to die, she makes a startling disclosure.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 156

## CHAPTER XXI.

The Rev. Mr. Dawson goes to Toronto to draw crazy Polly's money from the bank—Spotted by a notorious crook—His accomplices, one of whom the reader will recognize—The plot conceived.. .. .. .. 165

## CHAPTER XXII.

The great secret—The grand umbrella parade—Escapade of Jack—Miss Whitemore's horse.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 176

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Rev. Mr. Dawson thinks he will buy a revolver; concludes to trust in the Lord—A terriffic thunderstorm—Halt! throw up your hands—The fearful effects of lightning—Mike McCarty soliloquizes while he rifles the body of a dead robber.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 182

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The Upstones desire to make the Bethesda a happy home for the children—The Missionary Glee Club—Arthur and Annie Langdon—Arthur forms an attachment—Mrs. Upstone offends Mrs. Lovelaw—Mark receives a hint that he eats too many eggs.. .. .. .. .. .. .. 194

## CHAPTER XXV.

The death of crazy Polly—Ben Fogg's worry at Aunt Kitty's extravagance and folly—Astonishing account in a Toronto paper of the attempted robbery and death of a robber—Sensation caused by the legacy of crazy Polly—The new church.. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..

CHAPTER XXVI.

PAGE.

The treasurer—Her peculiarities—Mark finds it impossible to please her—She accuses Mark of making a serious error—He proves conclusively that she made it herself—Other instances in which she makes a great ado about nothing.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 212

CHAPTER XXVII.

A paragraph in a daily paper causes Mrs. Lovelaw to take the war-path—She reproves Mr. Hornblower for his apathy in the matter—A plan by which she and Miss Horner hope to oust the Upstones—Miss Horner reprimands the Upstones.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 227

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A stranger calls at the Bethesda for a boy—Mark learns with surprise and sorrow that he has come for Arthur Langdon—Arthur is indentured—His new home.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 236

CHAPTER XXIX.

Ben Fogg is highly offended with Mr. Dawson—It is learned that Fogg has returned from Montreal with a bright boy—John and May meet Arthur Langdon in church—Deep sorrow at the parsonage—Fogg's malicious interference rebuked by Aunt Kitty.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 249

CHAPTER XXX.

The directresses complain that the Upstones have too much company—Mark shows that they are actually indebted to him—Mark, by orders of the President, undertakes to show the children where each directress lives—Certain ladies fear the garden is ruined.. .. .. .. .. 269

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Upstone asks permission to entertain at the Bethesda for a couple of days a son who has long been absent, and is refused—The directresses receive a new recruit, who proposes to reform things, and begins with the school.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 282

CHAPTER XXXII.

Fogg, from revenge, induces two of his friends to join him in writing a most impudent letter to Mr Dawson—The friends relent, are ashamed, and angry with Fogg—The minister enlightens Mrs. Blake, one of his church members—His talk with Fogg in church.. 293

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Miss Blowhard displays her ability—Ned Hope and Fred Burdick make sport of her and Miss Marble—Miss Blowhard orders Mark to use her time-table instead of his own.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 306

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PAGE.
Arthur Langdon's experience at Fogg's continued—Work in the sugar orchard—He refuses to work on the Sabbath—Compels Pete Larocque to return the stolen syrup.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 315

CHAPTER XXXV.

Miss Blowhard piqued because Mark ignores her time-table—Several directresses make a demonstration—The boys illustrate Miss Blowhard's time-table—Mrs. Fernleaf examines the school.. .. .. .. .. 327

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Fogg becomes alarmed, meets Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Stone, and finds himself in a hornet's nest—He next tries to prejudice church members against John—John receives a call from a wealthy church, and resigns at Dexter.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 340

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mrs. Upstone receives a new order from the president—Mrs. Botheram shows her wisdom and authority—Her dog decamps with the children's roast—Mark accused of collusion with a farmer to rob the Bethesda.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 352

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. Lovelaw tries to provoke Mark to resign; offended again at a newspaper paragraph; seeks relief by sending the Upstones notice of their dismissal, and makes a woful mistake; she and Miss Whitemore examine Mark's school.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 365

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Pete Larocque commits a double crime, and contrives to have Fogg charge Arthur Langdon with gross carelessness; frightened by severe illness, he confesses his crimes and exonerates Arthur.. .. .. 376

CHAPTER XL.

Removal from Dexter—Trouble on the journey—A stranger comes to the rescue—The pleasant reception at Brownfield—Society here—A man of wealth, who is at the same time a Christian—More of Ben Fogg's covetousness.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 385

CHAPTER XLI.

A playground 12 ft. x 20 ft. in size, for 35 children—Jim Frost, governor of Costa Rica—The smoke nuisance—A wise and energetic committee.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 399

CHAPTER XLII.

Annie Langdon is indentured; her new home—The directresses reject Mark's claim to remuneration for leaving—They supply the

PAGE.

Bethesda with new carpets, table furniture and books, in honor of the new matron, Miss Breezygate—Mark consults a lawyer, and the latter writes a letter to the president of the Bethesda—The effect.. 409

CHAPTER XLIII.

Mr. Hornblower's interview with Mr. Fleetwood—Mrs. Lovelaw hears of her mistake in the notice—Terribly excited—Mr. H——tries in vain to cajole Mark—Miss Marble's grief and amazement to learn that Mrs. Upstone's morals are no better than Mark's—A wonderful dream.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 421

CHAPTER XLIV.

Arthur's vexations at Fogg's—Fogg receives a black eye—A trial before a magistrate—Fogg is furious because Arthur does not commit perjury—Fogg loses his case, and is fined for contempt of court—In a passion he strikes Arthur a cruel blow—Arthur leaves Dexter.. 436

CHAPTER XLV.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson are astonished by the arrival of Arthur Langdon —Their indignation on hearing his story. Through John's aid, Arthur obtains a position that fills him with gratitude and delight —A comforting letter from Mark Upstone.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 449

CHAPTER XLVI.

The president and two directresses call on Miss Breezygate, the new matron—Nearly paralyzed at what they see and hear—The Rev. John Dawson visits the Bethesda, and astonishes Mark with an offer which delights him—Mark withdraws his case against the directresses; but annoyances still continue—Miss Breezygate faithfully observes the orders of her employers.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 463

CHAPTER XLVII.

An invalid in the city of Buenos Ayres—The green-eyed monster—A spy reports—A chemist declares it contains arsenic—The invalid sends for John Henry Fulton—A terrible confession—Carl Diedrich again—Fight with a gang of desperadoes—Carl Diedrich's escape—A ride for life—Terrible death of the criminal.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 474

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Lizzie Maynes in Brownfield—She turns out an heiress—Mr. Fulton comes to Canada; finds Arthur and Annie Langdon, and provides for them—Mark first publishes the confession relative to the murder of Arthur Langdon, Sen.—Arthur in company with his uncle, Mr. Fulton, revisits Dexter—A wedding.. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..486

## CHAPTER I.

THE reader will no doubt regard half past five in the morning an unusual, if not an unseemly hour, for a wedding, especially when all the parties concerned, even the parents of both bride and bridegroom, had, with little reluctance, yielded their assent. Nevertheless, the wedding actually took place at that hour in one of the latter days of June, some forty years ago, in Blissville, a hamlet about fifteen miles from Toronto, Ontario.

It lacked yet an hour of the appointed time, and the view of distant objects was still obstructed by the dense cloud of mist that enshrouded the hamlet, when the door of the commodious cottage softly opened, and the bridegroom, John Dawson, stepped forth, and began with a quick, nervous step, to pace to and fro on the trellis-covered verandah.

He was a young man of about five and twenty, medium height, slim, high forehead, blue eyes, though the latter, as well as his hair, were rather darker than are usually seen in individuals of the same light complexion. The stern and somewhat sad expression of countenance which the young man displayed, as he walked back and forth at this early hour, seemed rather at variance with the cheerful air of one so near the consummation of such a happy event; and as his step quickened and his eyes beamed with intense, anxious, light, it was evident that even on his wedding morn, unpleasant thoughts were giving him unrest. The truth is, the courage of this young man began to decline as he found himself about to enjoy the fruition of the hope he had for so many months fondly cherished. Marriage with the choice of his heart, which he had for a long time regarded as the acme of earthly bliss, and pictured as the one thing which would give him a life of unalloyed happiness, now began to assume a sterner and more realistic aspect. The cares and expense which inevitably attend married life, began now, more vividly than ever, to unfold themselves to his inexperienced mind.

Let it not be supposed that these were matters he had never considered or discussed with the future partner of his life; but it was only at this late hour of his engagement that he feared he had assumed too great a responsibility for the circumstances in which he was placed; and when those circumstances are outlined for the benefit of the reader, we doubt not he will regard the fears of the young man well grounded.

John Dawson, or the Rev. John Dawson—as he was a duly ordained minister—had been reared in one of the midland counties of Ontario, where his parents had settled on a farm on their arrival from England, when John was but two years old. As he grew up

he displayed a strong predilection for books; and before he was eighteen he had avowed his determination to take a college course and enter the ministry. His father had been fairly prosperous since he came to Canada, but as he had two daughters and a son younger than John, for whom to provide, he was but poorly prepared to defray the expenses of the latter during his college course at Toronto. However, as both he and his wife were Christian people, and approved their son's ambition, and were, no doubt, a little proud of his ability, they deprived themselves of every luxury, and practiced such rigid economy that the money they provided, supplemented by what John himself earned by teaching a few terms, sufficed to meet his pecuniary necessities.

It was while pursuing his college course, that he formed the acquaintance of the young lady to whom he was now to be married. Her father, Thomas Lawson, was a druggist in Toronto, in the enjoyment of a goodly patronage, and the moderate competence he had accumulated through several years' devotion to his business, was sufficient to maintain his wife and two daughters in a style, which, though only very comfortable and respectable, his less prosperous neighbors would sometimes enviously pronounce luxurious and extravagant.

Two years before our story opens he had purchased a dwelling in the country, with a large garden and commodious stables attached, and here in summer he lived with his family, riding in his carriage almost daily to his business in the city.

It may have been that certain coincidences strengthened the attachment by which the two lovers were united. First, both were born in England, and, respectively, came with their parents to Canada when two years of age; but as the young man was nearly three years the senior of his fiancee, the periods of their arrival, obviously, were separated by a considerable space of time. Then, also, there was a similarity in the names, John Dawson and May Lawson, decidedly euphonic, while a still closer resemblance existed in their features and complexion, and it was often observed that two as good looking and intellectual looking individuals seldom were seen joined together in wedlock. May was nearly four years older than her sister, and naturally during those four years, when no other childish prattle enlivened the home of her youthful parents, she became the idol of the household. As if the hearts of parents grow in proportion to the increase of the number of their offspring, when another child came to the cottage of the druggist, it augured no diminution of the affection that had been lavished on the elder; no relaxing of the tendrils of love that bound her to their hearts. There was only an expansion of those organs, making ample room for the little stranger beside her sister, where she was tenderly placed to be guarded, fondled, and fostered forever. And thus the two sisters—the elder a blonde, the younger a brunette—cherished equally by

the parents, and cherishing for each other a great affection, never separated more than a week at one time, had grown up together.

Unlike many other weddings which are anticipated with joy by the families of the parties concerned, heralded with pride, and for weeks are the subjects of frequent and hearty congratulations, this was regarded with mingled feelings of fear and sadness, and was mentioned in the house of the bride only when necessity demanded. Not that there was any real objection to the marriage. The parents knew, as all parents know, that their children would in all probability sometime marry and have homes of their own; but Mr. and Mrs. Lawson had never looked forward to such an event as inevitable—one for which they must not fail to prepare. No, they were so happy and contended with the society of their children, that they forbore thinking of an event by which this condition of things would be changed.

It was not only a reluctance to lose the society of the daughter and sister that caused the wedding to be regarded with sadness by the bride's family, but fear that she was not strong enough, physically, to endure the new life awaiting her. We have said there was no real objection to the marriage now on the threshold of its consummation. This was true. It had been opposed at first, though not violently; but this opposition had ceased through the persuasive powers and arguments of the daughter, backed by those of her lover. It was rumored that consumption lurked in the family of the young clergyman, and parental solicitude for their daughter had made it certain to the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, especially the latter, that the insidious monster had marked the young man for its victim. The only ground for this opinion was, that his chest seemed flat and narrow, and that he was too pale for one of his age who enjoyed good health.

To these objections to the betrothal was added the too common one of a lack of means on the part of the bridegroom, to maintain his wife in the comfort to which she had been accustomed; and the fear that his salary, now very small, might never increase to a size which would enable them to live without the aid of friends.

John admitted that he was pale, but that arose from too much confinement, and a too close application to study; but he was well, his digestion perfect, and his power of endurance great; a walk of twenty-five miles in a day he regarded as a trifling feat. His classmates in college regarded him as quite an athlete, and though he could not boast a great expansion of chest, he was sure he possessed good lungs—a fact attested by a clear and powerful voice, whose volume would fill the largest hall in the Province. True, he was not wealthy, nor did he desire riches. When he gave himself to the Master's cause, he knew that he was devoting himself to a life of penury; but his object was to do good, not to hoard money; his faith preserved him from any fear, that he or any one depending on his labors for support, would ever come to actual want.

His arguments, of course, were unanswerable, and the last especially was a stern rebuke to the parents who had always before their children inveighed against the folly of those whose sole ambition was to accumulate property.

"How often mother," exclaimed May, "have I heard you quote the language of the Psalmist, 'I have been young and now am old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?"'

"Very true my child," was the reply, "and I have never doubted; I believe the Lord will provide for those who put their trust in Him."

All this had occurred some months before the marriage, and no word of opposition had since been heard; still, as the eventful day drew nigh, sadness at the separation and misgivings as to the hopes, determination and physical strength of the daughter, could not be repressed. The truth is, May was something of a heroine, as well as an earnest, consistent Christian. She had met and formed an attachment for John Dawson in the same way other girls fall in love; but she was glad he had chosen the ministry for his profession; indeed she would have preferred a minister to a prince of the realm. Ambitious, and determined, as she said, to do all in her power for the Master, she felt that she was highly blessed among women to be able to wed one whose life was given to a noble work. More than once she had expressed a wish that she might be a missionary among heathen in foreign lands, but now that she had an opportunity to become a missionary to the unregenerate of her own land, she would improve it; she would encourage and help her husband and do all she possibly could do.

If he were poor, so much the better, she would learn to practice self denial, and to endure privation.

She became enthusiastic in her mental pictures of the work she would accomplish in the secluded districts of Ontario. Not so sanguine, however, were her parents with regard to her ability to endure the unpleasant lot of a pastor's wife in the new settlements to which John Dawson had been assigned.

They had no doubt that she would make most earnest efforts to fill her place creditably to the church, her husband and herself, but she was inexperienced, never having felt the want of intelligent and refined companions, deprivation of servants, or of the hundred things that contribute to comfort in a well-ordered household. Since her engagement, she had sought knowledge in the art of cooking, and after sundry amusing mishaps felt herself competent to prepare any meal within the limit of ordinary cuisine.

It was not from any want of ability that the young minister had been appointed to this secluded locality, but from his strong desire and determination to go wherever duty called him. The older ministers of his church were all provided with pastorates, and of the half dozen younger ones available at that time, he was the only one who did not refuse to accept the position.

It was now a year since his acceptance of the place, and though he had found much that was trying to a person of refined tastes and delicate sensibilities, he had closed his eyes to everything save moral ills, and his deportment was marked by such deep humility and earnestness in his efforts to do good, that he soon became endeared to his rustic parishioners.

He had endeavored like an honest man to portray to the woman of his choice his exact position, and the place and society to which he must introduce her. He had not failed to assure her that with his meagre salary they would have neither servant nor horse, but that the latter luxury would be generously loaned to them, when occasion demanded, though horses were still very scarce, most of the settlers owning oxen instead. At this rather gruesome picture she had only laughed, and exhorted him to think of the delicate ladies who had gone with their husbands to heathen lands to be separated perhaps during the rest of their lives from society, friends, and all the enjoyment to which they had been accustomed. As for servants, she considered them a greater plague than profit; she would much rather do her own work than have one.

"Never you fear for me, John," she said: "my chief anxiety will be for your comfort; and I hope I can take care of our cottage and cook so that you will be satisfied. At all events, I shall try."

"You may be sure," he answered, "that I shall not only be satisfied, but delighted with whatever you do."

And thus his fears were dispelled, and henceforth, he looked forward with complacency and happiness to their union.

But now, when first introduced to the notice of the reader, fears and misgivings from which he had long been free, seemed once more to possess him. But he had not slept a moment during the previous night, and was, no doubt, suffering from that depression of spirits, usually experienced in the absence of "tired nature's sweet restorer." The sad countenance of Mrs. Lawson when he met her on the preceding evening, and the remark that she feared May was assuming a great responsibility for one so unacquainted with the world, also disturbed his sensitive mind, and led him to a more serious consideration of his circumstances.

Had he not been too hasty and selfish after all in asking her to share his fortune? True, he had kept nothing back, and had tried to give as true a picture of what awaited her as possible—all of which she had treated lightly, assuring him that the life he had portrayed would be rather a pleasures to her than otherwise.

He pondered, the question as he paced to and fro, but as it was now too late to mend matters, he wisely decided to trust in the good sense and pure heart of his wife, resting his faith in God to keep and guide them both.

The wedding was to take place at this early hour for this simple reason. It was four miles to the railway station from which the

married couple would ride four hours by train. At the end of that journey, twenty-five miles still lay between them and their destination, which distance was to be traversed over a new, half-finished road, in a heavy, rudely constructed express wagon. In order to accomplish as much of their journey as possible by daylight, it was necessary to obtain an early start, and as the bridegroom must be back to the scene of his labors as soon as possible, to meet certain week-day appointments, it was decided that the marriage ceremony should be performed in time for them to take the early train, which left the station at 8 a.m.

There were but three or four guests at the wedding besides the bride's family—young and intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom, who had come from the city the day previous. One of these had suggested, late in the evening, that, instead of retiring and being at the discomfort of rising so early, they should continue their visiting and merry-making till morning, which suggestion met a hearty approval. It was at the close of one of their merry games that the bridegroom found an opportunity to slip out to the verandah, where we have seen him, unobserved by the rest of the party, to obtain the tonic effect of the cool morning air, as well as to take a mental survey of his position.

As weddings are so often described in books now-a-days, that it would be egotistical in us to imagine we could so describe this one as to interest the reader, we shall not bore him by attempting it. We will venture to say, however, in the sterotyped manner, that the bride looked very pretty in her elegant, well-fitting dress, that the bridegroom looked equally fine in his new tailor-made suit, with his clerical air, that the affair passed off pleasantly, and that the presents, though not numerous, were appropriate and very fine.

We shall also refrain from attempting to repeat the many things that were said by the happy couple, as nestled beside each other in the seat, they rode on, indifferent to the scenery past which they sped, and unconscious of the fact that they were the cynosure of the travelers in that particular car. Then, as in these days, the fact that a couple have just been united in marriage would be discovered and telegraphed from one to another by knowing smiles and sly winks, try as the bridal couple might to conceal the fact, and circumspect and dignified as might be their deportment.

To be exact in our record, however, we shall have to admit that the journey by rail was little more than half finished when both our friends were extremely drowsy, and fifteen minutes later the bridegroom was in the land of dreams. Fortunately, Mrs. Dawson was not one of the suspicious and jealous daughters of Eve, otherwise unpleasant results might have followed. She might, even then, have awakened him to accuse him of indifference, of a sad lack of affection for her, even great disrespect, when he could go to sleep in her presence, after only three hours of married life. No, she was prompted by a far wiser and more Christian spirit.

"Poor fellow," she mentally exclaimed, "I know that he needs rest; last night he obtained no sleep, and the night before, he tells me, he slept but two hours. No wonder he cannot keep his eyes open. I am glad he has this chance to rest; and I will not disturb him." She also resolved that she would refrain from sleeping, and, especially, since she feared, like all women little accustomed to travel, that they might be carried past their station.

She had learned the name of the last station before reaching Buxton, where they were to stop, and when this name was called out by the conductor, she awakened her husband that he might be in readiness to debark.

The station at Buxton was a small structure, more than a mile from the hamlet for whose accommodation it had been built, and adjacent to a large forest which stretched away northward for miles in the direction the travellers were to go.

## CHAPTER II.

THE sun had now reached the zenith, and was pouring down its heat as intensely as is its custom during the long days of a Canadian summer, constraining man and beast to flee to some shady covert.

May would gladly have found rest here for a few hours, either in a private or public house, had such an object been near, but she cast a grateful look towards the forest, glad that during the rest of their journey, they would enjoy the benefit of its friendly shade.

They were informed that it would be an hour before the stage in which they were to take conveyance would start, and learning that there was a spring of delicious water at the foot of a large maple, a short distance from the station, they took a well filled lunch basket and a cup, and repaired thither; and there beneath the widespreading branches of this noble Canadian tree, they quaffed the crystal water, and enjoyed a repast that would have gladdened the heart of an epicure. Much refreshed, yet far from being sufficiently rested to enable May to endure the tiresome ride before them without excessive fatigue, they returned to the station. Their baggage was securely strapped on the rack at the rear of the stage, which, as we have said, was a rough, heavy, express wagon, and, as only the front seat afforded a back of sufficient height to support with any degree of comfort, those occupying it, it was decided that the lady should be placed on this beside the driver; and that her husband and another male passenger should occupy the seat in the rear. The horses, though not of Arabian style and beauty, possessed more flesh and spirit than are usually displayed by country stage horses, and the lively trot with which they performed the first mile or more of the distance, seemed to promise a reasonably short termination of the journey. But further trotting on the road except for a few yards, at intervals of perhaps two or three miles, was out of the question. Roots, stones, sidling places and frequent holes, into which the wheels on one side would sink, to the great danger of upsetting the wagon, rendered rapid progress impossible, and turned Mrs. Dawson's anticipation of enjoyment of viewing the scenery, into anxiety for the preservation of life and limb.

She was amused, too, by the conversation of the stage-driver, Tom Haggerty, who, it may be said, was proprietor as well as driver, and had a contract with the Government for conveying a semi-weekly mail between Buxton and Greenvale whither they were going, and where the young minister intended to live with his bride. Haggerty also lived at Greenvale, and, of course, was well acquainted with Mr. Dawson, whose services he attended—when he attended any—and whom he claimed both to admire and respect.

Tom, therefore, felt highly honored at having Mrs. Dawson seated beside him during the long ride, and felt bound by all the laws of courtesy and chivalry to entertain her to the best of his ability.

There was little cessation in his shower of words during the entire interval that they were travelling, in the course of which he expatiated on the good effect of her husband's "praychin" in Greenvale, gave a history of the different families living there, cautioned her to beware of the "soft ways" and "winnin' smiles" of the only trader in the place, who, he had "niver a doubt, would chate his own mother, and make Judas blush with his knavery."

Tom did not add that his antipathy arose from the fact that Mr. Ford, the merchant, who was also postmaster, had found fault with the lax way in which Tom had performed his duty as mail carrier, in consequence of which he had been reprimanded in a letter from the Post Office inspector.

Tom also waxed eloquent on the joys of the married state; backing up his statements with frequent references to his own happiness and success in business since the day that he was united to Kate Doherty.

"Moind yees, Mrs. Dawson, I'm not saying but what me and the old woman have now and then a fracas, but man alive, what does that signify? Sure we niver lay the matter to heart; indade, I think we love all the better for it."

How many more of the events of his married life Tom might have disclosed it is impossible to say; but just as he had finished the last gratifying remark, all were startled by the following exclamation from Mrs. Dawson.

"Oh mercy, Mr. Haggerty, look at that."

And looking in the direction indicated by her finger, a large bear, followed by two cubs, was seen slowly trotting towards the road which they would cross, at a point about a hundred yards in advance of the team. The horses, too, discovered them at about the same moment, and halting, with heads erect, they sniffed the air with signs of the most lively apprehension.

"The dirthy bastes," exclaimed Tom, "an' I wouldn't wonder if she's the same ould lady that last fall ate and deshtroyed more than the half of my two acres of corn after I'd cut and put it up in stooks as fine as iver ye laid eyes on. Indade maybe the cunning old brute is taking her young ones around now to show them the best fields, with a chance that they may take a hand in the business next fall."

"Hold on a minute," exclaimed the passenger sitting with Mr. Dawson, as he jumped from the wagon and proudly held up to view a good sized pocket revolver. "We'll have a little fun with the old lady. I've shot more than twenty bears in Californy and the Rockies."

"Man alive, don't be making a fool of yourself with that pop gun," exclaimed Tom.

But the American horse buyer, for such he was, was already some distance away, running in a line diagonal to that pursued by the bears, with the design of meeting them in front.

"Blast the consate of these Yankees;" mind yeez it's fun enough he'll have before he gets back," and Tom scowled in disgust that his advice had been so lightly esteemed.

"I could have loaned him a thing that might have been of some good with the baste if only he'd mentioned it," and Tom stooping down unlocked a narrow box at his feet, and taking therefrom a short double-barrelled rifle, displayed it triumphantly to the passengers. "I may as well keep it handy," he said, "till we see this fellow that's killed twenty bears, safe in his sate again."

By this time the American was nearly out of sight, running among the trees; and as there was no underwood to impede his progress or obstruct the view, he could be seen at quite a little distance. He was short and corpulent, well dressed, and over his dark suit, wore a long linen duster.

Less than five minutes had elapsed from the time he left them, when the faint report of a pistol met their listening ears. Another, and then another, and the last had scarcely died away, when their friend was descried running towards them as if—to use a somewhat hackneyed expression—Beelzebub were at his heels. On he came, and soon the motor of his locomotion was discovered in the shape of bruin about fifteen yards rearward.

"Sure, he's a man of his word; was'nt it a little fun he promised us?" said Tom, and his face lighted up with a broad, sarcastic grin. Nevertheless, he rose, proudly cocked his rifle, and stood in readiness to save the life of the offending traveller at the moment the folly of neglecting Tom's advice had become sufficiently impressed on his mind.

The eye of the man had taken in at a glance, the means made ready by Tom for his rescue, and, like a man struggling with nightmare, he attempted to shout "Shoot! Shoot!" but alas! his overtaxed lungs would not respond to his efforts; and emitted, instead of a shout, an agonized whisper that could not have been heard three feet away. Tom stood erect in the wagon, having handed the reins to Mr. Dawson, who found it no easy matter to hold the frightened horses, as they, too, had obtained a sight of the objects causing all this commotion. The man was now within five yards of the wagon, his eyes protruding from their sockets, puffing like an engine from his exertion, while his linen duster stood out behind almost at right angles to his body. Bruin, though nearer to him than when they started, was still seven or eight yards in his rear, so that Tom felt sure of hitting her without danger to the man. Unluckily, just at the instant he was about to pull the trigger,

a dry limb cracked beneath the foot of the fugitive, which caused the terrified horses to jump, and just then the report of the gun, followed by a sharp scream from Mrs. Dawson, who was clinging with desperation to the back of the seat, redoubled the fear of the horses as well as their speed, and they dashed onward at a rate which threatened annihilation to everything before and behind them. Poor Tom, the sudden start of the horses, just as he fired, sent him headlong over the seat, leaving his heels above its high back, where his head should properly have been, and in imminent danger of doing serious damage to the hat and head of his fair traveller. But he was resolute, and quick to act in an emergency, hence, he was soon in his proper position, and his temper being somewhat ruffled by the humiliation he had suffered through the conduct of his horses, he snatched the reins, set his teeth, braced his feet, and gave a pull that set the animals on their haunches and brought them to a sudden stop. They had run several rods from the place of starting, but as the road here was comparatively free from obstructions, no damage was done beside the severe shaking up and frightening of the passengers.

But where was the other passenger all this while? All looked back, and seeing him approaching at a more leisurely gait, and no bear in sight, they sat still and waited his arrival. The truth is that bruin, frightened by the sight of the team and all the noise that at that moment occurred, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, betook herself to the woods. The object of her wrath, glancing over his shoulder to see the effect of the rifle shot, discovered, to his great joy, that she was rapidly retreating, and with the hope that she was severely wounded and would die, he could not forbear visiting the spot where she had stood to see if there were any traces of blood. To his gratification he discovered a few drops on the dry leaves, and what gratified him still more, he saw that her path where she had followed him was marked by similar spots, thus indicating that they flowed from wounds inflicted by his revolver.

He took off his high felt hat to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, when he was startled to discover that it contained two clean cut holes, just about midway in the height of the crown. At first he was frightened, but we are sorry to say that his fear and gratitude at his escape soon turned to anger as he gazed at his hat.

"Blast that Irishman," he exclaimed, "Did he shoot at me instead of the bear?"

Now that all danger seemed past, Tom's good nature returned; and as the American, still puffing, but far less violently, drew near, Tom called out,

"And is the little fun you promised us done now?"

The horse buyer was still too much out of breath to make an immediate reply, but after clambering to his seat, he managed in a wheezy voice to say:—

"I guess it would be, and I should have been done too, if you'd shot agin," and taking off his hat, he pointed to the two holes in the crown. All were startled, and Tom especially; for beside his narrow escape from shooting the man, he had destroyed the passengers' high opinion of his great marksmanship, of which he had boasted, and his face turned very red. But, like the true Celt, ready in wit and fertile in resources, he feigned ignorance of the fact and exclaimed:

"Man alive, what a fall ye had. It's lucky the nasthy stub didn't strike yees in the face. But did yees mind, whether I shot the baste dead; for if I didn't I might just sthep back and give her the bullet in the other barrel."

Now this was rather more than the Yankee could stand. A look of unutterable disgust at Tom's stupidity gave place to a smile of scorn, as he replied,

"Well, all I've got to say is, if you're going to shoot agin in these woods, I want time to climb a tree or git into that culvert out there."

As a laugh that could not be repressed broke at this moment from the minister and his wife, Tom seemed disconcerted, and pulling out his ancient looking watch, apparently surprised at the lateness of the hour, exclaimed,

"Well, well—It's too late now to be spendin' more time, and as the ould baste is dead, no doubt, I'll drive on."

For the next half hour there was a marked decrease in his loquacity, as he confined himself to answering the various questions asked by his lady passenger, which, to his gratification, had no reference to bears or the event which had just occurred. Mrs. Dawson, though listening respectfully to Tom's words, managed also to catch the greater part of the conversation of those in the next seat.

For a short space of time Mr. Dawson also had to perform the part of listener, while his companion detailed the account of his encounter with the bear; relating how at his first shot the cubs had scrambled up a large tree, while the old bear had sat down on her haunches, snarling and showing her teeth; at the second shot she was in the act of bounding towards him, while the third was fired just as he turned to flee, and which he had no doubt might have missed the mark, though he was sure that the other two did not.

When the sun had nearly sunk to the Western horizon, and the air began to feel cool and damp, and objects in the forest grew dim in the deepening shadows, the travellers arrived at a long stretch of marshy ground, covered by a dense growth of cedar, fir and tamarac, interspersed with brown ash and hemlock. Across this marsh, for a distance of three miles, had been constructed a causeway of logs, or a road usually described as corduroy. Here began the most trying part of the journey for poor May, who was

already nearly worn out, and would no doubt have fallen asleep had it not been for the uneven nature of the road, which caused such a rapid succession of jolts that she was in constant fear of being thrown from the waggon. The wheels would sometimes roll on for several rods over a surface comparatively smooth and level, when suddenly they would be jerked upward by a log rising above its fellows, only to be let down on the opposite side with a thud and jar that seemed to send all the organs of the thorax to the lowest part of the stomach.

"It's fine for indigestion ma'am," observed Tom, as the wheels passed over a log of unusual altitude.

"Quite possible," exclaimed May, "if one has strength to live through the treatment."

"Oh, but this is nothing; an' I wonder what ye would say should ye be passin' this way in the spring or fall, when the mud is knee deep, an' it's that cold that ye have to be walkin' on foot half the time to kape the blood from freezin' in yer body. Many's the time"—

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed the American.

"Oh it's only the wolves beginnin their wake," answered Tom. "Mayhap ye'd loike—"

Tom stopped abruptly. He had intended to say "Mayhap ye'd loike to go after thim with yer pop-gun," but the thought of the cutting reply this speech might provoke, caused his remark to be changed to—

"Mayhaps ye'd like to hear of some of the antics of these brutes since I've lived in Greenvale."

All expressed their desire to hear, and for more than an hour Tom regaled them with numerous tales of the losses settlers had sustained from these marauders, the narrow escapes from them of many individuals, himself among the number, when travelling this same route, guided only by blazed trees. All this, of course, occurred in former years when wolves were much more numerous and bolder.

It was now quite dark, although the stars were glimmering brightly in the firmament, and Tom lit the large lantern supplied with a reflector, which was fastened to the dashboard of the wagon. They had crossed the causeway, and thenceforward, till they emerged from the forest, May, in a dreamy semi-conscious condition, watching the thicket of branches on either hand, dimly seen in the rays of the light, and seeing the countless fire-flies above and around her, fancied herself in some far off delightful place. The clicking of the horses' feet on the stony ground, and the sound of human voices grew more and more indistinct, till at last she was insensible to all her surroundings in profound slumber. She had placed a shawl on the back of the seat on which she sat, and on this

she rested her forehead, so utterly exhausted, she felt that an earthquake could not prevent her from sleeping.

It was one o'clock in the morning when they arrived at Greenvale. The stage stopped at the door of a good sized and respectable looking block house.

## CHAPTER III.

In the month of December following the events narrated in the preceding chapters, a man about fifty years of age sat in the office of a popular hotel in Montreal, apparently absorbed in thought. The clerk handed him a letter, which, after a glance at the address, he quickly opened and read. It ran as follows:

Loontown, Ont., Dec. 15, 186.

My Dear Mark: Although it is but three days since I wrote you a long letter, I feel that the business which now impels me to write you, is of sufficient importance to require our immediate attention. I beg that, instead of feeling displeased at what I have done, or laughing and calling me foolish, you will give the matter your serious consideration, and ask yourself whether, in our present circumstances, we can do better than accept the position which is now offered us.

I say this, of course, on the supposition that you have not yet realized the fruition of your hopes, consequently, are still without permanent, profitable employment. But to explain. You may possibly have heard that the superintendent of the "Bethesda-Home for Children" in Montreal died a short time since. In consequence, his wife, who has been matron of the Institution has resigned her position, and the directresses have advertised for another, or man and wife, to act as superintendent and matron. I will now confess to you that I applied for the position for your worship and myself, two days before you left home, but from the fact that I had little faith in the result of my application, and feared, moreover, that you might be offended on account of my taking such a liberty, without first consulting you, I never mentioned the subject, and presumed it would never be necessary to do so. To my great surprise and joy, however, yesterday, I received a letter from Mrs. Lovelaw, secretary of the Bethesda, requesting you and me to meet the directresses at their Council Room, at 2 o'clock on the 17th, inst., and if we can then agree as to terms, we shall be engaged. With the above letter I also received one from cousin Kate Pomeroy, whose husband, you know, is brother to Mrs. Baxter, one of the directresses. Kate writes me that Mrs. Lovelaw having learned that Mrs. Baxter knows something of us, asked her a great many questions respecting our ability, social status, religious views, personal appearance, et cetera, all of which questions I conclude were answered favorably for us, otherwise we would not be offered the situation. I forgot to say, however, that Mrs. Lovelaw's letter assured me that the fact mentioned in my application for the posi-

tion, that we both, in former years, had had much experience in teaching, was our strongest recommendation for the place—the ladies thereby concluding that we have had much experience in the management of children. Cousin Kate is very anxious we should obtain the position—not only, she says, to have us near her, but because she believes it will pay you better than any business you have had recently. She says Mrs. Baxter told her she thought, but was not quite certain, that the salary of the superintendent and matron, besides the board of themselves and family, is $1,000. "And then," she adds, "think of the fine chance you will have to educate Tom here in Montreal without the expense and trouble of sending him away from home to College." "John and I," she continues, "have also talked much of the great opportunity you and Mark will have to do good in the Bethesda. The poor little waifs need only such firm, kind, and intelligent guardians and instructors as I know you and Mark will be, to develope into moral, bright and useful men and women. Tom, as you will see from his letter herewith enclosed, is nearly wild at the prospect of living in Montreal, and I trust you will not try to resist the strong appeal the poor boy makes to you. Lizzie, too, is quite elated with the prospect of going to the city and says, 'Tell Uncle Mark he may regard me as the third member of the family who very earnestly and humbly petitions him to go.'" But, my dear husband, I confess that I am not a little nervous and frightened, when I realize that I shall have to go to Montreal before receiving a reply to this letter. However, if on arriving there, I find you have already secured a more lucrative position, I shall, of course, enjoy a short visit with you, and then return home. I shall have to take the 7.30 a.m. train on the 17th, in order to meet the directresses at the appointed hour, hence, shall arrive just in time to dine with you before going to the Bethesda. Do not fail to meet me with a cab at the station.

Ever yours,

MAGGIE.

Mark Upstone had barely finished reading the above letter and the one from his son Tom, when he sprang from his seat, exclaiming to himself, "Good heavens, to-morrow is the 17th!" and then—as if to relieve his excited feelings—he rushed into the street, and began walking at a most rapid rate up one street, down another, and through unfrequented lanes, until, at the expiration of an hour, he found himself at the door of his hotel again, fatigued, perspiring, and in a much less hostile frame of mind toward himself and all the world, than he was when he started. But we must now give a brief biographical sketch of the individual whom we have thus abruptly introduced to the reader. Mark Upstone was a native of Massachusetts, and the son of a clergyman, who removed with his small family to Western Canada when Mark was only five years old, and

settled in the village of Loontown, not far from the St. Lawrence. Here Mark received a thorough scholastic training in the common School and Village Academy, till the age of sixteen, when he went to Boston and continued his studies for two years in a flourishing Seminary, of which his uncle, on the maternal side, was principal. After graduating at this institution, he became one of the teachers in it till he reached his majority, when he accepted a position on the editorial staff of one of the large dailies. Three years afterwards, on account of declining health and the death of his father, he returned to Loontown, and, for a year or two, sought physical vigor in the care of a twenty acre farm. This, which was in a good state of cultivation, with good buildings and a thousand dollar life policy, was all his father had left his family. Mark's next step was to accept the principalship of the Academy in Loontown, where he received his early training, and the year following, he married his assistant teacher, an amiable and highly respected lady about his own age, and who had already devoted five years to the profession of teaching. But as Mark was not willing she should teach longer, and as his only sister had recently married and left home, leaving no one there but his infirm mother and himself, he felt, quite naturally, that his wife's presence was more requisite in their home than in the school room. Mark himself held the principalship of the Academy for a period of twelve years, when, at the solicitation of several enterprising citizens, he resigned to engage in the publication of a weekly journal known as the "Loontown Advocate." To this he had devoted his time chiefly, up to within two months from the date at which we meet him in Montreal, when on account of ill health and misfortunes in his business he had sold his paper and was now seeking other employment in the Canadian Metropolis. As long as he confined himself to the interests of his paper and the cultivation of his little farm, Mark prospered; but when, induced by the hopes of larger and more speedy profits to invest money in uncertain securities, he met with serious losses, in consequence of which he had to part with his home, so that now, he was a sad, disappointed man. His mother had been dead several years, and his family now consisted of his wife, three sons, and a niece of his wife, who had lived with them from childhood to her present age twenty-two: and who, from the day of her adoption, had accepted the name of her uncle and was known only as Lizzie Upstone. Mark's two elder sons, aged, respectively, twenty-two and twenty, were both employed in New York, while Tom, the youngest, aged twelve, who has already been mentioned, was still at home. When Mark first read his wife's letter he was not a little displeased—thinking, first, that the position she had sought for him was one never filled save by a woman, or by a man so old and infirm he could do nothing else. And then, again, like the majority of men, Mark could not help feeling that it was a slight reflection on his

business ability to accept a position, secured for him through the efforts or influence of his wife. But it was not long that thoughts and feelings like these held sway over him; he was ever ready to adopt any plan that had reason and justice for its basis, and as we have already intimated, by the time he had returned to his hotel, and his long walk had calmed his excited nerves, he had about concluded that his wife was right, and that in his present delicate health and not too favorable financial condition, it would be wise on his part to accept the position in question, if he could get it. He met his wife at the railway station the next morning according to her instructions, and after dinner and half an hour spent in examining a copy of the last Annual Report of the Bethesda, which Mrs. Upstone had with her, they repaired to the appointed place of meeting.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE BETHESDA, an old brick building of good size, occupied an isolated position on Main Street, though the building has since been torn down, and its site is now in the midst of a thickly populated district.

The grounds, embracing about an acre, were surrounded by a high fence made of pickets set close together, which enclosure was strongly suggestive of prison or monastic life. Although among the inmates of the institution there were several orphans, it had never been regarded an Orphan Asylum, as children had always been received here, though one or both parents, were still living. The only requisite for their admission being proof satisfactory to the directresses that their parents were unable to support them.

Mr. and Mrs. Upstone soon reached the institution, before which stood a half dozen elegant sleighs, attended by liveried servants, indicating that the Mesdames had promptly answered the summons of the president, Miss Forest, a maiden lady about forty-five, very stout, of commanding presence, and great dignity.

On entering, they were met by Mrs. Lovelaw, a tall, angular, very active lady, of fifty summers or thereabout. She was a widow with nine children, to whom she gave little attention, her time being so fully occupied with the duties of her office, and with several other charitable organizations. This lady showed our friends into a spacious parlor on the right. Opposite this a door opened into another apartment of the same size, known as the Council Room.

On entering the parlor, Mr. and Mrs .Upstone were introduced to the president, and a few other ladies, by Mrs. Lovelaw, who then, in connection with the president, began to confer with our friends, while the other ladies withdrew to the Council Room. The time occupied in coming to a mutual understanding respecting the principal articles of the agreement, was short. It was required that Mark, as superintendent, should teach the children five hours daily, also take them for a walk semi-weekly and accompany them to and from morning service every Sabbath. He was to purchase the groceries, fuel, or whatever the directresses might order him to purchase, and at the end of every month present to them for consideration, a carefully prepared report of all the accounts and bills against the institution. When these bills were accepted and a check for the full amount given him by the treasurer, he was to get it cashed, pay the bills, obtain the receipts, and turn them over to the treasurer. He was also to be ready at all times to go wherever ordered by the directresses on matters of business, and, in short, was to be their factotum.

The duties of the matron, if not brought so prominently before the public eye, were equally onerous, and important, involving as they did, the cleanliness, comfort and health of all the inmates of the institution.

Upstone had learned from the Annual Report that the salary paid the superintendent and matron was not so large as he had heard, but on expressing his surprise at this, he was led to infer that it might possibly be increased, in case the services of the parties engaged should prove satisfactory.

"Suppose, Mr. Upstone, you try the work for a few months only," said Miss Forest, "the ladies are disposed to be liberal; we don't believe in working on narrow principles." This remark, which Mark and his wife regarded then as one intended to encourage them to the belief that if they gave satisfaction for a few months they would obtain their desires, they had reason many times subsequently to refer to and remember.

Before he had time to reply, Miss Forest asked the number in his family, and, being informed, she continued:

"Would you expect all of your family to be with you here?"

"Yes, all save our sons who are away from home."

"Well then, you must recollect," pursued the president, "that the cost of the board of four people will be no small item."

"That might be the case," replied Mark, "if they were boarding where a dollar and a half, or two dollars a day, is charged for each person; but I see from the last Annual Report of the institution, that here it costs less than one dollar a week to board each individual."

Miss Forest seemed to ignore this reply and said,

"The fact, too, that the situation is a permanent one, renders it more desirable; you will have a permanent home here."

At this moment, her presence being desired in the Council Room, Miss Forest left Mrs. Lovelaw to continue the conference.

In reply to the last remark of Miss Forest, Mark said,

"I certainly would not think of taking it, did I not believe it would be permanent."

"I'll assure you, Mr. Upstone," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "you need have no fear of being molested if you take the position. You will probably die in it, unless you leave it of your own accord. Three superintendents died here, after serving us several years."

Mark wondered whether that was the cause of their death, but he did not say so.

Soon afterwards Miss Forest returned and said the ladies were inclined to her own opinion, that it would be preferable to have the new superintendent remain until the first of May following, on trial, and then both parties would be better prepared to decide on their course for the future.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Upstone approved this plan, believing as

they did that they could perform the duties required of them to the satisfaction of any reasonable being, and believing also that at the expiration of that time, they would be able to secure a salary commensurate with the labor performed.

This arrangement agreed to, Miss Forest said, "Then we may expect you here to assume charge of the Bethesda next Monday, the 20th."

"Yes," said Mark, "and may we understand, that at the expiration of the four months, if we are re-engaged, the situation is to be a permanent one? I make this inquiry because I know that changes are often made in public institutions."

"That is not the case with this institution; we are very conservative here, Mr. Upstone," replied Miss Forest with a smile.

"I have just been telling them," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "that three superintendents died here."

"Yes, Mr. Upstone, we do not like changes, and you need have no fears on that point," said the president.

All the arrangements having been made, our friends were about taking their departure, when Mrs. Meredith, a distinguished looking elderly lady, who was one of the founders and chief supporters of the institution, entered, and with a smile asked them if they would kindly step into the Council Room, as the ladies would like to see them. Of course, they acquiesced, though the ordeal, as can well be imagined, was far more trying to Mark than to his wife. There was no question as to his courage to stand the scrutiny of one woman, but when called on to face forty—for that was the number whose eyes would be fastened on him, taking the guage of his personal appearance, his physical and mental calibre—he felt a sudden and strong desire to flee. But that was out of the question; therefore, after a desperate effort to mobilize his nerve forces, he followed Mrs. Upstone, reverting mentally to sketches he had read of the examination of those sold in slave markets, and wondering whether in this case the ladies would examine their teeth. Mark bowed as they were introduced to the assembled company, and then espying a vacant chair in a corner beside a writing desk, he made a bee line towards it without further ceremony, profoundly grateful that there was a seat where the involuntary shaking of his knees would be little noticed. Mrs. Upstone was less fortunate in her location, though to her it was a matter of utter indifference, a chair for her accommodation being placed near the table in the midst of a circle of ladies, the remainder being seated in a row around three sides of the apartment.

For a few moments, although it seemed an hour to Mark, there was profound silence. Mrs. Meredith after introducing them, sat down with an air which seemed to say,

"There, I've brought them here as you desired; now you can look at them, feel them, catechise them, or do anything else you please."

Mark glanced around to learn on which of these lines they would be likely to start, and his doubts were soon set at rest by certain questions addressed to his wife. These being answered apparently to the satisfaction of the ladies, the president said,

"And Mr. Upstone says, ladies, that he has taught in Boston." All eyes were instantly directed towards him with a look of wonder which expressed more plainly than words,

"Is it possible?"

A moment later, as if to acquaint them gradually with the astonishing fact, Miss Forest said,

"I believe it was two years; was it not Mr. Upstone?"

"Three," replied Mark.

The eyes of the feminine assembly perceptibly expanded and Miss Forest remarked.

"Oh well, if he has taught three years in that city, it is likely he can teach the children here."

An inclination of the head and a scarcely audible "yes," on the part of some of the older ladies, and a look of general approval followed this remark, and after a few more questions the interview terminated, much to Mark's gratification.

Before they left the room, Miss Forest suggested that they might like to step into the school room and see the children, and also take a look at the other apartments of the building. The suggestion meeting their approval, they were shown into the presence of about thirty-five children of both sexes, varying in age from five to thirteen.

They were in charge of a young lady, about twenty-two years of age, who had been employed here since the illness of the late superintendent had prevented his teaching. The children were very quiet and orderly, but our friends observed with sorrow that they had the same puny, half frightened, dejected appearance that may be seen in the children of all charitable institutions, and the boys all wore frocks of brown drilling reaching to the knees, which seemed to the visitors an unnecessary badge of their friendless and dependent condition. They regarded the visitors with no little curiosity, knowing as they all did, that they were soon to stand to them in the relation of master and mistress; and Mark saw one of the girls after eying him closely awhile, whisper to her neighbor, who smiled and shook her head, as if returning a negative answer to the communication. He learned from these same girls not long subsequently, that the communication was substantially as follows:

"I don't believe that pleasant looking gentleman is the cruel man, Mrs. ——— (the cook), says he is, do you?"

It seems that this question referred to the character of Mark as given to the children by the cook, who to frighten them, had told them that the new superintendent was formerly for many years a sailor; that he was a notoriously cruel man, and would take pleasure

in beating them. Poor woman; the falsity of her story was soon detected, for the children with intuitive knowledge of character, had no sooner seen Mark, and heard him speak, than they knew they were in no danger of unkind treatment at his hands.

The furniture of the school room seemed scarcely in keeping with the reputation the institution enjoyed for wealth, and for its interest in the comfort and health of its inmates. There was a row of rude, unpainted planks for desks, fastened against the wall of one side of the room, while the seats were merely rude forms, only two or three of which were provided with backs; the teacher's equipment consisted of a small deal table, and a common dining chair. Could some of our modern philanthropists, who rave at the violation of physiological laws displayed in the construction and furniture of school rooms, have visited this one, they would have found fruitful ground for complaint.

From this room, Mark and his wife were conducted through the dormitories on the second floor, which were large, neat, well-lighted, and the rows of beds with their white counterpanes gave gratifying evidence of the care taken to secure the comfort of the unfortunate occupants.

On the opposite side of the hall from these, in the front of the building, was a large, well lighted room, which they were told would be their private sitting room. Of course they were pleased with it, and made some observations respecting its attractive features, little realizing how often in that same room they were destined to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, the latter element infinitely predominating.

After this they descended to the basement, and "its mysteries explored;" this ended their tour of the Bethesda, and they returned to the hotel where they remained over night, proceeding to Loontown the next day.

## CHAPTER V.

We left the Rev. John Dawson and his bride at the door of a cottage in Greenvale.

A light was burning in the room they entered, and at the first rap at the door, a woman dressed as if expecting the visitors, rose from a rough lounge where she had been sleeping, and admitted them.

"How do you do, Mrs. Tillson?" said the minister, grasping her warmly by the hand, and then, without waiting for a reply, with the air of one who feels that he has achieved a great victory, introduced his bride. The greetings ended, the baggage unloaded and brought into the house, Mrs. Tillson, the housewife, prepared refreshment, of which they were cordially invited to partake. Mr. Dawson gladly accepted the invitation, never being more hungry he declared, in his life, but May, who felt that she had more need of sleep and rest than of food, ate nothing, but sought to revive her exhausted nerves with a cup of tea; on partaking of this, however, she was speedily reminded that she was not now in her father's house, where tea and coffee, were always of that rich aroma indicating superior quality. The insipid cup now before her was unlike anything she had ever tasted, and might have been brewed from any one of the hundred herbs she had seen in her father's drug store, or from the whole compound. Her husband, however, knowing that she would be disappointed in the quality of the beverage, suggested that she might prefer milk to tea, and at the same time passed her a cup of delicious milk, which he had poured from a large tin basin ready at hand. May drank it with pleasure, and felt refreshed; she was not surprised at the few and rustic nature of the articles in which their refreshments had been served, for her husband had already assured her that she would find neither silver nor china, in the district of his labors.

Mrs. Tilllson was a woman of middle age, rather tall and stout, with a kind, though not an intellectual face, and her shy and rustic manner betokened that she felt ill at ease in the society of the educated and refined. Her large, calloused hands also indicated that she was not unacquainted with work; and her first glance at the new bride was to assure herself whether she was one that had "snap," as she expressed it, and could work, wash, mend, etc., or whether she was some city doll, who could never be considered a help-meet in the proper sense of the term.

A close observer would soon have discovered that her survey of May was not satisfactory; she could not deny that the latter had a very bright handsome face, and a winning manner; but these were

qualities that were of little weight in the estimation of Mrs. Tillson. May's delicate white hands gave ample evidence that she was a stranger to housework, and her dress though modestly appropriate, was regarded as altogether too stylish and expensive for a minister's wife, and especially for the wife of Mr. Dawson, who, it may be observed, was regarded by the people of Greenvale and vicinity as their especial property. He was the first minister of the Gospel who had lived there, and having been among them for a year, and the object of much solicitude and discussion while they were trying to provide both salary and a place for worship, all began to regard him as an individual, in whom they had certain interests invested.

The house of Mrs. Tillson had been his home during this time, although he was absent a portion of each week in other parts of his clerical field.

Mrs. Tillson was quite an oracle among his parishioners, and whatever opinion she expressed of the bride, was very likely to be received without a grain of skepticism by all the other women of the locality, as a just one. She was on the whole a good woman; kind, hospitable, very industrious, and not given to gossip, but her environment had been too narrow to enable her to reason wisely concerning individuals and matters beyond it.

Speculation had been rife in the locality for some weeks as to the kind of wife their young pastor would bring among them, and more than one woman had remarked, "Very likely, she'll be some city lass, too fine to be talking with the likes of us."

But Mrs. Tillson had refrained from making any remarks, wisely deciding to wait till she had seen the lady before venturing an opinion. She liked Mr. Dawson and having great confidence in his judgment, hoped that his choice would be a wise one—one that she could heartily approve.

Her judgment of course assured her, that in education and refinement the minister's wife would be her superior; but yet, she looked for a woman—to use her own expression—that didn't look as if she'd just come out of a bandbox.

During the time that they were partaking of the refreshments, Mrs. Tillson gave her pastor the news of the settlement for which he had inquired, and named parties who had called to see him; but during the recital of these events, she kept her eyes riveted on the bride, as if it were incumbent on her then and there, to settle just what she was like.

Poor May, all unconscious of the fact, had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Mr. Dawson for the first time during Mrs. Tillson's acquaintance with him had committed an error of judgment. Captivated by a pretty face, like many another young man, he had married a girl who was most unlike the one she would have chosen for him, unlike the one he required.

Very sorry indeed was Mrs. Tillson for him, and sorry for the good people of Greenvale and adjacent settlements; but she, at least, would make the best of the matter. Perhaps there might be redeeming traits about Mrs. Dawson, and these she would wait to discover. If she were only a sincere Christian, she thought, there might be at least some feelings common to both; one bond of union between them.

Such were her reflections, as she lighted them with a candle up the narrow stairway to their room.

On going below, the next morning, May was introduced by Mrs. Tillson to her husband, son and daughter; the two latter being respectively twelve and fourteen years of age. She met each with her usual sunny smile, and with cheerful, kindly expressions which did not fail to leave a favorable impression.

Mrs. Tillson, now with the advantage of the bright sunlight, again subjected her to a close and careful scrutiny; and though her opinion of the preceding evening was not materially changed, she would have acknowledged, could she have appropriately expressed her feelings, that May possessed much personal magnetism.

It should have before been stated that Mr. Dawson was striving to complete a dwelling for their accommodation; the house was erected; the masons were expected on the following week to plaster it, soon after which the minister and his bride would make it their habitation.

After breakfast, Mr. Dawson proposed that they should take a walk to the parsonage, but as May chose rather to defer the visit till she had fully recovered from her fatigue, they remained at home, and were soon engaged in a *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Tillson, respecting the new parsonage—its size, style of architecture and cost—being the chief topic.

Mrs. Tillson evidently enjoyed the conversation till Mr. Dawson spoke of the dirty condition in which the masons would leave the house, and asked her where a woman could be found to clean it. The smile that rested on her face was immediately succeeded by a look of surprise, coupled with dismay. First, looking him steadily in the face, as if doubtful whether to regard him in earnest, or believe that he was lapsing into imbecility, she next looked at May, as if ready to address her as follows:—"Is it possible, Mrs. Dawson, that you will permit your husband to commit such an outrage in Greenvale, when the eyes of the whole community are on you?"

May had no sooner heard the question of her husband, than the thought flashed through her mind that, here was a chance to practise the economy and industry on which she had resolved, and she immediately decided to do the work herself; but reading by intuition the thoughts of Mrs. Tillson, a little spirit of obstinacy tempted her to delay her intended reply. Before Mrs. Tillson had framed a response, however, she said with a smile.

"Don't trouble yourself, John, to look for a woman, I'll clean the house."

The stern expression on Mrs. Tillson's face relaxed into a smile; Mrs. Dawson was rising in her esteem.

A slight flush suffused the face of the parson at the thought of his wife's doing such menial labor, yet he could not conceal a gratified feeling that, she had displayed such bravery and humility in the presence of their hostess. Mrs. Tilson was the first to reply.

"You don't look as if you'd ever done much such work as that, Mrs. Dawson."

"Perhaps not, but I'm not too old to begin," replied May with a laugh.

The acquaintance of Mrs. Dawson with the people of Greenvale did not increase much during the week that followed her arrival, for with the exception of an old Scotch lady, her married daughter and an elderly maiden lady, none of the women of the place called. On the following Sunday, she arrayed herself with care, though not in her most expensive dress, and accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tillson went with her husband to the morning service. This was held in the village school house, there being as yet, no other place for holding religious services. Quite a number of both sexes were already seated in the building—rough looking people in homespun garb—while, as is usual in back country districts, a number of young men with a few older ones, were standing or squatting outside near the door.

The reader will readily imagine that May was nervous, and suffered no little trepidation as she entered and saw every eye fastened on her; but no one detected her embarrassment, and after being seated, she endured the impertinent stare of her neighbors with calmness.

Good attention was given to the service, throughout, but two things which were entirely new to May, shocked her ideas of the good order and decorum with which worship should be conducted. First, several dogs accompanied their masters, and no one seemed to question their right to enter the house and remain till the close of the service. This might have escaped her observation, had all the dogs been equally quiet and well-bred; but unluckily some of the younger and more restless or surly animals, could not repress their inclination to explore the entire room, or, indignant at the important air of others of their canine brethren, would immediately challenge them to mortal combat. Now, this deportment on the part of such dogs, usually elicited vigorous kicks from irascible masters of other dogs, which, in turn, elicited yelps so sharp and loud as to elicit shrieks from nervous females, and cause the parson to give an unclerical start.

In relating the second cause of May's disgust, we may as well return to the time, when the young minister commenced his labors here.

It is claimed by those who can speak from experience, that tobacco has power to clear cobwebs from the brain, and to transport one quickly from a nervous, uneasy, troubled condition, to a state of peaceful and happy meditation—that it will enable one to grasp, analyze and inwardly digest, the most difficult problems of human life. Whether it was this quality of the weed, that impelled them to the act, we cannot say; but certain it is, that when Mr. Dawson came here, it was no uncommon thing for some of the male members of his congregation, to take out their pipes, fill and light them, and puff away in serene enjoyment, while they listened to his sermons. Now, the young pastor regarded it as a matter of peculiar delicacy to speak to these individuals, and show them the impropriety of their conduct; but such was his tact that, he succeeded far better than he anticipated; not one felt displeased, and not one repeated the offence.

On the day, however, that May first attended service here, there was an elderly Irishman present from a back settlement, who had not attended divine service for more than ten years. Everything might have passed off pleasantly with him, had not his dog been one of those that received a violent kick. When this happened, he was on the point of rising to demand satisfaction, but finally deciding to postpone the challenge till after service, he glared ferociously at the offender a moment, then solaced himself by lighting his pipe, and indulging in vigorous pulls. He was soon noticed, however, and a deacon stepping over to him, quietly asked him in a whisper to desist, but he was in no mood to receive reproof or advice, and seizing his hat, he shook his fist in the face of the man who had kicked his dog, dared him to step outside, for one minute only, and then followed by Cæsar, strode out. After a little delay, satisfied that his challenge was not likely to be accepted, he started for home.

After the close of the service, May was introduced to quite a number of both sexes, but to her regret and vexation, there was a shyness about all of them, which made her feel that she was separated from them by a barrier, that none but herself could remove. "Never mind," said she to herself with a smile, "I shall remove it, and to do so, shall be my first and constant work."

It was the minister's custom to spend three days of each week, in that part of his field remote from Greenvale; and though he had not done so during the week of his marriage, on the Monday after his return, he started out on his customary trip. As she had anticipated, May felt his absence keenly, but after writing three or four letters to friends, she determined to occupy herself in some useful way, and if the people around would not call on her, she would call on them, in defiance of the conventionalities of society. Pursuant to this resolve, therefore, she sallied out, and before John's return had made eight calls; but three of these were in return for those she had received as we have stated.

Wherever she called, she strove to make all feel that she had an interest in them. It was one of her designs, as soon as she was fairly settled in her new home, to form a class for Sabbath-school; and this afforded her one subject on which to talk, when she called; and especially, if they had children old enough to join the class; but besides this, she talked of the horses, cows, sheep, fowls, crops and many kinds of work in which a housewife is interested, and thus, while ingratiating herself with the kind, but rustic people, among whom she had cast her lot, she acquired by her questions respecting these common subjects, knowledge that was of no little value to her, in the new sphere in which she was to move. But she soon found in moving into their new house, and in the cares of housekeeping, employment sufficient to engage both her mind and body.

The masons had finished their work on the house, when John returned, and as he had obtained what furniture was deemed necessary for their use, it was decided to sweep thoroughly, the few rooms they would require at present, move into the house, and leave the rest of the cleaning and scrubbing to be done afterwards, and at leisure.

Though John would have preferred hiring a charwoman to put their house in order, May would not hear of it; and declared that it was most providential she had the work to do, as it would engross her time and attention, and prevent her from thinking of her solitary condition during the days of John's absence. It was therefore, with energy and determination little short of heroic, that she applied herself to the task, on Monday morning, half an hour after John had kissed her adieu. Before noon, however, she was in a state of heat and exhaustion, that compelled her to throw herself on a sofa, and remain there without refreshment, till near sunset; while the pain caused by the abrasions on her hands, gave her no little discomfort. The next morning, with courage unabated, but with well bought discretion, she began work more moderately; and by resting now and then, accomplished all she desired, and with much less fatigue. John scolded a little that she should have persisted in her design, at such evident harm and discomfort to herself; declaring that he would rather pay a dozen charwomen, and gain the ill-will of all the ignorant women in his field of labor, than have her endure such hardships; but when he saw that she was pained and disappointed at his reproof—for, to tell the truth, she had expected a little praise instead—he relented, craved pardon, kissed away the fast gathering tears, and acknowledged that he had spoken hastily.

Comforted by his words, May gave him a history of each day's experience during his absence, and told him that, as the lower rooms were now clean, she had decided to leave the cleaning of the upper ones, till he went away again, hoping that in the meantime her hands would heal, and that she would become well rested.

But she now spoke of a matter that had caused her no little

uneasiness and grief. Not a person had called on her since they had moved into their new home; and although, the women of the place all knew from Mrs. Tillson how she intended to busy herself during Mr. Dawson's absence, and some of them had even expressed sympathy for her and the belief that she was not strong enough to do the work, not one of them had called to tender assistance, or ask how she was getting along.

John was not pleased to learn this fact; indeed, he was indignant and was on the point of giving utterance to a remark most uncomplimentary to his female parishioners, when better feelings prevailed and he said,

"Well," my dear, I suppose we must pray for that degree of charity that hopeth all things and endureth all things."

"Yes," she replied, "and 'charity suffereth long,' but I am sure that, as yet, my temptations scarcely demand the exercise of charity."

As no one called the next day, May said to herself: "Surely, there must be a cause for this, and this cause I will know. Yes, if no one comes by to-morrow afternoon, by which time I shall have finished my house-cleaning, I will go to Mrs. Tillson, and she shall tell me why this house is avoided, as if it were a pest-house."

Accordingly, the next day, no one having called, May presented herself at the house of Mrs. Tillson, and after the usual civilities addressed that lady as follows:

"Mrs. Tillson, I am feeling much grieved, not a soul has called on me since I left your house. Now, there must be some reason for this, and it is only just that I should know it. I wish you, like a kind neighbor and Christian woman, to tell me. Why have you not called, yourself?"

Mrs. Tillson evidently was much surprised at the unexpected question, and ill at ease; taking up the sewing she had laid down, she stammered something while blushing deeply, about having been unusually busy.

"Oh, but that is not the reason, Mrs. Tillson, and I insist on your telling me frankly, the true one."

Seeing there was no escape, and not disposed to tell an untruth, Mrs. Tillson replied,

"Well, if I must, I will tell you; I—I thought you were very proud."

The look with which May regarded her, displayed far more pity than displeasure; she said,

"And I am to understand, Mrs. Tillson, that it is because you think me proud, that you have never called?"

"Yes."

"Well, now Mrs. Tillson; I want you to answer my next question, just as frankly as you have the others. What in the world have you ever seen in my actions to lead you to think I am proud?"

"Well, you never went into my kitchen, all the time you stayed here."

"And that is truly the reason you have regarded me as proud?"

"Yes."

May felt a burden lifted from her heart, now that she had learned why she had been so carefully avoided; yet, she almost despaired of her ability to say anything that would remove the unjust suspicion —suspicion born of ignorance—but with no apparent delay she exclaimed: "Why Mrs. Tillson you astonish me! I supposed you would be highly offended had I entered your kitchen unless by your request; I was brought up to regard such an act as very rude."

Mrs. Tillson's eyes opened wide; she appeared as much astonished as had Mrs. Dawson a minute previous. After a little meditation she said,

"Well, that is the first time I ever heard of such a thing; but you city folks have different ways and notions from us country folks."

"And tell me, Mrs. Tillson, was it for the same reason you have given me for not calling, that the others did not call?"

"Yes, or, at least, I think that was the principal one; but then they feel shy too, because you have been used to grander people than they are."

It was a long confab that May had with Mrs. Tillson before she went home, and when she did go, she believed that the lady had been finally set right in regard to her opinion of herself, and that through her influence, she could more readily make her way into the good graces of her neighbors; but she sighed, as she thought of the care and watchfulness she must exercise, in order to avoid giving offence. An act, however trivial and innocently performed, a word, or even a look, might be among these people, as a spark to gunpowder; and all her chance for doing good destroyed.

## CHAPTER VI.

It is Christmas, and joyous are the faces, and cheerful the voices, of the juvenile inmates of the Bethesda.

It is little more than a week since Mr. and Mrs. Upstone were duly inaugurated as its superintendent and matron, and a busy trying time it has been to both, more especially to the latter.

With their advent, there had been an introduction of new furniture, and overhauling of the old, and, in short, a gneral cleaning up and furbishing throughout. All this work, Mrs. Upstone was supposed to oversee; but the ladies were sympathetic and kind, and Mrs. Meredith, who had borne a large share of the expense consequent upon these changes, was present every day, working with an energy and humility that were a tacit rebuke to others whose fortunes would scarcely amount to a tithe of hers.

Her aid, with that contributed by one or two other ladies, relieved Mrs. Upstone of much of the labor and responsibility she would otherwise have had to incur; but what with the worry and work of learning her new duties, giving directions to servants, attending to the wants of the children, and meeting the various callers, she had enough to drive some women distracted.

It had been the custom of the ladies for more than a quarter of a century to send carriages for the children, every Christmas, and take them for a drive.

They had on this Christmas, as usual, received their annual treat; and, after they had returned and were soundly asleep, a stocking of each of the thirty-five children was filled with such dainties and treasures, as are priceless in the eyes, and precious to the hearts of childhood, and was suspended carefully at the head of each bed.

The reader can easily imagine the gleeful shout with which the children welcomed Christmas morn, and the exhibition of their treasures and the disposal of the edible portions had scarce been completed, when they were prepared to attend divine service, after which, more substantial presents and pleasures were to follow.

At 11 a.m., Mark accompanied the children to church. The Institution was supposed to be, and was declared undenominational; yet, he was instructed to take them always to St. Christopher church, and he did so, on this occasion. It was one of the largest and finest in the city, but to Mark's disgust, the quarter of the church which had always been assigned to the Bethesdians, was behind the clergyman when he was preaching, and this fact, coupled with the one that the acoustic qualities of the church were very bad, rendered it impossible to distinguish one half the words of the sermon.

On returning, as soon as the children had lain aside overcoats and wraps, they were led into the school room, where on tables placed in the centre, lay their larger and more valuable Christmas presents:—books, dolls, sleds, knives, pictures, boxes of candy, etc., with the name of the child for which it was intended attached to each article and often also, the name of the donor.

An hour later, they were seated at their usual Christmas dinner, which, unlike their dinners on other days, had been prepared without the oversight of Madam Economy, and in good, old English style had plum pudding for its chief feature.

A number of the ladies called in the course of the morning, and three or four were present, when the gifts were displayed in the school room. They remained until the children had dined, for the purpose, evidently, of seeing whether under the new regime, the annual dinner would sustain the prestige of those of former years. It was no small compliment, therefore, to Mrs. Upstone, by whose direction the cook had prepared the various dishes, that, as the ladies tasted in turn of each, they vied with each other, in the selection of adjectives to express adequately their admiration. The plum pudding, especially, was the chief article of the menu, on which this part of speech was lavished *ad infinitum*, beginning with detached ones in the positive, and ending with a chorus in the superlative degree.

It was evident to Mark and his wife, that no pains had been spared on the part of the ladies and others, to make Christmas a merry and a happy one, in truth, to the children of the Home; and to the inexperienced or unreflective observer, it would have appeared that this object was accomplished; but to others it was evident, that beneath all this outward semblance of happiness, there was a feeling of sadness, a dark, painful knowledge of a stigma, that no gifts of tangible objects could dispel. No, the fact that they were charity children, unfit to associate with more fortunate ones, was painfully apparent to them, even in the midst of their hilarity and joy at the Christmas cheer. They could read it in the faces and air of the children who accompanied their mothers that day to the Bethesda; they could see it, not only in the mothers, but in the other ladies who were so generously providing them with presents; scarcely one of whom, but would have shrunk from contact with them. Oh, for but one hour of parental love! How quickly, indeed, would all their Christmas treasures have been exchanged for the blessing of a little fondling, the nestling in the bosom near a father's or mother's heart.

During the week he had been in the institution, Mark, though his work had been less manifold than that of his wife, found no leisure time. It was fortunate that he had had great experience in the management of boys of all ages and dispositions, otherwise, his tact and patience would have been tried far more severely than they were.

In brightness and quickness of mind, the children of the Bethesda compared most favorably with the pupils of any school Mark had ever taught or visited. True, two or three boys were dull; and their progress in book learning slow, but the rest were remarkably quick and bright, while of the girls, there was not one below the standard of intelligence of other girls of the same age.

On assuming charge of the institution, Mark and his wife were let into a few secrets, of which they knew nothing before. Chief among these was the fact, that besides becoming very ungovernable, disposed to run away whenever the opportunity occurred, thus necessitating constant espionage, many, in fact the majority of them, had fallen into the shameful habit of purloining, not only from each other, but whenever and wherever the chance was given. In consequence, all things in the building, which could be locked, doors, trunks and drawers, were kept in that condition, the matron constantly carrying about with her, a bunch of keys, that would have sufficed the warden of a penitentiary, or the most inveterate burglar.

This information was of course disheartening, but not so much so. as it would have been had our friends really believed that the children were as bad as represented. It required but a short stay with them to show Mr. and Mrs. Upstone that, naturally, they were as moral as others, and that if any of them had fallen into habits of dishonesty, it was owing more to unwise management than to natural depravity.

Taught to believe that they were regarded by everyone as thieves, knowing too, that they were constantly watched, and led to think that the chief wrong and disgrace in stealing was in the fact of being caught, they, like those of older years, soon descended to the moral state of which they were suspected and accused.

To effect a reform it was necessary to create a healthy sentiment among them; to awake in them a feeling of self-respect; to make them ambitious to win the respect of others; in short, instead of leaving them to the conclusion that they were regarded with suspicion and aversion, they must be made to feel that they were trusted; and that something better was expected from them. than acts which provoked continual reproof and punishment.

When, therefore, the new superintendent and matron observed the intelligence of the children, they believed that the above reform might be effected; not in an hour or a day, but in a reasonable period, by the persistent exercise of patience and judgment; but there were things even in the arrangement of the institution and customs followed therein, to which allusion has already been made, that were opposed in spirit, to the salutary work they wished to effect.

"Why," asked Mark, the first time he saw the Bethesda, "was it necessary to surround it with a fence of such height and descrip-

tion, as to lead to the supposition that it is a place designed for the incarceration of criminals?" He was told it was for the purpose of preventing the children from escaping and running away.

"Running away from what?" was his mental query. Do people generally enclose their own homes with palisades, walls or other impassible barriers, to prevent their children from running away? If not, why should these children be caged like so many beasts of prey, permitted neither to climb to the top of the enclosure or peep through its apertures to gain a view of the outside world? If their Home was what it should be, and what its benevolent (?) managers claimed, would they wish to run away from it any more than other children wish to abscond from home? The idea was preposterous.

The erection of the barrier, therefore, was a mistake; nay more, it was a stupendous blunder. No child reared in such environment, could feel that he was like other children. The fact always carried with it unpleasant memories; it was a stigma scarcely obliterated by the lapse of time.

Again, why was it necessary to array each boy in a bib of brown drilling the moment he crossed the threshold of the institution to become an inmate? It was a badge of charity that the boys detested, and it was always doffed with a pleasurable feeling, for its import was known throughout the city; and the taunts and cries of "Charity Brat!" elicited from other boys whenever one of these bibs was seen on the street, was sufficient to render it in the eyes of its wearer, odious and detestable.

These two things—the fence and bib—therefore, Mark and his wife regarded as impediments, yet not insurmountable ones to their efforts to inspire the children with a sense of their own value and self-respect; nevertheless, they would not abandon their hopes.

The first steps taken in the contemplated reform was to lay aside the keys, and leave nearly everything unlocked. At the same time, which was very soon after they had assumed charge, Mark gave the children an address of half an hour's length, the subject being the unhappy condition and disgrace into which they had brought themselves by their dishonest proclivities. He said little or nothing though in regard to punishment that would be inflicted on one detected in stealing, but he so described the character of thieves in general, portraying their ignorance, and the abhorrence with which they are regarded by respectable people, that the children shrank in horror from the picture.

Neither did he neglect to point out to them the ignominous end to which the thief inevitably comes.

It was by pursuing the course referred to above, that Mr. and Mrs. Upstone, sooner than they had anticipated, secured the desired reform. When, on one occasion, soon after they assumed charge, one of the least intelligent boys stole a box of candy from a girl,

the incident was so treated by Mark, that pilfering fell suddenly into disrepute. As soon as proof of the boy's guilt was established, he was not only isolated, not being allowed to sit, eat or sleep for some days near any other boy, as if he was afflicted with some loathsome disease, but he was made to pay the girl well for the candy, from the money he received on Christmas.

## CHAPTER VII.

MARK learned that the children had not been permitted to go out to play without being accompanied by the superintendent; in fact, they were always under his surveillance. He was well advanced in years, an intelligent man and a thorough scholar, but he had never had much experience in the management of children, and seemed to be in constant apprehension lest, if he was not with them, the older children would injure the smaller ones, and that, in consequence, the ladies would discharge on him the vials of their wrath.

Their rules required him to take the children to walk, at least two or three times a week, and as he found that this mode of exercise required less responsibility and care on his part, he gave them a short walk nearly every day; and this was about all the exercise they obtained. Mark felt that this was not enough; he knew that play was the natural exercise for children, and that there could not be a proper development of the muscles, unless they could run, jump, shout, tumble and scuffle, perfectly free from restraint. He, therefore, permitted them to spend all the time outside, that they were not actually engaged in study.

The effect on the children was marvellous; in less than three weeks, color came to their cheeks, a brighter sparkle to their eyes, their steps were more elastic, and in a month the change in them was so great, as to elicit much surprise on the part of the ladies, as we shall presently show. Nor was the improvement in their manner when spoken to, less perceptible. Instead of hanging their heads and answering with "bated breath and whispering bondman's key," they looked the speaker in the face, and answered in a clear, confident, yet respectful tone.

Mrs. Lovelaw, and one or two of the directresses of the Bethesda, had assured Mark on more than one occasion, that teaching in the institution was much lighter work than in other schools, as the children were not supposed to be taught anything save reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; the most important thing in the estimation of these two or three ladies being, first, that the children should be taught obedience; and next, that every aspiration which they evinced toward any higher aim than to become industrious servants should be discouraged. To Mark as well as his wife, the latter idea was specially repugnant; they believed that if the children had ability, and displayed a desire for knowledge, every encouragement should be given them. Mark declared it shameful to lead any child to think, because he was poor and friendless, that he was only fit to become the servant of the rich. No, there would be no such ideas instilled into the

minds of the children while he was superintendent; and he, as well as his wife, spared no pains to cultivate in them a taste for learning.

They read to them, talked with them, placed books of travel and adventure, as well as history and biography in their hands, and Mark took special care to make them proficient in geography, as well as in the other branches taught. As might be supposed, several of the boys and girls soon manifested both desire and ability to become educated men and women; while many, from having instructors constantly with them who were not only ready, but anxious to encourage in them a taste for reading, soon amassed a fund of general information, unusual in children of their age.

On a certain day of each week, relatives or friends of the children were permitted to visit them; and they usually conversed with them awhile, in the spacious entrance hall. On the first of these visiting days, after our friends assumed charge, a grandmother and an aunt of one of the boys called to see him, and he was excused by Mark from the school-room to enter the hall. A moment later, Mrs. Upstone entered the school-room and informed Mark, that she had been instructed by Miss Forest to be always present, when friends or relatives were visiting the children, to hear what was said, and thus prevent untruthful reports from being given, and carried forth to the public.

"I do not approve of the order," said Mrs. Upstone, "but what shall I do?"

"Do no such thing," said Mark, "this is not a jail or a penitentiary, and we propose doing nothing of which we are ashamed, or that we fear to have reported. If any of the children are disposed to tell falsehoods regarding the institution or its management, they will soon be discovered. Falsehoods can do us no harm, and the proper way to prevent the children telling them, is not by putting gags into their mouths, but by improving their moral and intellectual condition. I think the custom of watching and listening when they have visitors, a base one, and a bad example to the children themselves. Let them visit with their friends, and say what they please."

Mrs. Upstone very gladly followed her husband's advice; and thenceforward, visitors to the children, were never under the esplonage of any one, nor did any of the evils result from this disobeyance of orders, which had been apprehended.

Soon after this the Annual Meeting was held; but very few of the ladies had seen the children since the day that Mark and his wife were appointed to their new position, and it afforded our friends no little gratification to hear the remarks of surprise and pleasure, that were made by the ladies at the improvement noticeable in the children. While a small group of ladies, among whom was the secretary, Mrs. Lovelaw, were expressing their surprise and satisfaction at the far more healthy looks of the children, Mrs. Lovelaw turning to Mark who was standing near, said,

"But I can't see how you have effected so great a change in a few weeks."

"It is no miracle," said Mark, "we have merely treated them as we would our own children, and have allowed them to go out to the play-ground, and enjoy themselves, as they pleased."

The meeting, which was held in the school-room, was just then called to order, and Mark, to ensure good order and decorum among the children, remained with them in the Council Room.

The business done at the Annual Meeting was like that transacted at the meetings of all similar organizations, viz., reading of the report of the secretary and treasurer, and election of officers; after which followed speeches by the different clergymen and gentlemen who happened to be present, and were called upon to speak.

Mark did not hear the speeches made on this occasion, though he read them in one of the daily papers; but at one of the subsequent Annual Meetings, he heard a clerical dignitary say, that if called on to state the names of those most deserving of credit, for hard and noble work in connection with the Bethesda, he should mention the names of Mrs. Lovelaw and Miss Whipple.

"Poor man," said a lady, who heard him, but who was not connected with the institution, "it is possible he thought he was correct; but I don't think he was. I have watched the management of different charitable institutions for a good many years; and it is my opinion, that if any deserve credit for hard and noble work in connection with them, it is the matrons; but bless you do you think a man who spoke at that meeting, would mention a poor matron in a public speech? The ladies of the institution would call a special meeting to vote a resolution of condolence for his wife because her husband had become a lunatic."

Not long after the meeting was opened, the girl who answered the door bell came to the Council Room to say, that one of the ladies wished the children to be kept more quiet, as their noise disturbed the meeting. Mark was much astonished, inasmuch, as the children were seated, and not one of them had been out of his chair or scarcely spoken above a whisper, having been listening to a story he was telling them. He was quite certain he had spoken in a low tone, and as the door of the room was closed, and the room itself was thirty feet from the school-room, the lady must have been blessed with hearing marvelously acute. He was reminded of what Miss Forest had said to Mrs. Upstone a few days previous:—

"The fact is, Mrs. Upstone," said she, "we have a good many old maids among our ladies, and you must not be surprised, therefore, if you find some cranks." Later in the day, Mark mentioned the fact to Mrs. Lovelaw, who had shown herself very friendly and affable, that one of the ladies whose name he stated, had complained, that the children were too noisy that day. Mrs. Lovelaw expressed no little surprise, saying she had not heard a whisper from them

while the meeting was in session, and she doubted very much whether anyone else had; she thought the noise existed only in the lady's imagination.

When Mark first commenced work at the Bethesda, he felt that the duty of taking the children to walk would not be altogether pleasant, and the first time he went out with them, he did not go far, and avoided the most public streets; but the circumstances in which he was placed, led him to reflect. He was emphatically a democrat; so firmly were democratic feelings engrafted on his mind and heart, he said, he felt like a certain Irishman, who, on hearing a politician ask his audience if one man is not as good as another, jumped up and replied,

"Faith he is your honor, and better too!"

On returning from their walk, which Mark found rather pleasant than otherwise, he asked himself why it was he should feel any reluctance to go out with the children at any time, and on any street.

Was it not because of the aversion with which charity children are generally regarded by the public? And whence came this aversion? Did it not spring from the homage which men pay to wealth, a weakness he had always thoroughly despised? If he felt any reluctance to meet his friends, or any one in fact, while in charge of these unfortunates, was he not virtually bowing to the golden calf, and disregarding the precepts and example of the great Master whom he desired to serve?

The thought was startling, and though in justice to Mark, we should say he had felt no great dislike to the duty in question, the fact that he had not considered it a pleasure, now led him to resolve, that he would take them out often, and to the most public places.

Pursuant to this resolve, he took them for a long walk the next day, in the most fashionable and busy parts of the city. In future, he always followed this course, and, save when they went to the Mountain, or St. Helen's Island, they might have been seen on the finest streets, in the public parks, and now and then, watching the arrival or departure of vessels at the Harbour. It was a pleasure to Mark to take them where they would be most likely to learn something; hence, he obtained permission from the foremen of many of the manufactories, to take the children through them; and it was gratifying to him, to observe the interest with which many of the older ones watched the working of machinery, or listened to explanations of some of the simpler principles of mechanics. It was gratifying to him also, that during their walks, and visits to these places, they were always treated with respect and kindness. Intelligent men and women would often ask them questions and pleased with their answers, would spend some little time in conversation with them, which usually ended with a small present of silver.

The only annoyance experienced on the street, was from the vulgar, ill-bred boys, usually idling in the parks, or other public places of a city. When they were walking close together, and Mark

was near at hand, they were seldom molested; but when scattered, as they often were in parks, or when one or two of them were sent alone on an errand, it was no uncommon thing for them to be accosted with taunts, vile epithets, and even blows, by these street vagabonds. But the latter did not always escape with impunity, for there were three or four of the Bethesda boys, who rather enjoyed a scrimmage; and if they felt that they had sufficient provocation, which sometimes appeared more clear to them than to any one else, and their assailants were not largely in the majority, they set to and thrashed them in the most approved style of pugilistic science.

There were two brothers, William and Edward Hope, always called Willie and Ned, in whose ages there was scarcely a year's difference, and in whose size there was no difference whatever. They were short, stout, and for their age, remarkably strong. Both were handsome, very bright, quick at learning their lessons, but equally quick at mischief; and both were seldom more happy than when, out of sight and hearing of the Home, they had put two or three street gamins, larger and older than themselves, *hors du combat.*

When talked to concerning the disgrace and sin of fighting, they were always very penitent, sure they would never have done so vile and wicked a thing had they not actually been forced into it, in self defence. After this had occurred three times, within the same number of months, Mark assured them, that his credulity in their peace loving proclivities, was becoming very weak; inasmuch, as they were the only boys in the Home who had found it necessary to fight in all that time; but they were positive that the circumstances justified their conduct.

The second evening after this talk with the two boys, just at dusk, Mark was standing on the back gallery, when he noticed Ned standing in the yard below, whittling. Just then, his brother Willie came running around the corner of the house, and in great haste, but in a low tone, communicated the following:

"Say, Ned, the two fellows that called George and Tommy names, yesterday, are just going up street. You go up to the corner, where the pickets are apart in the fence, and get them talking, while I climb over and come up behind 'em; we'll give 'em a drubbing they'll remember."

"All right," responded Ned, and he was on the point of running off to obey these instructions, when Mark called out,

"Boys, just as soon as you get through with that job, go into the school-room, and I'll give you a lesson in the art of *drubbing*, that you'll remember."

Until Mark spoke, the boys never dreamed that anyone was in hearing; hence, the first word which revealed the fact of his presence, startled them like a thunder clap; but they both possessed too keen a sense of the ridiculous not to enjoy the humorous side of the incident, and Ned, who was a little less conscientious, and a little

less jealous of his honor than Willie, laughed, after he had got out of sight, till he could scarcely stand. For weeks he took pleasure in making sly allusions to the incident, just to witness Willie's confusion. The latter also, laughed after he was first caught, but his mirth was generally succeeded by serious turns, when he feared that he might have forfeited Mark's good opinion. What penitence he felt, however, was not for the wrong he had done, but from the fact that he had been caught in the act; but Mark noticed that after this it was more than a year before these two boys were again compelled to fight in self-defence.

He was more annoyed at the persistence with which the street Arabs insulted a family of colored children, who were among the brightest, and best behaved of his flock. There were three sisters and a brother, all very sensitive, yet they never appeared to notice the cry of "nigger" with which they were often hailed on the street, but Mark knew well that it caused them keen sorrow; and that it was because of this, that Bobbie, the colored boy, so disliked to be sent on errands.

Among the youthful riff-raff who were in the habit of insulting the children on the street, was a villainous looking, stout built, ragged, dirty fellow, about seventeen years of age. On meeting them invariably, when opposite any one of the colored children, he cried, "nigger," then hastened on.

One day when Mark was out for a walk with them, they met this fellow with two younger comrades. Mark was behind the children, and Bobbie was in the line of boys just ahead; while the girls were in front. As the young ruffian came opposite Bobbie, he cried out, "nigger," in a loud voice, at which his companions applauded with a coarse laugh. He was about hastening on, as usual, when Mark giving the signal to the children to halt, placed himself in front of the fellow, requesting him to stop a moment, as he wished to speak with him. Looking up with scared, suspicious air, he stepped off the sidewalk, with the intention of passing on, when Mark, pointing to a dark, red, birth mark on his face, which partially encircled one eye, said, "I see you have a mark on your face, would you not like to have it taken off?"

Reassured by Mark's friendly manner, the boy no longer tried to escape, and replied,

"It can't be took off; it's allus been on there."

"Oh, has it?" said Mark. "But you would like to have it taken off, suppose it could be, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I s'pose so' but it can't be."

"Now tell me, why you would like to have it removed. Is it because it does not look well?"

The fellow evidently began to hope, that Mark might possibly possess some secret power of improving his looks, and therefore disposed to be civil, answered,

"I spose it don't look very well; but you can't take it off, can ye?"

Mark, as if he had not heard the question, now asked, "Do any of the boys ever make fun of you, because that mark is on your face?

"Not very often; but if they do, they allus git their heads punched."

"Can you read and write?"

"No, but say, can't ye take that off, without I read and write?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," replied Mark; "but first, I wish to say a few words to you, and give you a little advice, that I hope will do you good. Like nearly every one else who makes sport of the misfortunes of others, you forget that there is quite as much, or more reason for them to make sport of you. God has suffered these children to be born with dark skins, and you to be born with a birth mark; they are no different from all their race, who are colored; but you are different from your race, as but very few are marked as you are; yet, you are so ignorant, that you think you can afford to make fun of them, and insult them whenever you meet them; but I can tell you that, if you could exchange your skin for Bobbie's brain, you might feel that you were very lucky. He is but twelve years old; can read and write well, and is otherwise a good scholar; but what is better still, he is a good boy, and would never think of making fun of you, because you don't look like other boys. If his skin is dark, it is not so from dirt, like yours; he not only washes his face every day, but he washes his whole body, at least, once a week. Before he is as old as you are, I have no doubt that he will be employed in some useful way, and will earn money to clothe himself respectably. You will never find him in rags and dirt, spending his time on the street, insulting respectable people, and leading younger boys into idle, wicked habits."

What else Mark might have said is uncertain, but just here, the fellow, who had been looking more and more sheepish, and uneasily changing his position, said,

"Well boys, if this is all he wants, we'd better go."

His companions who had been listening open mouthed to every word Mark uttered, glanced at their leader's face, when he thus addressed him, as if to see whether he had profited by what had been said, and then quietly followed him away. Mark never knew just what effect his talk had on the boy, but after that, whenever he saw the children coming in the distance, he was always sure to cross to the opposite side of the street, and when passing, he neither spoke nor deigned to look towards them.

It was thus by efforts to redress the wrongs of these children, settling little differences among themselves, instructing them, and being almost constantly their companion, that Mark's interest in them increased, until he found himself bound to them, by a tenure but little weaker than that, which united him to his own children.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE time had now arrived when our friends were to be permanently engaged, in case their duties thus far had been discharged to the satisfaction of the directresses. That they had been, the fact that they were willing to increase the salary to the amount Mark demanded, afforded ample proof. Another thing, however, was a matter of no little surprise and displeasure. Hitherto, the agreement between the contracting parties, had been wholly verbal, but now a written contract was brought forth to be signed, and so far from containing the provisions mentioned with so much emphasis, in the former agreement, it engaged our friends but for one year, and said nothing respecting the board of any one but Mr. and Mrs. Upstone.

When Mrs. Lovelaw presented Mark the contract to read, she remarked that she had written it as she had all former contracts between the ladies and the superintendent and matron, as it saved time and trouble; and she presumed it would make no difference; it was anyway only a matter of form. The remarks of course implied that there was something in the agreement which Mrs. Lovelaw well understood, but had not mentioned in the contract, for the simple reason, that expressing it in appropriate form in written language, would cause her additional labor. Though surprised that so flimsy an excuse should be given for the omission of so important a part of the agreement, he had no fear that these high-toned Christian ladies would take advantage of the omission, and it was very unlike him to show them by declining to sign the contract, that he distrusted their honor; but there was a much stronger reason than this why he should have no misgivings in regard to signing it. If the ladies were so well pleased with the new superintendent and matron during the first few months of their engagement, when everything was new and strange to them, that they had increased their salary, was it likely they would be less pleased, now that they had become well acquainted with their duties, and could discharge them far better? The idea seemed preposterous. Mark and his wife knew perfectly well, that they were doing much better than they did the first two months after they came; the knowledge they had acquired of the work to be done, and their greater interest in the children giving them, at once, more ability and a greater incentive to do it. These facts, they felt must naturally be considered by the ladies, and they would have no desire to make a change, so long as the superintendent and matron were faithful to their charge.

Mark felt when signing the contract that he was not acting

wisely, yet he had little apprehension that the act, even though it were indiscreet, would cause them any trouble; for he felt sure, that the duties of superintendent and matron would be so discharged, that the directresses would have no desire for a change. We are sorry to say, that in reasoning thus, he did not show the wisdom which his age and experience should have taught him. He knew perfectly well that the faithful discharge of the duties of a position is no guarantee that the one in it will long continue to hold it; especially, if his tenure of office is dependent on the voice of several individuals.

On first coming to the Bethesda, Mark had great veneration for the ladies who had it in charge; but while the courtesy with which they had treated himself and Mrs. Upstone, had given him no reason to modify his opinion of them, materially, he had seen them evince enough of earthly spirit toward each other to save him from fear that there was any immediate danger of their being translated; and thus their good offices be lost to the institution.

Like the strictness with which the Spartans enjoined secrecy on those who had listened to their private discussion of state affairs, so, the ladies guarded their transactions in the Council Room; no one without sanction from those in authority, being permitted to retail a word of what was spoken there, on pain of reproof or expulsion; but unfortunately in the excitement of discussion, they could not always command their voices and keep them on a key sufficiently low to prevent, now and then, a word from reaching unsanctified ears outside. Nor could they always so control their feelings that, their countenances would betoken resignation and peaceful joy within, and that regard for one another which says, "With all thy imperfections I love thee still."

But however deeply our two friends might regret these weaknesses of their lady employers, they realized that the matter in no wise concerned themselves; and consequently, that it did not become them to mention it to others. But there was another peculiarity of the ladies, which, though it caused Mark and his wife no little inconvenience at times, they generally regarded with amusement rather than vexation. This peculiarity, which, the reader will doubtless admit, was not peculiar to these ladies alone, was their liability to change their minds frequently, so that the order issued one day might be countermanded the next. Again, much inconvenience arose at times by their difference of opinion respecting certain improvements to be made, or articles to be purchased, etc., and thus orders would conflict, so that none could be carried out till one of the parties yielded to the opinion of the other.

It was in early spring after their arrival at the Bethesda, that Mark found himself in a rather awkward position, owing to this diversity of opinions and difference of orders.

Quite a body of snow lay on the ground when they first came here, and as Mark had never had charge of a building in a city, he knew nothing of the work that it was necessary to do in winter, especially, at the Bethesda, to save much labor and trouble in the spring.

When the first warm days of spring came, and the snow was rapidly settling beneath the sun's rays, a south wind sprang up, a heavy rain set in, and the first Mark knew, that the thaw portended disaster to the institution, was the fact, heralded by one of the boys, that water was pouring into the basement. He went down to the large room which, besides being a bathroom and lavatory for the children, was used for several other purposes. There, sure enough, from two side windows and one in the end, the water was entering in rivulets, swelling so rapidly in volume, that they promised soon to become miniature Amazons.

Mark was bewildered; but fortunately, two or three of the larger boys were with him, and they suggested a way out of the dilemma, by asking if they might not open the closed drains.

"Open them, of course, if there are any, and you know where they are," he replied in desperation, and wondering whether the work of opening would have to commence down at the St. Lawrence, or on the Mountain; but he was not long left in ignorance, as the boys, always ready for the novelty of such work, and especially, in such a rain, were in a moment out with pick and shovel, vigorously endeavoring to locate and uncover the entrance to the drains. After he had seen what was necessary to be done, Mark sent to a neighboring shop for two or three more shovels, and another axe, to cut the ice and proceeded to help the boys; that they might get the drains open at the earliest possible moment.

The fact was, he feared that whatever damage was done by the water might be attributed to his neglect in not having the drains properly attended to; but as we have said, he knew nothing about them till that day; but that fact might not be duly recognized and considered by forty ladies, who were not at all expert at reasoning from cause to effect, or *vice versa*. He had but just commenced work, when Mrs. Col. McKenzie, one of the directresses, called to learn whether the water was running into the basement. She said that, as it had several times in former years, during sudden thaws, she feared that it might at the present time. It afforded Mark much relief to learn that this was not the first time the building had suffered from water, but he worked with a will to find one of the drains, while the boys were sinking shafts through the snow-drifts to find the others. Before this was effected, however, it was reported that the water was pouring into the coal cellar; and soon after it was announced that the children's dining-room was being flooded through the basement windows. The news was sufficiently startling, but he was naturally very glad when he succeeded in

finding the one of which he was in search, and was able to direct into it, some of the streams which had been inundating the basement. Before the other two drains were open, however, Miss Forest called, and seeing the condition of things, gave orders that the boys must immediately shovel what coal there was in the coal bin into barrels. As there was but little more than a ton on hand, this was not a difficult job; so Mark set some of the boys at this work, while he, with two or three more, worked at the drains.

Scarcely had Miss Forest left, when Mrs. Lovelaw entered in great haste to say, the snow must be shoveled from the sidewalk, at once; or legal measures would doubtless be taken against them for neglect of duty. Mark felt that nothing could be done to the sidewalk till the drains were opened, and the coal cared for; and it was then late in the afternoon. He was not aware that a boy,—one of the largest and oldest in the Home, had heard the remarks of Mrs. Lovelaw, and stolen out with a shovel, unseen by any one in the building, and set to work on the sidewalk.

Mrs. Lovelaw departed, but an hour later, a policeman called to give notice that the snow must be moved from the sidewalk; not wholly, but in part, so, as to bring it to a level with that on other premises. By night fall, the drains were all opened, but much shoveling was still required to open channels, so that the water would all run into them, instead of partially running into the basement.

The next morning before nine o'clock, Mark was informed that a person below wished to see him. He went down, and found a well dressed lady of middle age, in the Council Room, who rose with imperial dignity, and regarding him with a most angry expression of countenance, thus began,

"Mr. Upstone, I'm astonished that you should permit the sidewalk in front of a public institution like this, to be in such a condition; it is a shame, a disgrace to the city!"

Mark was amazed; he thought the woman surely was a lunatic who had escaped from an asylum; and he was thinking how he could best summon a policeman to secure her, when a loud shriek attracted his attention and that of the lady, to the window; and what he there saw at once disclosed to him the cause of his visitor's anger. A very short and stout Irishwoman, about fifty years of age, stood nearly waist deep in a hole in the sidewalk a yard square, filled with dirty water; the vegetables and soup bone she was carrying in her basket, being part of them in the water, and part on the sidewalk.

"Howly mother!" she exclaimed; and then glacing toward the window and seeing Mark, she shook her fist at him, and shouted, "May the divil take ye and all yer orphins and relations—"

Mark did not stop to hear the rest of her remarks, but turning to his visitor said,

"I beg your pardon, Madam, but until I saw the predicament of this woman in the street, I had not the slightest idea to what you alluded, when you spoke of the condition of the sidewalk. I now see that someone has dug and left a dangerous hole; and I shall try to find out who did it. "I hope you did not fall into it?" but a glance at her skirts showed that the last remark was superfluous.

"I should say I did;" she replied; "and I know I would have displayed more sense, had I gone directly home and changed my clothes; but I was so angry that I could not forbear stopping; and I hope if any of our boys did it you will find them out and punish them as they deserve."

Mark noticed the expression, "our boys," and asked,

"Are you one of the directresses of the Bethesda?"

She looked as if a little surprised that he did not know her, and informed him that she was, and gave him her name and residence, which was only a few blocks distant.

As Mark could not believe that the hole in the walk was made by any of the boys, and wished to lead her to the same opinion, he said he would ascertain while she was there. He, therefore, went directly to the school-room, where the children were now in charge of his niece, and requested the boy who had been working at the sidewalk to hold up his hand. Up went the hand of Dick Storrs who was proud to acknowledge what he regarded as no small achievement. On questioning him, Mark learned that on hearing Mrs. Lovelaw's remarks the day before, he had slipped out unobserved, and excavated the hole which was giving pedestrians so much trouble. Before settling with him for his presumption and audacity in thus disobeying rules, Mark took him into the Council Room to explain to the lady, how it was the hole happened to be in the sidewalk; but before he could do this, a loud laugh and angry words attracted them again to the window; and lo! two young men, evidently college students, had approached the hole, and one of them, having measured its depth, was now wringing the legs of his trousers, while now and then, casting threatening glances at the Bethesda; his comrade meanwhile being convulsed with laughter.

Dick, although now fearing that he had not done the most commendable thing possible, acknowledged before the lady, that, acting on the suggestion of Mrs. Lovelaw, he had made an effort to clear the sidewalk to which the hole bore witness. The lady, after learning from him that Mrs. Lovelaw had neither ordered him to go to work at it, nor spoken to him, and that he had gone out contrary to the rules of the institution, without permission or instructions from any one, told him that a boy of half his age, should have more sense than to dig a hole like that in the sidewalk; and that if Mr. Upstone did his duty, he would punish him severely. Dick was rather crestfallen, though he was not troubled with a

tender conscience nor with modesty. He was generally good natured, but not a particularly bright boy, and was sometimes obstinate and sulky. Although he affected to be very good, there was little reliance to be placed on his word, and Mark had never succeeded in giving him a liking for study or books. He was thirteen years of age, large and strong, but as yet the ladies had not succeeded in securing him a home outside of the institution; hence, he remained here. Any of the other boys on being reproved by one of the ladies, as he had been this morning, would have been too much cowed to offer any defence; but not Dick; and though it was very meekly, he informed the lady that Mrs. Lovelaw had said the snow must be all taken off down to the flag-stones, and that was why he had dug the hole so deep. As it was the rule among the directresses never to criticise the actions or judgment of one another before others, it was strong evidence of the extent of this lady's wrath, that she expressed the opinion on rising to leave, that Mrs. Lovelaw might as well attend to her own affairs as to "attempt to run both the Bethesda and the city."

As Mark opened the outside door for this lady's exit, another of the directresses stood on the steps, and was about to ring the bell; she thus announced the object of her visit.

"Mr. Upstone, I have come to see you about this shocking hole in the sidewalk. My niece in passing here this morning got into it, and came home in an awful state; the poor girl is very delicate, has a cough, and I have fears for the result. Why, I think it is a burning shame to have such a place as that; right in front of our Home!"

What more she would have said is uncertain; but just as she had got thus far, the lady who had first called, exclaimed:

"That is just what I told Mr. Upstone; but it seems he is not to blame for it; Dick Storrs went out and dug the hole without anyone knowing it."

"Well then, Dick Storrs should be taught better than that," replied lady No. 2. "What does he say he did it for?"

"He claims that Mrs. Lovelaw said the snow must all be removed from the sidewalk, and that he was trying to fulfill her orders," replied the other.

"Why did Mrs. Lovelaw give any such order?" asked the second visitor; but without giving time for an answer she continued, "but what is to be done about this hole?"

Mark, who had been querying in his own mind what was to be done, whether to clear the sidewalk connected with the institution entirely of snow, cover the hole with pieces of boards, or adopt some other plan, now said,

"I will see that the hole is filled up at once;" and turning to Dick, who was sitting in the hall beside the stove, he told him to get a shovel and fill the hole without delay. The two ladies now departed and Mark, having sent four more boys out to shovel

snow, according to the directions given by the policeman the previous day, was about to sit down to his breakfast, when Miss Forest arrived in no pleasant humor, saying it had been reported to her, that the sidewalk in front of the Bethesda was in a dangerous condition. Fortunately, she had learned much from Dick, before she entered the institution; but he had led her to the conclusion that he had dug the hole in obedience to Mrs. Lovelaw's orders to remove all the snow from the walk; hence, she was evidently not well pleased that Mrs. Lovelaw had assumed so much authority. Mark acquainted her with all the particulars of the matter, and expressed his gratification at meeting her; as he felt himself in a dilemma. The day was fair, though mild, and the snow was still melting; and unless there was much shoveling done in the yard, the basement was still in danger of being flooded; the boys evidently could not do this work and that on the sidewalk, as there were many yards of the latter to clear; the Bethesda standing on a corner. He also distinctly assured her that he thought the boys too young to do either part of the work in the time circumstances demanded. Miss Forest readily assented to his opinion, and generously gave him permission to engage as many men as he thought necessary to do the work; though cautioning him at the time, to hire them on as reasonable terms as possible.

As soon as Mark had finished his breakfast, he sallied out in quest of the men, and in a short time engaged three to work that afternoon, and part, at least, of the day following. On his return, he found Miss Forest still at the Home, as well as Mrs. Lovelaw and two more ladies—directresses—all warmly engaged in a discussion as to whether the snow should be wholly, or only partially removed from the sidewalk. Mrs. Lovelaw and one of the ladies stoutly contended for the removal of all; while Miss Forest and the other lady, were quite as positive that it was necessary to remove but part. Mark knew that the amount removed should depend on what was done by other proprietors and tenants; if they removed but part of the snow from their sidewalk, and he should have it all removed from the part around the Bethesda, the water would immediately settle in the lower part, and cause more trouble and complaint than did the work done the day before by Dick Storrs.

As the ladies were now standing in the hall, preparatory to leaving, he heard part of the discussion, and would gladly have given his opinion; but as none of them asked it, he held his peace. The ladies not being able to agree, Miss Forest finally said,

"I think we had better go home and leave the matter with Mr. Upstone to do as he sees fit."

She then departed, and the other ladies soon followed her example. Finding that the neighbours removed only part of the snow from their sidewalks, Mark directed the men he had employed to do the same; and there was no further trouble from the water.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Dawson's visit to Mrs. Tillson, with the explanation which ensued, seemed productive of good, inasmuch as Mrs. Tillson and two of her neighbours, called at the parsonage within the next three days. There was not displayed of course, the ease, grace and knowledge of etiquette, that mark the calls of society ladies, but May neither expected nor cared for these things; she aimed to make her visitors feel at ease, and to show them that she was not ashamed of having done the work of house cleaning, she gave a graphic description of her late experience in that line, which caused no little amusement.

From this time forward, May had no reason to complain of a lack of cordiality and friendliness on the part of the people of Greenvale.

The idea that Mrs. Dawson was not one of the "stuck up" kind, seemed finally to have been engrafted in their minds, and obtained a firm rooting; this fact being attested by the many visits she received, and the way in which the neighbors vied with each other in bringing her luxuries from the dairy, garden or field, where the wild raspberry both red and black, grew in abundance.

The reader will not be surprised to know that May fostered this good feeling with all the tact and kindness that good sense and an amiable nature prompted. She made many visits in return, and more than once accompanied one or more of the girls on their expeditions to the berry pastures, where, in proximity to the woods, she listened to the carols of different hued birds, anon, to the tinkling of the cow bell, or watched the gambols of merry lambs on the top of huge boulders, while their mothers chewed their cuds in blissful comfort in the shade of neighbouring bushes. Little did her companions imagine the intense delight these rambles for berries amid the varied forms of nature, afforded May, coming as she did for the first time in her life, among scenes she had never before visited. While her fingers were as deftly engaged, as those of the others, in filling her pail with berries, no sight or sound escaped her. The hawk circling in his giddy height above the trees; the little, chirping wood bird, hopping from bough to bough; the cawing crow flying lazily from his perch on a fence stake; the domestic animals cropping the fresh green herbage, or taking their siesta in the shade of trees or bushes, and the simple, wild plants and flowers—objects unnoticed and unremembered by those to whom they were as familiar almost, as the recurrence of day and night—were to her, so many objects of interest and pleasure—each helping to form a picture of a cosy nook in the domain of nature which filled her with delight.

But while everything seemed to be working so harmoniously, and the ties that bound May and her neighbors together grew stronger, it must not be supposed that she was an exception to the rest of mankind, and was entirely free from every anxiety, care or annoyance. Trouble, if not wholly, is largely of our own making; and the amount depends upon our disposition and temperament. What one would regard serious trouble, sufficient to cause deep grief, such as brings with it wretched days and sleepless nights, another would esteem but a little inconvenience, to be cast aside without causing a pang of anxiety or sorrow.

May's trouble, though not of a very serious kind, was due solely to her inexperience. When she and John began housekeeping, she had left but very little money of the small stock she brought with her from home. John had paid out all he had but a dollar or two, and this he gave to her with the understanding, that she was to be the commissary of the household—an agreement made at her own suggestion. Though their weekly expenses were comparatively trifling, it was but a short time before May's funds were exhausted; and so careful was she of her husband's comfort and peace of mind, she withheld the fact from his knowledge. She knew that in a day or two he was to visit a remote section of his field, and intended to be absent nearly a week; and that during this trip, he would in all probability receive something on his long unpaid salary.

On the day that he left, May had prepared her usual good dinner, and he dined, entirely unconscious of the fact that, what was left of the mutton roast then on the table, with a quantity of biscuit would be all there was in the house for May's subsistence during his absence. Her last cent had gone, yet she was not dismayed; and in her usual cheerful spirits, allowed him to depart in blissful ignorance of her financial condition, determined to get along as best she could. But he had not been gone an hour when a long, lank, cadaverous specimen of the genus homo, paid her a visit. He lived four or five miles distant, and sometimes, but not often, attended the Sabbath services held by Mr. Dawson in the vicinity of his home. Among his neighbors he was regarded as a man of penurious principles, endowed with an unlimited amount of "cheek," and one not too proud to descend to dishonorable tricks, if thereby he imagined he could gain even a penny. On the strength of attending an occasional service, he, no doubt, felt that the minister ought to provide him with an occasional dinner, and it was doubtless to this thought May was indebted for his present visit. She had seen him once or twice before, so that she recognized him when he entered, but supposed that on learning her husband's absence, he would soon depart. When an hour had elapsed, however, she began to realize that departing was the last and least of his intentions.

As it was considerably past the usual country dinner hour when he arrived, decent hospitality did not require her to ask him to dine —a thing she most certainly would have done, had it not been for the depleted condition of her larder; but when another hour had passed, and her visitor still remained, and she learned moreover, that he intended walking home, her kindly feelings got the better of her pride, and she suggested the propriety of his taking some refreshment before starting. He did not require a second invitation, and so, making tea, and placing her roast—which would have amply sufficed for two meals for John and herself—and a dozen biscuits on the table, with many apologies for the scanty meal, she bade him draw up. On going to the table a few minutes later, to replenish his cup with tea, she was amazed to find that not only the roast, with the exception of a few bones, had disappeared, but he was in the act of taking the only biscuit that remained. What rendered it still more embarassing for her, it was evident that his appetite was not half appeased; but biscuit was all she had to offer him, and she, therefore, placed another dozen on the table, taking a side glance at him as she did so, to see to what proportion his stomach was distended. It surprised her in no small degree to find that he did not look different from what he did when he sat down; for to her it appeared incredible, that a man could consume such a quantity of food and still retain his normal proportions. In case he were able to rise at all from his chair, she had expected to see him transformed into such a figure as she had occasionally seen on the street in the city, looking as if beneath his vestment he bore the half of a hogshead divided longitudinally. But when he had disposed of the second dozen of biscuits, with four cups of tea, and rose apparently unaltered, she concluded that he must be different, anatomatically, from other men, and that his stomach extended into the regions which, in them, was occupied by liver and lungs.

Having obtained the object of his visit, he next filled his pipe, lit it and departed; leaving May in something of a quandary as to the length of time she could subsist on biscuit alone, without serious discomfort.

It may seem strange to those who have had to depend to a certain extent on credit for subsistance, that she should not have availed herself of this very convenient and helpful element of business, when living in such close proximity to a store, and to farmers where provisions of nearly all kinds could be obtained; but she had been taught to regard getting in debt not only a misfortune, but something extremely disgraceful; indeed, an act not unlike getting drunk. Her parents never asked credit for groceries, nor, in fact, for anything else, for the very good reason, doubtless, that it was never necessary—the family treasury never being entirely empty —and she could not feel that the different circumstances amply justified her in doing what they had no reason for doing. We may

also perhaps indulge the suspicion that she was not entirely free from that frailty, which, in some degree, is found in the whole human family, viz., a fear of acknowledging the fact that she was penniless.

We doubt whether there is a more heartless, tyrannical and despicable master in the world, than the fear which makes us resort to deceit and subterfuge, rather than allow our destitution to become known; and yet, much as we condemn this, it is not in the human heart to avoid it altogether, so long as the world continues its present homage to mammon. As well may the defenders of a beleagured fortress expose their exhausted magazine and dismantled guns to the eye of the foe, as for an individual to expose a depleted purse to the public eye.

But whether actuated by the reasons mentioned above or not, May resolved to subsist on biscuits till they were gone, and then, as she had a little flour and plenty of water, she would with these two articles make more, or something that would sustain life till John's return.

It is an old, and, we believe, a generally accepted adage, that the larder is no sooner empty, or a woman well started in house cleaning, than visitors are sure to arrive. However true the adage, May had lived but twenty-four hours in conformity with her resolution, when the two sisters of her husband—Lizzie and Kate Dawson —arrived with the intention of remaining two or three weeks.

Now, though she was not intimately acquainted with them, she had met them once or twice, and felt far less reluctance to tell them of her unpleasant circumstances, than she would almost any other person she knew. Notwithstanding this fact, however, she experienced a feeling of considerable humiliation, and the tears gathered in her eyes, as she revealed the fact.

"Why don't you go to the grocery and get what you need?" asked Lizzie, the elder sister.

"How can I without money?" innocently inquired May.

"Have it charged, to be sure; the grocer will give you a pass-book."

"A pass-book? What is that? I never heard of such a thing," said May; and then she went on to say that, if it was anything like getting into debt, she could not think of it; she never asked a person in her life to trust her, and would be so ashamed that she could not possibly do it.

"Come with me then," said Lizzie, who knew it was the custom of nearly everybody to obtain credit at times. May went with her to the store door, but would not enter. Her sister-in-law, however, was not absent five minutes when she came out, and insisted that May should go in and select such things as she desired; assuring her that the storekeeper had said he would be only too glad to give her credit for anything she might wish.

It is unnecessary to say that, though May felt humiliated, from

that time forward, the house was never destitute of provisions. Miss Lizzie Dawson also extended her brother's credit. Up to this time, May had paid cash for everything, even to their milk, when she obtained it; but Miss Dawson went to the neighboring farmer who supplied it, and arranged to have it sent to the house every morning; and learning that he intended to kill a fat lamb the next day, she promptly ordered a quarter, to be paid for at any time her brother saw fit to pay it. Before she left, however, the man concluded that it might as well apply on his subscription of $4 towards Mr. Dawson's salary, which had been due over six months.

John returned home on Saturday, considerably disappointed, inasmuch as he had received but $1.25 where he expected to obtain at least $25 of the $100 due him. He learned from the collector that nearly every subscriber, now that the minister had commenced housekeeping, wanted to pay his subscription in provisions, the next fall or winter. One wanted to pay in pork, beef or mutton; another wanted to pay in corn or buckwheat; while another could spare nothing but potatoes.

But John did not despair; he had great faith in the Divine promises, and he told May not to worry, assuring her that they would be provided for. As if in confirmation of this assurance, and as a reward for his faith, that same evening a letter came for May from her home in Blissville, with $20 enclosed; and the stage brought from the same place, to John's address, a good sized keg of pickled salmon, and a barrel of biscuit.

## CHAPTER X.

It was a warm and beautiful day in the early part of June that, Mark was paying bills sent to the Bethesda the preceding month. After settling with their butcher at St. Ann's Market, he walked eastward a little distance, along Commissioner Street, to pay a small account. After he had done this, and was returning, noticing that one of the steamers of the Allan Line had just arrived, he stopped a moment to see the passengers as they landed, and came up to the street.

Many of them had gone away in cabs, their own private carriages which met them, or on foot, when a tall, dark complexioned, rather distinguished, but not robust looking gentleman, accompanied by a delicate looking lady and two children, a boy and girl, passed him. They were respectably, but not expensively clad, and their dress showed care and taste; but both seemed worn and dejected; and from the way in which they looked about, and from a certain air of indecision, as to what they should do, Mark decided that they were strangers in the city.

As they drew near he observed that the gentleman eyed him closely; and after they had passed he spoke to the lady a moment, then came back, and politely addressing Mark, asked if he was well acquainted in the city.

Mark assured him he was comparatively well acquainted with that part in which they then were.

"Would you be kind enough then, sir, to refer us to a respectable hotel, where we can remain a few days at a moderate price? I intend to engage a house as soon as possible, but while looking for one, I would like to have my family in a comfortable place; but at the same time I wish to avoid unnecessary expense."

"I think the Albion will be such a place as you desire," said Mark; "and as I am going directly past it, I will accompany you to the door, if you have no objection."

"We shall feel greatly obliged by the favor I assure you, sir," said the stranger; "but as my wife is not strong; I hope the distance is not great, if it is, I would much rather take a cab."

"The distance is less than half a mile," replied Mark.

"Oh we can surely walk that distance," said the lady, who had turned around, and was so near that she had heard the words that had passed between them.

The gentleman now handed Mark his card, on which he read "Arthur H. Langdon, Portrait Painter," and Mark in turn presented his card, containing simply his name. Mr. Langdon then introduced his wife; and Mark, notwithstanding her pale face and tired look,

observed that she was a woman of more than ordinary beauty. She evidently, like her husband, was a person of culture; and somehow Mark felt strangely drawn to these strangers; and with a view to helping them, was already mentally numbering his friends and acquaintances, who might wish to have their portraits painted. Whatever the loss of vigor apparent in them, it did not spring from age; for Mr. Langdon could not be more than thirty-five, and his wife was by two or three years his junior. Their children, too, were models of obedience to parental authority, modest, intelligent and affectionate.

During the short walk to the Albion, though the time was chiefly taken up in giving Mr. Langdon information respecting the city and country, for which he asked, Mark learned that his new acquaintance had no relatives in this country or in England, whence they had come.

On arriving at the Albion, as Mark knew both the proprietor and the manager, he went in and introduced Mr. Langdon in the office; and it was no doubt owing in a measure to the interest he showed in the new comers, and a few words he spoke aside to the proprietor, that enabled the artist to obtain terms so satisfactory for the board of his family.

When they first entered, there were half a dozen sitting about the room, in conversation, reading or smoking, and as Mark turned from speaking with the proprietor to introduce Mr. Langdon, he was surprised to find that gentleman staring so intently at a man sitting in the corner facing him, that he seemed to be forgetful of all else. Mark took a keener look, and observed that the man was doubtless about Mr. Langdon's age; though his seedy clothes and unmistakably dissipated look, gave him the appearance of being some years older. He was tall, and might have been considered very good looking, had it not been for a sinister, fierce expression of countenance, the effect of which, heightened by a long, drooping moustache, and a dark red scar on his cheek, rendered his face repellant rather than attractive. The man, observing the astonished look of Mr. Langdon, met his gaze only for an instant, and then turned his eyes in another direction, and tried to assume an indifferent air, as if he desired no further acquaintance.

The pronounciation of his name by Mark, seemed to recall Mr. Langdon's thoughts to his present situation, and he was introduced to the proprietor. After a short interval, when Mark was about leaving, Langdon thanked him cordially for his kindness, and expressed the hope that they might become better acquainted; a hope that Mark quite as sincerely cherished.

As he bade him adieu, Mark happened to glance toward the chair occupied by the stranger, whose presence but a few minutes previous had so perceptibly attracted the notice of Mr. Langdon, but it was vacant; he then looked around, and discovered that he had

left the room. Trifling as seemed the incident, Mark could not help thinking of it, and he wondered where, and under what circumstances these two men had met—for that they had met he was certain. Both had given signs of recognition, and the manner, especially of the one unknown to Mark, betrayed the fact, that their former acquaintance, wherever and whenever it had been, had not been of a pleasant character.

Two days later, Mark met Mr. Langdon on St. James Street near the Grand Trunk station. He was in good spirits, having just been fortunate enough to engage a very pleasant and comfortable house on St. Antoine street, about half a mile west of the place where they met; and what was equally gratifying, the man who owned it, on learning that Mr. Langdon painted portraits, and seeing one or two of his specimens, gave him an order for four, for different members of his family. Mr. Langdon had also been further encouraged in his hopes for employment by receiving orders for three portraits, from parties he had met at the Albion.

As both felt they had little time to spare, they now parted; Mr. Langdon assuring Mark that he expected to be living in the house he had engaged within a week; and giving him a pressing invitation to visit them, as soon as they were fairly settled; which Mark gladly promised to do.

About a week subsequently they again met, and Mr. Langdon, told him that they were now ready for his promised visit, and should expect it soon. Mark replied that if nothing occurred to prevent it, he would call the following evening; but said he could not bring Mrs. Upstone with him, as both could not leave the Home at the same time.

The next evening, therefore, after the children had retired, Mark thought of his visit, and was soon ringing the bell at No. — St. Antoine street. Mrs. Langdon answered the summons, and after a most cordial greeting led him into a cosy parlor, far more neatly furnished than he had expected to find it from the idea he had formed of their circumstances.

Several beautiful volumes lay on a table in the centre of the room, and among them were most expensive works on art decoration, showing that Langdon tried to keep up with the advancement of his profession. The walls were also embellished with fine paintings—landscape, and portraits, all products of his brush.

Mark found pleasure in looking over the paintings of Langdon, of old castles in England, Scotland, and along the Rhine, and scenes he had visited in various parts of Central and Southern Europe; and he was satisfied that when his skill as an artist had become known in Montreal, he would not want for customers for his work.

When the paintings had been examined, the host asked Mark if he was fond of music; and on being answered in the affirmative, he first opened the piano to which he conducted Mrs. Langdon, and

then producing a flute, the two regaled Mark for the next half hour, with music to which, he told his wife on returning home, he would gladly have listened, till morning. After playing one selection, Langdon asked his wife if she felt equal to singing. She replied that, though fearing she could not go through with it, yet, she would try. She therefore began, but had scarcely done so, when she was obliged to desist, owing to an attack of coughing which continued for some minutes, and appeared to cause her much pain. Her voice was not strong, but was very sweet; and her husband informed his guest that, until a few weeks before leaving England, he had been rather proud of her vocal accomplishments, but that some throat trouble seemed to have destroyed in a measure the melody of her voice since which she had rarely sung, this being the third time she had been seized with a fit of coughing on attempting to sing. Mark recollected that he had heard her cough a little once or twice before that evening, and he thought it had the same ominous sound, that struck him, as they were on their way to the Albion, the first time he met them.

Mrs. Langdon was soon seated at the piano again, but made no further effort to sing. After playing awhile longer, Mr. Langdon handed the flute to his son who was called by his own name, Arthur, and requested him to play. Though a little reluctant from modesty to do so, a word of encouragement from his father induced him to lay aside his objections; and he was soon so much absorbed in playing that he seemed to forget everything else. Mrs. Langdon said her boy had a great passion for music, and Mark was surprised that one so young, for he was not more than twelve years old—should play so well. When the lad laid the flute aside, Mark, without knowing whether the daughter sang or not, laid his hand on her head, around which her long, silken golden hair clustered in ringlets, and said,

"Cannot you now favor us with a song, Annie?"

The child, who was about eleven years old, blushed and glanced toward her mother, as if expecting instructions from her, as to what she should do, and Mrs. Langdon, observing her hesitation, said,

"Sing for Mr. Upstone, Annie, if he wishes it."

Thus encouraged, the child commenced singing a simple pathetic ballad in a sweet clear voice, which seemed to grow stronger and sweeter as she proceeded, and her confidence increased. She had large dark blue eyes, a face expressing the utmost amiability of nature, and Mark thought as she stood by the table, her whole soul thrown into the song she was singing, that he had never seen a more perfect picture of childish innocence and loveliness.

He could not help observing a great difference in these two children, as well in temperament and disposition, as in complexion and feature. Though the skin of the boy was light, his eyes were very dark, keen and expressive; and his hair, which was inclined

to curl, was of raven blackness. While Annie was all gentleness, firmness, determination and ambition were portrayed in Arthur's every feature and action.

As it was nearly ten o'clock, Mark was about taking his leave, when Mrs. Langdon entered with coffee and other refreshments, and the conversation commenced anew, and took a turn that soon engaged Mark with intense interest.

"When we entered the Albion on the day of our arrival, Mr. Upstone, did you notice a tall, dark man, with a scar on his cheek, sitting in the corner?" asked Langdon.

"I did," replied Mark, "and as you appeared to recognize each other, yet did not speak, I had much curiosity to know under what peculiar circumstances you had met, and who he is, inasmuch as you informed me, you knew no one in this country."

"'Ay, thereby hangs a tale,'" said Mr. Langdon smiling. "Until I met that man, I was not aware there was a person in this country whom I knew; and I would not have been more astonished had one risen before me from the grave, than I was to meet him. It is nearly thirteen years since I saw him, and as, during that time, I have never heard of him, I supposed he was dead."

"It is a great pity your supposition was not correct;" said Mrs. Langdon, "and yet, I would not like to have him die, till he is a different man from what he was when we knew him."

"I must tell you, Mr. Upstone, in apology for Mrs. Langdon's remark, that she has been very unhappy since she learned that I met him in this city; and her fears have not been diminished by the fact, that we saw him yesterday across the street, closely scanning our residence, as if he were noting the place and number; but I am only exciting your curiosity; therefore, I will tell you the whole story."

"If it were not for my apprehensions and forebodings of danger from that man," said Mrs. Langdon, "I should very strongly object Arthur, to your telling it to any one; but believing as I do, that he is leading a criminal life here, and therefore is an enemy to society and good order, I am willing that he should be known and watched."

"I am very anxious to hear the story," said Mark, "and if my humble services will do anything towards thwarting the designs of villainy, I shall be very glad to contribute them."

"Well then," said Langdon, "I will begin by telling you that the fellow, though he is largely of Spanish blood, with a mixture of French and German, bears a German name, which is Carl Diedrich. He was the only child of a wealthy merchant who lived in Berlin, and whose wife died soon after this son was born. His father educated him, and he was at a military school with a view to entering the army, when his father died, leaving him sole heir to many thousands. He had already become somewhat noted among his fellow students for his reckless and extravagant way of living; and

now that he was left without paternal restraint, with money at his command, his intervals of riotous living became more marked and frequent than before. The scar on his cheek was received in a duel; and he finally joined a society of Nihilists, in which he became so prominent, he was in imminent danger of imprisonment, when he fled to London. There, for a time, he abandoned his dissipated habits, or at least, so it appeared to the public, though it was said by some that he still drank and gambled; but did it so quietly, none but his intimate friends ever knew it. His education and money introduced him into good society, and many a belle would have deemed herself fortunate could she have obtained him as a partner for life; but the only one for whom he displayed strong attachment, was one who, though she treated him with respect, thoroughly disliked him; and this fact she was not backward in making known to him, when he asked her hand in marriage. Her name was Ruth Fulton."

Mark understood from Langdon's manner, that he was speakink of his own wife, who had now absented herself for a short time from the parlor; Langdon continued,

"Like Diedrich, she was an only child, and her father was a merchant, though of limited means. His wife died when Ruth was but ten years old, and after that he displayed great affection for her, took much pains to educate her, and seemed unhappy, when she was not in his society. It was a matter of deep regret to Ruth that he was inclined to favor the suit of Diedrich, as she was in the habit of humoring his wishes in almost everything; but when she told him how much she despised Diedrich, and avowed her determination never to marry him, he said no more. As for Diedrich he was nearly beside himself; he begged, wept, and threatened to shoot himself, there in her presence, if she would not consent to his proposal; but when he found that she was unmoved, he changed his manner and language, and hinted at dire misfortunes she was likely to experience should she persist in refusing him. He knew that there was another young man who sometimes visited her, and with whom he had seen her walking a few times; and although he was ignorant of the degree of affection existing between them, he intimated that, if it were on account of this young man that she refused himself, she was exposing herself to sad disappointment, as he knew positively, the young man was engaged to another; assuring her that he saw him almost daily in her company."

Again Mark knew by Langdon's manner that the young man referred to, was none other than himself.

"But Diedrich had overshot his mark; Ruth knew perfectly well, that every word he had uttered was false; and more than ever disgusted with him, she told him plainly of his perfidy, and that it would not in the least further his designs were the young man to marry another girl the next day.

"Diedrich was furious; seizing his hat and exclaiming, 'Ah we shall see, Miss Fulton! we shall see!' he rushed madly from the house; but the second day afterwards he came again, evidently under the influence of liquor, and began pressing his suit in the most humble terms, begging that she would forgive him for his rudeness at the time of his last visit.

"But as he was more firmly refused than before, he again became angry and was so insulting in his remarks, Ruth ordered him to leave the house. When he refused she stepped to the door to call her father, and unexpectedly met me just about to ring the bell. Quickly learning the condition of affairs, I hastened to the parlor and thus addressed the fellow:—

"Miss Fulton tells me that she has ordered you to leave the house, and you have not done it. Now sir, do as she ordered you, instantly or I shall help you!"

"You! and who are you?" he hissed rather than spoke, while a most fiendish expression darted to his blood-shot eyes. At the same moment, he whipped a revolver from his pocket; but I gave him no opportunity to use it, and after showing him that I could easily handle him, I opened the door and thrust him out; but I did not return his revolver till the next day."

"Did Diedrich ever call on Miss Fulton again?" asked Mark.

"He did not, but two days after the incident I have related, I received a note from the fellow, asking me to meet him in a duel. I wrote him at once, saying I could not accept the challenge; and, furthermore, I was astonished that a man of his natural intelligence, educated in the light of the nineteenth century, should deliberately attempt to keep alive, and encourage, a barbarous and wicked custom of the mediaeval ages. That my refusal to accept his challenge did not spring from cowardice, I assured him I thought he had abundant reason to know. In a very short time I received another letter from him, saying he was not disappointed; he had believed me to be too much of a poltroon to give him the satisfaction a true gentleman would be willing to give another, and that in refusing his request I had forfeited all right to be treated as a gentleman. 'Be assured,' he said in closing, 'we shall meet again;' which, of course, I regarded as a threat that he would attack me, whenever he thought the opportunity favorable.

"I did not reply to Diedrich's last letter, and afterward gave little thought to the matter, till two or three weeks later I happened one evening to be in a crowd, witnessing a display of fireworks, when, turning around suddenly I saw him not ten yards distant watching me intently, and apparently with the design of making his way to me; but as soon as he saw that he was recognized, he dropped his eyes, and immediately plunged into the thickest of the crowd.

"Very soon after this, Ruth's father, Mr. Fulton, was seized

with a sudden illness, from which he died within a week; and a month later the banns of our marriage were published. The evening following their publication, I was again wending my way to my boarding-house, when I met a tall man, closely enveloped in a cloak, and as he passed he drew very close and peered into my face, as if to make sure of my identity. I could not have advanced four steps farther, when the report of a pistol startled me, and I knew I had been shot.

"The night was dark and rainy; there was no street lamp near the spot, and no person save the swiftly retreating assassin, who soon turned into a cross-street. I stood there some seconds, so dazed I knew not what to do, when two young men approached me. I recollect telling them I had been shot, and asking for a cab; I then fainted, and when I recovered, I was in a drug store, lying on a couch extemporized for my benefit, and an elderly surgeon whom I knew slightly, and whose office was near, was in the act of dressing my wound; the two young men who had taken me there, still waiting to see the result. The surgeon did not recognize me till I had spoken, and was much surprised to learn that I was his patient.

"'Well, Langdon,' he said, 'you have had a narrow escape; for the assassin meant to hit your heart, but he missed it and has, instead, given you a nasty, but not a dangerous wound; you'll be all right in two or three weeks with care.'

"It was a great relief to me to hear this assurance, but I was so weak from loss of blood, that I did not take a lively interest in anything. After dressing the wound, the surgeon asked me to tell him if I knew the man who shot me, or had any suspicion as to his identity. I was too weak to use unnecessary words, and faintly said,

"'I think it was Carl Diedrich.

"'Where does he live?' he asked.

"I gave the street and number at which his letters, two months previous had been dated.

"I was carefully removed to my own lodgings, and the surgeon did not leave me till he had seen this done, provided me with a competent attendant, and I had fallen asleep.

"The next morning I sent for Ruth; the surgeon was there when she arrived, and succeeded in allaying her grief and fears by assuring her that I was in no danger, if I received the proper attention. He questioned her closely respecting Diedrich, and learned the whole story of his challenge, and my former trouble with him; though she tried to conceal the fact that it was with regard to herself the trouble had arisen, but it was useless; he plied her with questions, and told her that in the interests of justice, she should tell all she knew; that so vile a miscreant should not be permitted to escape, if it were possible to find him. He also informed her that

he had sent the two young men from the drug store, the previous evening, as soon as he learned the name of the man I suspected of the crime, to report the case to the proper authorities. Officers were immediately sent to the hotel where Diedrich had been boarding, but it was learned that he had left the place with his baggage two days before the crime was committed, and no one knew whither he had gone. The surgeon, however, believed he would soon be found; as he had learned that he had been under the surveillance of a private detective sent from Berlin, ever since he had been in London. But he was not seen again in the city; and as I before informed you, I had long supposed he was dead, till I met him here in Montreal. But even had he been caught in London, unless strong circumstantial evidence had been found against him, he could not have been convicted of the crime; for though I had not the slightest doubt that he was the man who shot me, I could not take my oath of it, as I did not obtain a fair view of his face."

"It strikes me," said Mark, "that the threatening letter he wrote you, and what you knew of his subsequent actions, must have been very strong corroborative evidence that he was the man. There is no doubt that when he fled, he believed he had killed you."

"Not the least," replied Langdon, "and he had good reason to think so, for notwithstanding the encouragement given me by the surgeon, it was two months before I was around again, and three before I regained my normal condition."

"Mr. Langdon," said Mark, "I am not surprised at the fears of Mrs. Langdon; since you know that this miscreant is watching you, I think this matter should be reported to the chief of police, that it may be known who and what he is. I shall certainly do it myself if you do not. You really have good cause to have him arrested and put under bonds."

"I cannot believe," said Langdon, "that in his reduced circumstances and more advanced years, he is as ready to commit capital crimes as he was thirteen years ago; nor can I believe that after so long a time, he can cherish feelings toward me that would induce him to take any trouble to injure me. At any rate, I do not fear him."

"I am sure, Arthur, that you give that man far more credit for humanity and decency than he deserves," said Mrs. Langdon; "I think the advice of Mr. Upstone is good, and you should follow it."

As it was now late, Mark departed, having been assured by his friends that they would visit the Bethesda some evening within a few days, and bring their children with them.

## CHAPTER XI.

It was Monday morning, three or four days after Mark's evening visit at Mr. Langdon's that the Bethesda received a visit from Miss Horner, one of the directresses. She was a lady about forty-five years of age, tall, well formed, of dark complexion, and except when in ill-humor—in which condition we are sorry to say, she was sometimes found—she was a very pleasant person to meet. Generally smiling, and lively withal, her society was usually found agreeable, especially if the hostess or host enjoyed a half hour of gossip.

It may be safely affirmed that Miss Horner was the social and moral barometer of the Bethesda. If she was seen entering it, any other time than on the day appointed for a meeting, or during the month that she was one of the visiting committee, it might safely be inferred that something was wrong—somebody, superintendent, matron, child or servant had committed some impropriety for which, he (or she) needed to be interviewed, advised or reprimanded, and led back again, humble, into the path of duty. To do this work was the mission of Miss Horner; not that she had been specially appointed to it; but from the fact that, she seemed to think her ability was peculiarly adapted to it; and that she was willing to sacrifice herself for the general good; the rest yielded to her this honor, and she had ever since held it by their tacit consent.

Miss Horner had two other peculiarities; one being the supreme contempt with which she regarded every church organization, save the one to which she belonged; the other was the veneration she cherished for high rank and wealth.

After the usual remarks on the occasion we mention, Miss Horner, with a look of disgust, said, "Mrs. Upstone, you were rather too late to meet the children yesterday when Sabbath-school closed, I hear." The reader will understand that the matron usually escorted the children home from Sunday-school.

"I was," she replied, and then explained how it happened.

"I see," said Miss Horner, "but I am sorry the children had to come home alone; they always will take advantage of such an opportunity to do some outrageous thing."

"Why, why, what did they do, yesterday? asked Mrs. Upstone, in great trepidation.

"Well, can you believe it? Lizzie Maynes spoke to Mrs. Rodgers' daughter, Mar·· on the street, calling her by her Christian name so loud, that several heard her. Just think of it, one of our charity girls, speaking to a lady's daughter on the street; why, it was simply shocking."

Mrs. Upstone, immensely relieved to find that the children had neither killed nor assaulted any one; not even stolen a watch or purse, as Miss Horner's tragic manner and startling expressions at first led her to imagine, kept silent, and regarded her visitor with mingled feelings of wonder and pity.

The orphan girl, Lizzie Maynes, who had committed the heinous offence of addressing a lady's daughter by her Christian name on the street, was a very fair, tall girl, with golden hair and a strikingly pretty face. She was thirteen years of age, possessed of much natural dignity and good common sense. She never said a silly thing, and though she had a keen sense of humor and enjoyed fun, she was quiet, and particularly careful never to obtrude on the society of those who, from wealth or station, could claim social superiority. She exercised a happy influence over the children generally; and was thus a great help to the superintendent and matron. Even the ladies knew how helpful she was in this respect, and being large and strong, she was equally useful in supplying the place of an intelligent domestic.

Both Mark and his wife knew that she had never been guilty of rudeness to any one; and that the young lady, Mary Rodgers, of whom Miss Horner had spoken, as well as many others of her class, often talked and laughed with the Home girls when they happened to meet. The young lady herself, and her mother, probably had never once thought that Lizzie had committed any impropriety; the idea had originated in the mind of Miss Horner, or had been suggested to her by some one more anxious to create a sensation than to do good.

After spending a short time with Mrs. Upstone, Miss Horner descended to the school-room to report Lizzie's misdeed to Mark also,—that both he and his wife might see to it that the girls indulged in no more such scandalous conduct.

Now, of all the ladies who visited the school-room, there was no one who created the disorder that Miss Horner did. She invariably had a great deal of talking to do, gave Mark an account of how the teachers used to do this thing and that, and usually took the pupils attention from their studies to listen to a long story which seemed to have little point or object. But her business was too important on this particular morning to permit her to follow her ordinary course; hence, after the usual salutations, she approached Mark, and in very low but solemn tones, gave him the information she had given Mrs. Upstone; and then retreating a step, closely watched the expression of his face to see whether he was properly affected by the gravity of the news imparted. Mark struggled between a desire to laugh, and the wish to express his indignation at Miss Horner's folly. He regarded her in silence for a moment, as if too much staggered to reply; and then, summoning all the gravity he could muster, said,

"Really, Miss Horner, this is a shocking affair; it won't do to let such an offence pass without some notice of it, that will serve as a lesson to the other girls and boys, or the reputation of the institution will be ruined."

"That is just my opinion," responded Miss Horner, "but still, I hardly know what to do; she seems rather too large a girl to be whipped; and—really I don't know what is best."

"Wouldn't it be well to confine her to her room for a week, and limit her diet for that time to bread and water?" Mark asked, with a most serious and solemn air.

"Perhaps that would be the best punishment we could inflict," was the answer; "and yet, it might cause talk among the rabble outside; I tell you, Mr. Upstone, we have to be pretty careful you know, or somebody will be accusing us of cruelty to the children."

"I know," he said, "but then, Miss Horner, anyone knowing the enormity of her offence, surely could not think a penalty like that too severe."

Miss Horner reflected a moment and then said,

"After all, Mr. Upstone, I think if you and Mrs. Upstone talk to her seriously, and make her see what a shocking thing she did, and understand that she must not repeat the act, it will suffice this time."

"Very well, Miss Horner, if you think that is sufficient we shall try to follow your suggestion; nevertheless we must remember that speaking to a lady's daughter on the street was a most scandalous thing for her to do."

"Certainly it was; but as Lizzie is *generally* a pretty good girl, and seems to know her place, I prefer that she should not be punished this time, further than I have suggested;" and with this kind remark, Miss Horner withdrew.

Whether she ever discussed the matter with Mrs. Rodgers and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Upstone never knew; but they had a hearty laugh over it that same evening; and both agreed that if there were any of the other directresses who held views similar to those of Miss Horner, respecting social position, they certainly had too much sense to make the same display about it.

The following (Tuesday) evening, Mr. Langdon, his wife and children came to the Bethesda, according to the promise given Mark the week previous.

As the children had not yet retired, Mark, at their usual hour for doing so, invited Arthur and Annie Langdon to go to the school-room with him, when he went to conduct the evening devotions. The bell always summoned the children to the school-room at half past eight in the evening, in summer, and at eight, in winter. After a chapter of scripture had been read, they all rose and sang the beautiful, simple, evening hymn beginning,

"All this day thy hand hath led us."

After this followed prayer; and then, forming in line, two deep, the girls first, the children marched into the hall, where the girls and boys respectively turning to the right and left, ascended the stairs leading to the different dormitories.

On the evening referred to, Mark had the children sing several of the hymns they had learned. All could sing well, but several of them had remarkably sweet voices, to which it was a pleasure to listen. Mr. Langdon, soon after the others went down, followed them, and he and his children joined the others in singing their hymns apparently with much enjoyment. Annie and Arthur displayed great interest in the children, and sympathy for them; which was in no degree lessened by the act of one of the little girls, who came confidently up to Annie, as they were about leaving the room, and taking her gently by the hand looked smilingly into her face, and said,

"You are happy."

"What makes you think so?" asked Annie.

"Oh, cause you have such a nice papa, and your mamma is alive too."

Mr. Langdon, who had been watching the little girl, caught her up in his arms, kissed her lovingly, and said,

"Yes, my darling, Annie now has her mamma and papa; but none of us know how long she may have them; but I hope you do not forget that you have a Father who loves you, and cares for you, far better than Annie's papa can care for her."

"Yes, God," she answered, in a low, sweet voice; and then, saying "Good night," she trotted off, and took her place in the line of children now formed and waiting.

How vividly this scene, and the words that were spoken were impressed on Mark's mind; how he thought of them but a few days later; and wondered whether it was not a dim foreshadowing of what was to occur—a providential directing of the minds of the two happy children of Mr. Langdon, to the contemplation of things they were destined soon to know too well.

A very happy visit was that which the two families enjoyed that evening, in the private sitting-room of the Upstones. They always preferred taking their intimate friends into this room, instead of the parlor, as it was lighter, more cheerful, and as Mrs. Upstone said, seemed much more like home.

Warm was the friendship that sprang up between Mrs. Upstone and her guest.

"I do not wonder," she said to Mark, after their visitors had gone, that you were so taken with these people; besides their striking intelligence, they are so humble, kind and sympathetic that they take you captive at once; and what bright, lovable children."

"Yes," said Mark, "and to think if they were to lose their parents, and in consequence, be obliged to enter an institution like

this, that, there are people who would feel it a disgrace for their own children to associate with them, or know them. What a disgrace to the Christian religion. What a mockery of the example set us by our Saviour."

"It does not seem possible," said Mrs. Upstone, "that there are people professing to follow the Saviour who feel like that. Do you really believe that if Annie Langdon were here, Miss Horner would think she must not speak to rich people's daughters on the street?"

"Certainly; why not? Lizzie Maynes is as sensible naturally, and as pretty as Annie Langdon; though she has not had the same advantages, and may not be quite as amiable."

"And then to think of the culture and refinement of her mother," said Mrs. Upstone.

"Yes," replied Mark, "but of how much importance are these qualities considered in comparison with wealth?" No doubt there are those of both sexes, even in this city, cultured people, who, because of misfortunes, are obliged to become the servants of wealthy, yet coarse, ignorant people."

"I can understand that," said Mrs. Upstone, "but it is not so easy to understand. why people who claim to be Christians, who are regular church attendants, and observe church ordinances, can feel, because they have money, that they are better than the poor, and refuse to associate with them. Can it be that they read and understand their Bible?"

"It is my opinion," said Mark, "that they pay but little attention to the Bible; they are simply people who know little and care less about vital godliness. Their love of the applause of men and of the pleasures of the world is far stronger than their love of the Lord and His righteousness; and the only reason they attend church, and observe church ordinances, is because it is *very respectable.*"

It was about eleven o'clock the following Friday night, all the inmates of the Home except Mark had retired, and he was preparing to do so, when the door bell rang. This was no unusual thing, for he had many times been summoned to the door as late as it now was; slipping on his dressing-gown which he had just taken off, he went down. On opening the door, he was greeted with, "Good evening, Mr. Upstone;" it was the voice of young Arthur Langdon. Mark was much surprised to see him there at that hour of the night, but had only answered his salutation, when Arthur, in accents denoting anxiety and fear, asked, "Have you seen my father to-night, Mr. Upstone?" A great fear seized Mark, the instant he had grasped the import of the inquiry; but resolving to conceal his agitation from the boy, he said, calmly,

"I have not Arthur; has your father been absent from home, long?"

Poor Arthur, the hope he had cherished of finding his father at the Bethesda had been blasted, and he burst into tears. Mark took him by the hand, led him into the hall, and after seating him, learned the following facts, which were delivered in broken sentences, and between sobs.

Mr. Langdon had that afternoon finished a portrait for a lady at Point St. Charles, which he had started to take to her that evening at eight o'clock; intending, before returning, to see another lady living a few doors from the residence to which he went, who had partially given an order for a portrait. He had assured his wife that he would return at the latest by nine. When at ten o'clock he had not returned, her anxiety became so great that she permitted Arthur, who had been to the lady's house, and, therefore, knew the place, to go in search of him. He went directly to her house, and there learned that his father had delivered the portrait, nearly two hours before, and had left, saying he was going to see the neighbor mentioned above. Arthur also saw the other lady, and learned that his father had been there, but did not remain more than five minutes. There was one place more where he might possibly have gone, though it was not probable—that was the Bethesda; and thither he directed his footsteps before returning home.

Learning these facts, Mark knew that Mrs. Langdon must be anxious by this time respecting her son, as well as his father; therefore, telling Arthur that he would go home with him, he ran up stairs, put on his coat, and in a moment was ready to set out. Mrs. Upstone was awake when he entered, and he hurriedly explained to her the situation of affairs.

"Poor, poor Mrs. Langdon!" she exclaimed, "How I pity her! but do you suppose Mark that that wretch, Diedrich, has any connection with his absence?"

"Of course," he replied, "I cannot know any more about that than you do, yourself; but I have a strong presentiment that some misfortune has befallen poor Langdon; though it may be owing to the words of Mrs. Langdon when they were here the other evening."

This allusion of Mark was to the assurance of that lady that she had suffered for some days from a sad foreboding of trouble. They had neither seen nor heard of Diedrich, but, nevertheless, she could not shake off the impression of impending sorrow.

"Will you be absent long, dear?" asked Mrs. Upstone.

"I cannot say," he replied; "if Langdon has returned, I shall be gone but a few minutes; if he has not, I don't know when I shall return."

"Well, I certainly cannot sleep while you are away;" said his wife, "so, I may as well get up and try to read;" saying which, she arose as Mark left the room.

He ried to comfort Arthur as they were walking together with the hope that his father would be at home when they arrived, and if he was not, that he would soon come; but still, he had little heart to encourage him, for he could not get rid of the feeling that it was more probable he would not come.

As soon as they entered the house, Mrs. Langdon, who had been pacing the floor in a state of grief and anxiety, too acute to be long endured, asked Arthur if he had learned anything of his father's whereabouts; and receiving from him the information we have given the reader, she turned to Mark and in imploring accents, said;

"Oh, Mr. Upstone, will you not find him? I am so glad you have come, for I have been thinking you would strive more to help us than any one else in the city, and know better than we do what should be done."

"You may be sure, my dear woman, that I shall do everything in my power to find him, and you will not want for other friends, who will anxiously engage in the search. I shall now go to Pt. St. Charles and enquire of the different policemen I meet; and if I do not get any encouragement, I shall go to police station No. — before I return. If we hear nothing by morning, I shall report the case at police head quarters; it will doubtless be an hour or more before I return."

Mark accosted several policemen before reaching the most distant place to which he went, and though three of them recollected seeing a gentleman like the one he described, only one had seen him when he was going in the direction of his home; and that was just after he had left the last place he had been known to visit.

Mark also visited the police station to which he referred when speaking to Mrs. Langdon, and found, as he had supposed, that it was nearly vacant—the policemen being out on duty. He told his errand, however, to the sergeant who was in charge, and that official, who manifested no little interest in the case, assured him that his men would be instructed to spare no pains in seeking information respecting the missing man.

Weary and sad, Mark now returned to the sorrowful family, and was surprised, yet glad, to find Mrs. Upstone with them, trying to minister what little comfort she could to the disconsolate wife. She had prevailed on her to take a cup of coffee she had prepared since she came in, but Mrs. Langdon said it mattered little to her whether she had nourishment now—she should not require it long, if her husband did not return. Mr. and Mrs. Upstone would fain have encouraged her and inspired her for the sake of her children, with a desire for life and action; but she seemed so weak, so broken with grief, that her words sounded strangely prophetic. Not long afterwards, when lying on the sofa, she said,

"He will not come to me, but I shall soon go to him;" words that Mark and his wife believed were only too true.

As they could not think of leaving the family alone, it was decided that Mrs. Upstone should remain, and Mark returned to the Home. He merely took off his boots and threw himself on the bed without undressing. He soon fell asleep, but it was a sleep of dreams, in which he was still walking the streets in pursuit of his friend. He awoke with a start, sat up a moment, but as it was still dark, he lay down again, and again fell asleep, only to go through the same unpleasant experience as before. At last he dreamed that he was standing on a bridge, watching a few men in boats trying to obtain a body that was floating quietly down the stream; they drew it out and rowed to shore; he ran to the spot, and there, in the limp and lifeless form, he recognized Arthur Langdon. He again awoke, sprang from the bed, looked at his watch, and saw that it was four o'clock. It was quite light; and the birds were twittering in the branches of the trees before the windows. It was in all respects a delightful morning at that early hour, but promised later to be hot and sultry.

Knowing that it would be three hours before the children would be up, and as his niece was there to look after them if necessary, Mark put on his boots and coat, took his cane, and walked directly towards Point St. Charles. If compelled to state his reason for so doing, it would have been that his dream had made such an impression on his mind, he felt constrained to go. As he drew near the Wellington Bridge, he saw two or three men just beginning to unload a coal barge lying at the wharf below; and a little further on, a family occupying a canal boat, were up and astir, preparing for their trip. Two or three wagons, laden with vegetables, rumbled across the bridge, cityward, and after they had passed, he advanced to the middle of the bridge, stopped, and scanned the canal below, then crossed to the opposite side, and glanced along the middle, and then at either bank. Seeing nothing of special interest to himself, he was about to walk along the bank on the west side of the bridge, when he heard someone speaking in loud tones, and looking towards the men employed at the coal, he saw that they had stopped working, and were looking towards a girl standing on the deck of the canal boat.

"What do you say they have found?" one of the men asked her.

"A drowned man, down there in the canal," she answered, pointing towards the river.

Mark's heart ceased beating; the awful certainty that it was the body of his friend came over him and almost paralyzed his senses.

After standing irresolute for a moment, dreading to take the step that would doubtless destroy his last glimmer of hope, he walked down past the coal barge, past the canal boat, and there, not many yards distant, he saw a man and a youth about twenty years of age, bringing a corpse from a skiff to the shore; he ap-

proached them as they laid it down. It required but a single glance to assure him that it was the body of the friend of whom he had been in search. The two boatmen stood respectfully aside as they saw Mark with his handkerchief brush away the tears that were coursing down his cheek, and then kneeling by the body tenderly push back the wet locks from the dead man's forehead, and brush the sand from his face.

"Was this murdered man related to you?" asked the elder of the two who had brought the body to shore.

"Murdered!" exclaimed Mark, starting up and looking earnestly into the man's face, so engrossed with his thoughts that he forgot at the moment to answer the question.

"Why do you say murdered?" he asked.

The man stooped down, threw back the coat, unbuttoned the vest of the dead man, laid it back from his left side, and then pointing with his finger said,

"Look at that!"

Mark bent forward, and looking at the spot indicated, which was directly over the heart, saw a small hole, evidently made by a bullet; and all around and below it the shirt was of a dingy red, showing blood stain nearly washed out by water.

"Yes, he was surely murdered," said Mark, "and I think I know the name of the hell-hound who murdered him."

"Well, if you do," replied the man, "I hope you won't let him escape."

"I only wish we had him here now," said the young man, and the savage gleam in the eyes of all three showed that their minds were in unison on this point.

"Do you live near here?" asked Mark addressing the older man.

"In that boat," he replied, pointing to the canal boat.

"This young man is my son; he was walking along the canal just below here a short time ago, when he discovered the body in the water; he came back and told me, and then we went after it in this skiff."

"Will your boat remain here long?"

"I want to get away by eight o'clock."

"Would you kindly allow the body to be put on the deck of your boat, say, for an hour? I must find means for removing it to his home, and notify the coroner; as, of course, there will have to be an inquest; you shall be well paid for your trouble.

"Don't mention pay; I aint one of the sort that takes pay in a case of this kind when folks are in trouble. Of course, it can be put there."

Mark liked the looks and manner of the obliging Yankee, and gave him a brief history of the deceased, and of the relation he sustained to him. He then turned his attention again to the corpse, and now, first noticed that the gold watch and diamond ring

Langdon always wore, were missing. Thinking it best to examine his pockets before leaving, and in the presence oi witnesses, he did so, and found they were entirely empty. Robbery, then, might have been the only motive for the murder; and Diedrich might have had nothing to do with it; but no, he could not take this view of it. As a rule, men are not murdered for money, unless they are known, or at least supposed to have, considerable in their possession; a supposition that no one would be likely to entertain towards Langdon. On the other hand, Diedrich, who had before attempted to murder him, and who had but recently taken pains to ascertain the street and number of his residence, evidently squandered his money long ago, and was now trying doubtless to live by his wits. What more likely, therefore, than that after murdering him, he should take whatever there was of value on his person?

Mark saw the remains placed gently on the canal boat, and carefully covered, and then engaging a cab, he went directly to the house of the deceased. He would have given his right hand to have been spared the painful task of taking the sad message to the bereaved family, but he knew it was a duty that must be perfomed by some one, and he hoped that his own feelings and sympathy for the family might enable him to deliver the message more tenderly than a stranger; but he was spared the pain of first speaking of the event, for no sooner had he entered than Mrs. Langdon, who rose to a sitting posture on the sofa, her face as bloodless as marble, said in a clear and plaintive voice.

"Mr. Upstone, it is useless for you to tell us in words that you have an awfully sad message to deliver; your face declares that. Arthur is dead; I have been conscious of it for hours. Was he murdered?"

"He was found in the canal;" Mark faintly answered, his limbs tottering beneath him.

"Yes, but he was thrown into the canal after he was killed. Is it not so?"

"I fear that it is."

Poor woman, she had summoned all her strength and will power to her aid, but now that she had learned all, she dropped unconscious on the sofa.

Mrs. Upstone at that moment entered the room, coming from an upper apartment, to which at the earnest request of Mrs. Langdon, she had retired two or three hours previously to obtain a little sleep. Young Arthur and Annie, also exhausted with watching and anxiety, had retired soon after Mark left the house and returned to the Home and were still asleep. Mark, after briefly making known to his wife the result of his last search, left her with Mrs. Langdon, who was unconscious, and jumped into the cab waiting at the door.

After sending a physician to attend Mrs. Langdon, and then

seeing the coroner, in order, to have immediate preparations made for an inquest, he drove to the residence of the Chief of police. Like all the others Mark had visited that morning, that gentleman was still in bed; it was some little time before he presented himself, and to Mark, it seemed an age; but when he did appear, there was no time wasted in ceremony, or in preliminary remarks; the crime, with the history of the events which, doubtless, had been the chief cause of it, was so concisely and vividly set forth, that the official, several times in his excitement and indignation, rose from his chair, crossed the room with firm strides, returned and sat down again, only to repeat the movement, a minute later.

"Really," he said, as Mark finished the tale, "this is so shocking an affair that, it is hard to believe it could have occurred here in our usually quiet city of Montreal; but it was a sad mistake that, your friend did not inform me, he believed Diedrich was shadowing him; I would have had that wretch shadowed so, that he never could have committed such a murder as that of last night. The fellow came here six or eight months ago from New York, and most of the time since that, he has been in charge of a gambling den on Notre Dame Street. There have been reports that, two or three men have been robbed there; but we have, as yet, not been able to obtain proof, that would convict him of the crimes; nor, in fact, of any other crime, though believing him to be a desperate villain. If he committed this murder, I apprehend great difficulty in obtaining positive proof of the fact; for he is undoubtedly a cunning rascal, and has taken every means to cover his tracks. He probably had an accomplice; you may be sure, Mr. Langdon was not shot down and robbed on the street; he was enticed into some building, before being murdered; but I must now bid you good morning, for it will not do to delay this matter; I shall have men on the track of this gentleman, within half an hour."

Mark would gladly have gone with them, but duty called him elsewhere, so, he re-entered the cab, drove to the house of an undertaker, an intelligent man with whom he was acquainted, made arrangements with him to remove the corpse and prepare for the funeral, and then, engaging a trusty woman who lived near Mrs. Langdon, to stay with her as long as her services were required, he returned with the cab to Mrs. Langdon's house to take his wife back to the Bethesda. When he arrived, he found that Mrs. Langdon was conscious, though very low; and the physician who had but just left, had given strict orders that she must remain secluded for some days, and have complete rest.

The children had been awake some little time; and it had been the sad task of Mrs. Upstone to break to them the tidings of their father's death. She informed Mark that it was heartrending to see their anguish; but while Annie's grief was evinced by moans and sobs, Arthur seemed to have been petrified; he neither wept nor

spoke; but the pallor of his face, and the expression of his eyes, declared the intensity of the grief consuming his heart.

Mark and his wife returned to the Bethesda, a few minutes before the usual time for the children to rise.

Mark was summoned to the inquest which was held that afternoon; and he there again, met the owner of the canal boat, and his son, who, for the purpose of attending the inquest, had postponed their departure, till the following day. Nothing new was developed; no facts learned with which the reader is not already familiar. The verdict of the coroner's jury was to the effect that, deceased had come to his death by being shot through the heart by some person unknown. The deep scar on his back was ample confirmation of what the deceased had told Mark, relative to his having been shot years before; and at the request of the coroner, Mark repeated the whole story in presence of the jury and others. Fierce were the looks, and indignant and threatening the low murmurs elicited by the story, and ere it was finished, there was not a person in the room, who did not regard Diedrich as the murderer, and resolve that, all his energy should be directed towards bringing the felon to justice. It was already known, however, that the officers did not find him; but at his rooms was another well known gambler, who claimed that Diedrich had sold what he had to him, and had left the city nearly a week previous. The falsity of this story, however, was shown within an hour, by individuals who were ready to declare on oath, that they saw him in the city, shortly before dark, on the day the murder was committed. The fact, therefore, that he had disappeared, just at the moment the crime was committed, was strong additional evidence of his guilt, as well as, satisfactory proof that, he must be hiding in the city. No one had any doubt that he would soon be discovered, but when day after day passed, and he was not found, nor any clue obtained to his whereabouts, all hope that he would be brought to justice was abandoned; and the fearful crime of which he was so strongly suspected, was forgotten.

## CHAPTER XII.

DURING his late absence in the back settlement, Mr. Dawson had been most cordially invited by several of his parishioners to bring Mrs. Dawson with him on one of his visits.

To render the acceptance of his invitation of no trouble to him whatever, Mr. Doig, an active member of his church in that section, offered to bring her, as well as Mr. Dawson, with his own conveyance, and of course, return with them. John was pleased to accept the offer, in anticipation of the happiness it would afford both May and himself to be together; but still, he feared that the discomforts she might experience would rob the trip of much of its pleasure. They would have to remain over night, and in all probability in a place, where she would meet a stratum of backwoods' life she had not yet witnessed. May, however, was in ecstacies at the idea of going, and at once arranged with Mrs. Tillson to take charge, on the day of her absence, of her Sabbath-school class which was now in a most flourishing condition.

The place to which they were to go, was not the most distant one in his field of labor, therefore, John, according to his usual custom, held morning service in Greenvale the same day.

Immediately after dinner, therefore, May, naturally being somewhat anxious on the occasion of her first visit to do credit to her husband's choice, wished to look as well as possible; consequently she asked John whether she had better wear her wedding dress. Like many other men, caring very little about the style and material of woman's dress, and conscious moreover, that his taste in such things was not infallible, he wisely left the matter entirely to herself. She, therefore, on a little reflection, decided to wear of her wedding outfit, only the hat; and instead of the dress worn on that auspicious occasion, selected one of plainer and cheaper material.

But even after this attempt at simplicity in dress, the contrast between the attire of herself and husband, and the conveyance provided for them, would have caused a smile on the face of one not totally devoid of a sense of the ridiculous. The wagon which was the one used on the farm, and the only wheel vehicle in the section where it was owned, was made chiefly by the owner himself; and was so destitute of springs, as to lead one to suppose, the proprietor had never heard of such things, or scorned them as a useless and dangerous innovation. The owner, Mr. Doig, was very proud of the wagon, not only because it was such positive proof that his wealth exceeded that of any of his neighbors, but of his ingenuity and skill in the use of tools. His horses in one particular resembled the wagon; and that was in the absence of any thing resembling a

spring; in another particular they were very unlike; the vehicle being new, while the horses were unmistakably old; how old, it would have required an expert on horses to judge. Whether it was their advanced age, a natural disinclination to travel fast, poor forage, or constant, daily toil, that made it necessary for Mr. Doig to carry such a formidable looking whip, we cannot say; but as the animals were not strikingly thin in flesh, we are inclined to think that, the true cause was a union in them of the first two qualities named above; but, however this may be, the size of the whip—if whip it could be called—remained unaltered. By country boys in our youthful days, it would have been termed a "fish pole," being a birch at least ten feet in length, the smaller end of which was quite flexible; but still, on account of its length and weight, and the vigor with which it had to be applied to produce any appreciable acceleration of speed in the horses, Mr. Doig found it necessary to use both hands in wielding it; and in doing so, to stand erect in the wagon, and make that for the time his only business. When an application of the pole was deemed indispensable, he lost no time, and permitted nothing to distract his attention. Time and place seemed to have very little weight with Mr. Doig in determining when to use it. It might be at the moment when he was telling or listening to a very interesting story, or at a spot in the road, where almost any sane person would declare the horses could not go beyond a walk, without imminent danger not only to their own limbs, but to the life and limbs of those in the wagon. If he happened to think of it at that moment, he would rise, drop the reins in the bottom of the wagon, place a foot on them, seize his "persuader," and apply it till the poor animals were on a full gallop; and if this happened in such a place as mentioned above, he would all the while maintain an erect posture with the dexterity and fearlessness of an acrobat. It mattered little to him what was the condition of his passengers meanwhile; any fear or expostulation on their part, would have excited commiseration for their ignorance, in not knowing that their safety was assured, so long as he was the Jehu. It was fortunate that John had heard of this peculiarity of Mr. Doig—although he had forgotten it till the present ride called it to mind—otherwise, he would have protested against the style of driving; but now, true to his calling, he suffered in silence. It was equally fortunate that May, unlike some members of her sex, neither screamed nor went into hysterics, although we recollect that she did scream when Tom Haggarty fired at the bear; but that might be regarded as an exception to the general rule of her conduct. On the present occasion, a word of caution whispered by John, had restrained her from giving expression to her feelings, for it must be admitted that she was quite as angry as she was frightened. I fear that you and I, kind reader, would also have been angry had we been in the same predicament. Metaphorically speaking, our minister and his wife

were between Scylla and Charybdis; for when it occurred to Mr. Doig to hasten progress, they found it not only necessary to cling to each other and to the seat with desperation, but to summon all their latent agility, to dodge the rearward strokes of the "fish pole;" otherwise, they would doubtless have suffered as much from it, as did the horses. As it was, they did not wholly escape, and once to their horror the pole, as it was brought backward to give it tremendous force, caught in May's wedding hat, lifted it from her head, and sent it sailing far out in front, and to one side of the roadway. To their consternation, instead of stopping, as they supposed it would, the long sapling continued to descend with its accustomed regularity on the backs of the horses, notwithstanding the fact that John was now vociferating at the top of his voice, "Mr. Doig, Mr. Doig! hold on, hold on!"

Now, If Mr. Doig heard him at all, he evidently thought he was doing his best to comply with the order; for he held on to the sapling, and wielded it more vigorously than ever. In fact, there was more holding on, just then than John would have had could his wishes have been gratified; for while Mr. Doig held on to his whip, John held on to the seat with a most tenacious grip; May held on to both himself and the seat, and the horses held on their way.

We shall not attempt to give an accurate picture of May's thoughts and feelings at this time, but leave them to be imagined by our feminine readers. We only know that she kept her eye on the hat so long as it remained in sight, with a look which betokened grief and indignation; and when it was fast receding from view, it was her firm resolve, that, service or no service, that afternoon, she would have that hat. John too was equally determined, and from the flashes emitted from his eyes, as he bobbed up and down on the seat from the frequent, sudden jolts, we fear he was not in a fit condition at that moment to enter the pulpit. He had become resigned to the fact, however, that it was useless to make any further efforts to stop the team, before the horses were going slowly enough so that he could be heard. He, therefore, watched for an opportunity, and the moment the speed of the horses was sufficiently slackened to permit him to leave his seat without danger of being left standing on his head by the roadside, he sprang forward, and in a manner which seemed to indicate that garroting had been his vocation from childhood, he seized Mr. Doig by the neck with both hands and thundered,

"Stop! you've lost my wife's hat!"

Had Mr. Dawson been a highwayman who had suddenly confronted Mr. Doig in a lonely place with a demand for his money, the latter's countenance could not have betrayed greater astonishment and bewilderment. His first act was to jerk the reins and ejaculate "Wo!" but meanwhile, he never removed his eyes from John's face, seemingly determined to read thereon an explanation of some mystery he could not fathom.

The horses stopped, and Mr. Doig then casting a glance at May's hatless head, thus answered,

"Hoot man! I've not hed yer wife's hat!"

"No," John replied, "but your whip caught and pulled it off; it's nearly half a mile back, now."

Mr. Doig for a moment seemed to be thinking, and his face then lighted up, as he exclaimed with a loud guffaw,

"Indeed man, an' I mind well now, when it happened; it was when I was putting the rod to the nags, my eye caught sight of something; but sure, I thought it was mebbe a crow or a hawk that just at that moment flitted close alongside; but the leddy's not going to church bareheaded;" saying which, Mr. Doig scrambled out of the wagon, and with a gait more rapid than graceful, started in pursuit of the hat.

Mollified in a measure by his readiness to repair the mischief he had done, John and May both laughed outright as their eyes met, ere Mr. Doig had fairly left the wagon; but May immediately took advantage of his absence to enquire whether he was drunk, and expressed the belief that she would scarcely be able to move for the next fortnight from the bruises she had sustained on that ride.

John thought it extremely fortunate they were in such an out of the way place, as from the ridiculous figure they were cutting, they might well be arrested for drunkenness or Sabbath breaking.

In much less time than they had anticipated, Mr. Doig returned with the hat, which, to May's gratification was uninjured. She could not forbear saying, however, before starting.

"I fear Mr. Doig, that with such fast driving over this rough road, we may break down, or meet with some other accident."

"Hoot mem! is it accident ye fear? perhaps ye don't know that, these two hands made every inch of the hale riggin—harness and waggin—aye, an' whiffle-trees too, mem;" and as Mr. Doig again clambered to his seat with a scowl of unutterable disgust on his face, he hissed out the word, "accident!" as if the very thought was too contemptible to be expressed in a louder tone.

He would have felt greater disgust had such a thing been possible, had he known that the fear of an accident arose chiefly from the fact that his "riggin" gave such strong evidence that he made it himself. The wagon we have already described; but the harness, we might almost say, defied description. Chains formed one pair of traces; ropes another; the reins were broad strips of elm bark, while the remainder of the harness was a combination of cloth, ropes, bark and leather—the latter article being in the minority.

When Mr. Doig got into the wagon, the air of determination with which he seized the reins and then the sapling, evolved from John's brain the thought—"Well, my wife has done it this time;" and he instantly laid hold of the seat and noticed that May followed his example; but contrary to their expectations and all precedent,

the sappling was not used; and presently it was dropped with an air of disdain which seemed to say,

"Well, if these people can't appreciate a good thing when they have it, the horses will walk the rest of the way;" and walk they did, very much to the gratification of our friends.

But as the whole distance to be traveled was only eight miles, and they had already come five, they arrived at the church ten minutes before the appointed time.

May soon forgot her ride and the bruises resulting therefrom, in the novelty and strangeness of her surroundings. Instead of being located in a hamlet or village, as she had supposed, the church, which was only a log structure, was extremely isolated; there being no other buildings in sight, and it occupied a small clearing in the forest. The site was on the border of a large sugar orchard, from which the underwood had all been cleared, and was therefore pleasant and romantic. Many large, as well as smaller maples stood near the church; and to the latter trees, two or three horses and as many ox teams were tethered. The latter were all attached to large, rough sleds; and were busily and contentedly eating the bundles of hay placed before them. May felt no little curiosity to know why these ox-teams were there; but as she had no opportunity at the time to ask John, she remained in ignorance of the object, till after the service, when she learned thereof, all she desired to know.

Several men, boys and a few women were outside; but the greater part of the congregation had already entered; and when the rest arrived, the little church was completely filled. May was introduced to several before she was seated; and while the friendly manner of all did not escape her, she was not a little surprised and amused at their intensely rustic appearance. Many of the men were in their shirt sleeves; the attire of the women was fantastic, from the variety and simplicity of its style and material; and many of the girls and boys, even up to the age of sixteen, were barefoot.

More than a dozen of the men were smoking, though to their credit, we can affirm that when the minister entered the desk, the pipes were laid aside, and the windows and doors being open, the smoke soon disappeared.

In order that all might be seated, two or three boards had been brought in and placed on blocks of wood standing on end in front of the desk so, that there was only a small space left that was not occupied. May sat on a front seat located at right angles to one of the boards mentioned, and very near the desk. She noticed with disgust and fear that there were several dogs in the house; she had a great dread of these animals, which was by no means diminished by what she saw of them, the first Sabbath she attended church in Greenvale.

There was one large, surly brute, half bull, half mongrel, ap-

propriately named "Growler," that, like some of the human species, never went to a public gathering without apparently going for the express purpose of winning distinction by a fight. Another long, tall, wolfish looking dog, with the still more fitting name of "Wolf," was there, intent, evidently, on making all other dogs aware of the fact. These two, meeting in the open space referred to, and evidently believing it was left specially for an exhibition of their prowess, and that the people had assembled to witness it, at once commenced the preliminaries.

Growler was standing near the centre of the open space, when Wolf with head and tail erect, approached him with a deep growl.

"How dare you use such language, sir, in my presence?" demanded Growler, stepping towards him.

"Oh indeed! what airs!" said Wolf; "I want only two minutes to lick you and every one of your relations."

"Try it, you hound!" responded Growler; and he took a stride nearer.

By this time four more dogs had entered the arena. The first growl had been to them a sound more magnetic than the pibroch to Highlanders, or the war-drum to the Congoese. When they first heard it, it is probable they were stimulated only by that spirit which renders a dog anxious for a fray; but their subsequent movements showed that they were actuated by sympathies as acute as those which lead men to espouse either one side or the other, in a pugilistic contest. They were all smaller than the two principal combatants, and one of them, doubtless remembered with vindictive feelings, the fine large bone of which Growler robbed him only the day previous, and devoured before his eyes. Another of the quartet showed his teeth, in memory of the way in which Growler had pounced upon and shaken him one day when he was passing that gentleman's residence; in consequence of which he had never since dared to pass it without making a long detour.

The third dog was still nursing his wrath at the recollection of the fat woodchuck he had driven under a root, when Growler appeared, drove him away and caught the woodchuck himself. These three, therefore, unanimously resolved to help Wolf; each gave him a word of encouragement, and promised that as soon as the first blow was struck, they would help to annihilate their common foe.

But the sympathies of the fourth dog—a very small and inferior looking cur—were on the other side. He remembered that on one occasion, when he was being worried by a bigger dog, Growler came to the rescue, and gave the big one a thrashing from which he had been lame ever since. The little dog, therefore, was more demonstrative in his sympathy than any of the others. He had no sooner beheld the condition of affairs than he called out most lustily,

"Don't be scared Growler; I'll back you;" upon which the other three, in view of his insignificance, set up a howl of derision.

We cannot say whether this was regarded the signal for attack, or whether it was the boastful speech of Wolf recorded above, that so provoked the other he could delay no longer; but at that instant the fray began; and while Wolf seized Growler by the throat, the three allies did their best to fulfil their promises, and win glory on the field of battle. One seized the unfortunate Growler by a fore leg, another by a hind one; while the third buried his fangs in his side. Now, whether the terrible din of battle confused the little dog's ideas, or whether in the melee there was such a confused heap of dogs he could not discern friend from foe, is uncertain; but we are positive that in the outset of the fight, he grabbed Growler by the tail, and tugged away at it till the strife was over.

During the time that the incidents we have related were occurring, May had observed them with an ever increasing degree of alarm. When the fight actually began, she sprang to her feet, and a moment later, when the whole heap of struggling, snarling brutes surged against her, she made a frantic effort to retreat and fell backward over the board seat near her, and her feet remained dangling across it. Up to the moment when active hostilities commenced, all eyes had been directed to herself; but after that the dogs possessed the greater attraction, consequently she was unnoticed.

Conscious of this fact, as she was also of her ungraceful position, she made most vigorous, but ineffectual efforts to rise, and finally had to wait resignedly for help. This was some moments in coming, for the terrified women kept as far as they could from the scene of danger, and the men were scarcely more distinguishable from each other than the dogs; a dense, excited group of them having surrounded the animals, and were endeavoring to separate them by shouts, kicks and blows.

The minister had been obliged, of course, to stop in the midst of his discourse; and he was now surveying the scene with a disgusted, despairing look, as if satisfied his labors had been all in vain.

Seeing that all other means to separate the dogs had failed, a stalwart man caught Wolf by the hind legs, another seized Growler in the same manner, while the little cur still energetically *yanked* at his tail, and by a vigorous pull in opposite directions, the brutes were parted, and all the dogs driven ignominiously from the house. It was not till this had been done, that any one seemed to have noticed May; the crowd between her and John concealing her completely from his sight; but now, every one seemed to be aware of her helpless condition, and a man quickly bent forward, lifted her as he would an infant and placed her, with her face blazing, in her former seat.

Before proceeding with his sermon, John took advantage of the opportunity to make some appropriate remarks on the impropriety of allowing dogs to enter the house of worship; and we are

glad to say that henceforth no master permitted his dog to follow him to church.

When the service closed, May, to her intense mortification, was surrounded by a crowd of women, each more anxious than the other, to express her sympathy for May's misfortunes. Many of my proud spirited. lady readers will readily understand that this was an incident about which May was not particularly anxious to hear, especially since this was her first visit to the place, and there were such special reasons why she should preserve dignity and decorum. Had she had more experience, and been better acquainted with the people there, she would have cared very little about the matter, and felt sure that as long as she was not injured, no one would give the affair a second thought; never once thinking there was anything ridiculous about it; but May was not only proud spirited, but sensitive, hence, she experienced much mortification, imagining that she cut a far more ridiculous figure than was actually the case.

She answered all their questions politely, however, and adroitly managed soon to change the subject. Very soon also, John approached with a man who announced that he had come to church with his team for the purpose of taking the minister and his wife home with him to remain over night. They, therefore, accompanied him outside, where to the great surprise of May, they found that the team referred to was one of the yokes of oxen and sleds that had excited her curiosity on her arrival. She had travelled in different conveyances, but to ride on a sled drawn by oxen in summer was something entirely new in her experience.

Though the distance to the house which they were to visit was something over two miles, May felt that she could walk that distance with more comfort, and certainly with more pleasure than she could ride in the manner provided; and John too, would have preferred walking, but experience had made them cautious about doing anything at which the sensitive rustics might take offence; hence, they embarked on the sled, apparently with the same good humor they would have felt had it been a palace car.

There were tall stakes in the sled, and between the pair at the rear end, was a chain fastened at a proper height for support to the back. The seat consisted of a quantity of hay, over which was thrown an old blanket; and on this John and May were invited to sit, with the caution that they would do well to "hang on" to the stakes, as the road in places was pretty rough. The man, with his boy of twelve and girl a year older, rode standing up on the other end of the sled, or walked beside it as the fancy seized them; the two younger ones when riding and holding on by the forward stakes, taking advantage of their opportunity to submit the parson and his wife to a thorough inspection.

They were now drawing near to the McMahan residence, as

was attested by the appearance of three more children, two girls and a boy, to meet them. They were all younger than the two who had been to church, and it was learned that there was still another boy, a year old, in the house. The trio of welcome, like their two juvenile relatives on the sled, were bare foot, while unlike them, they were all bareheaded; and May wondered whether the coating of soil thereabout, which pervaded faces, hands, arms, legs and feet, was supposed to supply the deficiencies of their attire.

Like all children they were anxious to communicate whatever there was of important intelligence to those of the family who had now returned; and although, apparently abashed for a moment by the presence of strangers, the news was of a character that would not suffer delay; hence, as soon as their hands were firmly clasped around the two sled stakes that supported their brother and sister, and they had recovered breath, out came the first item from the mouth of bright eyed Ruth.

"Ole Red an' the bull broke into the corn again, dad. Alex set Bose on em, an' I guess he bit the bull's heels pretty well, for he grabbed him an' hung on till he got over the hill out er sight. We fixed up the fence ez well ez we could."

"Oh pshaw!" exclaimed the boy who had been to church. "He orter rubbed Bose's ears and shook him as I do to make him mad, and he'd took the tail off the bull."

"They's another dead chicken, dad," was the next item of news, contributed by the youngest of the new-comers, five year old Kate. "I guess the old hen laid on it."

The other things that, were said and done before they reached the house being of a less important character, we forbear relating them.

Mrs. McMahan, the mistress of the domicile, a stout, good natured looking woman of New England birth, gave the visitors a cordial but homely welcome. Her appearance, as well as that of her children and the house, did not lead the visitors to imagine she would be regarded by any one as a model housekeeper, or that her equanimity would be disturbed by trifles, such as an untidy room, unkempt hair, or an unwashed face.

The log dwelling contained but one room on the ground floor, though a ladder in one corner, leading to an open space in the floor above, led to the conclusion that couches for sleeping would doubtless be found there, as only two beds were to be seen in the lower apartment.

Outside the house. everything indicated prosperity; stumps of trees were still numerous on every side, but they were now mostly concealed by the fields of tall grain and such acres of meadow grass, as had not yet fallen before the scythe; though the season for hay making was well advanced, and many farmers had finished. A dozen sleek looking cows, and two score sheep and lambs, could

also be reckoned among the assets of Mr. McMahan, and when the former were driven into the yard just at sunset, and pails were being filled with delicious milk through the exertions of Mrs. McMahan and three of her children, it afforded John and May no little pleasure to observe the operation, and the peaceful, almost happy manner with which the friendly animals generally submitted to it.

May, though greatly fatigued, had made an heroic effort to render herself agreeable; chatting with her hostess most of the time, and when that lady's attention was otherwise engaged, she talked to the children, especially to little Kate whom she found most interesting and lovable. While thus employed, she had ample opportunity to observe the way in which her hostess prepared the food for their evening meal; and her appetite, which was quite sharp when she first arrived, had been gradually growing weaker, until she saw the process of making the biscuit, when it suddenly collapsed and died out altogether.

When at the table, however, she strove from politeness and respect for the feelings of her host and hostess, to do justice to the bountiful supply of substantial food provided; but biscuit was one article on the bill of fare not included in her order.

John, less observant of the style of cooking, and less particular doubtless, ate as May told him, as if forty days' fast had been instituted, and this was the last meal preceding it.

After the meal was finished, the time until darkness set in was spent chiefly outside in the enjoyment of the cool evening air, and especially the fragrance of the herbage and plants growing profusely near the house.

But the visitors were not sorry to hear that it was the custom of the family like that of most farmers, to retire early; and John perhaps made the evening prayer a little shorter than it would have been, had he possessed the life and vigor which results from abundant rest. After devotions, the older children, with agile movements ascended the ladder to their beds in the attic; a trundle bed was drawn out for the benefit of little Kate and the baby, and when they were snugly ensconced in it, Mrs. McMahan pointed to the bed on the opposite side of the room, telling May that she and Mr. Dawson could occupy that, the bed opposite being used by Mr. McMahan and herself. May glanced at the bed, and noticed with no little trepidation that, although there were beams overhead affording ample means for the attachment of curtains, not a vestige of these articles was to be seen. She had great fear that she might offend Mrs. McMahan, but she could not sleep in this shameful way, and after revolving the matter in her mind a moment, she felt a little indignant, and reasoned that if Mrs. McMahan was so ignorant of the rules of civilization and refinement, it was but Christian duty to instruct her. She, therefore, said,

"I see you have no curtains around the bed, Mrs. McMahan; could you not manage to put up some?"

Mrs. McMahan stared at her visitor for a moment as if trying to comprehend what sort of being she must be, and then replied,

"No, I haint got no curtains, but I might fix up some sheets, I s'pose."

"Thank you," said May, "they will answer every purpose."

The accommodating dame, therefore, brought forth two or three of the articles required, and in due time with May's assistance, they were suspended so as to screen the bed from sight.

May at once retired; and though it was but a few minutes before her husband proceeded to follow her example, she was then in the strong embrace of sleep. John had donned his night shirt, and was in the act of moving a chair, when he thouhtlessly stepped on the end of one of the improvised curtains, which, not being very securely fastened, came down with a faint rustle. So softly it fell that doubtless the accident would not have been noticed just at the time, had not John's modesty and active imagination construed it as a catastrophe of such startling character, that he groaned an "Oh!" so appalling that, both Mr. and Mrs. McMahan started from their seats. The object that met their sight was a white robed, barefooted, most affrighted looking figure, with hands extended at right angles to his body, and one of them grasping the top slat of a bark bottomed kitchen chair, whose legs swung several inches above the floor. It was not quite clear to the host and hostess, just what the figure intended to do with the chair—whether he would hurl it at them, which appeared by no means improbable, or whether he would sit down in it; but they were not left long in doubt; for the next instant the chair dropped to the floor with a crash, and the figure, making an astonishing leap, landed on the outside of the bed, in very close proximity to the unconscious May. Now, it is doubtful whether the bedstead even in the vigor of its youth, would have withstood the shock of any such gymnastic performance, as it was now called to sustain, but in its present advanced age and paralytic condition, it went to pieces as suddenly as the "Deacon's One Hoss Shay." The effect on May can be more easily imagined than described. The first evidence that she was still alive, was the utterance of a groan, just at the moment she and John with the bed sank to the floor. Immediately a piercing shriek followed, which not only set the dog Bose and the baby to howling, but started a chorus of shouts from the attic to learn what was the matter. May had now raised herself to a sitting posture, and a glance showed her that the crowding, clawing object at her side, was neither a bear nor any other dangerous quadruped, but John, vainly trying to cover himself with some of the bed clothes.

The same glance showed her that the bedstead had fallen, and she was not long in concluding that it would be absolutely necessary that they should both arise, dress, and wait till the bedstead was either repaired or removed entirely and a bed made on the

floor; and it was decided that, owing to the infirmity of the bedstead, the latter course would be the only one to pursue. May sitting up in the bed suggested the measures that were to ameliorate the condition of herself and John, while the latter meekly held his peace and awaited the issue.

The first step towards restoring order was made by Mrs. McMahan, who quieted the children above by telling them that nothing had happened except the falling down of the bedstead; and she then turned her attention to the child, and his cries were soon hushed. By this time Mr. McMahan, at the request of May, had securely fastened up the curtains, good naturedly remarking as he did so that woman's work seldom proved substantial; hence, it was not surprising they had fallen.

When John was again dressed, he attempted to offer many humble apologies; but the design was frustrated by both host and hostess, who declared that they had long feared the old bedstead would give out; as the bark which had been used as a substitute for the old style bed cord, was nearly worn out; and it was only from neglect that new had not been supplied long before; but May did not permit her husband to escape so easily, for she asked him whether he regarded the practice of leaping as he did on this occasion, proper conduct for a minister on the Sabbath, and also how long since he had regarded the outside of a bed, a better place for concealment than the inside.

She then proceeded to explain how it happened, she was so frightened when the bedstead fell. She said she had been dreaming of riding through the woods on a sled just as they had that afternoon, and suddenly they came to a frightful precipice, over which the oxen went, and it seemed as if a number of large trees followed them, and with that, she awoke.

Everything having been done according to May's suggestion, our friends again retired, and were this time permitted to enjoy undisturbed. and refreshing sleep.

The next morning when they wished to start on their homeward journey, Mr. McMahan would have taken them on his sled again to the house of Mr. Doig; but to this they so strongly objected—affirming that it would be but pleasure to walk, that he yielded to their wishes.

It will be remembered that Mr. Doig had agreed to take them home; and though May declared she would much rather walk the whole distance than endure another such ride as she did the day previous, they were in that position when it becomes one to submit meekly to circumstances; consequently they rode.

Mr. Doig was one of the three settlers referred to on a former page, who lived in the wooded district our friends had now visited; and his dwelling was the one nearest the church; between that and Mr. McMahan's lived another of John's supporters, where they

made a short call, and then went on, arriving at the house of Mr. Doig in good time for dinner, of which they were in no wise reluctant to partake.

Mr. Doig, notwithstanding the rather bad humor in which May's remark the day before seemed to have left him, was now in the most friendly and hospitable spirits; but when May remarked that it was about time they were going, he told her with characteristic Scotch frankness that he quite agreed with her, since she wished the horses to walk all the way, as he would like to get back before dark.

When he bade them good-bye at Greenvale that afternoon, he had risen much in May's estimation; for he had not only driven at a slow pace all the way, but had been most affable and agreeable. She, therefore, after he had left, expressed her opinion to John that he was a sensible, hospitable self-willed old fellow.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. LANGDON never recovered from the terrible shock resulting from her husband's death. She was too weak to attend the funeral, and she said it mattered little to her whether she went or not, as she would soon be with him; indeed, from the very first news of his death, no word that she was likely to remain here long, ever escaped her. The conviction seemed to have settled firmly on her mind, that there was neither probability nor possibility that she would long survive him.

Mark and his wife called as often as possible to see or inquire concerning her, and it was only a few days after her husband had been consigned to his last resting place, that she besought Mark to have her children admitted into the Bethesda, as soon as possible after she had left them. She said much respecting them, and pathetically asked that he would watch over and advise them as if they were his own.

Although Mark had known that if she retained her faculties sufficiently to plan for the future welfare of her children, she would be likely to say to him what she had now said, he was greatly affected by her petition. It brought so vividly before him the terribly sad condition of these hitherto happy children—the fact that they really would soon be inmates of that gloomy Bethesda, to be reared as servants for people who might take less interest in them than they would in their domestic animals—the thought was sickening. He also shrank instinctively from the responsibility which he felt a compliance with her request demanded. Had he been rich, so that he could do for them whatever he was disposed to do, he would gladly have accepted their guardianship, and provided for them a happy home; but though there was little he could do, he told her of the great interest both he and his wife had felt in them from the moment they first saw them, and assured her that so long as they remained with them in the Home, they should have parental care.

During the few days that elapsed before Mrs. Langdon was too far gone to attend to worldly matters, she made the directresses of the Bethesda guardians and custodians of her children, and legally empowered Mark to sell the furniture and all the household effects, and place the proceeds—after paying all accounts—at interest for the benefit of the children when they had attained their majority.

The funeral expenses of Mr. Langdon, the physician's bill and the wages of the nurses and servant, added to future expenses, would, in all probability, not leave much for the children; but

whatever economical management could save for them he assured her they should have.

Mrs. Langdon informed him that she had an uncle, a younger brother of her father, between whom and herself and husband, a good degree of intimacy and affection had subsisted, so long as he remained in England, and even after he went to Australia, ten years previous to the Langdons' removal to Canada, he wrote long and affectionate letters; but after a lapse of five years these ceased to arrive, and though both she and her husband wrote repeatedly, they never received a reply. She felt sure that if he were alive, and had met no reverse of fortune, could he be informed of her present circumstances, he would embark on the first steamer affording a chance to visit her. He was much younger than her father, and if now living, could not be past the age of fifty; a generous high-spirited man, who declared he never would marry unless he should become rich; and that he would not return to England till he had acquired a competency. He was so exasperated at the time Diedrich challenged her husband, that when Langdon refused to accept the challenge, he begged that he might do so in his behalf; but Langdon told him he did not think it consistent to permit any one to do for him a thing he could not conscientiously do himself. His name was John Henry Fulton; Mrs. Langdon gave Mark the name of the place where he had requested to be addressed and expressed a very earnest desire that if he ever learned that he was living, he would acquaint him with the location and circumstances of her children—a request with which Mark promised faithfully to comply.

All these things Mark carefully noted down, as he did one or two additional items of her history given by her the following day; but after that, her strength declined rapidly, and she could speak only to give directions to her attendants. To those who knew nothing about Mrs. Langdon until the death of her husband, it appeared strange that she should have been so affected by it as to die very soon afterwards; but to a few it was known that her death, instead of being due wholly to the murder of her husband, was only hastened thereby. Reports, therefore, as to the cause of her death, which were in circulation, were set at rest by the statement of her physician, who said she could not possibly have lived two months had nothing occurred to accelerate her decease.

True to the words of her prophecy, that she would soon again be with her beloved Arthur, in just eighteen days from that on which his body was found in the canal, her spirit took its flight. Though the funeral of her husband was well attended, there were many more in attendance on her own; indeed, the large church was filled to its greatest capacity, owing, of course, to the fact that her case had excited much sympathy and discussion, and had become generally known. During the last week of her life, the clergyman

of the church to which she and Mr. Langdon belonged, visited her daily, as did several ladies of his congregation and others.

It gave Mr. and Mrs. Upstone much happiness to find that Arthur and Annie Langdon were far more reconciled to their severe affliction than they supposed they would be; but during their mother's last illness, the clergyman and other Christian workers had talked and prayed much with them, and their former strong, childish faith had been so strengthened, that the certainty with which they regarded their reunion with their parents in Paradise, was a tacit rebuke to many men and women, who had long claimed to belong to the household of faith.

With the exception of a few things the children wished to keep, or that had been left specially for them by their mother, Mark had everything removed from the house to auction rooms, where they were shortly afterwards sold. A few of the more valuable articles were disposed of at private sale without much discount on their first cost; but with all his efforts to save and effect good bargains, after Mark had paid funeral and other expenses, there was a sum of only two hundred and fifty dollars left for the children. This sum he turned over to the directresses of the Bethesda, to be held in trust till the children were of age.

It was a rule in the Bethesda that the girls must all be dressed alike as well as the boys; none being permitted to wear a garment more stylish or costly than garments worn by the others; and as for jewelry, or anything that could be regarded in the slightest degree ornamental—it was prohibited by a law, as unalterable as the decrees of the Medes and Persians. That this rule in principle was wise and salutary, preventing pride and envy among the children, there can be little doubt; but like many of the written laws of nations, it could be so construed by those possessing the requisite disposition, as to become an instrument of meanness and tyranny.

We have mentioned the beauty of Annie Langdon's hair which fell around her neck in long, glossy ringlets, and which from her earliest childhood, had been the care and pride of her mother. Surely, one would suppose, that she might be permitted to wear these ringlets without injury to herself or other girls of the institution, and especially when they added so much to her natural attractiveness and beauty. It would seem too, that pity for this young orphan would prevent one from wishing to deprive her of an ornament which evidently had been so tenderly fostered by her mother; but no, it was an emblem of vanity, and anything that savored of vanity in charity children must be nipped in the bud. Ringlets required attention and care, and an orphan girl in a charitable institution must be taught not to waste her time in adorning her person; in short, it was folly nearly allied to sin for a girl in this institution to desire to look pretty. She would have

to make her way in the world by working with her hands, and the only thing necessary for her to learn was work and obedience to her mistress. Her attire must be clean but decidedly plain; any attempt to don fine clothes, or to adorn the person was evidently an effort to obtrude into the society of the more wealthy—an affront to men and angels. Such indeed were the opinions entertained by some of the lady directresses of the Bethesda, but openly advocated by only a few. Among the latter were Miss Whitemore, a maiden lady of some eighty summers, whose vision was still remarkably keen, though she had a glass eye; Mrs. Lovelaw and Miss Horner.

As an illustration of this sentiment, one of the orphan girls named Minnie Pindar, had been indentured by the ladies of the institution, and the period of her indenture expired soon after the Upstones entered the Bethesda. She was eighteen years of age, sensible, pretty, and had a very natural and praiseworthy desire to improve her faculties for earning a livelihood. By taking advantage of her leisure moments, and through the kindness of her mistress, she had been able to cultivate her natural taste for music, and thus had learned to play the piano as well doubtless, as most of the young ladies of her age who had the help of both parents and wealth. As soon as she had fulfilled the term of her indenture, she found means to take lessons in bookkeeping, and having become tolerably proficient at this, she sought a situation; and to whom would she more naturally go for assistance in obtaining one, than to the directresses of the Home where she spent several years of her childhood. Yes, in her innocence she applied to them, supposing they would be pleased to learn of her ambition and success; and with modest pride and confidence, she made known her desires to Mrs. Lovelaw, the secretary, who presumably would be able to aid her. What? A girl that for five or six years had been trained in their institution, where modesty and simplicity were the fundamental principles of instruction—would she presume to make such a request? Think of it! After having passed through a mill warranted to strip girls and boys of every vestige of folly, every unholy aspiration toward a higher social position, she dared to ask a boon which, if granted, would be a gross violation of the principles under which she had been trained. Such conduct, if encouraged, would soon subvert the system which these ladies reverenced with Oriental devotion.

Just what answer was given Miss Minnie Pindar by Mrs. Lovelaw we do not know, though it is certain she received no encouragement, and it was not many days subsequent to her visit to Mrs. Lovelaw, that the latter, Miss Horner and Miss Whitemore, were expressing their opinions of her conceit and audacity in terms expressive of the deepest scorn and disgust. Said Mrs. Lovelaw,

"I think it would display far more common sense if Minnie

Pindar would stick to dish washing and other work in the kitchen where she belongs, than trying to get a living by bookkeepeing."

"Well, she always appeared to me to be a simpleton when she was here in the Home," quoth Miss Whitemore; "but I think the greatest idea is her learning to play the piano," and the old lady laughed so heartily at the absurdity of the thing, that her companions were constrained to laugh too.

"But you don't really mean to say that she tries to play the piano?" said Miss Horner, with a look of astonishment.

"That's what they say," replied Mrs. Lovelaw.

But having as we hope, made clear to the reader the feelings and ideas that were cherished by at least a few of the ladies toward the inmates of the Bethesda, so that he may the more readily understand why it was that Annie Langdon was deprived of her curls, we will return to that matter.

It was customary whenever it was deemed necessary to cut the children's hair, to notify a neighboring barber, and he would always send one of his apprentices to the Home to cut it, using the entrance hall near the school-room for this purpose. Mark meanwhile proceeded with his work excusing a boy or girl now and then from class, long enough to submit to the operation of the barber.

The advisability of cutting off Annie's curls had been discussed almost from the day she came into the Bethesda. It would not have been discussed had not Mrs. Upstone expressed a hope when Miss Horner mentioned the necessity of cutting them off, that they might be spared, and pretty strongly intimated that if they were not, it would be a shameful and cruel thing. Other ladies—not directresses—who called, spoke more plainly and emphatically against it, and thus it became a topic of considerable discussion, which did little toward averting the act. When Mrs. Upstone spoke to any of the directresses other than Miss Horner, Mrs. Lovelaw and Miss Whitemore, with the hope of gaining their intercession and thus saving the ringlets, they dextrously avoided any blame or responsibility as they did in all similar cases, by saying,

"Oh that is a matter I know nothing about; some of the other ladies take a good deal of interest in such things, and I always let them do as they please. At any rate Miss Horner is one of the Visiting Committee this month, and, of course, she will do as she likes about the matter;" and, of course, she did, to the great disgust of Mrs. and Mr. Upstone, as well as many others.

About two weeks after Arthur and Annie came to the Home, the barber came in one morning and began work. Although it was now the holiday season with all the other schools of the city, as well as the country, Mark and his pupils had to spend the early part of each day, or till noon, in the school-room as usual. Mark had but little objection to this arrangement, as he had to be con-

stantly in or around the institution, and the time passed as pleasantly in the school-room as in any other part, while it was made more profitable to the children; and half a day on the playground he deemed sufficient recreation for them.

He was teaching, therefore, when the barber arrived, and he had previously decided that if he was present when the hair cutting was done, Annie should not be despoiled of her curls; but, unfortunately, Miss Horner, who was quite as fully determined that she should be disfigured, was on hand almost as soon as the barber; and Mark had little doubt that she had been led hither by fear that her wishes would not be observed were she not present. As usual, her constant talking, joking and laughing, took the children's attention from their books, and little was accomplished in the way of study during the hour of her stay.

The girls' hair was the first to demand the barber's skill; and, as in a barber's shop, when he had relieved one head of its superabundant covering, he called out "Next," and another took the chair.

All but one girl besides Annie Langdon had been in the chair, when childish curiosity no longer able to restrain itself, a little girl evidently prompted by one older, glided to the side of Miss Horner with the following question,

"Miss Horner, ain't Annie Langdon's hair to be cut?"

This was a subject which had been thoroughly discussed among the children, as they, like all others of their age, always knew somehow whatever engaged the minds of their elders; and it was their unanimous verdict that it was "a shame to cut off poor Annie's nice curls," Miss Horner answered the question in this wise, as she glanced toward Mark,

"To be sure it is; who says it is not?"

"Mary Deane," answered the child meekly.

Mary Deane was the girl who had sent her to Miss Horner for the information. Miss Horner, regarding her with a very stern expression, replied,

"Well, Mary Deane don't know quite as much as she ought to know; and she had better be getting her lessons than telling you such nonsense;" and the little one with a frightened look, trotted back to her seat.

Mark had watched proceedings with deep interest, the more from the fact that Arthur Langdon sat directly in front of him; and though the boy appeared to be very much engaged with his book, Mark knew that nothing transpiring escaped his notice. He also more than once observed, that Arthur now and then cast an anxious look of inquiry at him, to ascertain whether he was likely to interfere in his sister's behalf. Mark knew also that the loss of the ringlets would cause the brother much deeper grief than it

would Annie herself, whose gentleness and reverence for her elders, especially those who had any right to command her, made their orders always right in her estimation; and to disobey, or in any way oppose them, would to her have seemed very unditiful and wicked.

Although he had little faith that his intercession would avail anything, Mark determined to make one last earnest effort in Annie's behalf.

He, therefore, requested the privilege of speaking with Miss Horner, and when they were beyond the hearing of the children, he exhausted both logic and pathos in endeavors to induce her to relent. He not only pictured to her view the unpleasant contrast between the child as she now was, and as she would appear shorn of her profusion of golden ringlets; and dwelt particularly on the cruelty of depriving her of this beautiful ornament, so carefully nurtured by the dear hands she would never more see. He knew too, that her father was proud of Annie's hair; how many times he had seen him pass his fingers through the curls and admire them, and how bewitchingly she would toss them back, that she might press her cheek against his, kiss and caress him. He told Miss Horner how the heart of Arthur was aching, and how he was at that moment trembling from fear that his sister would be compelled to lose that one mark of her beauty. The curls were very dear to him from their association with brighter and happier days; dear, aye, sacred, because they had been loved by his sainted parents; and dear because they were Annie's—a part of herself.

To all of which appeal Miss Horner was as unmoved as the ledge cropping from the face of Mt. Royal. To the last remark respecting Arthur, she responded,

"Oh pshaw; he must be taught not to indulge such sentimental feelings; I'll talk to him, and he'll soon get over that."

They then returned to the school-room. A girl had just left the chair; Annie was the only one left, and knowing that the barber was ready, Miss Horner said pleasantly,

"Come, Annie, take the chair," and Miss Horner then walked directly up to Arthur.

What a look of alarm, regret and indignation swept over the faces of the children, as they heard Miss Horner's remark to Annie. They had hoped till now that Miss Horner would permit her curls to remain; but when they understood this was not to be, their faces declared the feelings they dare not openly express in words. Arthur had heard like the others what was said to his sister, but he was the only one who knew just what they meant to her and himself. Mark saw, and knew his feelings as none of the others knew them, and feared that he would order the barber to stop, and openly set Miss Horner at defiance. He too for a moment, thought he would not blame him if he did; and that he would help

him carry his rebellion to a successful issue; but this thought had scarcely taken form in his mind, ere it was dismissed as unworthy and wrong—a thought which, if put into action would have placed the two children in a far worse position than they now occupied. Reason also resumed her sway in the mind of Arthur. A milder expression soon mantled his face, though he still maintained a sullen silence, and Mark was glad that Miss Horner asked him no questions, thus requiring him to speak. She merely kept on talking, offering him what she considered very good advice, but of which he probably heard very little, and remembered none. Had her perception been at all equal to her conceit, she woud have discerned in the outset of her harangue, that her presence was disagreeable to him, and that it was only courtesy and a sense of duty that prevented his leaving the room.

Dear little Annie, always docile, and desirous of pleasing, tried bravely to bear the loss of her curls; and she made a great effort to smile as she rose from the chair and saw them lying on the floor; but it was a sickly attempt, with two large tears at the same time standing in her eyes.

"Oh you look nice and cool now, Annie; you'll feel so much more comfortable that you'll be glad your curls are off." Thus spoke Miss Horner as Annie again took her seat. No one disputed her statement, but Mark noticed that there was a general expression of indignation on the faces of the children when they looked toward her; and could she have read their hearts, she would have learned that her action that morning was thoroughly condemned; but though satisfied that both Mr. and Mrs. Upstone strongly disapproved of the action, the children never spoke of it in their presence; as they were never permitted to criticize the ladies, or speak of them in any but the most respectful terms.

Poor Arthur never alluded to Annie's curls again, nor did he ever mention the name of Miss Horner; but Mark noticed that in future, whenever that lady entered the school-room, he rose with the other pupils, but the moment he sat down he invariably took a book, and never raised his eyes from it unless he happened to be at a recitation while she remained; nor did any of her witty sayings ever elicit from him the shadow of a smile, no matter how heartily the others might laugh.

The playground was perhaps eighty by sixty feet in size; and it might have answered its purpose better had the children been permitted to have anything on it, that would enable them to indulge their tastes for play to the extent enjoyed by those whose privileges were not curtailed by institution laws.

In the spring it was decided to pull down a small building that had formerly been used as a woodshed, but which was old and no longer required because of the erection of another more convenient. The workmen were ordered to pile the lumber that came

out of it, neatly against the fence at the back of the playground. Scarcely had this been done, when the possibilities existing in that pile of lumber had been noticed and calculated by every boy and girl in the Bethesda. Mark was beseiged by the entire lot making the most pathetic appeals for boards to make "playhouses," or "forts."

He turned a deaf ear to their entreaties the first day, but his sympathies led him on the second day to give them free access to the lumber, on condition that the buildings erected therefrom, should be demolished, and the lumber piled up again before night. He would gladly have given them permission to play with it *ad libitum*, but this he knew would not meet the approval of the ladies, or at least those of their number who were in the habit of visiting the Home; it being one of the rules from time immemorial, that no inanimate object must ever be seen on that treeless, grassless playground. On one occasion, however, after the children had succeeded with a good deal of labor in erecting a larger house than usual containing sundry apartments, he told them to their great joy, that it might stand till the next day, Friday, when the ladies would see it, as that was their usual visiting day. On this day of the week, three or four of the ladies—generally Miss Forest, Mrs. Lovelaw and Miss Whitemore, and occasionally one or two others came, and after listening to a few recitations, and the singing of the children, frequently walked into the play-ground and garden. On the Friday in question, Mark watched their entrance into the playground with no little curiosity, desiring much to know their verdict respecting the new method discovered by the children for enjoying themselves.

He was not long left in doubt as to their opinion of the structure; Miss Whitemore, whose many years of unmarried life had carried her far past the days of sympathy for children's sports, asked in her usual abrupt manner and harsh tones,

"Whose work is it, putting this unsightly object on the playground? I thought this lumber was all nicely piled up, but now it seems to be scattered all around the yard. In all the time this institution has been here, I have never seen the yard in the scandalous state it is now." By the time the old lady had finished the last sentence of this speech, she was pale and trembling. It was not an unusual thing to see her temper ruffled; indeed, it was the rule rather than the exception for her when at the Bethesda, to take offence at a servant, a boy or a girl, on account of some imaginary slight or want of reverence for herself, and to say all manner of spiteful things about them; but she had always been specially friendly to Mark and his wife.

Mark seized the opportiunity given him by Miss Whitemore to make a strong plea in behalf of the children; showing the little chance they had for outdoor sports compared with other children,

and the amount of real enjoyment they had derived from the lumber, not only in building, but in playing in the castle they had constructed; but all did not suffice to convince Miss Whitemore that any sport requiring lumber on the playground, was of sufficient value to be encouraged or tolerated.

It is often the case that those who are the most prominent in the management of public institutions, are the very ones who delight in "the arbitrary nod." It is pleasant to know, however, that there are grand exceptions to this class—noble men and women whose deeds of genuine charity and goodness entitle them to the appellation, "philanthropists," with which they have been acclaimed; and among the good deeds which have secured for them this honorable name, not the least is that which exposes the misdeeds, and subverts the power of those who have obtained authority they are mentally and morally unqualified to wield.

There is a vast difference between the person who goes into the slums of a city and enters a noisome tenement to relieve the misery of the unfortunate, to minister to the sick, and pray at their bedsides, and the person who sits in his elegant parlor, or on a Board of Charity, and subscribes a goodly sum from a well-filled purse towards some charitable object. The former is actuated by a spirit, Christ-like in its humility and sympathy, while the latter may be prompted by motives entirely foreign to a Christian nature; and yet, both by public consent are denominated philanthropists.

Mr. and Mrs. Upstone thus far had very little complaint to make regarding their treatment by the ladies; but they had reason to believe, there were those in other institutions of the city, holding situations similar to their own, who were not equally fortunate. For instance, the matron of one of the charitable institutions, who was declared by all who knew her intimately, to be a most exemplary woman, very neat, and painstaking in her care of the inmates, was incessantly harassed and depressed in spirit, by the fault-finding of certain directresses, "puffed up with a little brief authority."

One of these directresses happening on one occasion to discover a little dust on some article of furniture in the institution, immediately began to abuse the matron shamefully; accusing her of laziness, untidiness, etc., entirely ignoring the fact that she had been left with only half the number of servants necessity really demanded. The next day, a lady not connected with the institution, but who knew all about the incident referred to, had occasion to call at the house of the wonderfully neat directress, and found to her great astonishment, while waiting the lady's appearance in the drawing-room, that she could easily write her name with her finger, in the dust on the lid of the large family Bible lying on a table. The incident is worth relating, only to show the kind of individuals who too often—and generally through their own

scheming—are elected to prominent and responsible positions in charitable organizations, or other important public bodies. We are constrained by the circumstances to believe that, if was not the dust discovered in the institution by the directress, that caused all the furor, but the morbid desire on her part to display her authority, and at the same time to win a reputation for the careful discharge of the duties of her office.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE Summer and Autumn following the marriage of the Rev. John Dawson passed, and both he and his wife pursued the even tenor of their way, slowly but surely accomplishing the object of their settlement at Greenvale. Like all other sincere laborers of his profession, John had his seasons of discouragement, times when it seemed to him that he was doing little good; but to the careful observer, one who could compare the moral condition of Greenvale before his advent with what it was after he had been there a year, it was evident his labors had not been in vain. The fact too, that now and then, one harassed by trouble and broken in spirit, came and assured him that his words had led him to cast his heavy burden on the Lord, was a solace to John in his hours of depression, showing him as it did, that the seed he scattered was not all falling on stony ground, and thus he was encouraged to persevere.

It may be said too, that May had outlived all the silly prejudices which these rustic people cherished against her, on her first arrival among them, and they had learned to respect her, and to look for her kind-hearted sympathy in all their troubles and afflictions. But there was still one little unpleasant experience to pass through, one lesson for the well-meaning but rough farmers who attended John's service to learn, before the last link in the chain of friendship, that united them with their pastor's wife was firmly welded.

It was December, and the minister's stock of fuel for the coming year had not yet been provided. As in most newly-settled places, much of the heavy work which every farmer had to do, such as chopping, logging, etc., was here done by "bees." A man would invite all his neighbors to come and help him on a certain day, and in return for the help he then received, he felt it a duty to attend the "bees" of his neighbors. In this way it was proposed that Mr. Dawson should be provided with wood, though we would not have the reader infer, that he was expected to attend the "bees" of his parishioners.

On the appointed day, therefore, a goodly number of men assembled; several with ox teams and sleds; and while some were drawing, others were busily engaged in felling and chopping, so that when the teams returned from the house to the woods, there was always a sufficient quantity chopped and in readiness to load the sleds again; and thus there was no delay. The woods were not a quarter of a mile distant; the trees were large, and their trunks were cut up into parts about twelve feet long, so that by four o'clock in the afternoon the two huge piles of logs and limbs,

beech, birch and maple, at John's back door, might well make him feel that he could bid defiance to the most savage aspect of a Canadian winter.

But a wood bee, or a bee of any kind was something entirely new to May; and at the close of that winter day, she realized that, she had added something to her experience of backwoods' life, as well as a new word to her vocabulary. May had never acted as cook in a public house, nor in any other place, where many people were to be provided with a meal; she had forgotten the quantity of food consumed by the fellow she supplied with a meal a few months previous, and though it was improbable that there were any of the men with stomachs like his, the amount necessary to satisfy the hunger of a woodchopper on a cold winter's day, may be regarded an unknown quantity.

At 12 o'clock the men quit work; the teamsters each gave his oxen a bundle of hay; and as the day was bitterly cold and frosty, they all came into the kitchen—fourteen of them—and drew as near as possible to the stove. As dinner was not quite ready, many of them produced their pipes, and sat down for a quiet smoke; a moment later, May entered to look after the things that were cooking, and was simply amazed at the condition of her kitchen which was always so tidy. While nearly strangled with the fast thickening cloud of smoke, she noticed with horror that they were spitting promiscuously over her nicely sanded floor. Her first impulse was to forbid their smoking, unless they went outside; but then, she thought they would very likely be highly offended, and as the floor was already soiled, so that it would require immediate scrubbing, she decided to exercise patience and keep quiet. She therefore returned as soon as possible to the dining-room; but her dinner soon required her presence again in the kitchen, and by this time, the smoke had acquired a density that nearly suffocated her; and the scattered pools of spittle were uniting and spreading at a rate which threatened an inundation. Gathering her skirts about her, she tiptoed her way to the stove, hoping that her manner and the disgust in her face, would be a sufficient hint to them that their smoking was extremely offensive to her. As well might she have expected the oxen outside to stop chewing their cuds because she looked cross, or sniffed with an air implying disgust; these men were not of the sort to understand hints of that kind with regard to smoking and spitting. They had learned that it was not proper to smoke in church during service, and that was the extent of their knowledge, as to the impropriety of smoking. As to May's facial expression just at that time, if they noticed it at all, they might have attributed it to toothache, or displeasure because her dinner was not cooking to her satisfaction; and as to her dainty way of crossing the floor, it might have been owing to corns, or to tight boots; it certainly could have no relation

to their innocent enjoyment. Indignant at what she regarded indifference to her wishes and feeling that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, she finllay said,

"Gentlemen, I am very sorry to interrupt your pleasure, but I cannot endure tobacco smoke and the filthy condition to which you are bringing the floor of my kitchen; if you must smoke, I must ask you to do it outside.

Silence fell on the whole company; a few whiffs more and then, sullenly the pipes were taken from their mouths and restored to their pockets.

Two young men, however, rose and stalked outside, still smoking.

"Well, Jack, what d'ye think of that?" asked one of the other when they were clear of the door.

"I think madam has shown her colors; she's too fine for the likes of us, as I've always said," was the reply.

"I'm thinking," said the other, "that if her house is too good for me to smoke in, my ax is too good to chop for her, and I believe I'll go home for my dinner."

"I'll be hanged, but I believe ye're about right, Sandy, and we'd better all go home," answered Jack.

Four more now came out; one a young man; two middle-aged; and one, more elderly. They were not smoking, but all save the elderly man, were scowling, ominously. The young men who first came out were prompt to inform the new comers of their determination to return home, which met with hearty approval from all save the elderly man. He at once thus opposed the design.

"Better take heed to your ways, lads, and do nothing in haste. Ye know well the parson would feel bad, were ye to go home; and it's none of his doings that we're not still smoking by the stove."

"Ah, but if his house is to be ruled by petticoats, it matters little how he feels, I'm thinking;" said one of the new comers; and then continuing, "D'ye think your missus or mine would be making a speech the likes o' that she made to us, if men had turned in to help us?"

"I never heard such a speech since the Lord made me," said the young man who had last come out.

"Well, well, Donald," continued the pacificator," it's not ower wise to make so much of a trifle; we all know that smokin' is not an ower cleanly habit, and if the parson's wife don't like it in her hoose, she has a good right to say so; and she should have our respect for it. Man, she and the parson didn't come into the woods to be taught of us; they know the ways of the world far better than you and me, Donald; and the Missus has shown us already, that she has a wiser head and a better heart than we believed, when the parson first brought her among us. Look at the way she's workin' to-day; and mebbe it's the hard work that made her a little

cross and not ower careful about her words, when she spoke of smokin'."

These timely remarks in May's behalf were not without influence on his auditors. The man by whom they were made—a tall, muscular Scotchman, known in all that section as Uncle Sandy—was a man held in high esteem, not only for his just dealing and upright principles, but for his fund of strong, common sense and good judgment. His opinion was frequently sought by the people of his neighborhood, concerning their troubles of whatever kind; and when his decision was given, it was one from which there was very rarely any appeal; for it was felt to be right. When therefore, Uncle Sandy espoused May's cause, that cause was sure to triumph in the end.

At the moment he closed his remarks, a man came to the door to announce that dinner was ready; and Uncle Sandy saying, "Come boys, let's go into dinner," he entered, followed by two more; but the three young men, feeling that it was not quite dignified to lay aside their wrath so soon, after receiving such mortal offence, remained outside. A Scotchman may be slow in apprehending the fact that he is in error, but when he has apprehended it, he is both ready to acknowledge it and to make amends therefor; these young men, though born in this country, were of Scotch parentage, hence, they inherited the peculiarities of their race. The words of Uncle Sandy had made an impression on them, but they were not yet fully convinced that they had not been ill-treated; therefore, it was necessary to ponder the matter well, and sift the advice of Uncle Sandy, lest it should contain some grains of error.

The men who remained in the house after May's reproof, though generally displeased, regarded the matter of too little importance to provoke much anger, or to be long remembered; consequently, after a little growling and criticisms in an undertone, they resumed their former, good-natured appearance; talked, joked and laughed till dinner was ready.

Like most other laboring-men in back country districts in those days, as if the work of eating required the most vigorous muscular labor, before sitting down to the table, they all pulled off their coats—an act which gave May much amusement; but ere the dinner was finished, she changed her opinion as to the cause of the doffing of coats, and instead of regarding it as an act prompted by habit, she believed that it was done for their comfort, and to give easy play to the muscles—just as they pulled them off, when about to chop, shovel, mow, etc.

They were no sooner seated at the table, however, than she missed one of the young men, and on inquiring for him, one of the party present, thinking it a favorable opportunity to gratify his spite for the affront she had given them, promptly informed

her that he and two more, whose names he mentioned, were outside talking of going home for their dinner, where they could have the privilege of smoking. His mean, little ruse produced the object desired, for May felt very badly to learn that she had offended any one, and though it seemed almost impossible to leave, even for a moment, she snatched up a shawl, and throwing it over her head and shoulders, darted out in pursuit of the deserters. She had not many steps to take, for they were still near the door, and had so far accepted the logic of Uncle Sandy that they were at that moment contemplating return.

"You foolish boys," she said in a most conciliatory tone, "why do you not come into your dinner? Mr. ——— led me to think that you were offended at what I said about smoking; but I surely can't think that strong, brave young men like yourselves, would take offence at a thing so trifling as that. Tobacco smoke in a hot, close room, really makes me sick; but had I known that you would feel offended at my remarks about it, I would much, very much, rather have kept silent, even though it did make me sick."

"Oh we wouldn't have that, Mrs. Dawson, for the world; we had no business smokin' in there, anyway." Thus spoke one of the party, and the others, now equally humble and ashamed hastened to endorse his remark, and they all immediately went in to dinner.

Uncle Sandy was sitting directly opposite the man, who had voluntarily given the information which sent May after the absentees, and the scornful look with which he regarded him, showed that he clearly divined his object. After May had felt the room looking sternly at him across the table, he said,

"It's a great thing ye have now to feel proud of; I wonder that ye couldn't be thinking of something better than telling the poor woman a thing that'll be troubling her mayhap for weeks."

The man made no reply to the well-merited rebuke., but he tried to share in the evidences of gratification manifested by Uncle Sandy when May returned, followed by the young men.

The work of waiting on the table so engrossed May's time and attention that she had no thought for other things, and the meal was not half finished, ere she began to fear the provisions she had cooked, would fall far short of satisfying the wants of the men. Pork and beans had been her main reliance for dinner, and she imagined that she had cooked a much larger quantity than would be eaten; but they were already gone, and the men were still hungry; but of boiled potatoes and bread, and butter, she surely must have enough to supply their need; and though it was humiliating, and a sad disappointment to her not to be able to give them the bountiful dinner she had intended, the case was not so bad, she thought, as it would have been, had there been nothing more to offer them; and so, with many apologies and regrets, she

placed the remaining viands before them, replenish their cups with delicious tea, and with anxious feelings waited the result. The interval of suspense was not a long one, for five minutes later, the last vestige of food had disappeared from the table; Uncle Sandy and one or two more had drawn back, but whether because their hunger was really appeased, or whether it was because they suspected the true condition of things, and wished to spare her further humiliation, May could not determine; hence, her feelings were all the more unpleasant. It was very evident, however, that most of the men would have eaten more had it been offered them; and this fact, so apparent to poor May, was too much for her nerves, already overtaxed by hard work, anxiety and the trouble she had experienced regarding the smoking; and she broke down completely, ere the men had risen from the table. She would have given a good deal to have had John with her just then, to comfort her with his sympathy; but he had been called away most unexpectedly, to a place fifteen miles distant to attend a funeral. Good, old Uncle Sandy, however, who had noticed her nervous, unhappy condition, and had been watching her for some minutes, was ready with his kind-hearted sympathy, as he ever was, and he no sooner saw that she was in tears, than he said,

"Oh my dear woman; you are all tired out; the work to-day has been too much for you. It is a shame that some of the women didn't come in to help you. Just you go and lie down and take a good rest; and I'll run ower and send Jeanette (his grand daughter), in to do up the work."

"Oh no, thank you, Uncle Sandy, it is not fatigue; but I think it is really too bad that after scolding you as I did, I should be obliged to starve you; and you all so kind to come and work for us in the way you have."

"Tut, tut, my good woman, where's the man that's starving? I'd like well to see him," and Uncle Sandy cast a fierce look around the table, as if he would really like to see one of them dare to intimate he had not had enough to eat. "Starve us," he repeated, bursting into a laugh, "when every one of us has had more than two pigs ought to eat."

The other men joined in the laugh, and some one saying "That's true, Uncle Sandy," the rest vied with each other in their efforts to endorse the statement. Even May had to smile at the good feeling prevailing, and jokes that passed round, and when they rose from the table, she felt so friendly toward them, and so greatly obliged, that she begged them, now that it was not absolutely necessary for her to go into her kitchen for some time, to sit down there and smoke as long as they pleased. A few availed themselves of the privilege; but the majority contented themselves with talking, till just as they were leaving the house to begin work again, when they lit their pipes and smoked outside.

It may be said in closing our account of the wood bee, that the men all worked with a hearty good will that afternoon; and with a far more friendly feeling towards May, than they had ever before enjoyed. They began to feel that on becoming better acquainted with her, knowing her intimately, they would not fail to like her; and several of the men who had come a number of miles to attend the bee, and who were not a little aggrieved at her remarks about smoking, assured her when they started for home that night, that they should never come to "the village," as they called Greenvale, without coming to see her; and it is doubtful if they ever did; for she made many a cup of tea, and many times provided lunch for them during the months she and John remained there.

## CHAPTER XV.

SOMETHING over a year had passed since our friends, the Dawsons, first made their home in Greenvale, and May was no longer the lonely body in John's absence from home that she was when we last saw her. A bright, blue eyed little stranger, a baby girl, had opened a new fountain of affection in her heart, and now beguiled the solitude of her life with its prattle. The baby too was bound to the father's heart with no ordinary ties of affection; in short, both parents, from their natural affectionate hearts, and from the isolation of their lives, received the gift as one direct from the storehouse of divine blessings, and loved it as only such parents can love, devotedly, passionately and blindly.

Another change in their circumstances was also about to be made—they were going to move to Dexter, a village, or rather a hamlet, a little more populous than Greenvale, nearer the centre of John's present field of labor, and where the inhabitants were in better financial circumstances. The latter fact, however, had nothing to do with their removal; they were not going to new congregations and to a better salary, only to a more convenient place for meeting the same people; to a place too, that for two or three reasons was more pleasant, and consequently, a more desirable one in which to make a permanent residence.

As John was laboring for the very meager salary of three hundred dollars a year—one hundred of which was paid by the Home Missionary Society, and two hundred by his parishioners—he clearly had no means of his own with which to build; but in his younger days, before going to college, he had worked at the carpenter's trade; and having considerable mechanical ingenuity, he had become a workman of no mean order. He felt, therefore, with reason, that he was better prepared to build than he would have been with double his present salary, had he possessed no knowledge of carpentry.

Mr. Lawson, his father-in-law, was quite willing to supply what money was required, and with this encouragement, and the surprising cheapness of lumber in that section, he decided to erect a house he could call his own. But it was evident that he would be working at great disadvantage—a serious loss of time, especially—unless he was in the place chosen for the site of his dwelling; hence, he moved to Dexter in the year following that of his marriage and settlement in Greenvale. He had secured a comfortable house in which to reside at Dexter until his own should be finished. And thus while May attended to their household affairs, cooked their meals, cared for the baby and watched with absorbing in-

terest her physical and intellectual development, John attended to his clerical duties, and worked away *ad libitum* at his dwelling.

These were delightful days to John compared to those in which he sometimes had to meet his appointments. In his house with a good stove and plenty of wood, he could labor regardless of the storms that were raging outside, and the snow that was piling up, so as almost to conceal some of the lower windows of his dwelling; it mattered not to him; he was sheltered and warm; and could pursue his work in comfort. But little comfort of a temporal nature did he experience when he had to ride seven, ten or fifteen miles to meet his appointments, on days when the blasts were bitter and searching, and his, perhaps the only sleigh that had pased for hours over the drifted road he was traveling. But John was faithful; seldom did a storm occur which prevented him from meeting his people at the appointed hour; though in order to do so he had to brave hardships before which, many stronger, yet less earnest men, would have quailed and turned back.

The winter, and the long, stormy month of March passed, and the new house was ready for the plasterers; but it was May before it was all finished and cleaned ready for occupation. The people at Dexter, eight miles from Greenvale—had heard how heroically May worked to clean the house where she and John first lived. They had had abundant proof since she resided at Dexter, that she was not above doing whatever work there was to be done, however hard it might be, and they therefore were not surprised in the least, when they saw her, day after day, engaged with broom, scrubbing brush and mop, cleaning one room after another of the new residence.

It was the latter part of May before they moved into the new house, and while the pleasure of living beneath their own roof was all they had anticipated, the expense of building had been so much greater than John had calculated, and thus necessitated his getting into debt, that the anxiety and worry he experienced on this account, detracted much from their enjoyment.

The house cost him two hundred and fifty dollars more than the sum for which he had assured his father-in-law, he could build it. Of course, he was reluctant to acquaint him with this fact, after the generous aid he had already given him, therefore, he kept the unpleasant knowledge to himself for some time, at least, in the vain hope that he could manage to pay this extra sum himself. There was nearly half of his last year's salary still unpaid, as well as half of the sum promised by the Missionary Society; and he reasoned logically that if he could obtain this amount, it would suffice with what he could save from his present year's salary, to cancel the debt. How much longer he might have struggled in his efforts to carry out this design we cannot say; but after about two months when May's parents were visiting them at Dexter,

Mr. Lawson asked John directly, if the house had not cost more than he had estimated. He was obliged, of course, to admit that it had; and then followed the question, as to how much more it had cost; and in the end, Mr. Lawson learned all the facts; how that John was striving to collect his last year's salary; how discouraging he had found the work, and, lastly, that he was suffering a great deal of anxiety in consequence. The result of the confab was, that John was pretty sternly reproved for his folly in not acquainting Mr. Lawson much sooner with his financial troubles; after which, he was presented with a check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

We informed the reader in a preceding chapter, what success attended John's efforts nearly two years previous, to obtain a little money from subscribers; how one wanted to pay in potatoes, another in buckwheat, and another in wood—all in the ensuing autumn or winter. We are sorry to say that some of this remained unpaid, even at the present.

After so much labor and the investment of all his means in a home which seemed to prevent the possibility of his accepting another field of labor, he learned, as many another minister has learned, that there were many of his parishioners far more noted for their instability of judgment and purpose, than they were for their Christian principles, or good works.

The first grumbling that John ever heard was when he tried earnestly to collect his salary. As long as he continued to preach to his subscribers, and never called for their subscriptions, all went well; he was a fine preacher and a good man; but when they were made aware that he was human, and like themselves had physical wants to supply, the charm was broken; he was no longer the exalted being supplied with manna, or other food sent miraculously by heaven.

When the men whose business it was to collect the subscriptions, informed John there were several individuals from whom they could obtain nothing save promises, he thought naturally, that by seeing them himself, and laying before them his necessities, they might possibly exert themselves sufficiently to raise part, at least, of what they had promised.

That he was right in this conjecture was evident from the fact that some of them paid; one or two of them in full; though it was with apparent dissatisfaction—a feeling that the minister was too importunate, and that he might have waited their convenience. As the reader may suppose, these men were not the poorest of the subscribers; there were others, though the number was small, in far poorer circumstances, who were always prompt in paying their subscriptions; and they never cavilled about the way in which they were to be paid. If the minister happened to want anything they had to sell, they were ready to supply it; but they never regarded

it of any particular advantage to themselves to pay him in the produce of the farm; being altogether too conscientious to ask him to take anything they could not easily sell elsewhere. These were Christians—the kind one likes to meet; among whom one likes to dwell—those who live by the Golden Rule of doing unto others, as they would that they should do unto them.

Far be it from us to assert that the others mentioned above were not Christians; they too were conscientious; they honestly meant to pay their subscriptions toward the pastor's salary; their negligence was caused by narrowness of judgment, selfishness. They might have paid, but just when they should have done so, possibly the merchant's bill was presented; and though the account was not of half as long standing as the minister's, the merchant must be paid, otherwise, he might be displeased. But the minister could wait; he would not dare to show displeasure, and if he should, what mattered it to the subscriber? Public sympathy would be with the latter, for would not the fact that the minister insisted on payment of the subscription show that he was worldly, and therefore, unfit for his position?

Never could a minister be more lenient with subscribers towards his salary than was John Dawson. Never one more delicate about asking a delinquent subscriber for a dollar. If he knew that it was from real poverty he had failed to pay, that was enough; he would willingly suffer the loss without a murmur; and if a dollar was needed to relieve distress, it was always forthcoming if he possessed it. But notwithstanding these facts, very soon after he had tried so modestly and meekly, to relieve his pressing needs by asking for what had long been his just due, there were many unkind whispers and sarcastic remarks respecting the "begging parson."

His house too, must needs be an object against which, shafts of spleen and invective were discharged.

"I think our parson wouldn't have had to push us for money, if he hadn't been too proud to live in a log house like the most of us," said one.

"Faith, an I would na wonder if ye're aboot richt," said another; "he never seemed to be in want of money till the hoose was built."

But more senseless and exasperating, were remarks like the following:

"I'm thinkin' if our parson can afford to build a house like that, on the salary we pay him, we should either be payin' him less, or be gettin' another man."

"Indeed now, ye're of my mind exactly. Three hundred a year, mind ye, is no trifle; why, man, if I could get that, I'd live like a fightin' cock."

We are quite sure that John too would have esteemed three

hundred at that time, "no trifle," could he only have obtained it. It is a pleasure to say, however, that the authors of the above and similar remarks, did not form the majority, but only a large sprinkling of his parishioners. They were not all like Ben Fogg, nor like old Kitty Gordon—two of his congregation at Dexter, whose characteristics we shall now portray to the reader.

Ben Fogg was a man a little past the age of fifty, who was regarded the rich man of Dexter; yet, he was not rich in the general acceptation of the term. He owned a large tract of land, most of which was wooded or rough pasture; yet there was sufficient tillage and meadow land to enable him to keep a herd of twenty five cows, three or four horses and a flock of sixty or seventy sheep, besides raising grain enough of various kinds to fill his commodious grain bins. In addition to these temporal advantages, he held three or four mortgages, ranging from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, on estates in that vicinity; all of which, bore interest at twelve per cent. A very penurious man was Ben Fogg, possessing none of the milk of human kindness, as all that ever solicited charity at his hands, or that ever worked for him, could solemnly affirm. Yes, Ben Fogg was a mean man; mean to his family, mean to his neighbors, mean in business and mean in the church. What! Did he belong to the church? He did; and had you met him for an hour alone, anywhere, you would have pronounced him a good, pious man. But with all his knowledge of Scripture and his sanctimonious talk, he never subcribed above five dollars toward his pastor's salary, and that sum he always managed to pay without parting with a cent of money. His three boys had all left him as soon as they were able to shift for themselves; preferring to live among strangers, rather than remain in a home where they were compelled to continual drudgery, and were scolded, denied every possible chance of enjoyment, and never allowed to have a cent. of their own. The experience of the three daughters was very much like that of their brothers; and only the youngest now remained at home. Though but sixteen, so careworn and thin had she become through incessant toil, want of amusement and continual scolding, that she might easily have been taken for a girl of twenty-two. She was a good girl, but never having had any chance for intellectual improvement, she was ignorant beyond most girls of twelve. All who knew, pitied her, especially, when they saw her in church on the Sabbath, in her cheap, homely, ill-fitting dresses, and saw how carefully she avoided the well-dressed girls of her age, that the contrast in their attire might not be observed.

Mrs. Fogg was a quiet, meek woman, very unlike her husband in disposition. It was asserted that, she had been known in Ben's absence, to slip quietly over to the house of a poor man who worked faithfully on the farm for Fogg for ridiculously low wages,

and received his pay in farm produce at ridiculously high prices —carrying a bundle, which, to one meeting her, might have appeared old blankets for the wash; but when unrolled in the presence of the poor man's wife, was found to contain meal, eggs, butter, maple sugar, pork, etc., which proved a priceless blessing to the poor family, and in a measure restored to the husband and father the wages of which he had been virtually robbed.

Aunt Becky was the name by which she was generally known in Dexter, and her husband was occasionally called "Uncle Ben;" but it was only in his presence, and it was always some one who had an object in view, some selfish end to gain, who thus addressed him.

At other times, he was spoken of as "Ben Fogg," or "old Ben Fogg," and quite frequently as "Old Ben."

Aunt Kitty Gordon in disposition was exactly the opposite of Ben Fogg; and although they both belonged to John's church, she so thoroughly detested Fogg's penuriousness and want of humanity, that she let slip no opportunity of placing his meanness before his eyes in as vivid colors as possible. The consequence was, these two were always at loggerheads, and we fear that with all Aunt Kitty's conscientiousness, in her hatred of Ben Fogg's acts, she was not always able to make a distinction between the action and its author.

Aunt Kitty was a widow with only one child living; a robust, intelligent youth of twenty, who lived with her and managed her little farm of twenty-five acres, besides earning a good many dollars by working for others. Very comfortable were Aunt Kitty and her son Tom, with a good block cottage, four cows, a dozen sheep and a horse—far more happy and contented than Ben Fogg with his large farm, many animals, and mortgages bringing him twelve per cent. Aunt Kitty never subscribed less than ten dollars toward the minister's salary, and had she received payment for her numerous donations of butter, milk, eggs, etc., which she made yearly to his household, the items would easily have amounted to twice ten dollars more.

There was an excellent little sugar orchard of three hundred fine maples on the small farm, which not only supplied her and Tom with all the sugar and syrup they required, but from which they sold enough to purchase their groceries and many other little necessaries required in the household. Every spring in the sugar season, at least two gallons of delicious syrup and numerous cakes of sugar moulded in Aunt Kitty's old-fashioned bowls and cups were carried over to John and May, and with them, one of the fine, well-smoked hams of the four, which, at this season, she always smoked—a part of the stock of pork resulting from the two pigs killed the previous autumn. In the fall too, when the first of the new crop of corn and buckwheat was ground, a bag of cornmeal

and one of buckwheat flour which contained not less than forty pounds formed regularly one of Aunt Kitty's donations to the minister; and this was invariably supplemented at Christmas by a turkey or goose; and the summer months as surely brought donations of eggs, honey, and rolls of delicious butter. This was not all; for she supplied them with a quart of milk daily, nearly the year round; besides many a treat of green vegetables and ripe currants from her luxuriant garden; and with all this generous hospitality, Aunt Kitty felt that she had done but little; and often regretted she was not able to do more.

"It's little we can do, Tom, but we hae always tried to do something; and we're none the puirer for it, are we, Tom?"

"Not a bit, mother" cheerfully replied Tom.

We came near forgetting to relate the circumstances with which Aunt Kitty's strong antipathy toward Ben Fogg began. It was six years prior to John's removal to Dexter, that Sandy Gordon, Aunt Kitty's husband, a short, stout, very industrious man, was employed by Ben Fogg to work in haying. It was not often that he worked for Fogg, for he would take pay in nothing save money, which he knew Fogg could easily spare if so disposed; but Fogg had a large quantity of hay to cut and draw into his barns, and as Sandy Gordon was reputed uncommonly expert with a scythe or pitchfork in the hayfield, Fogg could not afford to lose his services, even though he had to pay him a good price per day, and that in money. A strong objection that Sandy had to working for Fogg was, that he never provided tea for his men at dinner. Aunt Becky would gladly have made it for them, as well as many little luxuries to gratify the palates of the poor fellows who toiled in the fields from fourteen to sixteen hours daily, but tea at dinner, and everything that might be termed a delicacy or luxury on the table, was prohibited by Fogg with all the arbitrary gruffness for which he was noted.

But as Sandy Gordon was a near neighbor to Fogg, he obviated the little difficulty respecting the want of tea at his employers, by slipping into his own house immediately after dinner, and drinking one, two, or three cups, as he felt disposed, which Aunt Kitty always had prepared for him. There was also a nice custard or apple pie on the table, cut, so as to save delay, and if Sandy felt like enjoying a dessert of pie, it was at his service; and, thus, before anyone had missed him, he was always back and ready to begin work promptly with the rest. But one day before the men had finished their dinner, the low, but distant rumble of thunder was heard, and Aunt Becky going to the door, announced that a heavy shower seemed to be rising in the west. This was startling to the laborers as well as Fogg; for no man wishes to see his employer's hay get wet when it is in good condition to go into the barn, and such was the state of more than a dozen loads

of Fogg's hay. There was clearly no time to be lost; the men hurried through with their dinner, and without waiting, as usual, to fill their pipes, they made ready the two teams and started for the hayfield. Sandy felt that much depended on him; hence, he did not go home for his cup of tea, but with all speed, hastened to secure the hay; and his example spurred the other laborers to unusual activity.

It was oppressively hot and sultry, and the men suffered severely from the heat, as no shower came to cool the air till late in the afternoon. The team with which Sandy was working had drawn four loads into the barn; they were unloading the last one of these, when Sandy, who was on the mow, a dark, close place where the air was stifling, suddenly dropped his pitchfork, staggered, and with a deep groan, fell forward on his face. He was immediately carried to his own house, laid on a bed, and a young physician who lived in the place, was quickly summoned; but he told them his services could be of no avail, as the man was already dead. Poor Aunt Kitty; her sorrow was great, although she sorrowed not, as those who have no hope; but the blow was so sudden; death came to Sandy when he was working so hard to save his employer loss, and so soon too, after he had denied himself his usual refreshment at home, she could not help feeling that this had something to do with it; and that Fogg was somehow responsible for her loss. As soon therefore, as her eyes fell on him, after the first excitement caused by bringing her unconscious husband home, had passed, she said,

"It's only you, Ben Fogg, that we're to thank for this; it's an H, instead of an F, that should be used richtly in spellin' yer name. If my puir Sandy had had his cup o' tea for dinner, as he alwa' used to ha' I doubt that he'd now be lyin unconscious on the bed. It's every day at the dinner hour, that he's run in the house for his tea and a bit o' pie, mebbe, that I've alwa' had ready for him, as I had to-day; but the puir man didna come, he was so put to it to keep the rain frae yer hay. It's a gret shame to ye, that ye couldna gie the puir lads a little tea at the dinner time."

Very cutting were these remarks of Aunt Kitty to Fogg, in the presence of his own wife and the men working for him, and his face grew very red, and his eyes flashed, as he replied,

"It's a greater shame for you, I'm thinkin' to be talkin' such nonsense. If ye weren't daft, woman, you'd be prayin, instead of blaming me for the Lord's doings."

Fogg stalked out as he said this, and again went to his work in the field; and as the doctor came in at that moment, Aunt Kitty's thoughts were diverted to other matters.

A few days after her husband had been buried, she conceived it her duty to ask Fogg's pardon for the sharp way in which she had reproved him, on the day of Sandy's death.

"It's not that I think ye was na wrang in yer treatment o'puir Sandy, but I need na ha been sa harsh in expressin ma thoughts; and it would hae been wiser had I followed the Master's instructions, and told ye yer fault betwixt thee an me, alane."

Fogg received but little comfort from Aunt Kitty's contrition for her remarks, and from that time forward they were never on friendly terms; she never being able to banish entirely from her mind the thought that Sandy possibly might still be living had it not been for Ben Fogg; and he disliking her for her sharpness in detecting his faults, and her frankness in telling him of them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

AUTUMN once more came round, and those who had sought health and recreation in the country, at the seaside, or taken pleasure trips to far off lands, were back again in the city, engaged in their accustomed vocations. Among the returned travelers were a number of the directresses of the Bethesda; and the visits to that institution now became more numerous and frequent.

The summer had passed very pleasantly with the Upstones, and on the whole they had little reason to dislike their position. Besides the shorter walks that the children took weekly about the city, Mark went with them now and then to the Mountain and to St. Helen's Island—trips which they always anticipated and discussed with delight.

So well had they learned, during the months they had been under Mark's tuition, that for sometime he had been thinking of having a public examination of his classes at the close of the fall term, and having spoken of the matter to Miss Forest and Mrs. Lovelaw, and obtained their consent and approval, he prepared to carry out his design. The truth was, he had found the children so much brighter than they were generally supposed to be, so much brighter than he himself had supposed them to be, when he first came to the Bethesda, that he was not a little proud of them, and wished to have others—especially the directresses of the institution—know, and appreciate them too. He wished to show them that though they were unfortunate, and members of a charitable institution, they possessed all the qualities and possibilities there were in other children, even in their own.

He held the examination, but there was so little genuine interest manifested by those who should have warmly seconded his efforts, that he felt there was little encouragement for him to have another public examination. His interest in the children, and his efforts for their improvement were unabated; but whatever examinations he afterwards had were known only to the inmates of the Home, and to those who might happen to enter the school-room at the time they were held.

It had been a hope of Mark, ever since accepting his present position, that when he had become well accustomed to its duties, he might add a little to his salary by writing occasionally for the press. He had contributed an article—partly descriptive and partly historical—to one of the city dailies, in the spring after coming here, and sent a copy of the paper in which it was published to Mrs. Lovelaw. A few days afterward, when calling at the Bethesda, she acknowledged its receipt, thanked him, and ex-

pressed the pleasure she had experienced in reading the article. Mark embraced the opportunity to speak of his design of writing, and, to prevent the ladies thinking he might devote to this work, time that legitimately belonged to them, he assured her that whatever work of this kind he did would be done after the children had retired for the night, and, of course, when there was no work the ladies wished him to perform. She was very positive in her assurance to him that the ladies could have no possible objection to his writing at such times, and was quite sure that he must find considerable time that he could devote to this work without detriment to the interests of anyone. But Mark found that Mrs. Lovelaw's idea of the amount of leisure time at his command was far from correct; for it was seldom after the children had retired that there was not something to do in connection with the business of the institution, and even when there was not, the labors in the school-room and those of other kinds during the day left him in no proper mental and physical condition for literary work.

We have thus explicitly stated the opinion of Mrs. Lovelaw on the subject of Mark's writing, as we shall have occasion to show her opinion again on the same subject at a later date.

Mark Upstone believed that one thing in the method of indenturing children, pursued by the directresses of the Bethesda, was radically and wholly wrong; and that was the importance attached to the financial condition of the one who applied for a child. The first inquiry concerning him was to learn whether he was wealthy. If this question received an affirmative answer, little attention was given to his moral and mental qualities—unless, indeed, he was notoriously immoral—he was very sure to obtain the boy or girl desired.

At the Bethesda, children were indentured at the age of thirteen, for five years or till the age of eighteen. The person taking a boy or girl was to pay into the treasury of the institution nine dollars a year subsequently during the time the indentured remained. He was to clothe him, instruct him in some useful vocation—which was almost invariably farming—and for a time at least send him to school three months in the year. As the indentured was provided with two good suits of clothes on leaving the Home, the one taking him was to give him an equal quantity when the period of his indenture expired.

Either of the contracting parties breaking the contract without good reasons for so doing was to pay twenty-five dollars to the other.

It should be observed that the terms of the indenture were similar to those used by the foundresses of the Bethesda several years earlier, when labor commanded only half the wages it did at the time of which we are writing. The advantage, therefore, which a man gained by signing an indenture of this kind, instead of engaging a boy at the ordinary wages, is obvious.

One of the boys who came back after the period of his indenture had expired, and whom we shall call Tommy, had evidently been made as serviceable to the family in which he lived as his physical and mental qualities would allow; or as he expressed it, they had used him for all he was worth. Although Tommy came back well recommended by his employer, he had a very scanty wardrobe, and a hat that became a target at which all the boys he met discharged their shafts of wit. Tommy was very sensitive and proud-spirited, notwithstanding his limited knowledge of the world, and he was sorely tried by the fun that was poked at his unique *chapeau.* If he had learned little of many other things, however, while working out his indenture, he had learned to save, and make a good bargain; hence, while determined to get rid of the obnoxious hat, he was quite as fully determined that he would not part with it without a *quid pro quo.* If he could not obtain money for it, he thought he must certainly be able to exchange it among so many hat dealers in the city, for something suited to his size and years. Tommy, it must be remembered, was very small, while the hat was very large, and while he was but eighteen years old, the hat, even in the days of its youth, was never intended for a man under fifty. Never did a Jewish peddler ply his trade more energetically and zealously than did Tommy the work of selling that hat. Along Dorchester, down Bleury, up and down St. Antoine, through St. James, Notre Dame, St. Paul and up St. Lawrence Main street, he travelled in his efforts; and at night, when he called at the Bethesda, he was in despair; never before having experienced such a day, he said, in his life. Not having been able to effect a trade was disheartening enough; but his woes were redoubled by the fact that nearly every one had laughed at and made fun of him wherever he had been. One man tried to send him to a hardware dealer to sell his hat for a second hand coal scuttle; another had advised him to get a pair of wheels, attach them to his hat, and having thus supplied himself with a dump cart, to take a contract to clear snow and ice from the streets.

All this and much more did poor Tommy confide to Miss Upstone, as he called when returning from his weary day's work, weighed down by disappointment. Amused, yet filled with sympathy for him in his trouble, she appealed to her uncle to provide Tommy with a hat. Fortunately, Mark had lately bought a new fur cap; and as his old one, though still good, was rather too small for himself, he gladly presented it to Tommy, who scarcely knew how to express his gratitude. As it was only the latter part of February, the cap sufficed till he had secured employment, and earned money with which to purchase a hat. But Tommy's troubles did not end with his securing a cap. As he went about and met other boys of his age, he discovered that those who laid claim to respectability were nearly all much better dressed than

himself—a fact that caused him great humiliation; and he naturally began to inquire whether some of the money he had been earning during the past five years might not be used for the purpose of procuring him the necessary apparel.

He first applied to Mark by whom he was referred to the treasurer, Mrs. Fernleaf; and to her residence he at once repaired. Mrs. Fernleaf was not likely to receive very cordially an individual who called without presenting his card; and even in case this point of etiquette had been observed, the cordiality with which he was received would depend very much upon the hour at which she was disturbed; whether it was just as she was about dining, or taking a siesta. Poor Tommy knew nothing about visiting cards; but he knew that he was in need of money, and that Mrs. Fernleaf had money which belonged to him; therefore he was going to ask for it.

When he rang the bell a servant appeared, and he asked if Mrs. Fernleaf was at home; being answered in the affirmative, he requested to see her.

"Who shall I say called?" asked the well-trained servant.

This was something new to Tommy; the question puzzled him, and after staring at her a moment, he asked what she had said.

"Who shall I tell Mrs. Fernleaf wants to see her?" again asked the servant.

"Oh, tell her a boy wants to see her," replied Tommy.

The servant trotted upstairs and delivered the message; but Mrs. Fernleaf was not in the humor to waste any physical energy for the sake of a boy, unless something unusually important was at stake; and the servant was sent back with orders to find out what he wanted. When she returned to Tommy with the object of learning his business, he was alarmed, lest he should fail after all in his purpose; and especially if Mrs. Fernleaf learned before he had an opportunity to appeal to her personally for his money; therefore, he was firmly resolved that the servant should not learn his business; and when she asked it he replied,

"I must see Mrs. Fernleaf. Tell her a boy wants to see her, and that his business is very important." Again the servant returned to her mistress, and this time with better results. Mrs. Fernleaf laid down her book, rose majestically, and with an expression of countenance that boded no good to Tommy, descended to the hall. Tommy's nervousness increased as he watched her stately form approaching; her eyes meanwhile surveying him contemptuously from head to foot; and when at last she had drawn nigh, and with awful dignity demanded,

"Who are you?" Tommy's self-possession was gone; his knees knocked together like castenets; he forgot his errand, and for a moment even his name. After looking at her with a dazed and

imploring expression, as if he would beseech her not to eat him, he stammered out the reply,

"Oh I'm a boy ——" Here Tommy paused, trying to think how he could best make himself known to her, as one having valid claims to her acquaintance and sympathy.

"Yes, it's quite evident you are a boy;" exclaimed Mrs. Fernleaf with a sarcastic laugh that cut Tommy to the heart; "but what boy are you? Where do you come from, and what do you want?"

The questions followed each other so fast that he was bewildered; and before he had time to frame an answer to any one of them, she continued with the following:

"What's your name?"

"Sammy, no Tommy Radcliffe."

"Tommy Radcliffe," she repeated; "well I'm sure I don't know who Tommy Radcliffe is."

"Yes, Mrs. Fernleaf; don't you remember? I'm the boy that was indentured."

"Oh, you are one of the boys from the Home, are you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fernleaf;" and Tommy was very glad that he had made such progress in his suit."

"Why didn't you tell the servant so, then, when you first came here? I never saw such stupid conduct in my life; I was on the point of telling her to open the door, and send you along about your business. Where have you been living that you have no more judgment about expressing your wants? Why, I should think you had always lived in the woods and never seen anyone before."

This harsh and unkind way of addressing him served to dispel Tommy's nervousness, but roused his indignation. He concealed this fact from Mrs. Fernleaf, however, made known to her his wants, and having obtained a promise that he should have a certain amount of money on a certain day, he left, glad to escape from her presence. He called again at the Bethesda on his way to his boarding house; and Mark knew by his pale and angry expression of countenance, and the tears in his eyes, that a bitter storm was raging in his breast.

"Didn't you get it Tommy?" Mark asked, supposing his ill feelings arose from disappointment.

"Yes, Mr. Upstone, I got what I went for, or I got the promise of it; and I got something else too. I never was treated so in my life; she talked to me as if I was a dog. Catch me going to that house again after anything; truly Mr. Upstone, I had rather go in rags all the days of my life."

After he had thus given vent to his feelings, he told Mark what had occurred; supplementing his tale with the following very sensible remarks; or so they appeared to Mark.

"I don't know what I did, that she should make such a great

fuss; I'm sure I didn't insult nobody, nor try to steal nothing; and I didn't make half as much noise as she did. I'd like to know what Mrs. Fernleaf wanted me to say; I told her as well as I knew now, and me scared half to death all the time. Mrs. Fernleaf might know that a poor boy up back in the country aint like as if he was brought up in the city and knows just what to do, and how to fix his mouth. If the ladies had wanted me to be such a fine gentleman, Mr. Upstone, why didn't they put me with the mayor, or with a lawyer, or some other big man, instead of sending me back into the woods to a farmer?"

Mark could not forbear smiling at the earnestness with which Tommy propounded the last question, and while he tried to soothe him with the assurance that he was greatly magnifying his wrongs, and that Mrs. Fernleaf did not regard him as stupid as he imagined, he could not help feeling that Tommy had just reason for complaint. Why, he wondered, should a lady in Mrs. Fernleaf's station, meet a timid, rustic lad like Tommy, who had really committed no offence, in such an unkind, repellant manner, instead of treating him kindly and putting him at once at his ease?

It seemed unjust too, that the directresses knowing and acknowledging as they did that Tommy had not received the quantity and quality of clothing to which he was entitled by the terms of the indenture, should neither have made any effort to have the wrong redressed, nor supplied him with the requisite clothing themselves.

It was evident to Mark that Tommy possessed some of the essential qualities of manhood that he felt Mrs. Fernleaf's rebuff so keenly; he was not disappointed, therefore, to see him speedily shake off his rustic manner and habits, develop into a stirring, capable young man, and acquire a good business education.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It was soon after John had moved into his new house, when, trying to collect a little money, he one day casually informed Ben Fogg of his desire. Fogg, as John had hoped, said he guessed it was about time his subscription was paid; and suggested that they should "settle up." John had bought considerable lumber of him during the past year, for which he had always paid him at the time of purchase; he was therefore not a little surprised when Fogg spoke of settling, but he informed him that if he had any account against him he was ready to pay it.

Fogg said he knew of nothing for which John owed him except a little butter, that his wife had carried over to Mrs. Dawson a few weeks previous. John than recollected that May had told him sometime before that Aunt Becky had made her a present of a plate of nice butter; but it was evident Fogg had no idea of considering it a present. The facts respecting the butter were these. Aunt Becky had weighed a roll with the design of taking it to the grocery to barter for some articles she required; but finally concluded to postpone her visit till the following morning. When morning came, Ben having gone to see a neighbor about a mile distant, she decided to take the butter as a present to May instead of selling it to the grocer, thinking she would get back before Ben's return, consequently he would know nothing about it. But she chatted with May longer than she intended, and on her return was not a little startled to find Ben in the kitchen. He immediately demanded what she had been carrying off on the plate she had in her hand. Aunt Becky would not tell a falsehood, and she frankly answered that she had taken a roll of butter to Mrs. Dawson.

"How much did it weigh?" he next demanded, shrewdly calculating that this question would draw from her an acknowledgment, whether she had given the butter or sold it. Fortunately, Aunt Becky, as will be remembered, weighed it when she thought of taking it to the grocery. She promptly answered,

"Two pounds and six ounces."

This was satisfactory; she evidently hadn't presumed to give it away; but he must know one thing more.

"Did she pay for it?"

"No," she answered.

"All right," he said, "I'll recollect it when I pay my subscription."

Aunt Becky's heart sank, when she thought of his asking pay for the little present, but she solaced herself with the hope that he would forget all about it in a few days; she resolved that

in case he did not, she would manage unknown to him, to make the minister a more valuable present; feeling that she had a right to do so, inasmuch, as she had worked quite as hard to accumulate their property as Ben had. Such treasonable thought on the part of Aunt Becky spoke very highly of her respect and affection for John and May, for it was rarely she opposed Ben's wishes; and she excused herself in this instance, only on the ground that John was a minister.

When Fogg spoke of the butter, John asked him if he knew the quantity Mrs. Fogg brought, and after thinking a moment, he replied,

"Well now I can't just remember whether it was two pounds six ounces or two pounds eight, but I know it was one or the other."

"Oh well," said John, "if that is all the difference, make it two pounds eight or two and a half, which is the same thing."

"Oh no man, I want no more than my rights; I'll just run home and ask the old woman;" saying which Fogg rose, and started on a trot for his house, three hundred yards distant.

Just as he left, May came into the room where John was sitting and observing the amused smile on his face, remarked that he seemed pleased. He then told her of his recent colloquy, and for what purpose Fogg had gone. She was much surprised and said,

"I am sure Aunt Becky will feel very much mortified when she learns that Fogg has charged for the butter, for she certainly had no idea of receiving pay for it when she brought it."

Fogg returned in a few minutes, no doubt disappointed to find that the weight of the butter was only two pounds six ounces —two ounces less than he had hoped.

"Well," he said, after announcing its weight, "how are you going to let me pay the balance of the subscription? You'll be wantin' more butter, mutton, pork or something of that kind?"

"I think not at present, Mr. Fogg; I need money badly just now I assure you," replied John.

"Where's the man that don't need money? I do, you may be sure," answered Fogg, and then continuing he asked, "Don't you want a tub of nice maple sugar? I've two or three tubs still on hand; let me bring you over one."

"I think we have all the sugar we shall require for sometime," said John, beginning to fear that the old man, according to his usual custom, would yet induce him to take something he did not want; and then he had a feeling that Fogg ought not to be encouraged in his meanness, but should be made to pay the money. But John was not the kind of man to make him do differently from what he was disposed; consequently, from very shame for him, he was on the point of acceding to his wishes, when the thought

struck Fogg that by delaying the matter awhile, he might find John in a better mood for listening to his proposal, so he promptly changed the subject, and said no more on that occasion respecting his subscription.

Soon after Fogg left, Aunt Kitty happened to drop in with a present of a dozen fresh eggs, and as she gave them to May, remarked,

"I see you had a visit from Ben Fogg to-day."

"Yes," said May, laughing quite heartily at the recollection of Ben's trouble respecting the two ounces of butter and his subscription.

"What's the puir man been tryin' to sell ye to-day?" she asked.

As perfect confidence always subsisted between John and May and Aunt Kitty, both of the former being now present, they told her the whole story regarding the object of Ben's call.

"Ah, didna I tell ye, ye'd hae to pay for the butter, when ye said Aunt Becky 'd brocht ye a present?" May admitted that she did, but said she could not then believe it. Aunt Kitty stayed some little time chatting, and when she was about leaving, said to them,

"I've been thinkin' much of what ye said aboot Ben Fogg; it's been a long while sin the man's had a lesson, and mind ye, he'll get one before he's much older."

Both laughed, but had no idea what shape the lesson would take, or when or by whom it would be given; and forgot Aunt Kitty's words, till they were recalled by a later incident.

A little over a week subsequently, Fogg came into the parsonage one day toward night, as he did occasionally for a friendly chat. He had not been seated ten minutes, when Aunt Kitty came in with two nice rolls of butter on a plate; and as she gave the plate to May, she remarked in a very audible tone that the butter weighed just four pounds.

Supposing from this remark that she expected pay for it, as Aunt Kitty intended she should, May after putting away the butter returned, and handed her a two dollar bank note. Aunt Kitty, after staring at it a moment, but without touching it, asked,

"And what is this for?"

"Why, for the butter," replied May.

"Aunt Kitty regarded her for a moment in apparent astonishment and then said,

"For what do ye take me?"

"I take you for a good, Christian woman, of course," answered May.

"Na, na, ye could na think that if I'd do sae mean a thing as to take pay o'my pairson for a wee bit o' butter like that. Na good Christian wad do the like o' that."

A scarlet mantle had by this time overspread the hard features

to Fogg; her words had struck home, and in revenge he could not forbear remarking,

"We're not all rich like you, Aunt Kitty; so we can't afford to be so generous."

Feeling keenly the taunt at her limited circumstances as compared with his own, Aunt Kitty's eyes flashed, as she retorted,

"May the Lord forgie ye, Ben Fogg, for yer hepocreesy in speakin' o' yer poverty; I've only a tithe o' this warld's gear, compared wi yer ain, and thank God there's not a penny o'nt that's been robbed frae the puir, or got by o'er reachin' or o'er chargin.' But it's not for me nor for you to say what we have; we've naething but what the Lord hae given us, and it is his to be used for his glory; and I pray that he'll keep me frae the sin and the ignorance of not striving to help them that's dedicated their lives to his sarvice."

"No one can ever think you guilty of that sin, Aunt Kitty," said John; "if all Christians should give as liberally in proportion to their means as you do, there would soon be a wonderful change in the condition of the Christian Church, and in its power for doing good."

"What ye say Mr. Dawson, may be true, I canna tell; but the more shame to them that hae, and wull not give to the Lord; I doot much that sic hae ever been convairted, or hae the love o' him i' their hairts. It's verra little, as yersel kens, that I'm able tae give, but Tom an me alwa' try to help summat; an I say to him, we're none the sharter for it at the end o' the year, are we Tom? and he says 'No mither, that we're not;' but one thing, Mr. Dawson, mayhap ye've noticed, I alwa' pay my leetle subscription in money, which I think is the dooty o' every ane. It's far too many there be, who think the puir pairson hae no need of money; and so, they'll be strivin to pay him in all the trash they can't sell for money, till he's often packed off like a beggar man. It may be hard for ye tae credit the words I'm sayin' Mr. Dawson, but it's as true as that I'm now settin' in yer ain hoose. When ma puir Sandy and me lived in the toonship o' Allbright, we once had a pairson there, whose name was John Simpson; he was a varra guid mon, and his ainly fault was, that he could na say nay to ony ane who asked him to take ony kind o' trash for his selery. And it was owin' to this fault the first year he was there, before his friends had told him better, the puir mon—though he had ainly himself, a wife and one young child for a family—had ta'en toward his selery, three hunner bushels o' pitaties, a grind stone and two harrows; an yet, he'd ne'er a fut o' lan; an mind ye this same meenister had to carry a letter he wanted to mail two whole weeks in his pocket, because he'd not a penny to pay postage."

Aunt Kitty was interrupted in the last part of this account, by hearty laughs from her audience; but as soon as she had finished the last sentence, she turned abruptly and asked,

"What kind o' treatment do ye ca' that Fogg, for pareeshoners tae be givin their minister?"

"I think it was all right and fair, if he was willin' to take his pay in such things," replied Fogg.

"Weel," said Aunt Kitty, "I'm not a bit surpreesed tae hear ye say that; for I thought that was the style o' yer releegion; but I'll tell ye what I think; I think the mon that wad cheat his pairson, or strive to pay him in trash he dinna want would rob his ain mither. Ma puir Sandy said Mr. Simpson knew naething aboot business; he was a young man frae the city, and was sae anxious tae please his pareeshoners, he'd do what e'er they asked him to do; and he thought by takin sic trash, he might be helpin' them, mayhap, an that he could sell it again."

At this point Fogg rose from his chair and addressing Aunt Kitty said,

"You and the parson here can settle things between yourselves; I must go home and look after my chores." As he left the room, Aunt Kitty glanced slyly at John, and when Fogg was out of hearing, said,

"I think he found it a leetle too hot tae stay longer; but I trust I did him some good;" and then in an apparently thoughtful mood, she continued; "I hope I did naething wrang; but when I thought of his chairgin' for the butter Aunt Becky gave ye, I was sae indignant, that I determined to take the first chance I should hae ta free my mind tae him; and when I spied him coming in tae yer hoose to-day, I just thought I'd never hae a better chance, an so I made bold to coom too."

Whether it was the salutary effect produced by Aunt Kitty's remarks that induced Fogg to pay his subscription in money, we cannot say; but certain it is that about a month later he paid it without mentioning barter, and even without deducting the price of the butter. What is stranger still, the next year he doubled the amount of his subscription, and paid it in cash on the spot. His neighbors began to say, in consequence, that a remarkable change had come over him; but as he gave no further proof of change, they finally attributed his liberal subscription to a desire to sell the minister half an acre of land near the parsonage.

It was but a short time after Aunt Kitty met Fogg at the parsonage, that an incident occurred which once more displayed the wide difference between Fogg's heart and her own, and increased his dislike for her in no small degree.

A poor daft woman about forty years of age had made her appearance in Dexter, four or five years previous to the time of which we write, and was known by no other name than Crazy Polly. No one knew whence she came, nor anything of her history; she had evidently once been handsome, and even yet retained something of her former beauty.

Since her first appearance here, she had spent most of her time in Dexter; living awhile with such families as were disposed to keep her, and usually making herself quite useful about the house; so that there was now and then a family rather glad than otherwise when she came to stay with them. But she was easily offended; and on becoming possessed with the idea that she had been slighted, or ill-treated in any way, there was no end to the tirade of abuse she would commence against the unfortunate offender. It was on this account, and from the fact that many of the women feared her when she was in ill-humor, that she was generally regarded an unwelcome visitor. Sometimes she would suddenly disappear from Dexter, and be absent several weeks; and then as suddenly reappear in her old haunts, but never to enlighten anyone respecting places or persons she had seen in her absence.

It was one of those cold, rainy, windy days, which even on the verge of summer, makes all, except the most hardy, hurriedly seek the shelter of a house; and in most instances also the comfort of a fire. Aunt Kitty had been to a neighbor's some little distance from her home, and was returning late in the afternoon, well protected from the rain by her large umbrella and capacious shawl. Just before reaching Fogg's house which she had to pass, she heard voices as if in altercation, and peeping out from beneath her umbrella, she saw Fogg at his gate, and near him, a woman gesticulating wildly, while the rain beat pitilessly against her tall, slender form, unprotected, save by the thin garments she wore, which, thoroughly drenched, clung closely to her body. Aunt Kitty at once recognized her as Crazy Polly, who had just returned to Dexter after a long absence; she, at the same time recognized the one approaching, and called out,

"Hallo Aunt Kitty; I'm glad you've come; I wanted to go in and stay with Aunt Becky to-night, but the old skin-flint,"—pointing to Fogg—"won't let me. I don't care much, for the last time I was there he watched me so close for fear I'd eat something, I nearly starved. Oh you needn't grin Ben Fogg, you know it's true. Say, Aunt Kitty, aint he a mean looking man? Don't you believe he'll go to hell?"

"Tush, tush! Polly!" said Aunt Kitty, approaching and drawing her close to her side beneath the umbrella; you come with me; ma hoose is alwa open to sic as ye Polly," and she pulled her gently away. But Polly was quite reluctant to leave till she had more fully expressed her mind to Fogg, and there is no saying how long she would have remained for this purpose had it not been for Aunt Kitty. But she shouted back to him as he still stood at the gate watching for fear she might return,

"I'm going to stay at a Christian house to-night, Ben Fogg; you'd better go home and read your Bible and ——."

"Come come Polly," said Aunt Kitty pulling her along a little

more roughly, "let Fogg go now, I'm gettin' wet, and you must get in and change yer ain claes."

Polly was obedient to the order so far as going on was concerned, but not so willing to dismiss Ben Fogg; nor did she cease to rave about him till some time after she had arrived at Aunt Kitty's, and the old lady had made her put on dry clothes throughout. It may be said that Polly usually dressed better, and was more tidy in appearance than most persons of the same mental condition; she always carried a bundle in which there were two or three changes of garments; but she had traveled so far in the rain that day, that they were all as wet as the garments she wore. Aunt Kitty, therefore, supplied her with a change from her own wardrobe, and as she was very short and stout, while her guest was tall and thin, when the latter had made the exchange of garments, Tom Gordon informed her she looked like a tall fir tree he once saw, stripped for ten feet of its topmost branches. Whereupon, Polly informed him that if he had been spanked as much as he ought to have been when he was younger, he wouldn't have the impudence to speak in that manner to a lady of her rank; which assertion was very cordially endorsed by Aunt Kitty.

When Fogg found that Crazy Polly was not likely to return, he went into the house, glad that he had escaped the infliction; but annoyed that it should have been through his humiliation once more by Aunt Kitty. His wife and daughter, as well as the hired man splitting wood under the shed, had all seen what had occurred, and heard the remarks that had been made. Fogg, therefore, felt inclined to call Aunt Kitty's judgment in question, as a means of defending his own conduct; and as he drew near them said,

"Crazy Polly was lucky to fall in with one as daft as herself to take care of her. They'll have a fine time for an hour or two in discussing my meanness; and then, they'll probably have a quarrel, and the old woman 'll turn Polly out door. I wouldn't wonder at all if she should come back here and want to stay to-night." No one made any reply to his remarks, but Aunt Becky gave a deep sigh as she turned to resume her work; probably, at thought of the houseless and homeless condition of Polly, and the unhappy consequences that might result from her return according to Ben's prediction. But she did not return; and the fact that she did not, or that he did not let her stay at his house that night, was the cause to Ben Fogg of many bitter regrets.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

One cold winter's night, a year after the Upstones entered the Bethesda, the door-bell rang at twelve o'clock, just as Mark was about to retire, he being the only one in the building who was not in bed. Going down to the door, he met a woman, who informed him that she had returned the boy who had been indentured more than a year previous, to Mr. Shendy, a man living a long distance up the Ottawa, and about forty miles north of it. The people, it appeared, had found the boy so incorrigibly bad, that, after corresponding with the secretary awhile, they had sent him back to the Bethesda, according to her instructions—the woman who brought him being only a neighbor of the family, who had come to the city on a visit.

Mark had never seen the boy before, as he was indentured when his predecessor was in office; and as he gave him a seat by the hot stove in the hall, he noticed that he was quite small and very thinly clad for a night so bitterly cold. He was crying also from the pain he suffered from the frost; and Mark, having learned from the woman as well as the boy, that they had had to ride thirty miles in a sleigh that morning before reaching a railway station, thought it ample proof of a want of feeling or judgment, on the part of any one who would permit so small a boy to ride that distance on such a day so thinly clad. Finding that he was ravenously hungry as well as cold, Mark placed a small table near the stove, brought bread, butter, cold roast beef, and whatever else he could find he thought a hungry boy might like; and after his appetite was thoroughly appeased and he was well warmed, showed him to bed. The next morning it was found that his feet were badly frost bitten; and for more than a month he became a charge of Mrs. Upstone, which, added to other cares, rendered her position anything but enviable.

Meanwhile, the correspondence between the Shendys, where he had been living, and Mrs. Lovelaw, went on. It was an opportunity to display her legal lore, her knowledge of the crooks and turns and quibbles of the law, which Mrs. Lovelaw enjoyed. She would show those country people that the ladies of the Bethesda were not to be trifled with; they must pay the twenty-five dollars exacted from the party to the indenture, who broke it without "a good and sufficient reason." The result was that Mrs. Shendy, who had written all the letters to Mrs. Lovelaw, agreed to come to the city on a certain day, and lay their reasons for returning the boy before the directresses.

The facts as they appeared to Mark when they were fully learned were as follows:

Shendy, who lived in the remote back township we have mentioned, was one of those hardy men who never know what fatigue means, and whose desire to amass property induced him to deny himself almost every comfort, and to work early and late, with an energy few men possess. He had a rough farm of new land sufficiently improved to enable him to keep a few cows, a yoke of oxen, and sheep. A neighboring lumber district also afforded him a chance to earn a few dollars monthly, and here he was much of the time engaged, leaving his energetic wife, strong and hardy like himself, to manage the farm and stock. But they already had two or three young children, and were likely to have more; and the burdens of the wife became so many and severe, they decided she must have help. Instead, however, of securing such help as their circumstances demanded, their mistaken notions of economy led them to apply at the Bethesda for a boy.

Armed therefore with a testimonial from a minister, they came to Montreal for the article desired. Dick Hastings, the boy we have mentioned, a little, puny fellow, fit only for the next two or three years for a message boy, was the only one at the Home available at the time; and such was the anxiety of the people to get a boy they could control and regard as their own, and so great was the desire of the ladies to provide a home for another friendless boy that no time was lost by either party in signing the indenture. The most interested party—the boy himself—was not consulted. Whatever he thought or felt before leaving the Bethesda, he had no sooner reached his new home and been introduced to his new work, than he was seized with a very strong desire to get away from it and back to Montreal. The truth is, he was attacked by that most painful of all diseases—home-sickness and it never left him till that night at twelve o'clock, when he landed nearly starved and frozen at the Bethesda.

The day appointed for his arraignment before the ladies came round, and Mrs. Shendy arrived in the city. But unfortunately, Mrs. Lovelaw had appointed the hour for her to meet the directresses at twelve o'clock, noon; just fifteen minutes after her train arrived in the city, and more than an hour after she had decided that she cared more for something to eat, than she did for all the boys and ladies in Montreal. She was informed at the hotel where she stopped, that dinner would be ready in half an hour; she therefore, thought she could dine, and still meet the ladies before one o'clock; which—with due allowance for contingencies—was quite as early as they could reasonably expect her. But Mrs. Lovelaw had her forces all marshalled and ready for action precisely at twelve; and fifteen minutes later, there were long drawn sighs, and divers "Dear me's," and sundry, "How dreadful's" heard in the Council Room of the Bethesda.

At twenty-three minutes past twelve, Mrs. Lovelaw, with the

air and step of a general who had beleaguered a fortress only to find the garrison flown, ascended to the private sitting-room of the matron.

"Is it possible that woman has neither been here, nor sent any message?" she demanded of Mrs. Upstone, as soon as she entered the room.

"I have neither seen nor heard anything of her," was the reply.

"It's perfectly astonishing; I received a letter from her yesterday, saying she would be here to-day; I stated distinctly in my letter to her that we would meet her at twelve o'clock; and here it is nearly twenty-five minutes past."

"Very likely she will come as soon as she has taken dinner," said Mrs. Upstone.

"Dinner! does she think *our* ladies are going to wait for her to eat dinner? she must be a remarkably ignorant woman to suppose such a thing as that; as if our ladies have nothing to do except to wait her convenience. Take dinner indeed!"

Having thus expressed herself, Mrs. Lovelaw turned with a lofty and disdainful air, and descended the stairs. At twenty minutes to one, the ladies had all departed, even Mrs. Lovelaw, and she had not been gone five minutes when Mrs. Shendy arrived, red faced and puffing from her long hurried walk. She was much chagrined and disappointed to find that the ladies had assembled to meet her, and had departed after waiting but little more than half an hour. She said she felt it impossible after her journey of nearly a hundred miles, and having eaten nothing since four o'clock that morning, to come to the Home to attend to the matter in question before partaking of refreshment. She could not believe that Mrs. Lovelaw, or one of the directresses if in her place, would do differently from what she had done; and her manner evinced that she felt they were very unreasonable and selfish to expect her to meet them before dining.

On learning the situation of affairs, she went in pursuit of Mrs. Lovelaw, and having found her, and been made to understand that she was not now in a lumber district, and dealing with people of ordinary mould, she returned to the Bethesda and waited for Mrs. Lovelaw to summon a few of the ladies together again. This lady was quite successful in the effort; and after about an hour, Miss Forest, the president, Miss Whitemore, Miss Horner, Mrs. Fernleaf, Miss Marble and two or three more, had again assembled in the Council Room.

Miss Marble, who has not before been introduced to the reader, was a maiden lady of considerable prominence among the directresses of the Bethesda—prominent not only in a social way—but especially prominent in stature, being at least three inches taller than any of her colleagues in office. She was slim, very fair, about forty years of age, with red hair, and besides her stature,

possessed other marked peculiarities, chief of which was a penchant for planning reforms in the Bethesda. We say planning, for of the many reforms that were conceived in her prolific brain, scarcely one was ever put into execution. It very often occurred that she would visit the Bethesda, have the children all summoned before her, and then, in the most impressive manner announce that on a certain day of the following week she would begin to visit them daily, semi-weekly, or tri-weekly, as the notion might seize her—to give instruction—well, in whatever happened to be uppermost in her mind at the time. It might be vocal or instrumental music; it might be calisthenics or gymnastics; walking properly, or talking properly; or it might be something of which no one but Miss Marble ever dreamed. But her schemes usually ended with the announcement of them, though sometimes she proceeded to put them into execution and would come once or twice for that purpose. It was said, indeed, that once, after telling the children she would give them instruction in elocution semi-weekly, during the fall and winter, she came three times; and with that her philanthropic efforts ended.

Miss Marble's efforts at reform in the rules which her coadjutors had from time to time adopted for the good of the institution were not less numerous or persistent than they were in other directions; but it was so well understood by the other ladies that she would soon forget what she had undertaken, that they never felt any serious alarm. In fact, it had been a custom among them whenever it was announced that Miss Marble was again seized with reform pains, to tap the forehead, wink slyly, smile, and say nothing. Mark noticed, however, that as she had considerable money, with which, on the whole, she was rather liberal, they were very cautious not to offend her. Indeed, it seemed to be the condition of things among the directresses, that nearly every one did as she pleased. In fact, authority seemed to be so equally divided among them, he was reminded of a letter he once received from a young fellow who had worked for him and who, when he wrote the letter, was in the American army. The letter informed him that the author of it had just been promoted—that the men of his company were all officers except one; and that he was to become one the week following.

When the ladies were all seated, Mrs. Lovelaw requested Mrs. Shendy to state to them her reasons for sending the boy back; or, as she was very careful to express it, for breaking the contract.

Thus admonished, Mrs. Shendy began by making the startling assertion that she believed the boy was possessed of the devil. From the first day he arrived, till the day of his departure, he had not ceased to do something to make her life a burden.

"Yes Madam," said the president; "but you deal in generalities; the importance of the case, and the serious nature of the charges

you prefer against him, require that you should be very explicit; you see, the reputation of our institution is at stake; we cannot permit any untruthful reports respecting the children we've trained here, to become current, or the institution might suffer—that is, in reputation. Now, will you just kindly state some of the indiscretions he committed?"

"Is it some of the deviltry the boy was up to, you want to know? demanded Mrs. Shendy."

"Well, I wouldn't like to express the wish in such vulgar terms, but we *would* like to hear what the little fellow did."

"The first thing I remember, that I didn't like, he begun to suck all the eggs he could find in the hens' nests; he sucked all in one nest, where the old hen had been sitting a fortnight. I never saw the pig that could eat like him; I couldn't fill him up; he seemed never to have had enough to eat before."

"Impossible!" exclaimed two or three of the ladies at once, and all looked at each other."

"You couldn't blame the poor boy for wanting enough to eat," said Mrs. Lovelaw; "we all like eggs."

Mrs. Shendy was not a timid woman, and seeing that she was not likely to receive any sympathy from that company, she determined to make the best fight she could, for her rights. Coloring slightly from anger at the last remark, she replied with some spirit,

"If that's the way you look at it, as the boy was brought up here, perhaps he is not to blame for stealing and sucking eggs."

Mrs. Lovelaw's face grew red in turn; two or three "Oh my's;" were heard in an undertone; all seemed excited; and aged Miss Whitemore, who was a warm friend of Mrs. Lovelaw, glared at the woman, and her fingers worked nervously, as if she would like to get hold of her, for having dared make such an insinuation against the Directresses, and especially against her friend, Mrs. Lovelaw.

"Is that all the boy did?" asked Miss Forest.

"I should say not," answered Mrs. Shendy; "he didn't know how to milk, but he used to bring in the milk from the cow-yard; and the first week he was there, he put from one to three frogs in the milk, every night, and said they jumped in."

"Oh! how funny!" exclaimed Miss Horner; and the ladies all joined in a hearty laugh.

"Did you see him put the frogs into the milk?" demanded Mrs. Lovelaw.

"No, but of course he did it; there were never any frogs in the milk before he came."

"Did anybody see him put them in?" again asked Mrs. Lovelaw.

"No, of course he was cute enough not to let any body see him," was the reply.

"You'll observe ladies, what she says. She didn't see him,

and says nobody saw him put the frogs into the milk; she has no proof whatever; very likely the frogs jumped in, as the boy says; and yet she boldly accuses him of putting them in. It is my opinion, ladies, that the accusation is a great libel on one of our boys, that we ought not to pass unnoticed."

"To be sure it is," said Miss Whitemore; "and we ought to commence an action against her, at once."

If any thing will startle a person living in a secluded district, one always accustomed to a quiet rural life, it is the idea that he is likely in any way to be entrammeled in the meshes of the law; and the various insinuations that this would probably be the experience of Mrs. Shendy was the first thing that appeared to disconcert her. She began to look from one to the other, and gave evidence of considerable nervousness. But the president here spoke, saying, "Let us listen, ladies, to what Mrs. Shendy has to say further. We may have some claim on her for the boy's services; you know he has been there a good while; it is over a year now. Will you tell us, Mrs. Shendy, if there is anything else of which to complain?"

"I don't see that it's going to do me any good, if there is; you all seem to think that whatever he did was all right."

"Oh no, not that, Mrs. Shendy;" said Miss Forest; "we only want to be sure that you have sufficient proof of the things of which you accuse him; you know we are all liable to mistakes, and it would be a sad thing to have him accused wrongfully."

"Oh indeed, I shall not accuse him of anything wrongfully; don't I know well what he did when he was sent to feed the pigs?"

"What filthy work!" exclaimed Miss Marble with a scowl of disgust.

"What did he do?" inquired Miss Forest.

"He poured the swill on the ground and let the pigs go hungry; that's what he did;" replied Mrs. Shendy.

"Did you see him do that?" demanded Mrs. Lovelaw.

"No, but I heard the pigs squealing for hunger, just after he'd been to feed them; and when I went out to see what ailed them, wasn't the swill all around on the ground, and the poor pigs nearly starving."

"That is only very weak circumstantial evidence;" said Mrs. Lovelaw.

"What did the boy say when you spoke to him about it?" asked Miss Forest.

"Oh didn't he have the impudence to say the pigs must have rooted the swill out of the trough.

"Nothing more probable;" said Mrs. Lovelaw, "we all know that it is the nature of pigs to root."

"Yes, but after denying it at first, he afterwards owned up that he threw the swill on the ground;" said Mrs. Shendy with a triumphant glance around.

"Oh he did, did he! The young rascal!" said Mrs. Lovelaw, nothing abashed.

"Can you tell us of any more unseemly conduct on the part of the boy, Mrs. Shendy?" inquired Miss Forest.

"I should say I could," Mrs. Shendy replied; "I could sit here till to-morrow and tell you of things that boy did to annoy us, that you could hardly believe if you'd seen them with your own eyes. I have only told you of how he acted when he first came to us. Often when I wasn't well and my man was away from home, I wouldn't go out to the stable for may be a week; and when I did go, I'd find that he had nearly starved the poor animals; some days he'd feed them only once a day, and sometimes not at all; and the manure hadn't been cleaned from the stable for a week."

As Mrs. Shendy finished the last sentence, Miss Marble exclaimed,

"How shockingly vulgar!"

Another lady took two or three sniffs at a bottle of scent she happened to have with her, and then passed it to her neighbor, who did likewise. Miss Horner sprang to her feet, and excitedly exclaimed;

"Madam President, I confess I think it quite derogatory to the dignity of the directresses of the Bethesda to listen to such coarse and vulgar language as we have just heard. I think cows and pigs, and stables and swill, very improper subjects to be brought into our deliberations, or even to be mentioned in our presence."

"Miss Horner is quite right;" said another lady.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed two more.

"After all, ladies," said the president, "I hardly think we ought to be too particular on this occasion. While I confess that it gives me great pain and a deep sense of humiliation to have to listen to vulgarity of any kind, I feel that on the present occasion, we should be as charitable as possible. Mrs. Shendy, you should remember, is from the country; and country people are not noted for aesthetic tastes, nor for refined language; and besides, while making due allowance for the peculiar environment of Mrs. Shendy, we must not forget that we are in pursuit of justice; you know the biographies of many distinguished men and women show how they visited the vilest places, and associated with most questionable characters for the sake of obtaining knowledge that might be used for some useful purpose. If the great work in which we are engaged is not precisely similar to theirs, it is equally noble and philanthropic; hence, I think it becomes us to imitate their patience and humility."

When Miss Forest resumed her seat, there were many signs that her address had won their admiration.

Mrs. McKenzie immediately rose and said, "While I have

listened with the deepest interest to the words of wisdom that have fallen from the lips of our noble president, as I believe all the ladies have, I cannot forbear asking a question. It seems to be such a very peculiar place where this boy has been living that I wish to know—and I am sure that I express the desire of all the ladies present—how this boy has been cared for while there; whether he has been made to observe the rules of neatness and order he was taught while living at our institution; or whether he has been allowed to grow careless and negligent. Will you please state for the information of the ladies, Mrs. Shendy, whether he used his tooth brush daily, and whether he always put on his slippers when he came into the house?"

"Well, I recollect seeing him once with a bowl of yellow paint he had found, catching frogs and painting them, and then letting them go again. I asked him what it was he was painting them with, and he said it was his tooth-brush; he found it first rate for that use. That was the only time I ever saw it. His slippers he wore once; after that he kept them in the cow-yard and stable to slap the cows with when they wouldn't stand, or switched their tails in his face."

"Mercy on us," exclaimed Miss Marble; "well, I hope this will be a lesson to us, ladies, not to send another of our children to such a barbarous place."

"We might as well have sent him to Africa or the Feejee Islands," said Miss Whitemore.

"You seem to have a great many frogs where you live, Mrs. Shendy," said Mrs. Fernleaf; "I think I should enjoy staying there myself, awhile; I am very fond of frogs' legs."

This was something so entirely new to Mrs. Shendy, that she failed to apprehend Mrs. Fernleaf's meaning; and her curiosity turned her thoughts for a moment from the more important business before her; and after regading Mrs. Fernleaf with a puzzled expression she asked,

"What do you do with them?"

"Eat them to be sure," said Mrs. Fernleaf with a laugh. "Did you never hear before of people's eating frogs' legs?"

Mrs. Shendy's face flushed and she angrily retorted,

"I suppose you think because I am from the country, as that old lady says, I don't know as much as you do; and that I'll believe any stuff you've a mind to tell me."

It was fortunate for Mrs. Shendy that Mrs. Fernleaf was in a most gracious mood, otherwise this audacious speech might have caused that imperious lady to garrote her on the spot. Perhaps the thought of a savory meal of frogs' legs had put her in good humor; but, however, this may be, she very good naturedly replied,

"Why, Mrs. Shendy, you astonish me; I had no intention of

imposing on you. Frogs' legs are considered a very grand dish, for which one has to pay a high price. When you return to your hotel, ask there if what I have told you is not true; you may ask any of these ladies and they will also tell you it is true."

Mrs. Shendy looked very much as if she wouldn't believe it any the sooner, if they should; but the serious and friendly manner of Mrs. Fernleaf seemed to have nearly convinced her that she had been too hasty, and that some people might eat such things as frogs' legs after all. But the thought seemed to excite a good deal of wonder in her mind, and, as if to satisfy herself what effect such food would produce on the body, she carefully surveyed the portly frame and rotund limbs of Mrs. Fernleaf, and was satisfied apparently, that frogs' legs must be pretty good stuff to eat. Having settled this fact, and seemingly desirous of extending her knowledge of fashionable gastronomy, she innocently asked,

"Do you like toads, too?"

The expression of pitying scorn and disgust with which Mrs. Fernleaf now regarded the poor woman is beyond the power of pen to describe. If the question was intended for sarcasm, of course, it merited no answer; if it was asked through ignorance, it was useless to waste more words with its benighted author; and thus reasoning, Mrs. Fernleaf maintained lordly silence.

During this short colloquy between Mrs. Fernleaf and Mrs. Shendy, another had been carried on in whispers between Miss Forest and Mrs. Lovelaw; and the other ladies had also, in low tones, discussed the matter which had called them together, so that none of them had heard the remarks of Mrs. Fernleaf and Mrs. Shendy who sat near each other, and a little apart from the rest. But now, Miss Forest again addressed the latter as follows:

"Mrs. Shendy, I understand that your husband was not as anxious to send the boy back as you were. How do you account for that?"

"Well, you see he was from home much of the time, and didn't know how I was annoyed; and the brat knew enough not to be quite so free with his impudence and tricks when my man was at home. There was one reason in particular why I couldn't bear the boy's bad actions, and I was afraid of the consequences. I don't suppose there's any harm in my mentioning the thing here, for I judge from the ages of all I see here that they have all had the same experience I had, and will know how to feel for me. You see in about two months I was expecting another little one ———" Mrs. Shendy was here interrupted by a faint scream, and immediately there was such a commotion that the poor woman thought the ladies had all been suddenly seized with insanity; little dreaming that the excitement was caused by her ill-timed remark—Mrs. Lovelaw, Mrs. Fernleaf and Mrs. McKenzie being the only married ladies in the room.

The lady who had the bottle of scent snatched it from her pocket, took another long inhalation from it, and then threw herself on the sofa and buried her face in her hands. Mrs. Fernleaf rose in terrible majesty, seized the large office chair in which she had been sitting, with both hands, removed it at least six feet from Mrs. Shendy, and planting it with great force on the carpet, sat down in it. Aged Miss Whitemore sprang nimbly from her chair, raised the hickory with which she usually walked, took a step toward Mrs. Shendy, then stopped, glared at her a moment, whirled about, and sat down again. Miss Marble caught up her seal-skin cloak, dashed through the hall into the street, and started for home.

Miss Forest sat very calmly during all this commotion, while Mrs. Lovelaw gazed with quiet and superior air on her excited confreres.

Mrs. Shendy was evidently a much frightened, as well as astonished woman. Was this sudden jumping about a thing which naturally resulted from the eating of frogs? If not, what ailed these women? She had heard of peculiar religious sects, whose votaries would suddenly start, roll their eyes heavenward, and indulge in antics which no acrobat could copy. Did these strange people belong to such a sect? The moment she had come to the conclusion that she was in a company of females mentally unsound, she glanced around the apartment to select the most defensible position, and having done this, took up her chair and placed it with the back so near the stove, no one could approach her from the rear; and then, observing that the iron poker was conveniently near, she sat down and met the gaze of her foes with an air which said,

"Now come on, if you wish."

Miss Forest, however, again directed their thoughts to other matters by saying,

"Mrs. Lovelaw and I have decided, ladies, that the boy should be present to hear Mrs. Shendy's accusations; and then we can hear what he says for himself."

"Quite right; quite right," said Miss Whitemore. Mrs. Lovelaw, therefore, went to the school-room, and presently returned with the boy who had caused all the trouble. She took advantage of the journey through the hall to inform him that in giving his evidence before the ladies, he was not obliged to incriminate himself.

"In other words," she said, "you are not obliged to own that you have done anything that nobody saw you do. Do you understand, Dick?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lovelaw."

But Mrs. Lovelaw doubted very much from his appearance, whether he understood what she said, or anything else, except the awful fact that he was summoned before the great Sanhedrim

to confront Mrs. Shendy—the person he well knew he had exercised all his wits for months past to circumvent and annoy. The children nearly all stood in mortal terror of the ladies; and, on an occasion like this, when acts of disobedience and rascality without number rushed to the memory of this culprit, and he thought he was now called to answer for all, his fear was indescribable. When he entered the presence of the ladies, the thought happening to strike him that his lameness might win a certain amount of sympathy, he all at once found himself almost unable to walk. Only one or two of the ladies knew the cause of his infirmity, and when he was asked it, Mrs. Lovelaw promptly answered,

"He froze his feet by being sent back by Mrs. Shendy on a very cold day, very improperly clothed;" and Mrs. Lovelaw looked around triumphantly, as if sure she had scored one point against Mrs. Shendy.

"Dick," said Mrs. Shendy, "that morning you left our house, didn't I try to have you put on my man's big coat and his moccasins and two or three pairs of socks, and didn't I say you could leave the things at the station till Mrs. Burns came back? Didn't I tell you to do this and you wouldn't do it? Tell the truth, Dick; is it not so?"

"Yes," he faintly answered, his eyes all the while bent on the floor.

Mrs. Shendy now looked triumphant.

"Now Dick, we wish to know," said Miss Forest, "whether, when you were at Mrs. Shendy's, you put frogs into the milk, ate the eggs you found in the hens' nests, poured the swill for the pigs on the ground, and did other wicked things. Did you do this?"

"No, Miss Forest," he replied, with teeth chattering and his knees knocking together.

"What, Dick Hastings;" exclaimed Mrs. Shendy, springing like a tigress from her chair, and placing herself before him. "Look me in the face, Dick Hastings, and see if you dare tell me you didn't do them things!

"Mrs. Shendy!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovelaw, in a loud and threatening tone, "that boy is not going to be frightened into telling any falsehoods!"

"No indeed, he's not, Mrs. Lovelaw, if I can help it;" and after this pat reply, she spoke again to the boy, saying,

"Why don't you answer me, Dick? Didn't you suck the hens' eggs?"

"Yes," said Dick bursting into tears.

"You rascal!" exclaimed Miss Whitemore; but her manner indicated that she had bestowed this epithet on him, more because he had confessed it. than because he had eaten the eggs.

"Didn't you put frogs into the milk, and pour the pigs' swill on the ground?" continued Mrs. Shendy with increasing courage.

Poor Dick was confronted by two dangers; if he said "Yes," he expected a cyclone of wrath from the directresses; if he answered "No," there stood the terrible Mrs. Shendy, whose wrath and the strength of whose arm he too well remembered. He, therefore, stood undecided and trembling till admonished by Miss Forest to answer; when in a whisper inaudible to all save Mrs. Shendy, he answered, "No."

"What!" shrieked that lady, in tones that made him start and tremble like an untamed colt at the crack of a whip, "Say that again;" and this order was given in a manner to suggest to him the thought, that if he did say it again, he would never say anything else. At the same time she seized him by the forelock with her right hand, and endeavored to turn his face upward, so that he would be obliged to look her squarely in the eyes. Her attempt was useless, however, for no matter how much she elevated his face, his eyes were still bent downward, though in his effort to keep them in that position, his eyeballs were nearly inverted in their sockets. But as soon as he could muster strength for utterance, he yelled a lusty "Yes!" and Mrs. Shendy let go his hair and smiled.

"You whelp!" exclaimed Miss Whitemore; which exclamation was succeeded by the following speech from Mrs. Lovelaw.

"Madam President, and Ladies, I hope you understand that this boy's admissions are not worth a penny in law. You can see that he is unduly influenced; being actuated wholly by fear of this woman."

"And I think it might be as well for some others to fear her," said Mrs. Shendy, whose indignation had overcome her caution, and she advanced at the same time toward Mrs. Lovelaw. The latter lady lost no time in retreating behind the chair of Miss Whitemore, and as soon as she had done so, said,

"I call on you all, Ladies, to observe her threatening words and attitude. But I see no reason why we should permit her to continue this farce longer; she has very clearly broken her contract without any just cause; and therefore is obliged to pay us the twenty-five dollars. We cannot afford to waste our time in this manner; and I think Madam president, that we should give her a receipt for her money and let her go home."

"That's what we should have done, long ago," snapped out Miss Whitemore.

"It's fine sense and justice you talk," exclaimed Mrs. Shendy; "but I knew as soon as ever I came into this room there was no justice for me. If you'll give me a receipt signed by two good witnesses, I'll give you the twenty-five dollars you all seem to be so hungry for, and I'll get out of your company before I'm robbed of anything more."

"There are witnesses enough present to show that you pay the money," said Mrs. Lovelaw.

"Not a penny will I pay with any one that belongs to this place for a witness of it," said Mrs. Shendy. "Just you write a receipt, and I'll find witnesses."

And saying this, she rushed from the room into the street, whence she returned in a few minutes with a burly policeman and a plumber, who chanced to be passing at a moment opportune for her purpose.

The receipt having been read, Mrs. Shendy insisted that it should be signed by Miss Forest, president, Mrs. Lovelaw, secretary, and Mrs. Fernleaf, treasurer of the Bethesda, before she would release her hold of the bank notes she had counted; and then, the men signed their names as witnesses of the transaction. After this, Mrs. Shendy very generously offered each of the men a quarter for his trouble; but they both declined it, and withdrew from the Home, as Mrs. Shendy, a moment later, did also.

When the ladies departed, Mrs. Lovelaw entered the schoolroom accompanied by Dick Hastings, and leading him up to Mark, thus spoke in firm and angry tones.

"Mr. Upstone, the ladies wish you to make this boy eat the bread of affliction, awhile. He has been a rascally bad boy; and, instead of showing any gratitude for our kindness he has disgraced our institution by his conduct; and we wish you to show him his place, and make him keep it. Don't let him sit near the other boys, nor have any liberties. If you have any work to do, make him do it, and see that he does it well. I shall request Mrs. Upstone to let him sleep alone, and apart from the other boys, where he can corrupt no one."

Mark bowed his acquiescence with her wishes; but during the few days the boy had been here, Mark had been impressed in his favor. He had set him at study, and had found him studious, quiet and obedient. Mark believed that it was a great error of judgment sending him to the place where he had been sent; and it was very evident that, whatever his conduct had been while there, now, that he was back in the city, where he was likely to get work he did not detest, he determined to behave himself. A few weeks afterwards, he was taken into the employ of a printer in the city; learned his trade; and in time became a skilful workman and a respected young man.

## CHAPTER XIX.

In the present chapter we shall relate another instance or two, to show how little the directresses knew of the actual condition of the boys and girls, after they had once left the institution to fulfil the terms of their indentures; and how futile it was for them to appeal to the directresses for any mitigation of the hardships or discomforts of which they had reason to complain.

Simon Hastings, a cousin of Dick, whose experience we have related, was indentured to a man in the city about six months after the Upstones came to the Bethesda. Simon, like Dick, was rather small for his age, yet strong, active, and very intelligent, though so quiet and modest that his intellectual qualities were not apparent to one at the moment of introduction; it being only after a short acquaintance with him the stranger would discover that he had been a great reader for one so young; and that he had a good fund of common sense as well as of wit and humor.

The man to whom he was indentured was tall, intelligent looking, about thirty years of age and a painter by trade. He had the usual certificate of good character and respectability from a clergyman; and from the fair way he talked, and the liberal promises he made of doing great things for Simon, it really appeared as if the boy was fortunate beyond most of the children in securing a good home.

The man represented that for a few weeks Simon would be required to stay at his house to help his wife, do errands, look after the cow, etc.; but after that he would go with him, as he had a large amount of work and would teach the boy the trade of painting, besides sending him to school three months every winter. All this was carefully written out in the contract by Mrs. Lovelaw; the man signed it, paid the first year's salary—nine dollars—and departed with Simon, who was happy at the prospect of learning a trade and earning money.

Simon was seen every week at Sabbath-school by Mr. or Mrs. Upstone, as well as by the children of the Home; and though he was often asked how he liked his new place, very little was learned of his feelings till after the lapse of four or five months, when Mrs. Upstone, for whom Simon had a strong regard, received the following letter:

'Dear Mrs. Upstone,

"I thought I would write and let you know how I am getting on in my new home, as you told me when I left, you should be anxious to know. I am sorry I don't like my place very well, and I wish, Mrs. Upstone, you would ask the ladies for me, how long

they agreed I should tend the baby for Mrs. Benson, and peel pertaties and wash dishes. That's all I've done since I came here, besides sweepin' and milkin'. Mrs. Lovelaw said I was to work about the house only a little while, and then learn the painter's trade, and go to school, winters; but I've never heard nothing about school; and the only paintin' I've done was to paint Jip's kennel. It looks fine; I painted it red. Mr. Benson said it was a good job, but I'm awful tired of washing dishes and peelin' pertaties, and if the ladies wanted me to learn them trades, you may tell them for me, Mrs. Upstone, that I've learned them, for I've been here five months last Wednesday, and have worked at them two things a good while every day. I wish, Mrs. Upstone, you would tell the ladies, that I can do these things now, as well as anybody; and, please ask them to see Mr. Benson, and find out if he can't have me do something else. I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Upstone, for I know you won't menshun it, that they eat an awful lot of pertaties in Mr. Benson's family; most as many as you cook at the Home for all the children and servants; and there is only Mr. and Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Grimes, Mrs. Benson's mother and me in the family. Mr. Benson eat nine pertaties for breakfast last Sunday, and Mrs. Grimes told him he eats so much, because he drinks so much beer and whiskey. You see, Mrs. Upstone, I have to wash and peel all these pertaties. I wouldn't mind it so much, if they would always eat them; but every few days they have a quarrel at the table, and Mrs. Benson and her mother fire the pertaties at Mr. Benson, and sometimes he fires back. I asked Mrs. Benson one day if there was any use peelin' the pertaties they was goin to fire, and she acted mad and told me to shet my head. One day, Mrs. Grimes called Mr. Benson a drunken loafer, and said she would scald him, and fired a cup of tea at him, but most of it went on me, but it wasn't very hot.

"We've got an awful pretty baby here; the rest call her Virginny, but I call her Delily, after Samson's wife, 'cause she's left so little hair on my head. I have had two accidents since I came here. I'll tell you about them, Mrs. Upstone; one was with the baby, the other was with Spot, our cow. I had an awful hard time learning to milk. The girl stayed here a week after I came, and she showed me how. It used to take me a good while to milk. I got awful tired, and I guess Spot did too for she used to lay down twice sometimes, before I got done milking. But I will tell you about the first accident. You see, Spot has got a short tail, and it's awful hard. I don't know whether 'twas made so, or whether some wicked boy cut it off; anyway, she fired it at me once when I went to milk, and gave me an awful whack right in the eye; and it was as black as a black board for two weeks. Since that time, I have always ankered old Spot's tail, so she can't fire it round any more. But as you won't know what I mean, I'll tell you.

You see it's this way. I found an ankor in the woodshed, that must have belonged to a small boat, for I can carry it, though it's pretty heavy. Well, I lay that down behind old Spot, and tie the other end of the string that's fastened to it, tight round her tail; and you see her tail is ankord; and she can't sail it any more till I ship ankor.

"The other acident, besides my black eye, was when I spilt Delily out of her carriage into the frog pond. Mrs. Benson told me I might take the baby for a long ride in her carriage, and I did. I let go of the carriage for a minute to catch a big butterfly for her, and when I looked, the carriage was running backwards downhill towards a frog pond. Oh my, Mrs. Upstone, wasn't I scared? I run as fast as I could, but before I could catch it, it went in and tipped over. I jumped in and got the baby the first thing, her mouth was so full of dirty water, she couldn't make much noise at first; but didn't she yell after that? She had on a white dress, too, but you should have seen her after I pulled her out. I run all the way back with the carriage, as fast as I could run, and the baby screaming like a steam tug all the time. Mrs. Benson was awful mad; but I knew she hadn't no pertaties ready to fire at me. She said if I drowned her baby, I'd been hung. I'm awful glad I didn't, for I don't think 'twould be nice to be hung. But I think I will close now, for it is time for me to get the pertaties for dinner. I hope, Mrs. Upstone, you will tell the ladies about me, and that they will do something. A boy who lives near us asked me one day last week why I don't wear dresses and a nurse's cap, I have to tend baby so much. He said his cousin, a lady, had advertised for a wet nurse, and he said I had better go and see her. Now you know, Mrs. Upstone, it is not nice to have to hear such talk, and I hope you will help me.

Please give my love to Mr. and Miss Upstone and all the children.

SIMON HASTINGS.

Mrs. Upstone, after receiving this letter, lost no time in placing it in the hands of Mrs. Lovelaw; supposing she would lay the boy's complaint before the directresses, and that they would take interest enough in him to investigate, and ascertain whether this man to whom they had indentured him was properly fulfilling his contract. A mother who had any regard for the morals and manners of her own boy would not long rest content to let him remain in a family like the one described in the above letter; but this was different; Simon had no mother, he was only a charity boy.

Whatever the directresses thought or said respecting the letter, nothing was done, and two months later, another letter from Simon came to Mrs. Upstone, making a brief but urgent request that the ladies would either remove him to another place, or

induce Benson to fulfil his agreement. As before, the letter was given to the directresses, and as before, they paid no attention to it. Meanwhile, Simon's outraged feelings had overcome his pride and reticence so far as to lead him to tell some of the other boys of the Bethesda, whom he met at Sabbath-school, of his unpleasant situation, and great were their indignation and sympathy for poor Simon.

To learn a trade and be able to earn money was the acme of temporal happiness in the estimation of every boy in the Bethesda; and when Simon was indentured with this delightful prospect just before him, he was regarded by the other boys as a most fortunate fellow. But now, when they learned that this fair prospect was destroyed—that instead of learning the trade that was to bring him such wealth and importance among men, he was doomed to the ignoble work of washing dishes and tending baby, words failed to express their sense of the outrage. Mark was informed of the shocking affair a dozen times within two hours, and each one that imparted the information seemed to be more shocked than the preceding narrator; as if time revealed more and more, the appalling nature of Simon's misfortune. Would not the ladies see that his wrongs were redressed? Would they not feel righteous indignation, that one of their boys should be defrauded of his rights? These were the questions gravely considered and discussed by the other children; but when they learned from Simon that he had appealed to the ladies, long before, without any effect, their confidence in them was perceptibly shaken, and a very guarded whisper was now and then heard, that the ladies cared nothing for the children after they left the Home.

A few months after Simon wrote the last letter, a paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers, which so far interested the directresses that they decided to visit Simon's home, and see how he was getting on. The paragraph in question stated that Mr. Benson had been arrested for getting drunk, turning his family out of doors, and other riotous conduct. The ladies of the Bethesda became alarmed, lest Mr. Benson should appear in subsequent acts of this light comedy, and somehow, it might get into the papers, that they had indentured to him one of the boys of the Bethesda, and that the boy had complained of the situation. It would not be altogether a pleasant fact to have published, and they would visit Simon at once. Miss Forest and another lady made the visit, and when the former lady next saw Mrs. Upstone she informed her that the untidy condition of the Benson house was really shocking; and she was very sorry Simon was there. She had talked with Benson, and he had promised faithfully to put him at once to work at his trade.

It is but just to say that he did so; and owing to Simon's determination and industry, more than to Benson's good will and

efforts, he learned the trade; and became an efficient and successful workman.

The following incident, however, which occurred sometime before the Upstones were connected with the Bethesda, is one of a sadder character.

An orphan girl, fair, modest and intelligent, had reached the age at which girls were indentured; and she was destined to enter the family of a young couple residing in the city. As they were wealthy and moved in the highest social circles, the girl was assured by the directresses, that she was peculiarly fortunate to secure the situation, and should be profoundly grateful for it. Very soon, however, the girl scandalized them by saying that she did not like the place, and asking to be removed.

She would assign no reason for the request, so she was reprimanded for presuming to speak against such an excellent situation, and sent back disappointed. But only a short time afterwards, her request of the same nature was more urgent; but as no reason was forthcoming, it met the same fate as before.

Months passed, during which her appeals for removal were frequent and importunate. One or two of the directresses ventured to observe that the girl must have some good reason for her request, otherwise she would not so persistently make it; but the others attributed it to a foolish whim and obstinacy, so the girl remained.

Too soon the mistake of the directresses became apparent; the shame of the poor orphan girl could not be concealed, and she went like thousands of others down to the grave through the different stages of sorrow and disgrace. But the villain who effected her ruin—a married man who should have watched over and protected her with the honor and solicitude of a father—remained a prominent respected member of fashionable society.

## CHAPTER XX.

For an hour or two after Polly had changed her raiment, she seemed very lively, was talking constantly, and Aunt Kitty and Tom thought there was more coherency and sense in her remarks than they had ever before observed. But in the evening she was very taciturn; and at nine o'clock when she retired, Aunt Kitty observing that she looked pale, asked if she was ill; to which Polly, in a cross tone replied,

"I want to go to sleep; don't bother me any more to-night.

"That I'll not, ma dear," replied Aunt Kitty; "and I hope you'll ha' a gude nicht's rest."

The next morning Aunt Kitty rose quite early, as was her custom, and was on the point of going into Polly's bed-room to ascertain how she had rested, but finally decided that she would not wake her till breakfast was ready. At seven o'clock she called Tom from his work to the morning meal, but on going to rouse Polly was dismayed to find the poor woman in the early stages of fever.

Without waiting for breakfast, she sent Tom for the physician, who came promptly at the summons. Both the doctor and Aunt Kitty were surprised to find the patient so docile and ready to obey his orders, for they naturally expected she would be obstinate and unwilling to do what was required of her.

After the doctor had diagnosed the case and returned to the kitchen, he said,

"Well, Aunt Kitty, I am sorry for you; but that poor woman is very sick, and you need not expect her to be able to leave your house for a month."

"Weel, doctor, thank God, she's in no warse place; I'd rather the puir thing would spend the rest o' her days wi' us than be wanderin' in the way she has been. What d'ye say, Tom, do ye na think we can care for the puir body?"

"Of course we can care for her;" said Tom, with an air implying disdain of the one who dare insinuate anything to the contrary; "I'm mighty glad she's not up at Ben Fogg's."

"Ay that's you, laddie!" and Aunt Kitty smiled proudly as she looked up at the doctor, conscious that Tom had displayed in his presence the qualities of heart and mind she most admired.

"Do your best, doctor, for the puir thing, and Tom and me'll see that ye're paid."

"Oh don't trouble yourself about pay, Aunt Kitty; I shall charge nothing for attending poor Polly, unless it should turn out that she has more money than we think she has."

"Aye its little money the puir body has, but may the Lord bless ye, Dr. Gibson, for the gude hairt ye possess. 'He that giveth tae the puir lendeth tae the Lord!'"

The doctor now gave Aunt Kitty directions as to the time and manner of administering the medicine he had left for Polly; and, promising to call again in the afternoon, departed.

It was soon noised abroad that Crazy Polly was sick at Aunt Kitty's, and the amount of sympathy tendered the old lady on account of what was generally regarded a misfortune for her was not at all agreeable to her independent spirit; and in reply to the offers of help in caring for the invalid, she said,

"Weel, I dinna ken whether I'll be able tae hold out if Polly's a lang time ill, but at present I prefair tae wait on the puir body masel, tho' I'm sure I'm much obliged for yer kindness."

But Aunt Kitty was always glad to see the minister's wife, and told her that the pleasure she derived from her society was of far more help than anything she could do in the way of work; May, therefore, often found her way hither, always bringing the baby and her sewing.

On the second day after Polly was taken ill, Ben Fogg thought he would call and express his sympathy for Aunt Kitty; at least this was his ostensible reason for calling, but the truth was his desire to remind Aunt Kitty of her mistake in not imitating his example, and refusing Polly an asylum that rainy night, was his strongest motive. May was present, and she experienced no little enjoyment in listening to the remarks that passed between Fogg and Aunt Kitty. He had no sooner seated himself after the usual salutations, than he said with a laugh,

"Well, Aunt Kitty, don't you think it's safer for us to be guided by our judgment than our feelings?"

Aunt Kitty looked perplexed, but only for a moment, when she replied,

"Indeed Mr. Fogg, I think it may be; for instance, if I should see your hoose in flames, ma feelings would incline me tae pit oot the fire; but ma judgment would tell me I'd be safer to coom alang aboot ma business."

May could not refrain from laughing outright, both at Aunt Kitty's answer and its effect on Fogg; he seemed completely nonplussed, and wriggling in his chair, looking extremely foolish, stammered,

"Oh—ah, yes—well, that's a different thing. What I meant was, that if you'd used your judgment as I did, you wouldn't have a poor, sick, crazy woman on your hands now to wait on. I'd been glad to give her a night's lodging, but I felt 'twasn't quite safe; there's no knowing what a crazy woman may do, and so I sent her on."

"An' that's what ye ca' being guided by yer judgment is it?"

asked Aunt Kitty, looking him directly in the face, as if her life depended on his answer.

"Yes," he replied.

"Weel then," excuse me Mr. Fogg, but may the Lord gie ye a better judgment to guide ye. Ma judgment told me that, 'twas neither Christian nor human tae let a puir homeless body stay oot a' nicht in sic a storm; an I thank the Lord that He gie me a chance tae care for ane that was in need! I ca' it na misfortune but a blessing———"

The doctor's arrival here interrupted the dialogue, for which Fogg was no doubt profoundly grateful; and he took advantage of it to return home.

We shall not weary the reader with an account of all that transpired during Polly's illness. Though generally quiet, and yielding with little reluctance to Aunt Kitty's orders, she was sometimes very refractory, and displayed a strong antipathy to the doctor and his medicines. But Aunt Kitty's stock of patience was proof against all her caprices and ill-humor, and in the end she always succeeded by persuasion supported by firmness in securing obedience to her wishes. After the lapse of about ten days, Polly fell into a stupor or nearly unconscious state, from which the doctor said he thought it probable she would never recover. At the expiration of another eight days, however, a remarkable change occurred. Notwithstanding Aunt Kitty's ambition and determination to take entire care of the invalid herself, she found she had over-estimated her strength; consequently one of several of her neighbors had sat up every night during the past week. The last one who had performed this duty had been gone more than an hour, and it was about seven o'clock in the morning when Aunt Kitty, thinking she heard her name mentioned in the sick room entered; and, to her great astonishment, found Polly raised from the pillow, supporting her head with her hand, and though ghostlike in appearance, she looked more intelligent than she had ever seen her; and, to Aunt Kitty's exceeding delight, was sane and rational. She could speak only in a whisper, therefore, she beckoned Aunt Kitty close to her, and after a few questions asked,

"How long have I been sick, Aunt Kitty? I know it was a rainy day when I came, but it seems months ago."

"It will be three weeks to-morrow," was the answer.

Polly seemed for a moment absorbed in thought, then laying her head wearily on the pillow, she said,

"Aunt Kitty, I have much to tell you before I go away, but I hope I may feel more able to-morrow."

"Gang awa, what nonsense is this ye're talkin', chield, when ye're no able to hold up yer heid?"

"I meant, Aunt Kitty, that I'm going to my long home; I have

dear ones there that I have seen lately in my dreams; they told me I would soon be with them, and I feel very sure that it is true."

Aunt Kitty regarded her with a look of inquiry, as if to ascertain whether she was conscious of what she was saying, and having satisfied herself that these were not the utterances of one mentally unsound, she replied,

"Weel ye may be reet, but there's nae need of makin' trouble an worry for yersel; ye'll nae go till the Maister ca's ye; and ye'd better be takin' a gude rest for the present," and she quietly withdrew.

It was about two hours afterward that the doctor came, and Aunt Kitty, wishing to witness his surprise, replied to his usual question,

"How's the patient this morning, Aunt Kitty?" by saying,

"A'weel doctor, ye must judge for yersel; I thocht when I last saw her, that there might be a slicht change for the better."

The doctor entered the sick-room and was there perhaps ten minutes, when he came out, his face lighted up with a broad smile, and approaching the old lady, exclaimed,

"By jove, Aunt Kitty, what do you think? Polly is all right, mentally; her mind is as clear and sound as yours or mine."

"Weel doctor, I canna speak for yer ane mind, but it's a sma' compleement tae puir Polly tae say that her mind's na stronger than mine.'"

"Come in and see her," said the doctor, who was much elated at his discovery. He led the way into the bedroom, and Aunt Kitty, following him, was greatly pleased to find the patient still clear mentally, and apparently stronger, physically. Polly informed her that she had slept all the time after she left her, till the doctor arrived, and felt much refreshed in consequence. But she still persisted in saying that she should never get well; and though the doctor endeavored to dissuade her from this belief, and to rouse within her a hope of recovery, it was of no avail.

The news of Polly's restoration to a sound mental condition was soon spread throughout the hamlet; and Aunt Kitty had no little trouble in answering all the questions of those who were led by curiosity to call on her; but she carefully guarded Polly's room from the intrusion of visitors, however anxious they might be to see her.

The third day after the surprising change in her condition had occurred, Polly requested Aunt Kitty to see Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, and ask them both to come and see her the following morning at eight o'clock, before others would be likely to call. She was very particular in her instructions to Aunt Kitty, that no one should be present but herself, the minister and his wife. Aunt Kitty promised her she would comply strictly with her wishes, though she wondered

much until the interview had occurred what was Polly's design, and why so great secrecy was enjoined. She saw John and May that afternoon, and both promised to be at her house the following morning in obedience to Polly's request.

The next day, therefore, at the appointed hour, they had promptly fulfilled their promise. Aunt Kitty set Tom to splitting wood at the door with strict orders if any called to send them away, with the excuse that those within were occupied with business which would admit of no interruption.

When the minister and his wife and Aunt Kitty were all in the bedroom, Polly asked that her head might be raised on pillows, so that she could see those to whom she was speaking, and after this had been done by May, she asked John to read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel and to pray, especially, that her strength might hold out to say all that she desired. John did as she requested; wondering meanwhile, like the rest, at the strange transformation that had taken place in "Crazy Polly," a person they had supposed until that moment knew little or nothing about the Bible.

"Indeed," said Aunt Kitty, some time subsequently, "I was expectin' every minute that the puir body would next show us that she was a princess or a duchess that had strayed awa' in the bush of Canada."

As soon as prayer had been offered and all were again seated, Polly said,

"I know my mind has not been right for a good while, and though I remember much of what I have said and done, I fear there are many strange and wicked actions I do not remember. But I thank my Saviour that He has permitted me to enjoy my reason once more before calling me home; and I hope I may use it for a good purpose.

"I wish, Mr. Dawson, that to-night you would write out the chief things I now tell you, and read the notes to me to-morrow; that I may know there is no mistake in them, and that they may be of service to you hereafter."

John assured her that he would do so, and she continued.

"My name was Pauline Heyworth, and I was born in Bristol, England. My parents both died when I was five years old, and I was then taken by an aged aunt of my father, who lived in Sheffield, and I remained with her till I was sixteen, when she also died. I was then working in a cutlery shop where I continued to work till I was eighteen, when I was married to a young man who was a mason by trade, and whose name was Thomas Carman. Two years afterwards, a child was born to us—a daughter that we named Bessie. She was bright and beautiful; and as we had no more children, Tom, my husband, and I both worshipped her. When she

was three years old we came to America, and after living a year in New York, we came to Canada and bought a small house and lot in the suburbs of Toronto. Tom was a good workman so that he always earned high wages, and as we lived very economically, and I managed to earn a little myself every year, we were laying up money and were very happy, when our Bessie, who was then seven years old, took sick and died within a week. It was a terrible blow to us, and nearly dethroned my reason. We were both church members, but Tom's faith was far stronger than mine, and he could see and feel that it was for our good it had happened; but I could not believe, as I can now, that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

"Six months passed, and I was beginning to be reconciled to our loss, when my poor husband was brought home one day horribly crushed, from falling from the top of a four story building. He regained consciousness so that he conversed with me and advised me what to do, but he lived only four days. Our home was no longer pleasant to me, and as I felt I could not live there, I sold it, as well as all the household stuff that I possessed.

"After paying for gravestones for my husband, I put the rest of the money, which amounted to almost fifteen hundred dollars, in the bank. My history since that time, you all know."

"How did you happen to come into this section of country?" asked John.

"Well, I'll tell you; Tom had a friend, a mason, who worked with him in England, and he came to Canada soon after we did; he and Tom worked together again the first year we lived in Toronto, but he moved up into this part of the country, and I knew that he lived not far from Dexter. I first came here when looking for him. As he was here only a short time, few people knew anything about him, and I had much trouble in tracing him; but I finally learned that after living about five miles from here, six or eight months, his wife died, and he went West, where he soon afterwards died. But I became acquainted with a good many people in this section who were kind to me, and so I have made my home with them; but I fear that I have been a great trial to them. That is all past now, however; I shall trouble them no more. You know I have sometimes been away from this place for a time. Well, I have then visited Toronto; I have been there three times at least, every year, to see the graves of Tom and Bessie, and care for the flowers I planted on them. I had just returned from Toronto the day I came here and was taken sick."

The invalid now paused, and beckoning May—down whose face the tears, called forth by Polly's pathetic story, were fast trickling—she asked her to bring scissors, cut the string of strong tape she wore about her neck, and loosen her garments. May obeyed

her, and the sick woman pulling at the severed tape, drew forth a small bag made of cloth, carefully sewed, and after requesting May to cut the stitches with which it was fastened, she drew from the bag a bank book, forty dollars in bank notes, and two small portraits—one of her husband, and the other of her daughter, Bessie. Polly remained quiet till after they had all examined the portraits, and then extending her hand which held the book and forty dollars towards Aunt Kitty, said,

"There Aunt Kitty, that is yours; you will see from the bank book that I have about fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. I have no relative in the world; and no friends to whom I would be as glad to leave it as I would to you. You took me in, not knowing that I had a cent to pay you for all the trouble and expense, and I believe that the Lord so ordered it that you should have this reward for your good works. After paying the doctor and other expenses that will have to be paid"—referring evidently to the funeral expenses—"the rest will be yours to use as you please."

Polly, apparently exhausted with her effort, now sank back on the pillow with a deep sigh and closed her eyes. Aunt Kitty had stepped forward, taken the bank book and money as requested, and she still stood there listening, when Polly closed her remarks. But the occurrence had been so sudden and strange that she was completely bewildered. Standing there still, after Polly had ceased speaking, looking in a dazed manner first at the money in her hand, and then at Polly, as if trying to comprehend what had been said and done, she finally turned abruptly toward John, exclaiming,

"For the Lord's sake, what does the chiel say? I doot not she's daft!"

So ludicrous did the effect produced on her seem to John and May, that they could not repress a smile. Never before had they seen Aunt Kitty so discomposed that she was unable to see and reason clearly on any subject presented to her mind.

"She means," replied John, "that she has fifteen hundred dollars in a bank in Toronto, and she has given it all to you."

"Hoot, I'll ne'er touch a penny o't. Fifteen hunner dollars! Does the old sarpent think he'll tempt me wi' siller, as he did the Maister, when he tuk Him oop til the' mountain an' offered Him a' the kingdooms o' the 'arth, if He'd bow down an' warship him? Tut, what 'ud I be doin wi' that much money, when I've eneuch to be comfortable in ma old age? Na, na, I'll nae touch it."

"Do you forget, Aunt Kitty," said May, "how much you and I and others have prayed that the Lord would send us money to build the church we so much need in Dexter? May he not have given you the money for this purpose?"

Aunt Kitty stood regarding May for a moment in profound silence, then raising both her hands in astonishment, said,

The Lord forgi' me; as I live, I ne'er thocht o't; I believe ye may be reet; but the puir chiel is so tired oot wi' her lang talk, I think we'd better go oot tae the next room, and let her rest."

John and May followed Aunt Kitty into the next room, but remained some little time longer, discussing with her the strange event, during which discussion she became fully convinced that the Lord had sent the money to her to be used in the way May suggested.

"But we'll no hasten aboot the matter, till we find oot what's the Lord's wull. If the puir body dees, we can then use the money tae build the church, but if she lives, she'll need it hersel."

John and May strongly endorsed this plan; but John afterwards suggested, that it would be well either to withdraw the money from the bank while Polly was still living, or at least satisfy themselves that it was in the bank, and that Aunt Kitty had the proper authority to claim it before Polly's death.

"You know," he said, "that she has not been in a proper condition to do business for a long time; and difficulties might arise in the event of her death, which would not embarrass, if the matter is attended to at once.

Aunt Kitty saw the force of his reasoning, and as he was coming in the next morning to read the notes to Polly that he intended to write, it was decided to talk further with her then, and learn whether she wished the deposit to be drawn immediately or otherwise. It was also decided to keep the events of the morning a profound secret for the present. Aunt Kitty insisted that John should take charge of the bank book and money Polly had given her, while she retained the two pictures.

The following morning, John and May were again in the room of the sick woman, and John read to her the statement she had made the day previous, which he had written out, and so vividly had they been impressed on his mind, that in committing them to paper, he had not made a single mistake.

When he asked her whether it would not be wiser to let her money remain in the bank, at least for the present, she replied that she would rather withdraw it; in short, she was very anxious to know before she died that it was in Aunt Kitty's possession. She had heard the remarks that were made the day before in her room, after she had related her history, and smiled faintly while speaking of Aunt Kitty's strong objections to accepting her donation. She thought, however, that Aunt Kitty would soon feel differently respecting it and especially if she saw that a good use could be made of the money by erecting a church—an object to which Polly herself said she would gladly have it directed, though she thought Aunt Kitty should reserve a portion of it for her own use.

After the matter had been still further discussed by the par-

ties interested, it was decided that, as John and May were going to Blissville the following week to visit the parents of the latter, John, while there, should go to Toronto and draw the money. To make assurance doubly sure, therefore, that he went armed with full authority, he not only took with him the bank book and an order for drawing the money, signed by Polly, but a written statement of her present location and condition, witnessed by Dr. Gibson and Aunt Kitty, and sworn to by a local magistrate. The latter individual and the doctor had considerable curiosity to know what object the minister had in taking all this trouble; but as money was not mentioned in the document, and the only information John vouchsafed them was to say, that he would enlighten them in the course of a few weeks, they had to content themselves for the present with speculations.

## CHAPTER XXI.

It is a bright summer morning, and the Rev. John Dawson is once more on the vine-covered verandah where we first saw him on his wedding morning, three years ago; but now he is not alone; May is with him, and they have stepped out to enjoy the refreshing air for a short time, while John is waiting for Mr. Lawson, his father-in-law, with whom he is about to ride to Toronto, and by whom he expects to be identified at the bank. Mrs. Dawson has the little May in her arms, and after they have caressed, kissed, and said all the tender and funny things to her, that parents usually say to their first born, May suddenly addresses her husband,

"Now John, I hope you will be careful about letting anyone see you with that money; you know fifteen hundred dollars is a large sum to carry about with you. Did you read that account in the last paper, of those two terrible robberies that have been committed, one in Toronto and the other near there?"

"No," said John, "what were they?"

"Well, one was of a farmer who had drawn a thousand dollars from the bank to pay for a piece of land, and as he was riding home four or five miles from the city a highwayman met him, and robbed him of every cent of it. The other case was that of a farmer who came into the city to deposit six hundred dollars in the bank, and some one accosted him on the street, pretended great friendship for him, invited him into a saloon to drink with him, and the next he remembered, he woke up in the night in a back yard without a cent of money. I thought of you the moment I read of these robberies."

"And which one reminded you the most forcibly of me, the one where the man got drunk, or the other?"

"Now John, why will you be so tantalizing. You know well what I mean."

"I hope you don't think, my dear, that I am so elated with the prospect of handling a little money that I am going to place it on exhibition, or tell my business to people I meet."

"I think you are foolishly sensitive about receiving a word of caution. You know that any man is liable to be waylaid and robbed, and many men as clever as you are have been accosted by sharpers, and deceived in ways of which they never dreamed. I only hope you will be very careful."

"Well, here comes the carriage. Yes, you may be sure, my dear, that I shall be careful; I shall not get deceived, nor get drunk, nor do I believe any one will hold me up to rob me. Good-bye."

And kissing his wife and baby—the latter of whom held out her tiny hands to him, laughing and cooing—he jumped into the carriage and was away.

Three hours later, he and Mr. Lawson walked into the bank. There were three or four others there, getting checks cashed, making deposits, etc., and one of them John noticed particularly, on account of his expensive and fashionable dress. He was a man about thirty-five, of medium height, rather stout, with jet black hair, and a long drooping moustache. His hands were delicately white, and there glittered on the little finger of his right hand a costly diamond ring.

Soon after our friends entered, this gentleman stepped up to the wicket and asked to have a twenty dollar bill changed to bills of smaller denomination. As soon as this had been done, he went to one of the side desks, and appeared to be busy writing a letter; but a careful observer would have noticed that he made little progress at writing, and was mainly intent on learning the business of the newcomers to the bank.

He heard one of them introduce the other to the elderly official in the bank, as

"The Rev. Mr. Dawson, my son-in-law from Dexter."

It was not necessary for the gentleman writing to look around to see which of the two men bore the title of Rev., for when they entered, he scrutinized them closely, and jotted down in his mental note-book, the following:

"The elder one is a business man, and doubtless has money; the younger is a minister."

But when he heard the place of the minister's residence mentioned, he was puzzled.

"Dexter," he repeated to himself, "I wonder where that is; I never heard of it."

The next thing he heard was the minister's voice saying,

"You have a sum of money here I understand, deposited by Mrs. Carman, Mrs. Polly Carman."

The official thought a moment, as if trying to recall the name, and then saying "I'll see," stepped aside to examine a large book, lying on a desk. The gentleman writing, mentally ejaculated,

"Ah! This is more interesting; I'll hear the rest." And again he plied his pen vigorously.

The official soon returned, saying,

"Yes, Mrs. Polly Carman has a deposit here of fourteen hundred and eighty-nine dollars, which was made the 15th of June, 18—."

"Well, I am authorized to draw it for her," said John, showing him his bank book and order.

"In what form would you like it, in a check, or in bank notes?"

"I prefer the notes, and none of them above twenty dollars in value, as it is not easy to get large bills changed so far back in the country."

At this moment, Mr. Lawson saying to John that he was required at his shop, went out. The interest of the exquisitely dressed gentleman in what was said by the minister and bank official had increased so rapidly that he could scarce conceal it.

"Fourteen hundred and eighty-nine dollars!" he mentally exclaimed. "Whew! As good as cracking a safe! But when is the parson going to Dexter, and what road does he take? I must find out; but how? I've got to think and act lively. My wits have never yet failed me in an emergency, and I don't believe they will this time."

At the close of this soliloquy, he placed his head on his hand, and resting his elbow on the desk, closed his eyes, and for a few moments seemed to be wrestling with a hard problem. Soon, however, he started up with a look indicative of victory, and walking over to John with cool assurance, said,

"Excuse me sir, but did I understand you to say that you are from Dexter?"

"Yes, that is my home," answered John wondering greatly who this polished gentleman could be.

"Have you happened to meet or hear recently of a gentleman in that section by the name of Bridewell, who is buying fine, carriage horses?"

"I have not," said John, "and it strikes me that Dexter would be a poor place in which to look for such horses, as there are but few horses there, and those only common ones."

"Ah well," replied the stranger, "Bridewell may be there, and you may not have heard of him; but he will certainly be there this week, for he is expecting money from me, and he requested me to send it to him in a registered letter addressed to Dexter."

The bank official here interrupted the conversation by presenting John with the money, and informing him that as the depositor had received no interest for sometime, the whole amount due her, was sixteen hundred and twenty-eight dollars and forty-five cents. John looked surprised and pleased, while a brighter gleam flashed into the eyes of the stranger.

The latter had said to John, when the official interrupted them, "Can I speak with you a moment after you get through with your business here?" To which John with a polite bow answered "Certainly;" and the well dressed gentleman returned to his desk and writing, till John approached, and told him he was now at liberty to speak with him. As two or three others had just entered the bank, the gentleman appeared very cautious, and spoke in a low tone as he said,

"I am very anxious to send a hundred dollars to Bridewell, and it occurred to me as soon as I learned you were from Dexter, that if I could trespass sufficiently on your kindness I might rid myself of the trouble and risk of sending it by mail."

"I shall be most happy to take it for you, that is, if you think I can be trusted," said John laughing.

"Well, of course, I would not be willing to send it by every stranger, but I would not hesitate to send it by you, even though you were not a minister of the Gospel. I claim some knowledge of physiognomy, and while your face tells me that you could be safely trusted with all the funds of the Bank of England, I feel that there is additional security in the fact that you are a clergyman; I have great respect for the clerical order; more so, no doubt, for the reason that my dear, old father was a member of it."

"Indeed," said John, "did he live in this country?"

"Oh no, he lived in Kentucky. But do you start on your return to Dexter to-day, Mr. Dawson?—I believe that is your name."

"Yes, that is my name; but I shall go only as far as Blissville, to my father-in-law's to-day. My wife and child are there, and we intend to start for Dexter to-morrow."

"Very well, Mr. Dawson. There is my card; but I haven't the full hundred dollars with me just now; I shall have to go home and get it, and bring it to you before you start. At what time will you leave?"

"Five o'clock is the hour at which Mr. Lawson, with whom I am going, usually leaves his drug store."

"And where shall I find you, Mr. Dawson, when I return?"

"Well, Mr. Lawson and I take dinner at the ——— House. After that, I shall call on an old friend or two, in the city; but I shall be at Mr. Lawson's drug store,—the location of which you will find on this card—certainly, by four o'clock. In case you do not find it convenient to come before I leave the hotel, I think you had better go to the drug store about the time I expect to arrive there; but stay, I have a better plan. You can go to the store at any time, and leave the money whenever you wish, with Mr. Lawson. It will be perfectly safe, and I will tell him when I meet him at dinner, of my conversation with you here, and that I am expecting you."

"Very well, Mr. Dawson, I will follow your suggestion."

John, having forgotten the name on the card the gentleman had given him, now glanced at it, and read,

"J. W. Wingate."

"I suppose, Mr. Wingate, you will send a letter to Mr. Bridewell, as well as the money."

"I intend to do so."

"Well, let me understand you perfectly; in case I do not find Mr. Bridewell in Dexter, do you wish me to leave the money and letter at the post-office for him?"

Yes, but please give it to the postmaster, and take a receipt for the money; but I see that I am giving you much more trouble than I imagined when I first mentioned the matter; I begin to regret that I spoke of your doing me this favor, now that I consider the trouble it will give you."

"Don't mention that, Mr. Wingate; I assure you, it will be a pleasure to me to do your errand; but I wish to understand all the details so as to avoid mistakes."

"Certainly, Mr. Dawson; I approve your caution, and feel profoundly grateful for your kindness."

"There is another thing, Mr. Wingate. Will you enclose the money in the letter? because if you do, I shall wish to see it counted and enclosed, before it is sealed."

"Oh, I care nothing about a receipt from you Mr. Dawson; I think I will give you the money, and not enclose it in the letter; and, of course, you should count it on receiving it, unless I leave it with Mr. Lawson; in that case I will have him count it."

All the arrangements having been made, Wingate, saying that he might not see Mr. Dawson again, bade him good-bye, thanking him again very cordially for his kindness; but he had scarcely stepped out of the bank ere he returned and said,

"I expect, Mr. Dawson, to bring you the money and letter for Bridewell, as I said; but to prevent any misconceptions on your part, in case I should not do so, I wish to say to you, there is a slight possibility that I may be disappointed. I cannot raise the sum of a hundred dollars to-day, unless a man who owes me has called at my house, this morning, and left the money, which he promised faithfully, yesterday, to do. I have no doubt he has done so; but in case he has not, I cannot send it to-day. If I am not at the drug store by four o'clock, you need not expect me; and, of course, you will now know the reason of my non-appearance."

Wingate now departed, leaving John with the reflection that he had no recollection of ever having met a gentleman of so much courtesy, and of such pleasing address. The man he so much admired, however, reflected that he had never met a man who tumbled so directly and quickly, into the trap set for him, as did "that parson."

"However," he continued to soliloquize, "it was not very surprising that he did so, for that was a pretty plausible tale I told him; especially, for one that I manufactured on the spur of the moment, without even a shadow on which to found it. But, if nothing worse happens to him, to-night, than losing his money, he'll know better than to confide quite so generously in another stranger."

Such and kindred thoughts occupied the mind of this man as he walked hurriedly along, now and then casting a look over his shoulder as if to satisfy himself he was not followed. After walking some distance on the street on which the bank was located, he turned into a side street, soon after turned again, and walked a long distance, till he came into one of the most dirty and repulsive looking parts of the city. Here he stopped at the door of a dingy brick house, the blinds of which were so carefully closed on the front and side windows that the house had the appearance of being unoccupied.

Raising the heavy, iron knocker, he gave a few vigorous raps, and presently heard careful footsteps; the door was unlocked, a bolt drawn back, and the door opened just enough to admit the person on the inside to get a peep at him.

"Oh don't be so mighty cautious, Nance; you know who it is," said Wingate.

"Perhaps I do, but a fine row there'd be if I should happen to make a mistake, and you know you'd make as much fuss as any one." Here the door swung back sufficiently to admit Wingate, and revealed the speaker—a woman about fifty years of age, tall and thin, with dark sallow complexion, and eyes and features indicating the disposition of a veritable Jezebel. Without noticing her remark, Wingate asked,

"Who's upstairs?"

"Nobody but Fisher and his wife."

Hearing this reply, he began to ascend the stairs two or three steps at a time. There was no carpet on these, none on the floor, and no furniture of any description in the dark, narrow hall. As soon as Wingate had reached the next floor, he entered a narrow passage, at the farther end of which were three doors, one directly in front, and one on either hand.

Knocking lightly at the one on his left, a distinct, "Come in," induced him to open it. He entered a room of moderate size, very poorly and scantily furnished, and in which were seated a man and woman. Their dress contrasted strangely with the furniture of the apartment, as they were both well, and even stylishly clad. The man is a tall, dark, dissipated looking individual, about whom there seems something strangely familiar. A closer look reveals a dark scar on his cheek, which his present bushy black whiskers succeed in only partially concealing. Yes, it is Carl Deidrich, undoubtedly the murderer of Arthur Langdon, and the same miscreant whom that gentleman and Mark Upstone saw at the Albion hotel in Montreal. The only difference we discern in him between that time and the present, is that he is now much better dressed; and a little more rotundity of body and limb, and fuller face, show that his beverage has not been "the one that cheers, but does not

inebriate." The woman, too, is of dark complexion, in age doubtless a little upward of thirty, and an inexperienced observer might have called her handsome; but the practised eye of a physiognomist would at once have declared her a cold, cruel, selfish woman—one whose naturally depraved instincts had been intensified by the immoral life she had led.

The furniture of the room consisted of a good sized, but very old table standing in the centre; another smaller one, but equally rickety, located against the wall in one end; a lounge, whose covering showed the effect of long use, and a half dozen chairs—all, old, and of as many different sizes and patterns.

There was also a plain, cheap cupboard in the room, in which were a few of the most common dishes. It was very evident that those who were in this dwelling were only transient occupants, and that they did not intend to be burdened with any household furniture they could not abandon at a moment's notice without suffering pecuniary loss. Three or four wigs of different colors, and garments scattered about, which were plainly used for disguise, and two revolvers, as well as a couple of savage looking knives lying on the table, gave ample proof that the occupants were also criminals of a most desperate character. As the furniture of the domicile of such individuals would be incomplete without the vessels requisite for offerings to Bacchus, it may be noticed that there were two or three bottles with the usual supply of glasses on the side table mentioned.

Diedrich, in his shirt sleeves, sat on the lounge when the newcomer entered, and with him, his female companion.

"Well Bill, what news this morning?" asked Diedrich, without rising.

"Glorious! Glorious!" answered the man who had represented himself to the Rev. John Dawson as J. H. Wingate, but who was known among his associates as Bill Herrick.

"But I can't tell you till I've quenched my thirst; I haven't had a drop since eight o'clock this morning."

"Poor Bill, you must be thirsty;" said the woman with a smile, as he approached the table, took a bottle labeled "Old Rye," poured out something over half a tumbler full, swallowed it, then wiping his mouth with his pocket handkerchief, cast an affectionate smile towards the woman and replied,

"Yes, Maggie I was; you know how it is yourself, don't you?"

"Come, come, Bill," said Diedrich in an impatient tone, and with a look indicating disapproval of his familiar manner towards Maggie, "let's hear your news."

"Well sir, I believe I concocted the neatest lie in the shortest time this morning I ever did in my life."

"It's no news to us that you can lie, and do it in short time. Is that your glorious news?"

"No, but don't be in such a devil of a hurry, Diedrich. You'll make me forget all the interesting details."

"How many times have I had to tell you not to call me Diedrich. You'll be doing it, first you know, where it'll put me in a pretty position."

"Well, Fisher, then, if that suits you better; Jim Fisher, Esq. Now, if you won't interrupt me any more, I'll proceed to tell you my news; and as we've got work to do to-night, I must be expeditious, so as to get all things ready. Oh, by the way, have you seen Tom to-day?"

"No."

"All right, then; if he don't come round, and you and I have to do the job alone, he can claim only one-fifth according to our compact. And that means that there'll be thirteen hundred dollars left, to be divided between you and me."

"Do you mean it, Bill?" and Diedrich's eyes glistened, as he riveted them on his comrade's face.

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. Did you ever know my word or judgment to fail in such matters?"

"No Bill, not in such matters; your word is all right there;" and Diedrich's manner toward him softened perceptibly.

"But what's the risk?" he went on. "Have we to storm a battery, or blow up a bank to get it?"

"Nothing of the kind. It's no more work than it is to take a glass of rye;" and to show with what ease this was done, he poured out another glass and drank it; he then continued,

"Two men, one a young parson, the other his father-in-law, going to Blissville, leave the city to-night at six o'clock. All we've to do is to ride out, meet the carriage, hold 'em up, pocket the swag, and come home."

"The theory seems simple enough; if it can be carried out in practice, we're all right. But go on, and tell us the whole story."

"Well, you see, it is this way; I went up town, and being near the bank, I concluded to step in, get a bill changed and see what the prospect was for business. There were a few men in, but I saw they were all city men, chiefly clerks, that I knew would be of no service to us; but within three minutes, the parson and his father-in-law, Lawson, the druggist, came in. I have seen Lawson a good many times, and recognized him; and though I thought he might carry a well filled pocket book, I didn't see how it could avail us anything; and the minister I never dreamed of having money. But to my inexpressible astonishment and delight, I learned that he had come to draw fifteen hundred dollars for a woman living in Dexter, wherever that is, and a little later, I found out that with the interest due on it, the whole pile amounts to six-teen hundred and twenty-four dollars."

"Bully for you, Bill!" here interposed Maggie.

"I suggest that you keep still. You'll have him switched off on to some other track, so that we shan't hear the rest of the story, for an hour or two," said Diedrich, snappishly, and regarding her with a reproachful look.

Apparently humbled and displeased by the rebuke, the woman relapsed into sullen silence, and Herrick continued,

"Well, with the fact in my possession that the parson was going to leave the bank with over sixteen hundred dollars in his pocket, it wouldn't be creditable for a gentleman of my profession and ability to rest content without acquiring a knowledge of at least two more important facts. Where is Dexter? And when does he leave the city to go there? As for Dexter, it might be in Canada, or it might be in Hades, for aught I knew; but I must find out; and find out also at just what moment he intended to leave; and these things must be learned at once. I hadn't known time to be so precious since the night in Denver, when the policeman and I were trying to get the drop on each other; but I got it on him, you remember. Well sir, while I pretended to be writing at a side desk in the bank, I addressed myself—as John Bunyan says—to the subject of thinking; I did more thinking, Diedrich—"

"There you are again."

"Oh I beg your pardon. Well Fisher then; I did more thinking Fisher, in three and a half minutes, than I ever did in a month before; and at the expiration of that time I had my plan all ready to put into execution, and to tell you the truth, Fisher, it was projected so quickly, and looked so feasible, I feel a little proud of it."

"Well, let's hear it."

"The first thing I desired was an excuse to speak to him; and so, the thought flashed into my mind, that I'd ask him to do me a favor—carry something for me to somebody in Dexter. Money was the most important thing, and it would appear very reasonable, that I should wish to send it by a minister of the Gospel instead of by mail, and its value would appear ample reason for seeming cautious and anxious; and consequently, for asking a good many questions. I told him I wanted to send a hundred dollars to a horse buyer I owed, who had informed me he would be in Dexter this week, and instructed me to address him there. Bridewell was the first name that popped into my head, and so, that was the one I used in speaking of my creditor. I first asked him if he had ever met or heard of him; he said, no; and I thought it highly probable he had not, inasmuch, as I never had myself. Well, briefly, I learned all I wished to know; he is going only as far as Blissville to-night, and will ride in a carriage with his father-in law. They start at six o'clock. The parson expects me to leave the hundred dollars with his father-in-law by four o'clock; but to avoid any unpleasant suspicions on his part, in case the money should not

arrive, I told him, there was a slight possibility, that the man who promised to leave some money at my house, this morning, might not have done it; in which case, I could not make up the full hundred to-day, and, of course, would not go to the drug store."

I then hurried off, for fear he'd ask me to go up and preach for him, next Sunday. I've no doubt, he thought I was morally qualified for the business, I told him, my dear old father was a minister. Oh you needn't laugh, that was true, every word of it; he divided his time out in Colorado, between preaching and horse-stealing, till they caught and lynched him."

"Well, Bill, you've discharged the duties of your profession, to-day capitally—nobly, heroically. I'll admit, that in the art of lying, you are an expert; you have reduced it to an exact science excelling not only Jack Falstaff, but the Old Father of lies, himself. But take another glass with me, now, and one of my good cigars; and then we'll hear the final arrangements, for this little drama. I suppose you've made them."

"Nothing further than to plan. All there is to do, is, to get two good saddle horses from Mike's' stable. One of us can leave half an hour, or an hour, before the other, and we'll meet at the four corners, about six miles out, and do the holding up in the woods, four miles further on. Aint that all right?"

"The only objection I see to it, is, the time; if they would only start an hour or two later. We don't want any daylight for this business."

"True, but it's very cloudy, and looks like rain; there's no moon, and it'll be dark enough in the woods, by the time they get there; too dark, anyway, for them to distinguish the horses, so as to identify them, if they ever see them again."

After drinking together, and lighting their cigars, they resumed their seats; and after a few moments of silence, during which Diedrich seemed to be absorbed in thought, his face assuming a darker and fiercer expression, he exclaimed with much vehemence,

"I swear, Herrick, there must be no failure to-night! I can't remain cooped up, and skulking in the way I have been, for months past, any longer; it's killing me by inches; and it would kill any man, unless his nerves, muscles and bones were of cast iron."

"Oh pshaw, Carl, you make too much of it; you are altogether too cautious; there's no necessity for your skulking so much, and disguising yourself so carefully, every time you step outside. There's more safety in boldness, my lad, than there is in hiding, and disguise. Look at the risks I run. You know, there's nothing like presenting a bold front to the enemy."

"Ah, that's all very well; but if detection and arrest meant the same thing for you, they do for me, perhaps you'd think differently."

"Well, if you'd only listened to me, they wouldn't mean any-

thing more to you, than they do to him. You know very well, I would have had nothing to do with it, if I had supposed, you intended to do anything more than rob him."

Such was the somewhat excited speech of the female companion of the two outlaws.

"Was that the time, Carl made you play the part of decoy duck, Maggie?" asked Herrick, regarding her with a cunning smile.

"Yes, I enticed him into the building, on the pretence of wanting a portrait painted."

"And so, are equally guilty of the thing that followed;" said Diedrich, with a diabolical grin.

"Yes, so you say," she retorted, "but I know that my conscience can't accuse me of murder, whatever else I've done."

"Oh, we all know you're a virtuous, Christian woman, Maggie;" said Diedrich with a sneer. "But let's talk about something else, now. If things turn out as we expect to-night, and as they must turn out, there'll be enough of my part of the stock, to take Maggie and me out of this hole. Oh, won't it be glorious, to be once more on the deep blue rolling sea?"

"Speak for yourself, if you please Mr. Diedrich. You can sail on the deep blue rolling sea, or on anything else you please; but you'll not sail with me any more; I prefer the society of a gentleman."

And Mistress Maggie, from whom this withering speech had been drawn by Diedrich's sarcastic remarks, rose, her eyes flashing, bowed very low with mock courtesy to her paramour, and with great dignity and haughtiness, sat down again. The men looked at her with some astonishment, during the delivery of her address to Diedrich, and then looking at each other for a moment, both burst into a hearty laugh. Conceiving this to be insult added to injury, the enraged woman sprang to the table, seized one of the revolvers, and pointing it towards Diedrich, exclaimed,

"I've a great mind to send you where you sent poor Langdon! But no," she said after a moment's pause, "he went to heaven—a place you'll never see."

Then, finding that he sat still, and only laughed the more, she threw the weapon on the table, and flung herself into an adjoining apartment. As she closed the door, Diedrich winked at Herrick, saying in a low, sneering tone,

"She'll be back in half an hour, all right; I've seen too many of her tantrums, not to know just what she'll do." He then apparently dismissed the incident from his mind, and began directly to speak of the matter which to him, was of far greater interest. But as it is our object, to record no more of the words and actions of these characters, than are necessary to give the reader a clear account of the incidents and individuals related in this story, we shall for the present, leave them.

## CHAPTER XXII.

For some time, rumors of a certain event that was to transpire had been heard at the institution, and were whispered with joyous expectancy from one to another of the children. No one save Mrs. Lovelaw appeared to know what this event was to be; and while she never saw fit to enlighten any one as to its character, she never failed to increase one's opinion of its importance and salutary effect. Among the younger ones, the expected blessing, since they had heard of it, had assumed a variety of forms; and generally, that form which approached the nearest to the child's idea of earthly bliss. One, for instance, was exuberant in spirits, through the belief that Mrs. Lovelaw was going to give each of them a span of horses and a beautiful carriage—the girls were to be supplied with a coachman and footman,—but the boys themselves were to drive. Another, of more acquisitive nature, or else of larger ideas of Mrs. Lovelaw's liberality, was firm in the conviction that she was going to give each child a ship with a cargo of nuts and candy, provided with captain and crew, who were to sail whithersoever the boy or girl commanded; but the voyages were mainly to be in the tropics to gather cocoanuts and bananas. A third child was sure the donation was to be an elephant provided with howdah and mahout, and the privilege of riding forever. Surely, Mrs. Lovelaw could find no fault with the latter, modest demand on her generosity —she could certainly do no less than provide each of them with an elephant, after inspiring them with such extravagant hopes, and keeping them so long on the tip-toe of expectancy.

But the all-important secret was finally disclosed at a monthly meeting. The children were to be provided with umbrellas; and henceforth, no one was to be sent out when the clouds gave any indication of a storm without one of these infallible health and life protectors. We are not quite clear as to the reason why Mrs. Lovelaw kept the fact, that she desired to secure this great boon to the children, so long a secret. One of her friends said it was because she feared her ability to make the ladies see the necessity of procuring the umbrellas; consequently, like a shrewd politician she wished to see them, individually, and bring them to her views, before the matter was known and discussed, publicly. Another of her friends ascribed her conduct in the affair to her modesty—knowing as she did the public applause and admiration that would greet the authoress of a plan so wise and beneficent, she instinctively shrank from it; and kept her benevolent purpose a secret as long as possible. It was her design to secure an umbrella for each

of the children; but after a protracted discussion it was decided that one must suffice for two children; hence, Mark soon received orders to purchase eighteen.

The first time these umbrellas were used, which was on the Sabbath, the day after they were purchased—was a day in Mark Upstone's history never to be forgotten. It was sprinkling slightly, and there was a possibility, though not much probability, that it would rain in the course of the day. At all events, Mark saw no necessity for taking an umbrella to protect himself from the little moisture falling, while on his way to church; but respect for the orders given would not permit him to expose the children, even to this insignificant sprinkling, without the new protection. According to the usual custom, they were formed in double file in the school-room and hall—the girls in front, preparatory to their exit from the front door to the street. Mark having forgotten his cane, ran upstairs for it; but just as he had secured it, and started on his return, he heard a violent altercation, slaps and cries, among his usually well behaved and orderly charge. Greatly surprised and chagrined, he descended with unusual agility to ascertain the cause of the disorder. He was not long in discovering that the *casus belli* in this instance was the umbrellas. Little three-foot Miranda had not only insisted on carrying the umbrella instead of her mate, four foot Cordelia—but on spreading it, then and there in the hall. In the operation, she had got the elastic fastening, entangled in the hair of another girl, thereby pulling it to such an extent as to provoke her to blows, during which both their hats were knocked off and trampled under foot, and a side lamp with a reflector fastened against the wall was broken. One boy's nose was bleeding from the effects of a blow received from another, who declared that he gave it to prevent his eyes being gouged out, owing to the stupid and reckless way the boy was handling his umbrella; and he called on two more boys who had suffered from like fear, to prove the other's unfitness to be trusted with one—all being of the opinion—judging from his actions—that this was the first umbrella he had ever seen. Mark soon settled their difficulties, and order being restored, the door was thrown open, and the line began to march out.

We must here digress for a moment to introduce to the reader another character who, though his duties in connection with the Bethesda were neither many nor onerous, was regarded by many of the directresses as a very necessary and important official, and moreover was held by them in high esteem.

This was Benjamin Hornblower, Esq., solicitor for the Bethesda, and who was also an intimate friend of Mrs. Lovelaw and a cousin of her late husband.

Mr. Hornblower always felt that it was not only a great mis-

fortune to himself but to the country that in his younger days he did not enter the army. He was a fine, soldierly-looking man, being six feet three in height, broad-chested, and in every way well-proportioned. But unfortunately just at the breaking out of the Crimean war, when he was only a youth, he met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of his left arm, and at the same time prevented his entering the army, which had been his cherished desire. He had a penchant for talking of battles and sieges, and from the enthusiasm with which he always spoke of the charge at Balaklava, more than one stranger gained the impression that it was in this charge he lost his arm, but we have no proof that he ever made such a statement.

Now, whether it happened by accident, that several of the ladies, and Mr. Hornblower, were at this moment in proximity to the Bethesda, on their way to church, or whether, seeing symptoms of rain, and judging that the new umbrellas would be called in requisition, they had timed their departure for church, so as to see the grand display, Mark could not say; but there they were, Mrs. Lovelaw and her cousin, just ready to meet the children on the sidewalk; while down the street, a little distance, was the antiquated looking carriage and horse of ancient Miss Whitemore, followed closely by the more pretentious one of Miss Forset. Yes, and there, still beyond, on the sidewalk, were Miss Marble and another directress; behind whom walked Miss Horner and a lady companion. All this Mark took in at a glance; and he felt a good deal indignant at the sight. Had they intended to have a grand umbrella exhibition and review the first time it looked like rain, why had they not given him an intimation of it, that he might have devoted at least half an hour to drilling the children for it? He knew that the children's manner of walking or marching, when together, was a matter of great moment to the ladies they were now about to meet. Indeed, he could not recollect, that one of them had ever asked a question regarding their studies, or their progress in them; but he had heard a great many suggestions, especially from Miss Horner, respecting the importance of teaching them so that they would always present a "military bearing" on the street.

Mark knew, therefore, when he saw the individuals mentioned above, that every look, step and motion of the children would be noted, discussed and criticised, and that a large share of the criticism would fall on himself.

Mr. Hornblower and Mrs. Lovelaw were going to the same church the children attended—the others attended churches in the opposite direction. The two former had nearly approached the Bethesda, and seeing the children emerging from the door, halted that the children might precede them; and—as Mark thought—that they might get a better view of them with their new umbrellas.

When they had all reached the sidewalk, they paused a moment to raise their protectors, and Mr. Hornblower then addressed Mark, saying,

"Now, Mr. Upstone, I see there are several of our ladies in the street, and I hope you'll have these youngsters march to church in a manner that will do credit to the Bethesda—*a la* Wellington, you know."

Mark bowed, but observing just then that one of the girls was not able to raise her umbrella, he walked on to assist her. It was but the work of a moment, and he was returning to the rear of the line, when he saw Mr. Hornblower among the boys, showing one, that he deemed especially awkward in stepping, how to place his feet, so as to march with soldierly firmness and grace. Another boy rushing forward to witness the instruction, struck Mr. Hornblower's glossy beaver so violently with his umbrella as to send it rolling over and over in the muddy street. While Mr. Hornblower relieved his wrath, by storming at the latter boy for his awkwardness, another boy closed his umbrella, tucked it under his arm, quickly caught the hat, and returned it to its proprietor. As Mr. Hornblower received it, however, he also received a very vigorous thrust in the abdominal region from the staff of the umbrella protruding two feet in front of its possessor. He jumped suddenly back to save being impaled, and in so doing knocked his cousin from the sidewalk, and would have knocked her down had she not embraced a telegraph pole at the proper moment to avert the disaster, and the same moment she cast a look of unutterable reproach and disgust at Mr. Hornblower. He justified and solaced himself by casting a similar look at the boy who had punched him with the umbrella; and then surveying his beaver with a look, in which dismay and anger struggled for ascendancy, he struck an *a la Wellington* march for home.

Miss Whitemore, seeing the children on the sidewalk, and doubtless prompted by a desire to see how they would look marching with their umbrellas, requested her driver to halt a moment, which he did, at the beginning of the first act, in the little drama we describe. But there was another one observing this assemblage of children and umbrellas, apparently with a good deal more interest and curiosity than Miss Whitemore; this was her old horse, Jack.

Jack was not a handsome horse, if he ever had been; and as this is a question not easily settled, owing to his age, we shall not stop to consider it. It was not that Miss Whitemore was not able to have as fine a horse and carriage as any of the ladies, that she used this ancient looking equipage; so ancient, that she often laughed about it herself. No, it was her attachment to old, familiar things—things which had become dear from association—neither

grandeur nor beauty in objects, could tempt her to exchange for them others that she cherished in the days of her youth. We shall not venture to make the reckless statement, however, that Jack was one of her youthful companions, as that would virtually be stating he was at least sixty years old. Should we do so, however, no one seeing him would be inclined to question our veracity; but some conceited zoologist or horse jockey would delight to blazon our ignorance to public view by showing that horses rarely live beyond the age of thirty. We shall, therefore, keep within the bounds of safety, and merely say that Jack was a very old horse; and that his appearance did not belie this fact. But perhaps the reader is aware that an old horse, and even a lazy horse, does occasionally get frightened, and that when one of this sort does get frightened—well, as a Yankee would say, his performances begin where those of the young, spirited animal "leave off."

Jack saw the children as soon as his mistress did, and apparently regarded the sudden appearance of so many, so near him, as something slightly suspicious, which it would be well to investigate. The halt ordered by his mistress gave him the opportunity he desired; and for ten seconds, he took notes with a rapidity that a court stenographer might have envied. He remained immovable, till he saw a slim object suddenly shoot above the head of a child and expand, as if an imp of the infernal regions was spreading its wings for flight; then his head went up with a jerk, at least two inches. Another of these slim, serpent-like objects shot up and spread its wings, and up went Jack's head another inch. When a third and fourth pair of wings were added to the two already hoisted, Jack blew a blast from his nostrils, that caused a nervous lady on the opposite sidewalk to jump, and cling to her husband's arm so vigorously, he declared he would never be seen again with her on the street.

By this time, the effect produced on Jack by the inspiring scene before him was shown not only by the elevation of his head, but his limbs and feet began to move, as if he were trying to shake off the lethargy of his long stagnant blood, and take the steps he did ere curb and bit restrained his youthful antics. But Jehu held him firm, soothing him with gentle words, till this long line of spreading wings began to move towards him; when neither words, whip, driver, nor ladies had any awe for him; and standing erect on his hind legs, he took a farewell glance at the winged demons approaching, blew another trumpet blast from his nostrils, whirled completely around, and dashed off at a John Gilpin gait, toward Hochelaga. But he was not destined to escape in this crowded thoroughfare, without leaving some evidence of his hasty flight, as was attested by the carriage of Miss Forest. This had been struck by the runaway carriage so violently that a hind wheel was

struck off, leaving one end of the axletree resting on the ground; while Miss Forest, a very pale and much frightened lady, clung with desperation to the opposite side of the vehicle; her driver meanwhile having all he could do to restrain the prancing steeds from following the example of Jack.

The ladies who were approaching on foot—Miss Marble and Miss Horner with their companions—had not been disinterested observers of the scenes we have described. Walking briskly onward, they descried the children on the sidewalk; and were no doubt congratulating themselves on being in time to witness the umbrella parade, when they observed that carriages in front of them on the street suddenly stopped. Like all pedestrians who witness such an occurrence, supposing there must be some good cause for it, and that by waiting they would doubtless learn it, they promptly stopped, also. They were thus enabled to see Mr. Hornblower's hat knocked off and returned to him; Mrs. Lovelaw's embrace of the telegraph pole; the spreading of the umbrellas; Jack's terror thereat; and lastly, his rapid turn and dash toward them. That was enough—their curiosity was gratified; and as if moved by the same impulse, they both turned and dashed in the same direction. After running two or three blocks, they instinctively turned into a side street, and sank down exhausted. Before Miss Marble and her companion had reached this street, they fortunately met a gentleman friend and his wife near their own door, and were taken in and revived with various soothing and restorative beverages. Mark was informed by a friend, the next day, that he met the runaway Jack, far out in the East End, going at the same speed at which he started. His mistress at the same time sitting bonnetless in the bottom of the carriage, a resigned expression on her face, while her eyes seemed fixed on some distant goal, on reaching which her life depended. Mark never learned whether she reached it, but presumed that she did, from the fact that she made her appearance as usual with the other ladies at the Bethesda a few days later.

During all this excitement Mark was serenely marching the children to church. Whether he was doing it according to the suggestion of Mr. Hornblower, he was not quite certain. But he never forgot the events which resulted from the first appearance of the children on the street with the new umbrellas.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN John Dawson left the bank with sixteen hundred dollars carefully stowed away in an inside pocket, he, for the first time, thought of May's injunction to him that morning to be careful; and now, that he had the money in his possession, he began to realize the truth of what she had said about the temptation such a sum would be to a person of evil proclivities. "At any rate," he said to himself, "no one but Mr. Wingate, Mr. Lawson and the man in the bank know that I have the money; so, it's safe enough; however, I think I'll give it to Mr. Lawson when he goes back to his shop after dinner, and let him lock it in his safe."

Then dismissing the matter from his mind, he walked to the hotel, sat down in the reading room, and occupied himself with a newspaper till Mr. Lawson's arrival. As dinner was not quite ready, they conversed together a few minutes in a low tone, sitting aside a little from the others who were in the room, and John told of his meeting with Wingate and the errand he wished him to do. Mr. Lawson listened with marked attention, and after John finished his account, said,

"I noticed that fellow when we first went into the bank; I've seen him before around this city, and I don't like his looks. One day last week, as he was passing the shop, a friend of mine who was talking with me at the time said he believed the fellow is a confidence man."

The blood rushed to John's face in a flood.

"Oh nonsense," he exclaimed; "he is the most perfect gentleman I ever saw."

"Very likely he gave you that impression; that is a part of the trade of such men. Did he find out which way you are going, and when you are going to leave?"

John's chagrin was now complete; he was angered too, that Mr. Lawson should thus catechise, and compel him to acknowledge the humiliating fact, that Wingate had obtained this, and more information from him, without any apparent effort. John was so ashamed and annoyed with himself that had he been otherwise than the conscientious man he was, he would have told a falsehood; denied that he had given Wingate any such knowledge; but as it was, he reluctantly and slowly answered,

"I believe—he—did."

"Ah, just as I supposed," said Mr. Lawson; "but I'm glad I found it out in season. I shall see that my revolver is where I can lay my hand on it, quickly, when we go back to-night. Have you a revolver with you?"

"No," answered John in anything but a pleasant tone.

"Well, I hope you'll not need one. You know my impression of the man may be wrong."

"Of course, it's wrong," was the emphatic answer; but nevertheless John went to dinner with very little appetite; and so upset by Mr. Lawson's remarks, that there was little consistency in his thoughts or feelings. Smarting under the conviction that he had been extremely foolish, like many others in similar circumstances, he felt annoyed with any one else who happened to know his weakness; and this was why he decided not to give Mr. Lawson the money to put in his safe.

"I'll let him know I can take care of it myself," was his mental remark; and this was succeeded by, "What right has he to throw out such insinuations respecting a gentleman like Mr. Wingate? It is base slander."

A moment later, his thoughts were busy in this wise;

"I wish I had a revolver; I believe I'll buy one when I go out; I wonder what they cost."

But before rising from the table, his reasoning was as follows:

"It would be an awful misfortune to me, to Aunt Kitty, the doctor, and, in fact, to the people of Dexter, should I lose all this money. Surely the Lord will not let such a disaster befall us. If that man Wingate has any such wicked design as to rob me, I believe his design will be frustrated. At any rate, I shall trust in the Lord."

John clung to this determination, and we shall see with what result. When he returned to the druggist's shop and learned that Wingate had not been there, his fear that he had been terribly deceived by the stranger in the bank was greatly increased; but after a little reflection, he felt that there was no just ground for his fears.

"Did he not tell me," he asked himself, "that he might not come? He was doubtless disappointed, as he said he might be, so I'll harbor no unjust suspicion. There's no man that I ever met clever enough to fabricate in the course of five minutes such a story as that he told, and leave no weak points in it;" and so, John gave the matter no further thought.

It was half past six when Mr. Lawson left his store that night, and fully an hour later when he was able to start for home. At that season of the year in fair weather it would still be perfectly light at that hour, but as Herrick had prophesied, a storm was brewing, and every indication foretold that it would be one of no ordinary severity. From four o'clock till the present, clouds had been rising from the western horizon, and spreading abroad, until the entire canopy was concealed by a pall, the density of which shut out light to a degree that cast a gloom over all animate things.

As the storm and darkness seemed so near at hand, Mr. Lawson lit his carriage lamps before starting; but it was half an hour later ere the storm finally burst. There was little wind, but the downpour of rain and the electrical exhibition were terrific. Such was the quantity of rain falling and constantly running down the sides of the carriage lamps, that their light was greatly obscured; but compensation was made for this slight misfortune by the frequent flashes of lightning, which enabled them to see the road many yards in advance.

In half an hour after the storm commenced, they found their progress considerably retarded by wash-outs; and the further they advanced, the more frequent and formidable these obtacles became. They had crossed several, and reached the centre of a stretch of forest, through which the road had been cut, when they came to what was usually a small brook of clear, cold water, over which had been placed a bridge of three or four planks. A flash of lightning, just as the travelers reached this spot, revealed the change the fearful storm had effected. No bridge was in sight, but instead, a wild, roaring torrent, at least sixty feet in breadth; down which logs and other drift-wood were tearing with a force that threatened destruction to any horses or vehicles that might enter the stream. Mr. Lawson halted at its edge; he feared to enter it, yet knew he must, as the storm was still raging, its violence unabated, and the stream, consequently, becoming more dangerous; and to turn back might by this time be more unsafe than to proceed. He knew that if once safely over, he would in all probability have no further trouble; for the road ascended gradually from the stream for a short distance, and then its course lay over a level plateau, where the ground was very hard, and not liable to gully in heavy rains. His horses were large, powerful animals, which he had owned four or five years, and he knew they could be relied on. He waited only a minute, when another flash showed the stream in front to be clear of drift; and then, touching the horses lightly with his whip, they plunged in, and were soon at such a depth, that the water was well nigh over their backs. The carriage swung down stream by the force of the current, and filled, so that the men could only keep their legs above water by placing their feet on the edge of the dash board. But the noble animals pressed steadily onward, and soon reached the further bank, which seemed more dangerous than any thing they had yet met, as the ground had washed away, so that, a perpendicular wall high above the water confronted them. The horses sprang, striking the surface of the bank with their forefeet, but only to bring down a large portion of the yielding ground with them, still leaving a perpendicular wall in front. Fortunately, this was not so high, and the mass that had fallen formed an inclined plane, up which the carriage

was more easily dragged; but as the horses made the last vigorous effort which would place them on the solid earth, a flash of lightning displayed before them, a scene more appalling than wash-outs, swollen streams, or any danger they had yet encountered. Two masked horsemen stood, the one on the right, close to where the carriage would the next moment be, and the other in the road, directly in front of the horses. One arm of each man was extended towards the carriage, and though its occupants did not see what were in the hands extended—so brief was their time for seeing—they knew too well what it meant. At the same instant, rang out clear and loud above the storm, the command,

"Halt! Throw up your hands!"

The horses stopped just at the moment they had dragged the carriage to solid ground. At that moment also, Mr. Lawson was aware, by the very dim light of the carriage lamps, that a man was leaning from his saddle towards him, and that the muzzle of a revolver was within two feet of his head.

"Now listen!" said the robber, "If you tell me a lie, you are dead men; remember, I shall search you. Have you a weapon of any kind about you, or in your carriage? I am speaking to both of you. Don't hinder me!"

These words were spoken in a tone which conveyed the impression that they were not idle ones, and that the orders given must be obeyed; Mr. Lawson replied,

"I have a revolver in my hip pocket."

The highwayman saw that Mr. Lawson wore a long rubber coat, buttoned from top to bottom, which evidently would prevent his reaching the weapon, at least, very easily. Addressing John next, he said,

"And what is your answer?"

"I have no weapon," was the reply.

"Do you swear it? Remember, if I find one, you won't live a second!"

"I will swear that I have none," replied John, who was strangely calm and self-possessed for the circumstances; much more so than Mr. Lawson.

"All right then," said the robber, "hand over your money and your watch. Be quick about it, and see that you give me every dollar of that sixteen hundred and twenty-four, you carry."

John began to unbutton his rubber coat with which Mr. Lawson had supplied him, and down which the water was streaming in rivulets, knowing all the time that he was covered by a revolver.

"It is a terribly sad alternative," he said to himself; "but life is dearer than money."

He had unbuttoned both coats, and was drawing the pocket-book stuffed with poor Polly's hard earned money from its snug

resting place, in his inner pocket, when lo! a flash, a report and crash, as if the very heavens and earth were rent by some sudden, awful convulsion. Fragments of wood struck, and fell into the carriage, and as John was thrown back in his seat by the spring of the horses, he caught a glimpse of the highwayman in front, pitching headlong from his horse, which was standing erect on its hind feet. The next instant came a thud, and a sudden jolt which lifted the men from their seat; and John knew the wheels had struck the body of the highwayman; but after this, he had no time to think of anything save his own safety; his fear being that they might plunge into another wash-out, which, with the horses going at their present speed, might result in death to both horses and men. On they sped, Mr. Lawson dreading the danger before less than he did that behind, making no effort to stop the animals. He had not seen, as John had, the robber falling from his horse, and consequently believed that as soon as the highwaymen recovered command of their frightened animals, they would follow, intent on completing the robbery in which they had been so miraculously interrupted. After the horses had run about two miles, however, their speed began to slacken, and then Mr. Lawson spoke the first words that had been uttered.

"Thank God. He has saved us from the clutches of those demons! But you take the reins, John, and keep the horses traveling lively, while I get my revolver. I shall carry it in my hand the rest of the way. Those wretches may yet be after us."

"Have no fear of that," said John, "I believe one of them is dead, or so badly injured that he thinks more about dying than he does about robbery."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Lawson.

John then related to him what we have already told the reader. Mr. Lawson gave a deep sigh of relief on hearing this, and exclaimed, "Thank God for that, too! He has wonderfully preserved us, John."

The horses never slackened their gait from a lively trot; and at ten o'clock the storm-drenched, weary, but still happy travelers, were at home. Mrs. Lawson and her two daughters were at the door to meet them, each more anxious than the other, to tell how glad she was of their safe arrival.

"What a time you and father must have had, John! We thought possibly you might stay all night in the city, when you saw the storm coming," said May, going up to her husband and kissing him as soon as he entered. He threw his arms around her neck; and the gratitude welling up in his heart for their miraculous escape, found expression in faltering tones.

"Thank God, we have lived to see you again!"

The next morning at early dawn, Mike, the serving man, according to his master's instructions, rode out to the scene of the

tragedy. The first thing that attracted his notice was a quantity of splinters, large and small, and slabs of wood thickly strewn about and in the road, a distance of several yards. At the same instant his horse stopped, pricked up his ears, snorted, giving strong evidence of fear; and Mike, looking in the direction the animal was gazing, saw the body of a man lying partly on his side and back on the grass just outside the beaten roadway. Finding it impossible to urge the beast any nearer, he rode back a short distance, dismounted, and hitching him to a small tree a few yards from the road, returned to the body, and began to take mental notes with all the care of a reporter for a city daily. A thick, heavy stick of wood about four feet long lay beside the body, showing by what means the man had met his death. It was a slab thrown from the gigantic old, dry hemlock which stood about twenty feet from the roadway, and which the lightning had shivered into thousands of fragments, scattering them thickly over a circle within a radius of at least fifty feet. One rough, thick slab, weighing not less than a hundred pounds, had been hurled a distance of one hundred yards. A portion of the heart of the tree, about thirty feet in length, still remained where it grew; but it was torn, twisted and splintered, so that, it bore little resemblance to its original form; and ten or twelve feet of the upper part was bent, so as to hang downward beside the perpendicular part supporting it. Altogether, the scene exhibited the most striking proof of the power of the electric fluid Mike had ever seen, and he stood gazing for some minutes in awe and astonishment at the terrible havoc it had wrought. He next turned to examine the lifeless form near him. Well might he shudder. The body appeared to be that of a man of middle age, well dressed, though his clothes were now badly soiled with mud, water and blood. A soft felt hat lay near, and beside it a wig of jet black hair; but the hair of the dead man was red in color, and very short. The block by which he was killed evidently struck him on the side of the head, crushing it and his face, so that it presented little of the semblance of human features. One of his eyeballs lay on his cheek, two inches below its socket; his jaw-bone was broken and pushed inward, leaving his mouth horribly distorted and wide open; so that we can well believe Mike told the truth, an hour later, when, in describing what he had seen to Mr. Lawson, he thus expressed himself,

"But you should have seen the head and face av him, Mr. Lawson. Upon me sowl I don't wonder Bob (the horse) was frightened; for as I live, just wan look at that mouth would scare the devil humself. Yez may not be able to comprehind it, Mr. Lawson, but it's as thrue as that I'm now addressin' yez, I've niver seen these two hands shake that much since the Christmas follow in' the birth of my boy, Tom, which I'm proud to say, Mr.

Lawson, was the first and last toime, as yersilf knows, that I iver tuck a dhrop too much."

And thus Mike rattled on, as long as his master was disposed to listen. The scenes which he witnessed that morning afforded him imperishable subjects on which to amplify and expatiate in true Hibernian style.

The reader will doubtless reflect that the uncanny object lying by the roadside must have been one of the two men he heard less than twenty-four hours previous, coolly discussing the robbery they had planned, and who was elated with the certainty of its success.

Yes, that mangled body is that of Bill Herrick, the man who, but yesterday, reveled in the recollection of the boldness with which he had set the laws of God and man at defiance, and boasted of the recklessness with which he would pursue his career of crime.

Mike's first action was to pick up a revolver that lay near, and having examined it, the weapon was slipped into his pocket with a chuckle, and the following soliloquy:

"'Twas moighty little use thot thing was to yez last night, and as it's not loikely ye'll be wantin' it soon, I'll be takin' it to Mr. Lawson; and as it's little he'll care for it, if I give him a hint, it's very loikely he'll say, 'Kape it yersilf, Mike.' But I wonder an has he anything in his pockets."

Mike made one quick step nearer the body, as the last thought struck him, but as his eyes glanced over the gruesome figure, he stopped abruptly, looked around as if to assure himself that there was a good chance for retreat if desired, and then his eyes once more rested on the corpse.

"It's a moighty poor undertaker ye'd make, Mike McCarty," he said to himself; "but puttin' a dacent man into his coffin in a house, an' all his friends around is wan thing; and handlin' a thing loike this with wan eye, and a mouth loike a catfish, and very loikely"—here Mike stepped back a pace and his eyes grew larger —"he's been in partnership these years with the devil—another thing; an it's meself that don't loike to do it."

Mike had all the superstition of his race, and believed implicitly the thousand stories he had heard of search for hidden treasures; and how valuables had been snatched away by unseen hands at the very moment those searching supposed they had them in their grasp. Mike believed all this; and he believed too, that the devil keeps watch and ward over ill-gotten treasures; therefore, his natural distaste for approaching the terrible object was intensified by his fear of the supernatural. Indeed, it would have been little more than he anticipated, had his Satanic Majesty appeared on the scene at that moment, and ordered him to desist from his design of searching the dead man's pockets; but, it being daylight, he had

much more courage to meet such a visitor than he would have had at night; at which time, we may safely aver, no money would have induced him to be in his present position.

But while he hesitated, dreading the task, the sound of wheels approaching in the distance gave him additional courage, and inspired him with a determination to act. No other man should snatch away the laurels that he had a chance to win. Crossing himself, therefore, he tremblingly knelt beside the body, quickly unbuttoned a rubber coat, the one beneath it, and his vest, and from an inside pocket of the latter, drew forth a good-sized pocket-book, which seemed temptingly thick. Mike's hands trembled so, that he could hardly open it; but his curiosity would not permit him to place it in his own pocket, till he had taken a peep at its contents. His eyes shone with a brighter lustre, and his hands trembled more violently when he saw a roll of bank notes; but not stopping to count it, he quickly closed the pocket-book and slipped it into his own pocket with the mental ejaculation,

"Well, the devil's not got thot yet. Thanks to yer honor; if ye'll only be as dacent, while I go through the other pockets, I'll esteem yez a gentleman, as far as my acquaintance wid ye goes, onyway." Before he had succeeded in searching the trousers' pockets, while fumbling about the clothing, he found a knife enclosed in a sheath; and as he drew forth its long glittering blade, again he soliloquized:

"The dirthy baste! to think he'd have a heart to be sticking the loikes o' thot into a man ———."

The sound of the wheels, nearer now, cut short his soliloquy; and sheathing the knife, he hurriedly transferred it to his own clothing, and then, thrusting his hand into the left pocket of the trousers of the deceased, he found only a pocket knife, three or four coppers, and five cents in silver. In the right pocket, however, he was more successful; drawing out an American Eagle and two dollars and fifty cents in silver. He also relieved the body of a gold watch; and seeing that all the valuables were concealed from sight in his different pockets, he ran back to meet the approaching team; being anxious, like others of the same temperament, to tell the news, before the men coming had an opportunity to learn it themselves.

The vehicle which he had heard proved to be a double wagon; in which were two farmers, who lived three or four miles distant; and who had taken a very early start for the city, in order to carry a few tubs of butter to market in the cool part of the day. They were well acquainted with Mike, and were greatly surprised to see him approaching in that place, at such a lively gait, while a horse which they supposed to be his was tethered to a tree a little distance from the road.

"Good morning, Mike," said one of the men. "What in the world brings you out here at this time in the morning?"

"It's a little advice thot I'd be after givin yez," said Mike, ignoring the salutation and question, and swelling with consciousness of the important disclosure he was about to make.

"If ayther av you two gintlemen should ever have occasion to be travellin' in the woods in a thunder storrum, it's a moighty long disthance ye'll kape from the trees, if you've any sinse in yer hids; and don't forgit, it's meself that tells yez this."

"Why, what's the matter, Mike? What d'ye mean?" asked the man who had before spoken, and who was grinning at Mike's tragic and excited manner.

"I mean, gintlemen, that by disregardin' the sinsible advoice I'm just after givin yez, two horses and a man, last night in the storrum, within a hundred yards of where ye're now sthandin', were simply blown out of ixistence; and another man at this very moment I'm spakin' to yez is lying over beyant there wid his hid crushed like an egg shell."

The men during this speech of Mike listened with increasing amazement, scarcely knowing whether to believe he had become daft, or whether some calamity really had occurred, which his method of describing rendered incomprehensible rather than clear to them.

Regarding their silence as evidence of their incredulity, Mike, after watching the expression of their countenances a moment, exclaimed,

"If yez don't belave me, gintlemen, come wid me," saying which, he shambled back to the scene of the tragedy, followed by the team and the two men. They drove up near the body and halted; and Mike then gave them a detailed account of what had occurred; but as it was given with many exaggerations and distortion of facts, the men, after he had finished, were but poorly qualified to render a correct report of what had happened. The story that Mike first told them, respecting the miraculous disappearance of the other highwayman and the two horses, he firmly adhered to; and we may presume that his vivid imagination, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, made this story even to himself appear perfectly true.

When his tale was finished, one of the men observed that there was a niece ring on the finger of the corpse; and he then asked Mike if there might not also be money in his pockets. "Indade," said Mike with a silent chuckle, "it's not meself that loikes to be fumbling in the pockets of a dead man. Yez moight search for yersilves." But while saying this, he did not hesitate to stoop down and secure the ring, as well as a diamond pin from the shirt front of the deceased—articles which he had before overlooked.

The men searched the pockets, but of course found nothing; and then, the question arose among them, as to what should be done with the corpse.

Finally, Mike suggested that, as they were going to Toronto, it would be the most proper thing for them to take it along with them, and deliver it to the coroner. It may be remarked that this, like many other of Mike's suggestions, was one of his cunning and ingenious devices to get rid of a disagreeable piece of work; for he feared that if he returned and informed Mr. Lawson that the body was still lying by the roadside, he might be sent back for it; and have to attend to its proper interment—a task by no means pleasant, as the body already gave signs of speedy decomposition. Mike, therefore, waxed eloquent in the portrayal of the honor and notoriety it would give them, to drive into the city with the body of such a desperate highwayman; one that everybody would be delighted to get rid of; and the account they could give of his tragic death and the storm would secure for them more prominence in the newspapers than was ever accorded the Governor-General. Mike's eloquence was not wasted; for the men were so wrought up by the graphic picture he had drawn that they would willingly have given the price of the butter they were taking to market, rather than lose their present chance of winning fame. They, therefore, made room in their wagon, and having made a couch of spruce boughs, they placed the corpse carefully on it, and then, covering it with more boughs, drove off.

Mike watched them with a gratified grin on his face, till they were out of sight; and then returning to his horse, mounted, and started for home. His thoughts meanwhile, if expressed, would have been as follows:

"Well, Mike, it's great credit ye desarve; ye've killed two birds wid wan sthone; ye've got all the implemints of defence, and all the property of the dead man; and ye've given the smellin carcass to them two blatherskites to take off; an' much joy may they ixperience in doin' it."

Mike reached the dwelling of Mr. Lawson, just as that gentleman had dressed and emerged from his sleeping apartment. He faithfully delivered up everything he had found on the body of the highwayman, but did not forget to give the hint to Mr. Lawson, as he had proposed to himself in the woods, that the knife and revolver should remain in his own possession. He was assured that, if no one proved within a time specified, that he had a valid claim upon the articles, they should be his; and as no such claim was ever presented, in due time Mike became their happy possessor.

We are sorry to say, however, that he was not quite so conscientious in relating the story of the removal of the corpse to Toronto as he was in giving up the money and other valuables found on it. While returning to Mr. Lawson's from the woods, he began to think it quite possible that the law required the bodies

of those murdered, or killed by accident, to be left where the death occurred, until after an inquest was held. He had heard that such was the case, and then too, Mr. Lawson might have some reason unknown to himself for wishing the body to remain, at least for the present, where it was found. The more Mike thought of the matter the more he feared that he had been altogether too officious, and, to save himself from the severe reprimand which he presumed Mr. Lawson might give him, he determined to deny that he was in any way instrumental in the removal of the body.

When, therefore, Mr. Lawson asked him how it happened that it was taken to Toronto, Mike promptly answered,

"Thot's a subject, yer honor, thot I've been very anxious to spake upon. I was quite sure yer honor'd not be plazed with the removal of the rimnants, an' so I towld them ignorant men; but if you'll belave me, sor, no argumints I could spake would prevail upon them to let the rimnants lie there, jist as we found thim. Ye see, it was this way, Mr. Lawson. They ripresinted to me, thot it is nicessary accordin' to law to deliver a body loike thot, thot's taken out o' the worruld suddenly and by accident, into the hands of the coroner with all possible speed and dispatch; and when I saw thot take it they would, I said 'Plaze yersilves gintlemen, but remimber I wash my hands of the whole thing; I'll have nothin' to do wid it. I rather suspect yer honor, the rayson why they were so fast to take it was, they thought to git a slice of the fee that the coroner gits for howldin' an inquist."

"Oh well, never mind that, Mike," said Mr. Lawson, "I'm very glad they took it; we shall not have to bother with it now."

Mike was sorely chagrined on learning that he had taken the trouble to invent a falsehood that had in no way benefited him, "But," he said to himself, "it's too late to corrict it now; and I see it's a fool I've made av meself, when I think av what it'll cost me to confess it to the praste."

Mr. Lawson on examining the pocket book that Mike took from the body of the robber found that, besides the money, it contained papers which evidently belonged to the farmer who was held up and robbed a few days previous, on the road near Toronto —a robbery which the reader will recollect May mentioned to John the morning he started to visit the bank. Mr. Lawson was slightly acquainted with the man, and he at once wrote, asking him to come and see him at his drug store in the city. He complied with the request, and so fully proved that the papers in Mr. Lawson's possession were taken from him, that there was no room for doubt that one of the men who robbed him was identical with the one who had been killed by lightning. On the person of the latter was found the sum of $200; his watch, ring and pin sold for

$125 more; and the whole amount, $325, after the deduction of a few dollars for legal advice and expenses, was turned over to the farmer, as partial reparation for his loss.

A little further account of the robbers, and Mike's muddled report of the late attempt at robbery will be learned in another chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE interest which the Upstones felt in the children committed to their charge naturally increased as time went on, until this interest ripened into affection for them, which rendered them not only keenly attentive to their necessities, but equally solicitous for their success and happiness in the future.

It had been their object to make the Bethesda a pleasant happy home for these unfortunates; one from which they would not continually desire and attempt to run away, as children often did from kindred institutions,—but a home in the correct signification of the word, where they would experience harmless pleasure and enjoyment; and around which happy memories would always linger. The contentment and general good feeling that prevailed among the children afforded evidence that this object was surely being accomplished. There was no running away now, nor threats of so doing, as there were on the arrival of the Upstones.

A lady who called one day, hearing a merry laugh from some of the children in the school-room, expressed much surprise and gratification at the incident, saying to Mrs. Upstone that she had visited many such institutions, and had often remarked that she had seldom or never heard one of the children laugh—they all seemed a sad and hopeless class, in whom the springs of childish merriment had dried up.

Several of the young ladies and gentlemen belonging to one of the city churches had formed a club for the purpose of visiting the charitable institutions of the city from time to time, to entertain the inmates with music, recitations and games; and the Bethesda was one of the places so favored. Among the number was a young gentleman of exceptionally good literary ability, who belonged to the editorial staff of one of the leading city dailies. It usually happened, therefore, that soon after one of these evening entertainments, a brief, but vivacious account of it would appear in the paper among the city locals. Two or three times there were also a few lines in these paragraphs complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Upstone in their management of the children.

Now, while they never sought these compliments, nor knew anything about them till they appeared in print, they were not wholly indifferent to them; since they gave additional evidence that their object mentioned above was, in a measure at least, achieved. They would have been greatly astonished, and received the information with a great deal of incredulity, had they been informed when these paragraphs first appeared that there was any one in the wide world who felt displeasure at the simple facts

published in them. Their astonishment and incredulity would have been still greater had they been told that any one of the directresses, or officers of the institution, was displeased with the paragraphs; for surely they, of all people, must be glad to know that visitors to the institution received the impression that it was flourishing under its present superintendent and matron. Such was the reasoning of Mr. and Mrs. Upstone, and consequently, they had no doubt that these harmless locals would be gratifying to the ladies. They had never thought of encouraging these entertainments without first obtaining their consent; and as the consent of Mrs. Lovelaw, and one or two more whom that lady consulted, was given apparently with cheerfulness, and with no sign of reluctance, Mark and his wife gave the visitors a very cordial welcome. Indeed, to accord them any different treatment, in the opinion of the Upstones, would have been boorish and indecent; for besides providing their own refreshments, nuts and candy for the children, they had a fine piano placed in the Home for the occasion.

It is needless, doubtless, to say, that the entertainments gave great delight to the children. There were always several children among the visitors; brothers and sisters of the older ones, which fact rendered the entertainment much more enjoyable to the others. After all the exercises on the programme had been finished, which occupied only about an hour, another hour was given to games, in which the Bethesda children participated. Learning that they could sing, and that they had also been accustomed to recite, the young people who gave the entertainment insisted—after the first one—that they should take part in the exercises, which they did in a manner that secured for themselves no little credit.

Mrs. Upstone could not remember the time when children were not very interesting and very dear objects to her; but Mark, on the other hand, could distinctly recollect when he had a decided antipathy to children. When he had them of his own, however, this antipathy began by degrees to abate; till he was conscious of possessing no ordinary degree of interest in childhood. He, therefore, found no small enjoyment in chatting with those of the Home, in listening to their various plans for the future, and in answering the questions for information respecting everything, in fact, with which they constantly plied him.

One of the favors which they often asked was, that he or Mrs. Upstone would read to them after they had retired. This was frequently granted; some interesting story or article, which they could understand, being selected for the purpose. But, however much they were interested in the reading at its commencement, they rarely remained awake till it was finished—the majority usually yielding to the soporific effects of listening while in bed, within fifteen minutes; and the rest within another equal period; hence, it

not unfrequently happened that the reader would find he had for some minutes been trying to entertain an audience which was fast asleep.

Yes, there was satisfaction, as well as amusement in watching the children, and listening to their quaint remarks. Scarcely a day passed but what some little incident, or some childish speech would provoke a hearty laugh, and thus relieve for the moment the monotony of their labors.

It has been a long time since we have mentioned Arthur and Annie Langdon, as, after they were once settled in the Home, their life in general differed none from that of all the rest. On account of being further advanced in his studies than the others, Arthur was entirely alone in two or three branches he was pursuing. Although he studied Latin, Mark had him devote his time chiefly to those things he believed would soonest fit him for business; as he hoped that when he left the Home it would be as the clerk of some commercial or professional man. He therefore had him give much time to bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, grammar and composition. The ability and taste he displayed in writing led Mark to the opinion that, if circumstances permitted him to pursue the vocation for which his talents were the best adapted, it would be a literary life.

The example of Arthur, as has already been stated, was of much benefit to Mr. and Mrs. Upstone; for while he played with the other boys, and was very fond of athletic sports and games, he never transgressed a rule; and was always so quiet, dignified and studious, his presence was a rebuke to those inclined to be mischievous or idle.

Arthur gave no evidence that he had inherited any of his father's talent for painting—this devotion to art having descended apparently to Annie. She was always painting and drawing; indeed, notwithstanding her obedience and docility, it was found necessary to chide her gently more than once for the time she spent at this, to the neglect of her lessons. But the proof she gave of talent in this direction, and the great enjoyment she experienced while thus employed, inclined Mark to grant her all the time for it he could without detriment to her success in other branches. She was not a precocious child; though her lessons were well learned and understood, she was not quicker in mastering them than some of the other girls of the same age. But she was a wonderfully attractive child—being endowed in large measure with that magnetism by which we are irresistibly drawn toward one without knowing the exact reason therefor. Her large, frank, blue eyes, the intelligent, as well as amiable expression of her whole face, and her grace of action—all made her a child that would be observed among a hundred, as one of no common mould.

We must not forget to assure the reader that Annie's talents were not ignored at the entertainments. Indeed, her vocal accomplishments rendered her a *prima donna* on the occasions; and scarcely anything elicited more applause than her singing and Arthur's flute solos.

Whatever the feelings that existed between Arthur and the other girls of the Home, it was a fact not long concealed from the Upstones that a warmer feeling than casual friendship existed between him and Lizzie Maynes. Not that either of them had been at all demonstrative, or had indicated by word or action which they supposed any one could understand, that their feelings toward each other were different from those which they cherished for all. But Mark knew from experience that a boy of thirteen may have feelings quite as intense, and dreams quite as romantic, as a young man of twenty-five; and he had very good reason for believing that girls of thirteen are equally susceptible and romantic. Now, while Arthur and Lizzie were models of dignity and modesty, and would have felt greatly embarrassed had they supposed any one imagined they loved each other, they could not avoid certain looks and actions which have always been an infallible index of the emotions. For instance, Mark had noticed that when Lizzie's eyes met those of Arthur there was in them a brighter gleam than they displayed at other times, and when Arthur gave her assistance in solving an example, as he often did, there were certain little tell-tale facial expressions that could readily be understood by an experienced observer. Both were fond of reading, and although Lizzie's time for it was limited, owing to her duties about the Home and the time required for her studies, she always managed somehow to read the books Arthur loaned her, in an incredibly short time. Mark, in humorous mood, asked her one day how it was she had not been able in three months to get through the book he had loaned her and advised her to read, and yet she had read three of Arthur's in the past month. Lizzie was much embarrassed by the question and blushed deeply; but she frankly replied that it was because she had found Arthur's books the more interesting. She was more embarrassed one day, however, and blushed more deeply at the vindictive speech of a little girl, who asked her at recess for some favor which was refused on the plea of want of time. The refusal so angered the child that she saucily replied,

"Oh no, you want time to talk to Arthur Langdon; you are in love with him, and we all know it."

As Arthur, and two or three of the older pupils were present as well as Mark, this was a very cruel speech, and Lizzie a moment later left the room, tears of vexation and mortification stealing down her cheeks. Mark called the rude little girl to him, reproved her sharply, and ordered her to sit on her seat during the remainder of the recess.

But the many events we wish to record demand that we turn our attention to other things.

Not long after Mrs. Lovelaw had triumphed in her efforts to obtain umbrellas for the children, she called at the Bethesda to instruct Mrs. Upstone as to the occasions when the umbrellas were to be used. We are not quite certain whether these instructions included notice not to have them used in fair weather, but we know they were very positive and explicit as to their use when it stormed, or when there was any appearace of a storm. No boy or girl must then go out, she assured Mrs. Upstone, without being provided with an umbrella. "The poor children," she said, "were so liable to colds at that season of the year, that, to send one out in stormy weather without an umbrella, was criminal neglect."

Mrs. Upstone shuddered at thought of the amount of crime there must have been committed at the Bethesda during the years there were no umbrellas for the children, but she assured Mrs. Lovelaw that she would be very careful to remember her suggestions. This was only a few days after what Mark called, "The Grand Umbrella Parade," but to which Mrs. Lovelaw made no allusion. Mrs. Upstone believed, however, that she was thinking of it when she said she hoped above all other things that the children would learn to handle the umbrellas properly, especially on the street, so as not to endanger any one's life. The opportunity was so favorable that Mrs. Upstone could not forbear asking very innocently if Mr. Hornblower was much injured the previous Sabbath. Mrs. Lovelaw, after regarding her with a vexed and suspicious look for a moment, asked what she meant.

"Why, Mr. Upstone said one of the boys carelessly thrust the end of an umbrella against him, and, as he turned and went back instead of going to church, I feared he might have been considerably hurt."

"Oh that didn't hurt him," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "but a boy knocked his hat into the mud, and as he did not care to wear it to church, he went home."

About a week after this call from Mrs. Lovelaw, Fred Burdick, the message boy, in obedience to her instructions, went to her house on a message. It was raining slightly, but Mrs. Upstone, having many things to attend to just at the time of his departure, forgot to give him an umbrella. Fred, however, having been told by both Mrs. Upstone and Mrs. Lovelaw not to go on a message when it was storming without taking one, knowing where the umbrellas were kept, took the liberty to provide himself with one. Three minutes after he had gone, Mrs. Upstone happened to think of her neglected duty, and not knowing that Fred had taken one, sent a boy after him in great haste with two, one for himself, and another for Fred. He soon overtook him, and finding that he

already had one, returned with the others. Fred had been ordered to stop at a house on his way to that of Mrs. Lovelaw, and obtain a letter for that lady. In executing this order, unfortunately, he forgot his umbrella, and left it at the house where he stopped. It was raining so little that he never thought of it till he was reminded by the stern voice of Mrs. Lovelaw,

"This is a fine day to be out without an umbrella. Did you meet many people on the street?"

"Not more than four or five."

"Were they laboring people, or ladies and gentlemen?"

"There were two cabmen, a man with a grocer's wagon, and one was Mrs. Thornburg."

"What, Mrs. Gustavus Thornburg?"

"Yes."

"Fred Burdick, you deserve a thrashing for coming out without an umbrella. Mrs. Thornburg is one of the most influential directresses of the Howard Institution, and I wouldn't have had her miss seeing you with an umbrella for anything. They don't provide umbrellas for their children at the Howard. But you just sit down here in the porch, Fred, till I finish my letter and write one to Mrs. Upstone. I want her to understand she must not send you out in the rain again without an umbrella."

Fred did as ordered, but the day was cold, besides being wet; and after sitting there nearly an hour in his damp garments, he returned to the Home, very cold and in such ill-humor he could not refrain from saying to Mrs. Upstone, that, if Mrs. Lovelaw had been half as anxious to give him a seat by the fire in her kitchen as she was that Mrs. Thornburg should see him with an umbrella, he would not have felt quite as cold as he then did. The remark was so sensible and just that Mrs. Upstone did not feel like rebuking him for criticizing one of the ladies.

The message boys had always been much displeased that Mrs. Lovelaw allowed none of them to enter her house—always making them wait outside.

It will be observed that Fred did not tell Mrs. Lovelaw he started with an umbrella and forgot it; his fear that she would be more angry than she was already preventing him from acknowledging that fact. But when he found that his neglect to do so was the cause of Mrs. Lovelaw's writing an impertinent letter to Mrs. Upstone, he was very sorry for his conduct and very glad to be the bearer of a letter from Mrs. Upstone to Mrs. Lovelaw explaining the whole matter. The first of these two letters was as follows:

"Mrs. Lovelaw desires that Mrs. Upstone will never send a boy out on such a day as this without an umbrella. Owing to inexcusable neglect to observe Mrs. Lovelaw's instructions respect-

ing this matter, Mrs. Upstone has not only caused us to lose a most favorable opportunity of showing a prominent lady of the Howard Institution how we care for our children, but has exposed our message boy to the imminent danger of contracting pneumonia, or some other dreadful disease."

Mrs. Upstone was, naturally, rather indignant on receiving the above letter, and though she strove hard to be very respectful and humble in her reply, the following shows the greatest degree of humility she could summon:

"Mrs. Upstone desires to say it is not her fault that the message boy did not have two umbrellas when he went to see Mrs. Lovelaw.

"Not knowing he had taken one, she sent a boy with one to overtake him, taking care also that the boy was provided with one for himself. On learning that Fred had one, he returned. Fred says he forgot to take the one he had with him, when he left the house where he called for a letter. He was very cold on returning home, and Mrs. Upstone deeply regrets that when he was so long without the comfort of a fire or even a house, he should have forgotten the umbrella."

What Mrs. Lovelaw thought of this letter Mrs. Upstone never knew; but, from the fact that she always treated her with more reserve than she had previously, she believed that its tone of sarcasm was not wholly lost.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THREE days after the attempted robbery related in a recent chapter, John and May were once more in their own home in Dexter. It is needless perhaps to say that John made no inquiry after Bridewell, nor did he or May speak of his narrow escape from being robbed till compelled to do so, to correct a most erroneous report of the affair, which appeared in one of the Toronto papers.

On their return Polly was still alive; but had been sinking gradually, and was now speechless, though she still retained her reason. Her wants were all made known to Aunt Kitty by looks and motions of the head and hands, which were as well understood by her aged benefactress as if they had been expressed verbally. John and May called to see her in the evening an hour or two after their return home, and the pleasant smile and pressure of the hand which greeted them declared plainly her joy at seeing them once more.

John told her of his success in obtaining the money, also of the fact that the unpaid interest had made the sum much larger than she had supposed it to be. He then asked her if she understood what he said, at which she smiled faintly, made a slight inclination of her head, reached out her hand, and pressing his own feebly, sank back upon the pillow and moved no more. In the morning she was dead.

A very respectable funeral was that which consigned her remains to their final rest. Aunt Kitty, in anticipation of the sad event, had ordered a fine casket some days before from Toronto, and the interest John and May had shown in her, and their kindness, as well as that of Aunt Kitty to her, had awakened a far kindlier sentiment towards her in the neighborhood than is usually manifested towards such unfortunates. In consequence, Aunt Kitty's cottage where the funeral service was conducted could not contain half the people who were present; hence, they stood about the door-way and open windows to listen to John's able and pathetic discourse. At the conclusion of the service, a hearse started with her body for Toronto, to place it beside the bodies of her husband and child. A carriage in which John and Tom Gordon rode accompanied the hearse to Toronto, and these were the only two who could go, Aunt Kitty feeling that the journey was too long for her to undertake, and May being too much fatigued by her late trip to repeat it so soon.

Many had been the expressions of sympathy offered to Aunt Kitty for her trouble and expense in caring for Polly, and more

than one had desired her to apply to the Municipal Council of the township for money to defray the funeral expenses, in case of her death. This was before she had learned Polly's history, and that she had money. Among those who had thus advised her, none had been more forward than Ben Fogg.

"Indeed, I'll do naething of the kind;" said Aunt Kitty; "mind ye, I'm not sayin' that if the puir thing dees, I'll refuse a bit o' help frae the Muneecepality toward defrayin' the funeral expenses, if they offer it; and if they choose to give Dr. Gibson summat, for a' his care and medecin', it's no business o' mine; but ne'er a penny wull I take fer my ain care o' puir Polly. If I should do a thing like that, I'd no be obeyin' the guid Book, which tells us to do guid to a' men, as we hae opportunity."

Disgusted and chagrined that Aunt Kitty paid so little attention to his counsels, Fogg did not hesitate to express to his neighbors his opinion that she was an old fool; and that if she lived a few years longer she would not leave Tom a foot of land, nor a roof to cover his head.

And when he learned that Aunt Kitty had ordered a casket from Toronto, and really intended to send the body of the deceased to that city for burial, he was nearly wild; he felt that the old woman must be checked in such acts of mad extravagance; it was a Christian duty that he felt constrained to perform. Hurriedly putting on his old coat and cap, therefore, he rushed to her house, and as soon as he had entered, relieved his feelings as follows:

"Aunt Kitty, you told me, you recollect, sometime ago, that you would let the Municipality pay the funeral expenses of Polly if she died."

"I think I did, Mr. Fogg; but, as you say, that was some time ago. Weel, what of it?"

"Well, there's this of it; as Reeve of the Municipality, it's my duty to inform you, that we can't allow any extravagance in the matter. I hear that you've ordered an expensive casket, and are talking of sending her body clear to Toronto for burial. I could hardly believe it, and I trust it's not true Aunt Kitty."

"Indeed it is true, Mr. Fogg;" and her mouth closed and eyes shone with a determination, the firmness of which Fogg knew too well, to imagine he could shake, but she must be told of her folly, so he continued,

"Why, Aunt Kitty, there'd be a rebellion before the Council would agree to any such extravagance as that. They would pay for only the plainest, cheapest kind of a coffin, or box, perhaps, and she must be buried here in Dexter. There's no cemetery here yet, but there's room enough in the woods, or I'd sell 'em a plot of ground for the purpose, dirt cheap."

"Weel Mr. Fogg, it's a fine compleement ye pay to a corpora-

tion o' which ye are the heid, to say they'd object to givin' anything but a box in which to bury a puir body like Polly, an' I blush for a' o' ye. But dinna worrit yersel, Meester Fogg; ye, nor the muneecipality will hae a penny to pay; an' puir Polly 'll be buryet in a casket, an' in Toronto; an what's more, Mr. Fogg, she'll hae a fine an' respectable gra'stun' at her gra'."

Seeing how useless it was to discuss the subject further with her, and finding it no easy matter to control his indignation at her plain speech, Fogg turned abruptly and left; muttering as he did so,

"The daft old cretur; she'll never know how kind I've been to her till she finds herself and Tom in the street."

The above incident occurred while John and May were absent on their trip to Blissville.

The second morning after their return, Fogg walked into the parsonage with a cunning smile on his face, and a newspaper in his hand. After the usual salutations, and a question or two, as to how they had enjoyed their visit, Fogg opened the newspaper, and pointing to an article, said to John,

"Can you tell me what this means?"

Whether the statements in the following article are the same, as they were understood by the two farmers to whom Mike told the story in the woods, or whether the newspaper reporter should be held responsible for the inaccuracies which the reader may discover in the article, we can not say; but this is what John read:

*"Thrilling Adventure! Miraculous Escape from Highwaymen! One of them killed by Lightning!"*

"This morning our worthy coroner, Dr. Cochrane, was roused from his slumber at an early hour by his servant, with the startling intelligence that a man had been killed, and was at that moment at his door, waiting for an inquest. Dressing as expeditiously as possible, and going out, he was astonished to find a rough farm wagon at his door, in which were several tubs of butter, and a corpse covered with a pile of brush.

"The team was in the care of two farmers from the vicinity of Blissville. Fortunately our reporter was near the doctor's house when this strange load arrived, and was on the spot to hear the story of the men, as they related it to the doctor. To make assurance doubly sure that there should be no mistake, he had them afterwards repeat it twice to himself; so there is not a shadow of doubt that the tale, as given to our readers, is substantially correct."

"Yesterday, just before noon, it seems that one of our well-known druggists and his father-in-law entered the ——— Bank and drew quite a large sum of money. A sleek, oily-tongued fellow, who represented himself as a minister, and gave his name as

Dawson—which is only one of many aliases,—approached them, and under the pretence of wanting to send a sum of money to Dexter, where, we understand, the father-in-law was going, he wormed himself into their good graces and confidence, found out all their business, and at what hour they were to leave the city. It seems that he has been preaching up in Dexter, and from what we learn of him, there is no doubt that he persuaded the people there that he is a thoroughly converted man, has a call to preach the Gospel, and is extremely anxious for the salvation of souls."

"In returning home last night in the terrific thunderstorm, the druggist and his father-in-law had reached the strip of woods near Blissville, when they were held up by two masked horsemen, and ordered to give up their money. Just as they were in the act of complying with the order, providentially the lightning struck a huge hemlock standing near, rending it into a thousand pieces. One of these struck one of the robbers, killing him instantly; crushing his head in a most frightful manner. The report so frightened the horses of the druggist that they ran away; but fortunately no accident happened, and they arrived safely at his home. They supposed that the man who was killed was Dawson, the bogus minister; but from the fact that his body has been identified by policemen and others here in the city to-day as that of a man named Wingate, it is evident they were mistaken. But what became of the other robber is not known. The men who brought the corpse to the city report that he and his horse disappeared miraculously at the moment his confederate was killed; and when our reporter pressed them to state what they believed became of him, they answered in all sincerity, they believed he was snatched away by his confederate, the devil. When asked, however, if they believed he took his horse also, they declined to express an opinion.

"We came near forgetting to state that the reason the druggist and his father-in-law had for believing that one of the robbers was the same man who spoke to them in the bank was, that they mentioned the very sum that was drawn; and which, we understand, was something over three thousand dollars."

"Later. Since writing the above, we have learned that Wingate—which name probably was not his real one—had for some time been under police surveillance, as there were strong reasons for suspecting that he was one of those concerned in the robberies that have recently been perpetrated in this city and vicinity. He had been known to visit house No. — on ——— street, quite often; and this house was entered by the police to-day, but the birds had flown; leaving some old, worthless furniture, and an innumerable number of empty bottles. They learned from the owner of the house that the parties who have occupied it were

there yesterday; consequently, it seems highly probable that the death of Wingate, last night, frightened the others and induced them to decamp."

"But it adds somewhat to the mystery that the owner of the house is quite sure that the man who was one of his strange tenants could not have been identical with Dawson, the bogus minister, who has been preaching in Dexter, as he is positive that his tenant has been in the house every day; at least for some time, and seldom went out. We can, therefore, only conclude that there was a well-organized band of at least three or four, of which Dawson was one.

"It is satisfactory to know that the career of one of these desperadoes has been brought to a sudden close, and it is to be hoped that if a similar fate is not awaiting the other members of the gang, who are now at large, they may be discovered by the police and receive their just deserts."

When John had read a portion of the article he turned pale; and Fogg who was watching him with keen interest observed that his hand shook violently; and his mental verdict was, "By George, he is guilty!" But when John had finished the article, his face resumed its natural color; he dropped the paper and laughed so long and heartily that Fogg found the mirth contagious and laughed too; his former verdict giving place to the following: "It's some stupid blunder of the newspaper men." May, attracted by the laughing, entered the room, and John picking up the paper, pointed to the article and requested her to read it; he and Fogg watched her with smiling faces, while she did so. She had only partially read it, when she too, began to tremble, and looking up, exclaimed,

"Why, John, this is dreadful! What will you do?"

"Do nothing, of course," he replied; "but the article will be a good lesson to show us what reliance to place on newspaper reports."

May read on, and having finished it threw down the paper in disgust, and throwing her arms about John's neck burst into tears.

"To think," she exclaimed, "that they should have the audacity to publish such dreadful stuff about you! But you surely will answer it, John, and let them and their readers know what a mean stupid falsehood they have told?"

"I believe I will, come to think of it," said John; "and let them know that the bogus parson is back again in Dexter, and still anxious for the salvation of souls."

He gave Fogg a true statement of as much of the story as he saw fit, without letting him know that it was he who drew the money, or that Polly was in any way connected with it; and after

Fogg had gone, he sat down and wrote to the Toronto editor, who penned the article given above.

He showed up the blunders in the article in such vivid and humorous style, yet so politely, that the letter attracted much notice; and not only caused the editor much chagrin, but won no little respect for John. The paper in which it was published contained a long and humble apology from the editor, and John also received many letters—some from individuals he had never seen —which were filled with compliments and congratulations.

A week had passed since John's return from the burial of Polly, and her secret with regard to her money had been well kept; no one, as yet, knew it in Dexter but John, May, Aunt Kitty and Tom. Aunt Kitty had instructed John, when he and Tom went to Toronto with Polly's body, to order appropriate tomb-stones for her, and he did so. Meanwhile, Fogg had seen everything going on as Aunt Kitty had predicted; and he had been busy informing his acquaintances, and especially his colleagues in the Municipal Council, what outrageous things she was doing; and much comfort did he and the latter take together in discussing the chagrin she would experience on learning that the Council would refuse to countenance her extravagance and folly. The truth is, he did not believe that she would bear all the expense herself, but felt quite sure she would expect considerable help from the Council; and he felt equally sure that she would not get it.

A few days after the funeral, Dr. Gibson happened to come along as Aunt Kitty was in her front yard by the road side, and stopping, as he often did for a friendly chat, the conversation turned to Polly and her sickness. Aunt Kitty finally asked him what his bill would have been had Polly been able to pay him, and had he charged his usual price for attending her. He replied that he could not readily answer the question, as he had not thought of charging; consequently, had kept no account of his attendance.

"Weel, doctor, I have special reasons for askin'; do ye think feefty dollars would be eneuch?"

It may be proper to state that, from the time Aunt Kitty had learned Polly's circumstances, up to the time of her death, she had kept a careful account of the number of calls the doctor had made, so that she could form a pretty correct estimate of the entire number; making it not less than twenty-five. A dollar and a half was his usual fee for calling, anywhere within a mile and a half from his office; but she reflected that the doctor was poor; that he had been most faithful in his attendance on Polly, even when he expected nothing for it; he had also bought the sick woman several little delicacies; therefore, she felt that it would be no more than just that he should receive two dollars for each visit. In reply to her last question, as stated above, the doctor reflected a moment and said,

"Oh yes, fifty dollars would be more than enough."

"Step inside a moment, doctor," and she moved toward the door followed by the doctor, who was thinking that very likely Aunt Kitty had been making another jar of the nice beer of which he was so fond. But when they were inside, she gave him a chair, and then stepping briskly into her bedroom, soon returned with a small roll of bank notes in her hand, which she presented to him, saying,

"There, doctor, is feefty dollars, which I think ye've weel earnt in your care o' the puir soul."

The doctor for a moment seemed unable to comprehend her; he flushed, looked first at Aunt Kitty to see whether she was not playing some cruel joke, and then at the money, without touching it, and finally stammered,

"Oh you're joking, Aunt Kitty; you certainly can't mean that you are going to pay me for treating that poor woman. Do you suppose I would allow you to do that?"

"Indeed it's nae joke, doctor. It's Polly's ain money, an ye hae a pairfect richt to it."

"But what about yourself, Aunt Kitty? If she had this amount of money it is yours; you should keep it, for all the trouble and expense you have had."

Seeing that he was firm in his determination not to take it, she first exacted a promise from him that he would keep the matter a secret, for the present, at least, after which she told him Polly's story; what was to be done with the money that was left and why she had seen fit to pay him so liberally for his professional services.

The doctor listened with rapt attention, and after she had concluded the story, sat silently pondering the strange event for some moments, when he said,

"Well, Aunt Kitty, it really does seem that, 'truth is stranger than fiction'; but since the circumstances are so different from what I imagined, of course, I shall not object to accepting payment for my treatment of the deceased. But I think it would be far more reasonable and just for you to keep, at least, ten dollars of the sum there is in this roll for yourself."

"Na, na, I'll do naething o' the kind; it's reet that ye should hae it; sae take it, an say nae mair aboot it," and Aunt Kitty thrust the money ino his coat pocket.

"You may be sure, Aunt Kitty, that I shall never forget your kindness; the money, just at this particular time, when I scarcely knew what to do, seems to come as a gift direct from heaven," and the tears gathered in the doctor's eyes as he rose to depart, and pressed Aunt Kitty's hand.

"Indeed, doctor, frae what ither place could it hae come? Did He na say, 'I'll never le'ye nor forsake ye?'"

The friendship which sprang up between the doctor and Aunt Kitty during Polly's sickness, and which was firmly cemented at the interview just described, continued through the remainder of Aunt Kitty's life; and when the doctor's affairs had become prosperous, and he had built a fine residence, about half a mile from her cottage, he used now and then to send his carriage for her; and she was entertained by himself and family in royal style.

It was at the usual mid-week service, a few days after Polly's death, that John informed his congregation that the late Mrs. Polly Carman, just previous to her death, had declared to the surprise of her nearest friends that she had quite a sum of money in a Toronto Bank; and, that as she had no relatives, she would bequeath it to her kind friend and benefactress, Mrs. Gordon. But as Mrs. Gordon had magnanimously declined to accept it for her own personal use, and wished to have it devoted to the building of a church in Dexter, the matter had been laid before Mrs. Carman, and she had willingly consented that it should be used for this purpose. He said it had seemed wiser to her friends to keep the matter secret for a time, until they were perfectly sure that the poor woman was not mistaken; and that the money could be obtained on her order. He was pleased to state that the steps necessary to ascertain these facts had been taken, and that the money had been secured and was now in Dexter; ready to be applied to the building of the church—the sum that was left after paying the doctor's bill, funeral expenses and for gravestones amounting to fourteen hundred and eighty dollars. He then gave notice that he wished to meet the male members of his church on an evening specified, to confer with them respecting the site of the church; also as to whether it should be built for the sum they already had, or whether a subscription should be taken to raise money to erect a more expensive one.

As may be supposed, John's disclosure caused a sensation; it was the subject of conversation of everybody in Dexter for weeks. All were glad, of course, to have a church; but then, there were few who could understand Aunt Kitty's magnanimity in giving the money for a church instead of keeping it herself. Many were the individuals who wisely shook their heads and remarked that they had before suspected the old lady was a little "off," or that she had given previous evidence of approaching dotage, and that they felt deep sympathy for poor Tom. As for Aunt Kitty herself, it did not matter so much, as she would live only a few years at most; but it was such a terrible misfortune to Tom to have his mother squander property that would have given him such a start in life. But of those who felt dissatisfied or aggrieved with the present condition of things, there was no one so badly affected as Ben Fogg. He was stirred by mingled feelings of regret, jealousy and

indignation—regret that he should have turned Crazy Polly from his door that stormy day, when, if he had admitted and cared for her, as Aunt Kitty did, all her money might have been left to him. Jealousy racked him, that such good fortune should fall to Aunt Kitty—the one whom, of all the people in Dexter, he most disliked; chiefly, because she knew him so well, understood his cunning schemes, and did not hesitate to expose them, and to hold his meanness before his own eyes for inspection. He was indignant, that, knowing Polly's circumstances as she did, when he last talked with her about receiving help from the Council, she had told him nothing; and thus permitted him to talk to others respecting the advisability of helping her; so that now his humiliation was the more complete.

"The cunning old jade," he said to himself; "it's only another of the tricks she's so often played to bring me into public ridicule and disrepute, and I'll not soon forget it."

He did not reflect that his humiliation was the result of his own folly and meanness—that the last time he had talked with Aunt Kitty relative to aid the Council might give, he assured her in the most unfeeling manner, before she had even mentioned the matter, that she could expect no aid, unless she was willing that Polly should be buried in the same way in which people usually bury animals. Neither did he reflect that his chief object in talking to others about Polly's funeral was to expatiate on Aunt Kitty's folly and ignorance; and the depth of her humiliation on learning the decision of the Council. He felt offended with John, too, because he had withheld from him the secret he would have been so glad to know, and had thus virtually aided and abetted Aunt Kitty in making game of him; forgetting that John had told none of his neighbors, all of whom had as good reason for wishing to know it, and quite as good claim on his confidence as Fogg had.

The members of John's church met, pursuant to the notice he had given, and after a great deal of useless talk and discussion, it was finally decided—inasmuch, as lumber was so cheap and plentiful in that section—to erect a wooden church edifice, costing not more than two thousand dollars; but as they had only fourteen hundred and eighty, the balance should be raised by subscription—subscribers having the option of paying in money, material, or labor. A building committee of three was appointed, of which John was to be chairman; and this committee was also to select the site. There were four spots mentioned which were appropriate for this purpose, and between which there was little choice; but as they were all owned by different parties, it was necessary to ascertain with which they could make the best terms. One of these sites was on Fogg's land; and he also was one of the building committee. In his opinion, the site he owned was far preferable

to the others; and he was anxious to have them decide, then and there, to purchase it for one hundred dollars.

The other member of the committee besides John would doubtless have acceded to this proposal, as he owed Fogg, and generally stood in awe of him, but John objected to any such hasty proceedings before they had even had a chance to learn what terms could be made with the other land owners; and so the subject was postponed for the present, much to Fogg's displeasure. The meeting then closed with the understanding that the committee should ascertain which site could be obtained at the lowest price; and that they should meet two evenings later, and bring in their reports.

At the second meeting, Fogg was in no better humor than he was when they last separated; for one man had offered a church site for fifty, and another for twenty-five dollars.

"I can do still better," said John; "for Aunt Kitty offers us a site for nothing."

"Well, Mr. Dawson," said Fogg; "do you think it would be right to accept it? Do you think it right to encourage that foolish old woman to go on in the way she has been going lately, and squander what little there is left for Tom?"

"If it is your idea, Mr. Fogg," said John, "that what is given towards building a house for the worship of God is simply squandered, I do not see how you can conscientiously act as one of the building committee."

That Fogg felt the rebuke keenly was evident from the way the blood rushed to his face; and though he made no audible reply, the thoughts he could not refrain from expressing in low whispers were as follows:

"That blasted woman! it seems as if the devil himself is helping her to thwart my plans, and humiliate me in everything I undertake. It wasn't enough to make me a laughing stock only a few days ago, but now she must step in and as good as take a hundred dollars right out of my pocket; the old jade."

But notwithstanding his ill feelings and desire to sell his own land for a church site, Aunt Kitty's offer was accepted; and the ground was at once prepared for the foundation.

In one thing, however, Fogg had his own way; John was anxious to have the whole work done by contract, but Fogg was opposed to this plan, and through his influence over the other member of the Board, he carried his point. In consequence, the next six months were extremely busy ones for John; for, as his colleagues in office had but little interest in the work compared with his own, the greater part of the labor and care fell to him. From the very moment work was begun, up to the time when the church was completed, there was scarcely a day or an hour when

he was not obliged to look after some part of the work, seeing that proper material was used; that nothing was wasted; that competent workmen were employed; and that their time was used to the best purpose.

It was only his keen interest in the work, his desire to have a good building, one honestly and thoroughly constructed in every part, that induced him to accept a position as one of the building committee; but it was fortunate for the church organization that he did so; for otherwise the building would have been far inferior to what it now was; his former experience at carpentry making it impossible for a workman to leave anything not well and thoroughly done without being quickly detected. His knowledge of lumber also served the same good purpose; as Fogg learned to his chagrin. The extent of his subscription toward the building was a thousand feet of lumber; it being understood that it was to be of the best quality. When it was drawn, however, John informed him that it was of such inferior quality it could not be used for what he desired. Fogg haggled, and tried to convince him that for that special object it would answer as well as a better quality; but John was firm in his opinion, and would not accept it; hence, Fogg had to replace it with a much better quality. Of the latter kind, he had a large quantity; but as he could sell this readily, at any time, he cunningly reasoned that, if he could pay his subscription with the inferior lumber, it would be so much money saved.

You, no doubt, kind reader, have known more than one church member who enjoyed the same convenient, flexible conscience.

It was a happy day for John, when, in the early part of December, about six months after its commencement, the church edifice was completed. It had cost him many a season of care and anxiety, many a mile of travel, and many a hard day's work; for, more than once, he had taken the place of a carpenter on the work, and filled it several days in succession; besides all the labor and worry he experienced in superintending the whole. When, therefore, he saw it completed, he felt a sense of relief from bondage that gave him actual enjoyment. The event too, afforded May as much joy as it did John; for it was quite natural that she should have sympathized with him in all his vexations and hardships, and, consequently, suffered to a greater or less extent, mentally and physically; but now, when this was all happily ended, and they had a neat, substantial church which the people attended in large numbers, both were highly gratified, and felt that they had not labored and suffered for naught.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

In the present chapter we shall endeavor to show the tribulations which Mark experienced in discharging those duties which brought him in contact with the treasurer of the Bethesda, Mrs. Fernleaf; in learning to adapt himself to her peculiar idiosyncracies.

It was his misfortune to commit several blunders in his intercourse with that lady, and generally, from the same cause—embarrassment, through fear of offending her. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, through nervous excitement, or excessive desire to please her.

But sympathize with him as we may, and strive to screen him from fault, or awkwardness, as we will, to be honest, we must acknowledge that Mark, like every one else connected with the Bethesda, from the President to the cook in the kitchen, was afraid of Mrs. Fernleaf, and no wonder; she weighed two hundred, while her dignity would have awed Caesar, and her frown terrified Wellington.

A very fine looking lady was Mrs. Fernleaf; she was tall, of commanding presence, a brunette of marked type, and her beauty would have been deemed perfect had it not been marred by a defect in one eye, making her decidedly cross-eyed.

Mark sometimes thought it was providential for him that Mrs. Fernleaf had this defect, for had the fire of both eyes been focussed on him when she was excited, he was sure nothing could have saved him from annihilation.

It might have been the slight acquaintance Mark had with Mr. Fernleaf, and reports he had heard, that heightened his awe of her. Compared with his wife, Mr. Fernleaf was lilliputian in size; a wonderfully meek little man, with a frightened look, and an indescribable air which gave one the impression that he continually expected a cuff. It was reported that, driven to desperation by the tyranny of his wife, he once threatened, like Mr. Mantilini, to become "a moist unpleasant body." So devoid, however, was she of conjugal affection, she assured him he could give her no greater delight. This assurance gave Mr. Fernleaf his quietus; he had never since attempted to assert his rights.

Mark felt that while there were traits in Mrs. Fernleaf to admire, she had a few unpleasant characteristics. So long as the sea on which she sailed was tranquil, there was no more agreeable person to meet than Mrs. Fernleaf; but let it be disturbed by a breath of adverse wind, and the transformation in her was startling to witness.

The difference Mark found between her and most individuals he had met was her disposition to magnify molehills into mountains. Things that others would regard as trivial, and perhaps not even deign to notice, Mrs. Fernleaf would pounce upon, and make the subjects of endless discussion. A pen, an inkstand, or a piece of paper removed from the spot where she expected to find it, would often cause a storm of alarming dimensions and character. It is not surprising therefore that Mark said he felt in his business relations with her very much as if he were handling kegs of nitroglycerine; he never knew when one would explode. With such feelings, we are not astonished that he made a good many foolish mistakes—such as paying her five or ten dollars too much several times; leaving his pocket-book at her house; and even bringing back the very thing he had gone to her house specially to leave.

Mrs. Upstone once told him he seemed to have lost his head in visiting Mrs. Fernleaf. Mark humbly confessed that, if he had not already lost it, he felt every time he visited her, that, he was in imminent danger of it.

It happened several times that Mrs. Fernleaf paid at the Bethesda those with whom she was doing business. It sometimes also occurred that either because she had not money enough with her or because she could not change the bank notes presented, she would borrow certain sums of money of Mark for a few days—sums varying in amount from two or twenty dollars. After thus accommodating her half a dozen or more times, it chanced that Mark found it absolutely necessary to borrow a few dollars, to augment the sum he had, sufficiently, to pay a bank note just maturing; and he thought he need not now fear to ask Mrs. Fernleaf for the loan of the small sum of seven dollars for a fortnight —the interval that would elapse before his monthly salary would be due. It was not pleasant to ask for a pecuniary favor, however small, but surely, he thought, she cannot be rude enough to refuse it if she recollects the times she has borrowed of me. He therefore wrote her a polite note, stating his necessities, and sent it to her house by the message boy. Fortunately, for himself—Mark believed—she was not at home, having left the city for a few days; but Mr. Fernleaf was there, and he, having nothing to do except to enjoy their inherited thousands, usually attended to his wife's business in her absence. He therefore read Mark's letter, and at once sent him the desired sum.

At the next monthly meeting, Mark gave the sum he borrowed to Mrs. Fernleaf, remarking as he did so that he wrote to her, not knowing she was absent asking a small loan.

"I know you did," she replied.

Her manner not quite pleasing Mark, he added, "but I'll see that the thing does not occur again."

"I hope you will, Mr. Upstone," was the reply.

"Upon my soul," said Mark to himself, "you are decidedly blunt for a lady who is so punctilious with regard to etiquette, and aspires to such high social distinction." But what struck Mark as the most peculiar thing was Mrs. Fernleaf's assumption that she had a perfect right to continue to ask him for these small favors, while denying to him the right to ask even one of herself.

Some months after the last incident, Mrs. Fernleaf called at the Bethesda when on her way to some other quarter of the city, and informed Mark that she had agreed to leave a sum of money there for another party; and, as she had forgotten to take money enough with her on leaving home, she was obliged to ask him for it.

The sum she wished to leave was fifteen dollars, and Mark made the mistake of supposing that this was the sum she wished to borrow. Not having that amount on hand, he told her he regretted that he could not accommodate her."

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't it?" asked Mrs. Fernleaf with such a tragic air, Mark was quite startled.

"I do, most certainly, Mrs. Fernleaf," he replied in emphatic tones; nettled at the doubt of his veracity implied in her question.

"Why," she said, "this is only Wednesday, and I paid you seventy dollars last Monday;" and she looked as if wondering whether he couldn't see the futility of telling her so improbable a story as that he could get rid of seventy dollars in two days.

"Very true, you did," he replied; "nevertheless, I haven't that sum now, nor ten dollars."

"Why, what do you do with your money?" was the next question that astonished Mark; in truth, he was so much astonished, he fancied he must have misunderstood her; for he could not imagine a question so impertinent being asked seriously by a lady of Mrs. Fernleaf's high pretensions. But a little reflection assured him he had not misunderstood her—the question was in keeping with those that had preceded it. He, therefore, repressed the words he was tempted to speak, and said,

"I should find it rather difficult, Mrs. Fernleaf, to tell you just where, and in what way, I dispose of what little money I get; but I think, saying I pay my debts with it, would be a very correct way of accounting for it."

"Well, I couldn't imagine," said Mrs. Fernleaf, "such a thing as your not having five dollars to loan me."

"I could loan you five dollars, Mrs. Fernleaf, but I understood that you want fifteen."

"Oh no, I wish to leave fifteen, but am obliged to borrow but five; so, if you have that sum, I will take it."

Mark loaned her the money, even without telling her he hoped she would not allow the thing to occur again.

But another incident occurred which tried Mark's temper more than anything he had before met in his experience as superintendent.

Mrs. Fernleaf sometimes gave a sum of money either to Mark or Mrs. Upstone, to be divided between them, to use in payment for such things as might be required in their respective departments. On a certain occasion she gave Mrs. Upstone the sum of $30 to be so used. Mrs. Upstone, after buying several yards of print and other things required in making clothing, gave the balance to Mark. As usual, at the next monthly meeting, he presented a statement of all the cash transactions during the past month, and the sum of thirty dollars was mentioned with the rest; as well as the various things to which it had been applied. Months passed, and Mrs. Fernleaf was busy with her accounts preparatory to making out her report for the Annual Meeting. One day Mark received an urgent message from her, saying she wished to see him at her house. He accordingly answered the summons, and found Mrs. Fernleaf in a very unpleasant humor.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Upstone," she said, "to explain something in your bookkeeping I confess I am not wise enough to understand."

"Well, Mrs. Fernleaf," he said, "I don't believe I have done anything in the way of bookkeeping that I can't explain."

"I find," she replied, "that last May Mrs. Upstone received thirty dollars, the receipt of which is acknowledged here in your book all right; but not a word nor a scrap of paper to show what was done with it; I have been searching all the morning for something that will throw light on the matter, but all in vain. Now, if you will just explain to me what was done with that money, you'll relieve me of very unpleasant feelings."

Like all sensitive and nervous individuals in like positions, Mark was nearly paralyzed by the disagreeable circumstances so suddenly confronting him. To be asked to explain what he did with a small sum of money received six or seven months before when he had received and paid out from three to five hundred dollars every month since was indeed a difficult problem; and for a short time, he could think of nothing, except that it was fortunate the sum was so small, he could replace it. But then came the thought—what good will that do you? If you pay it back, these ladies will regard it as positive evidence that you stole it, and refunded it, only after your rascality was discovered.

On the present occasion, his nervousness grew less by degrees, and he soon became able to think; but while he was positively certain that a full statement of the way the money was expended had been given Mrs. Fernleaf; if she had lost it, he was not sure he could now account for the money. After short reflection, he said,

"I believe, Mrs. Fernleaf, that with a little time I can account for this, but I cannot at this moment."

"No, of course not; I never saw such a specimen of bungling and ridiculous bookkeeping in my life. That is the way. I prepare my accounts," and as she said this, she spread out a large double sheet on the desk before him, which was filled with columns and double columns of figures, looking very neat and scholarly; as if it might have been the work of an astronomer in calculating the eclipses of Uranus. Mark was in no mood for falling into rapturous admiration of the work, first, because he was aware that Mrs. Fernleaf knew comparatively little about bookkeeping; and in making up her accounts, always relied on the aid of Mr. Fernleaf, who was an experienced accountant; and next, because he was annoyed at the rude manner in which she was accusing him of blunders she had made herself. He therefore, firmly, yet very respectfully, said,

"When I presented a statement of the transactions for May, I also gave you a paper containing a full explanation of how every cent was used."

"O no, you didn't," she answered very quickly, and in anything but a refined manner and voice, "because if you had, I should have it now. I always keep every scrap of paper of that kind, very carefully; and never lost one in my life."

Though angry he merely said, "I trust, Mrs. Fernleaf, I can yet prove to you that I am correct;" he then departed, promising to report the result of his researches the following day. Fervent was the prayer he breathed while walking to the Bethesda, that he might be successful in his efforts to show for what purpose the money had been used. He believed that somewhere among his papers he would find a memorandum of just what he purchased, with his share of the thirty dollars, but he feared that Mrs. Upstone could not now show what she had purchased with her part of the money.

As soon as he had entered their room, she knew that he had had an unpleasant interview with Mrs. Fernleaf, and she anxiously asked why that lady wished to see him.

Mark gave her a full history of what had occurred, and as soon as he had finished, she said,

"You need give yourself no anxiety, my dear, for I have preserved the receipted bills of every thing I purchased with that money;" and she got and showed them to him. In looking them over, one item recalled all the circumstances connected with the receipt and disbursement of that particular sum of money; and taking his diary from his pocket, and turning to the pages devoted to "memoranda," he found the very thing he required—a careful statement of how every cent of what he received of the thirty dol-

lars was used. He had forgotten it was there; but he now recollected that it was from this very memoranda, he had copied the statement presented to Mrs. Fernleaf. Moreover, what he had now discovered brought to mind an incident that occurred in the Council Room at the time he gave the vouchers to Mrs. Fernleaf, and, by which, he was sure he could make her remember that she had received them. He sat down, therefore, and wrote a letter, showing how every penny of the sum that had caused her such "unpleasant feelings" had been used; and giving her positive proof that this was the second time he had provided her with the same evidence.

He sent it to her by one of the boys in little more than an hour from the time he left her house in such despondent spirits; wondering as he did so, whether she would ever deign to apologize.

Mrs. Upstone could not repress a little, scornful laugh when Mark repeated the assertion of Mrs. Fernleaf, that she had never in her life lost a paper of any importance, owing to her vigilance in caring for her documents.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Upstone, "of the great fuss she made about a certain receipt I had taken, and put away so carefully I had forgotten what I did with it. After a long search I found, and gave it to her on the day of one of the monthly meetings. After the ladies had gone home, I found the receipt on the floor of the Council Room, looking as if it had been trampled on all day."

The next day, Mark had occasion to call on Mrs. Fernleaf again, and for once he was pleased to do so; for he was anxious to see how she would appear after having read his letter. She did not allude to it, and doubtless had no intention of doing so, but Mark was not disposed to let her escape thus easily, and he finally said,

"I suppose you had no difficulty, Mrs. Fernleaf, in recalling the fact of my giving you the vouchers, as I claimed yesterday?"

He was standing near her, and watched the expression of her face keenly as he said this; and it was very gratifying to him to see that she colored slightly, as she answered,

"I believe I do recollect something about it; I probably dropped the papers from my account book, as I was coming home, and never noticed them."

"And yet," said Mark to himself, "it was only yesterday, you told me I never gave them to you; that you couldn't have lost them, as you never lost an important paper in your life." But he was satisfied; he had cleared himself of every suspicion of wrongdoing or of error; and shown that whatever trouble there was arose from the fault of his accuser. But, however cautious he was to avoid giving offence to this lady, he found it was impossible;

consequently, not many months after the last incident related, he was once more in collision with her. Soon after he accepted the position of superintendent, having occasion to send a message to one of the ladies whose address he did not know, he asked it of Mrs. Fernleaf, as he chanced to be at her house on other business. After she had given it, a little conversation ensued with regard to the fact that the address of some of the ladies usually changed every spring; "And I would suggest, Mr. Upstone," she said, "that it would be well enough for you to have a list of all their addresses, to which you can refer when necessary."

Mark said he thought the suggestion a good one, and that he had decided to ascertain whether the message boy knew them sufficiently well to write them down without error. Dick Storrs was the message boy at that time, and the next day, at Mark's request, he wrote out what he claimed was a correct list of all the ladies' names and addresses. Mark put it away in his desk; but as he never had occasion to refer to it, after a few months it became mixed up with numerous other papers that he regarded of little importance, yet preserved, owing to the remote possibility that they might sometime be required.

More than a year had now passed, and it happened again that one of the ladies failed to receive notice of a regular monthly meeting. There were two of the ladies who bore the same name —Nodgrass, and they lived near each other, though not on the same street—one living in a large house on a side street only two or three doors from the other house, which occupied a corner lot. It was owing to the fact that they had the same name, and lived near each other, that mistakes often occurred—one Mrs. Nodgrass receiving the letter or article designed for the other. It seems that the boy, who delivered the notices in the section where these two ladies lived was not aware that there was more than one Mrs. Nodgrass who was a directress; therefore, when he had delivered a notice to her, he thought he had fulfilled his duty; and without looking to see whether the full addresses were precisely the same, doubtless threw the other notice away. He said, however, when called to account, that on finding he had two notices for Mrs. Nodgrass, he supposed two had been prepared for her through mistake; hence, he kept one and had lost it. But Mark believed he had either thrown it away or destroyed it; and was prevented through fear from acknowledging the fact, when he saw the jeopardy he was in from not having delivered it.

But the excitement caused by the non-delivery of that notice was an event in Mark's experience at the Bethesda that he never forgot. It reminded him of the scene he once witnessed in a frontier village of Vermont, the morning after burglars had blown open three safes in different business houses of the place, and

secured ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Nodgrass was neither very prominent, nor very active among the ladies of the Bethesda; and it might have been owing to this fact that she was the more enraged. She might have felt that, even if it were not an intentional slight, it would not have happened had she been a person of more influence; for then, every one from Mrs. Lovelaw to the message boy would have been on the *qui vive* to prevent the occurrence of any mistake. But whether this was her reasoning or not, the storm she raised showed that she deemed herself of quite sufficient importance to be treated with as much respect as any lady of the institution.

As secretary, Mrs. Lovelaw was, of course, the one whom Mrs. Nodgrass thought was responsible for the humiliation she had experienced; and to Mrs. Lovelaw, therefore, she described her wounded feelings, and expressed her opinion of the treatment she had received. It was only after Mrs. Lovelaw had protested her innocence, over and over again, and threatened the one at the Bethesda, who was found guilty of the offence, with dire and sudden vengeance, that Mrs. Nodgrass was so far mollified, as to refrain from threatening further to resign.

The same day that the above interview occurred, Mrs. Lovelaw appeared at the Home, to look for the one who had placed her at logger-heads with Mrs. Nodgrass. Her first inquiry was of Mrs. Upstone, to know, if, when she sent the boys to deliver the notices for the last meeting, she had observed a notice addressed to each of the two ladies named Nodgrass. Mrs. Upstone recollected having seen the two, and though this information afforded Mrs. Lovelaw great relief, the importance of the case demanded that she should continue her investigations, discover, and punish the offender.

As Mrs. Upstone could not recollect what boy delivered notices in the section where the mistake occurred, an appeal was made to the boys; and it was soon discovered that Willie Hays, a boy about twelve years old was the unlucky urchin. He was, therefore, taken by Mrs. Upstone into the Council Room to Mrs. Lovelaw, and though he was not conscious of having done any wrong, the fact that he was summoned before that lady to answer for something—some sin of omission or commission—was sufficient to inspire him with terror; and he could not have looked or appeared much different had he been going to execution. As he walked up in front of the desk where Mrs. Lovelaw was sitting, she fastened her eyes on him, and, as if to render the interview more impressive to him, for some moments she did not speak. But finally, with tones and manner calculated to make him understand that the offence was a most serious one, she began,

"Willie Hays, why did you not deliver the notice to Mrs. Henry Nodgrass, when you were delivering notices, last week?"

"I did deliver it at her house, Mrs. Lovelaw."

"No sir, you did not; you left one at the house of Mrs. John Nodgrass, but not at the other."

The boy looked amazed, and tremblingly said,

"I—I—didn't know there was two, Mrs. Lovelaw."

"Willie Hays! you didn't know there are two of our ladies named Nodgrass?"

"No, Mrs. Lovelaw."

"That shows," she said, addressing Mrs. Upstone, "how much gratitude we receive for feeding and clothing these boys and girls; they don't even know the ladies' names;" and then addressing the boy, "didn't you have two notices with the name Nodgrass on them?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lovelaw."

"Then what in the name of common sense did you do with them?"

"I left one with the servant, and she said she would give it to Mrs. Nodgrass; I thought there was no use of leaving two, so I kept the other, but I have lost it."

"Lost it!" Mrs. Lovelaw raised her hands and uttered these two words in a voice so akin to both a shriek and a groan that the poor fellow, under the impression that his conduct had broken her heart, burst into tears. "Can't you read writing? she fiercely demanded, but looking at Mrs. Upstone as if the fault was hers, in case he could not.

"Ye—ye—yes, Mrs. Lovelaw;" he blubbered,

"Well, didn't you read the full address on the envelope?"

Seeing that Mrs. Lovelaw was not likely to die, then and there, in the Council Room, Willie evidently began to take courage; and, after vigorously using his pocket-handkerchief in drying his tears and blowing his nose, replied,

"I just read the name, Nodgrass," Mrs. Lovelaw.

"You stupid blockhead! just to think of all the trouble your stupidity and ingratitude have caused; you never think of what you owe the ladies for all they are doing for you. Well, I shall say no more to you, to-day, about this matter, but shall let Mrs. Nodgrass know whom she is to thank for her trouble; and it is quite probable you'll hear something more respecting this a little later."

Satisfied that she had made him as wretched as possible, by thus awakening his apprehensions of punishment, she now permitted him to return to the school-room, while she started for home. A bright thought struck her, however, ere she had gone far, and turning back, she was soon again at the Bethesda. This time Mark was summoned to the Council Room. "Mr. Upstone,"

she said, as soon as he had entered, "I don't believe your pupils can read writing. I have no doubt that the reason Willie Hays never delivered that notice is because he could not read the address. I had reason, some days ago, to think the boys cannot read writing well, and so I have decided to come into your school-room to-morrow, and examine them; I wish to satisfy myself whether my suspicions are correct or not."

"I shall be very glad to have you do so, Mrs. Lovelaw;" said Mark. "As they always read very readily, whatever I write for them on the blackboard, I have never had reason to doubt their ability to read any legible writing. I shall be glad, however, to know it, if they cannot do this as well as they should at their age. If we find they cannot, I shall certainly give more attention to the matter in future."

"Well, I may be wrong," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "but I think you'll find they know very little about reading writing; we shall see, however. I thought I would let you know my intention of coming in to-morrow, so as not to take you by surprise;" and with a very complacent smile, Mrs. Lovelaw once more started for home. While on her way she regaled herself with the following thoughts. "I wonder I happened to think of that little plan of taking Mr. Upstone down; it will be such a capital thing to tell the ladies that the children can't read writing, after all the boasting of that paper about their mental improvement since the Upstones have had the management of them;" and Mrs. Lovelaw was so happy in contemplating the dismay of Upstone when she had exposed his inefficiency as a teacher, she actually laughed.

True to her promise, she came to the Home the next day, and, as Mrs. Upstone was desirous of witnessing the examination, though she had no fear of the result, she entered the school-room with her. Knowing that in trying to read some of Mrs. Lovelaw's documents, he had declared her handwriting a combination of Chaldaic and Chinese characters, Mark, it must be confessed, had strong misgivings as to the success of his pupils in reading what she might write; but he was not left long in doubt. Calling Willie Hays up to the black-board, she wrote several names on it and then, stepping back, requested him to read them. To her surprise, he read them as rapidly as she could have done it herself. Not satisfied, however, she wrote a list of long, and by no means common, words, taking care that they should not be very legibly written, and again requested him to read. With a smile, and without the slightest hesitation or trouble, he read them as he did the others. Mrs. Lovelaw evidently felt that she had been defeated; but hoping for better success with another, she called up a boy she believed the least able of any to read writing—Willie Hays with a triumphant smile on his face being sent to his seat. Mark

had serious doubts that the boy now summoned would do either his teacher or himself credit, for he was the poorest scholar in school, of those above eight years of age; but the way he read the words and sentences placed on the blackboard surprised Mark more than it did Mrs. Lovelaw. He could not read them as quickly as Willie could, but he read everything that was written without a mistake.

Mrs. Lovelaw would now have ceased trying to expose the ignorance of Mark's pupils had he not requested her to write a sentence for each of them to read. She did so, and though two or three were only seven and eight years old, not a mistake was made.

Mark was much gratified; and when the examination was completed he said,

"I hope, Mrs. Lovelaw, you find the children can do as well as you could wish."

"Well, certainly," she replied; "no one can deny that they have acquitted themselves, to-day, most admirably."

The children themselves having understood very early in the proceedings what Mrs. Lovelaw was trying to prove were delighted to hear her make this acknowledgment; and as she left the school-room, Mark noticed several sly winks among the boys, indicating their gratification at her discomfiture. They were not aware that Mark noticed them; yet he fully appreciated their feelings, as every one save Arthur Langdon, whose scholarship was unquestioned, had cleared himself of what he deemed the stigma Mrs. Lovelaw sought to place upon him.

But the fact that Mrs. Nodgrass had not received a notice of the monthly meeting was a matter of too much importance to be dropped now. Mrs. Nodgrass believed she ought to be an object of more sympathy than she appeared to be, hence, she should bring her grievance to the notice of Mrs. Fernleaf. Miss Horner might act as arbitress at the Bethesda in less important matters, but when there was any great wrong to be righted, Mrs. Fernleaf was the individual who could do it; she was the supreme judge in all matters pertaining to the Bethesda—the last to whom appeal could be made. To Mrs. Fernleaf, therefore, Mrs. Nodgrass detailed the story of her wrong; and after listening to it patiently, that lady promptly declared there must be great laxity of discipline at the Home, otherwise, such an egregious blunder as that committed by Willie Hays could not have occurred.

It was her opinion that Mr. Upstone did not conceive it one of his duties to talk to the children respecting the ladies, teach them their names, show them where they lived, and how much indebted they were to them. If he did this, it was highly improbable that Willie Hays would have been ignorant of the name and

residence of Mrs. Nodgrass; but, inasmuch as things were in such an unpromising state at the Bethesda, Mrs. Fernleaf said it was her duty to talk to Mr. Upstone, at once.

Gratified beyond measure that Mrs. Fernleaf had espoused her cause, and that somebody was going to suffer for the slight put upon herself, Mrs. Nodgrass went home; and about an hour later, or just at dusk, Mrs. Fernleaf went to the Bethesda. When Mark was summoned to the Council Room to meet her, he went wondering what new sin he had committed, for which he was to be called to account; and on entering her presence, he was satisfied from the imperious dignity with which she greeted him that her mission was not one of peace. After a frigid, "Good-evening Mr. Upstone," she said,

"There is a matter I wish to speak to you about, Mr. Upstone. I notice from the accounts that have come in, that for some time you have been purchasing the boys' clothes of John S. Wilder & Co. Now, who is this Wilder?"

"He is an Englishman, who has taught in the academies of the Townships, a good many years. A few years ago he came to Montreal, and engaged as bookkeeper in a clothing establishment on St. James street; and two years ago, in company with a clerk of the same establishment, he opened a clothing store on Notre Dame street."

"Who told you to buy the clothes of him?"

"No one, Mrs. Fernleaf; but Miss Forest, as well as other ladies told me to get them where I could the cheapest; and as I found I could purchase them of Mr. Wilder as cheaply as I could of anyone, and feeling sympathy for him also, on account of his having been a teacher, I patronized him; but the poor man has failed in business."

"Well," said Mrs. Fernleaf with considerable asperity, "I don't know Mr. Wilder, but I know he is no business man; you couldn't take up a paper for the last two months without seeing his name advertised as a bankrupt, and his stock advertised at sheriff's sale. We don't want to patronize any such store, and my judgment is that you had better buy the clothing where it has been bought for years."

It was not necessary for Mark to ask to what store she alluded, for he knew at once; it was that of an intimate friend of Mrs. Fernleaf. Mark was not at all pleased with her remarks respecting Mr. Wilder, whom he knew to be a thoroughly conscientious man. But in Mrs. Fernleaf's opinion he was not deserving of patronage because he had been unfortunate. Again, the clothes must be purchased in future, if her wishes were observed, not where they could be purchased the cheapest, as the president and other ladies had ordered, but at the store of Mrs. Fernleaf's friend.

Until this moment, Mark had not dreamed that in purchasing the clothing in different places, where he could obtain it at the lowest price, he was acting contrary to the desire or interest of any one. On the contrary, as Miss Forest and one or two other ladies had expressed themselves well pleased with his bargains, and his own knowledge of clothing assured him that he was doing the best he could for the interest of the institution, he had flattered himself that, in this particular line, he was giving great satisfaction to all the ladies.

But the contemptuous way in which the influential treasurer of the Bethesda had now spoken of his work very forcibly recalled the story of the old man and the donkey. He had little time for meditation, however, before Mrs. Fernleaf thus broke the silence: "But there is another matter, Mr. Upstone, that I wish more particularly to speak about." Here she paused and looked at him, as if intending to transfix him with her eyes, while Mark mentally exclaimed, "Oh ho, her guns of largest calibre are yet to be discharged! I wonder how long the bombardment is to last." Mrs. Fernleaf continued,

"Every little while there is more or less dissatisfaction and trouble because some one of the ladies has failed to receive notice of a meeting of the directresses. Only at the last meeting, another of these stupid blunders occurred; and Mrs. Nodgrass feels very much hurt on account of not receiving her notice. Now, Mr. Upstone, I think this is all wrong; things like this ought not to happen in a well-managed institution (Mark here began to tremble), and I don't want them to happen here. Now, don't you think, Mr. Upstone, that these boys are old enough to deliver what notices there are, and do it properly?

"Certainly, I do."

"Well then, Mr. Upstone, I think it is your business to see that they do it. They should know who the ladies are, and where they live, and if you had done your duty properly, they would know this."

The manner of Mrs. Fernleaf grew more excited, and the tones of her voice grew louder with each sentence she uttered. The situation was pregnant with great interest to Mark. It was novel; for since he had arrived at years of discretion, he could not remember that his depravity had ever provoked any one to hold it up for his consideration. He had been in like situations, but it was when in early boyhood his escapades constrained his mother, or teacher, to administer moral correctives; and they were generally followed by more substantial corrections with the birch, or slipper. Would the present reprimand terminate in the same way? The manner of Mrs. Fernleaf seemed to render it quite probable. She was from ten to fifteen years his junior, and

weighed fifty pounds more. He recollected that he once escaped punishment by making a hurried exit from the door, as the teacher went to her desk for the birch. He was casting furtive glances toward the door of the Council Room, when Mrs. Fernleaf asked,

"Do you know, yourself, Mr. Upstone, where all the ladies live?"

He tremblingly confessed that he was ignorant of this sacred knowledge; as he did so, retreating a step toward the door.

"Exactly; no wonder then, the boys don't know where they live. Have you a list of the ladies' addresses written down, anywhere?"

"I have, Mrs. Fernleaf."

And Mark wiped his eyes, taking courage in the thought that the possession of this list would cover a multitude of sins; but his spirits sank again, when she asked,

Where is it? Will you let me see it, please?"

"It's somewhere among my papers upstairs; I fear it would take me some time to find it."

"Yes, you have a list, and you don't know where it is. Do you call that a proper way to do business? Now, Mr. Upstone —" Mrs. Fernleaf rose from her chair, slowly raised her hand, and pointing her finger at him, spoke in very deliberate, yet high tones,

"Didn't I tell you, some time ago, to write out a list of the ladies' names and addresses, and to keep it where you could always see it? And here, I find, though you wrote the list, you know nothing about where it is. Do you call that business?"

Had Mark not been too thoroughly frightened, and had he not had too much delicacy to contradict a lady, he would doubtless have corrected Mrs. Fernleaf's last statement. He remembered well the time and the words to which she referred; and the reader may also possibly recollect that, instead of being an imperative order, as she now claimed, on which the peace and prosperity of the institution depended, it was merely a suggestion, and was as follows:

"I would suggest, Mr. Upstone, that it would be well enough for you to have a list of their addresses, that you can refer to when necessary."

But even had he labored under no apprehension of corporal punishment, Mark would not have uttered a word to disparage the veracity or wisdom of this imperious lady; and under present circumstances, it would be the last thing in the world he would do.

When he saw her rise and extend her hand toward him, he precipitately retreated to the door, and placed his hand on the knob; but seeing she made no further move toward him, he concluded that the pointing of the finger at him, was for the threefold purpose of showing him that he was the identical individual addressed;

of making the address more impressive and emphatic; and, lastly, of accentuating her scorn of his conduct. Fortunately for Mark, her excitement did not permit her to wait for a reply to her last question, and while he was trying to regain enough control over his senses to make some sort of a reply, she again broke forth, but in much milder tones: "Now, Mr. Upstone, I want you either to find that list of the ladies' addresses, or prepare another—and lay it right here on this desk; and always keep it here; so that I can see it whenever I wish. I often have to write to some of them."

"She don't seem to know herself where all the ladies live," thought Mark, but he very humbly replied,

"I will attend to it at once, Mrs. Fernleaf; I always try to do just what the ladies desire, when I know what their desires are."

"Well, I think you do, Mr. Upstone, I really think your intentions are all right, only you are sometimes forgetful; perhaps I might say a little careless."

Mrs. Fernleaf's manner was so conciliatory that Mark was again transferred to the days of his childhood. In fancy he had just been dropped from his mother's knee, aching from the application of the slipper, while his mother, sorry for his suffering, sought to console him with soothing words. He could hear the old familiar words of encouragement, "You are going to be a good boy now, aren't you, Mark?" And he was on the point of answering in the old familiar way, "Yes, mamma," when he was again recalled to his present situation by the nearer approach of Mrs. Fernleaf. She was about to leave the room, and improving her opportunity to see how Mark had received the severe reprimand given him, she scrutinized his face closely. Fearing if he assumed indifference that she might resume hostilities, he tried to look as much like a spanked boy as possible. Probably thinking from his subdued manner and sorrowful face that he had received all that was necessary for the present, she spoke in mildest accents.

"Mr. Upstone, when you are taking the children out to walk, why couldn't you just as well, take them past the different ladies' houses, and show them where they live?"

"I could," meekly answered Mark, opening the door for her egress.

"It wouldn't take very long I am sure to show them," said Mrs. Fernleaf, "and I hope you will make them acquainted with the residences before the next meeting, which will be a little more than two weeks."

"I will with pleasure;" he replied, ignorant of the fact that the fulfillment of this promise would compel him to keep the children walking night and day nearly all the time till the next meeting.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It was soon after Mark's recovery from the illness mentioned in a preceding chapter, that another of the entertainments we have described was given at the Bethesda. The children experienced all the pleasure they had anticipated, and acquitted themselves to the great satisfaction of those present, in the part they took in the exercises.

A day or two later the following appeared in one of the daily papers.

*"Fun at the Bethesda—Home for Children."*

"The Missionary Glee Club held one of its entertainments at the above institution on Tuesday night of this week, and had the usual laughable, happy time. The children of the Home contributed largely to the pleasure of the evening, by their well delivered recitations and singing—all showing that they have received careful and thorough training. But what gave the visitors the most pleasure was the strong evidence given of the happiness of the children—their improvement in every way, and the strong mutual attachment between them and Mr. and Mrs. Upstone. We congratulate the directresses of the Bethesda on their good fortune in securing a superintendent and matron so well fitted by ability and kindness for the place."

The morning after the above local appeared, Mrs. Lovelaw, with a copy of the paper in her possession, walked briskly to the house of Benjamin Hornblower, Esq. That gentleman, in the enjoyment of a fifteen cent cigar, and in a very genial mood, was conning the morning paper in his library when she entered.

A few remarks passed between them, and he read to her a paragraph which had just taken his attention, when she asked,

"Did you see the notice, Ben, in last night's paper, of the entertainment at the Bethesda?"

"Yes, I read it last night;" he replied, as he continued reading to himself.

"What did you think of it?"

"Well, if I gave the matter any thought, I probably thought it was a very good thing for the institution."

"Why, Ben, how can you be so foolishly indifferent to such articles?"

"I don't understand how they can be of any interest to me, except as they inform me of the flourishing condition of the Home, which I am always glad to hear."

"Yes, but are you willing that strangers like the Upstones

should come in and receive all the credit of conducting the Home well, and rob us of what we have enjoyed for years? For myself, I feel that I have worked too many years for the good of that Home, and I have been regarded as a fostering angel to it, too long, to be ignored in this way. This makes twice that the names of the Upstones have been blazoned before the public by that paper, and not one of the ladies has been mentioned. Miss Whitemore said only the other day that it will not be long before the Upstones will think they own the institution and everything in it. They have won the children so effectually that they show very little affection for any of the ladies, and none of us think much of it. For my own part, I think it is about time to bring this thing to an end."

"By Jove, that is a matter to be considered;" and as Mr. Hornblower uttered this sage remark, he laid down his newspaper, took the cigar from his mouth, and while holding it meditatively between two fingers apparently pondered the startling developments made by Mrs. Lovelaw. That lady meanwhile, with a very determined and angry expression of countenance, sat looking intently at Mr. Hornblower, and awaiting the result of his meditations. Presently he spoke again.

"Well, you must be very careful not to betray your feelings respecting this matter. It would not do, you know, to allow any one, and especially the Upstones, to see that you are jealous of their success at the Bethesda."

'Jealous! Ben, how stupid you are to use such a word. As if I would be jealous of any one, and especially of them."

"Well, of course, Nell, it's not a pleasant word to use; but what word can we substitute that will so accurately express your feelings? You see people holding a position in an institution with which you are connected highly complimented in a newspaper, while your name is not even mentioned. Again, you say that the children have become so attached to these people that they show no affection for the directresses. Now you acknowledge that these things greatly annoy you, and in making that acknowledgment, in my opinion, you show that you are afflicted with jealousy. Perhaps it would sound somewhat less harsh, however, to call it envy."

"Call it what you please, but I know that, if I have my way, the Upstones will not remain at the Bethesda another year."

"But wasn't there an understanding, a sort of verbal agreement, that their situation was to be permanent, if they accepted it?"

"I don't know nor care what they understood; I know that in the contract I wrote they are engaged for only one year, and are obliged to leave on receiving three months' notice."

"That reminds me that Upstone once mentioned the contract to me. He said it was nothing like the verbal agreement you made

with him, but he signed it because he felt a delicacy in showing the ladies he doubted their word, or distrusted their motives.

"Well, you may be sure that he'll receive intimations enough that he is not wanted, I'll look out for that. He is very sensitive and Miss Whitemore and I have agreed to provoke him in every way possible, till he resigns; and you see that will relieve us of all blame."

"Yes that's a good plan, if it works all right; but I do wish we could find some good ground for asking him to resign, in case your plan miscarries. But stay, we have one now; the little time and attention he gives to making the children march properly—that is, in true military style—on the street, is quite sufficient ground on which to demand his resignation."

Here Mr. Hornblower was moved by such an ebullition of martial enthusiasm that he sprang to his feet, drew a sword hanging on the wall from its scabbard, flourished it in a way that compelled Mrs. Lovelaw to dodge very dexterously; and then, throwing back his head, and moving the length of the room and back again, to illustrate the nature of a "true military style of march," he sat down and thus resumed his remarks.

"Look at the bungle the boys made of it that Sunday they first came out with the umbrellas. By Jove, I can feel the punch yet that blasted boy gave me that day, and my hat will never look as it did before the other one knocked it into the mud."

"There's another thing Ben I have mentioned to you before, for which he certainly should be asked to resign. After he has taken the children to church in the morning, he often goes to another service in the evening, and takes some of the children with him, and, mind you, without receiving permission from one of the ladies. I learned that he asked permission of two of them, neither of whom belong to our church, and they both told him he must talk with some of the other ladies; they would have nothing to do with the matter."

"Oh yes, Nell, but you must recollect that the Bethesda is undenominational, and even if it were not, we would soon become unpopular should we make any ado on account of his taking some of the children occasionally to another service."

"Well, if the institution is undenominational, the ladies all agreed that the children should attend St. Christopher church on account of its size, there always being room enough in that. No one but Upstone ever thought of taking one of them to another church; and I regard it an outrage—simply audacious impudence for him to do it. We have appointed Miss Horner to talk with him respecting the matter. She'll make it warm for him I fancy."

"If she don't, his experience will be different from that of most people with whom she talks; but I fear that you and Miss Horner

will overdo matters. 'Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' Let that be your motto, Nell, and you'll no doubt succeed in getting rid of the obnoxious superintendent without trouble. But I should have been in my office before this hour, so you must excuse me, Nell, for the present."

Mr. Hornblower now arose, put on his overcoat, and taking his cane, proceeded with true military style to his office; while Mrs. Lovelaw absorbed in schemes for ousting the Upstones, proceeded homeward. Fred Burdick was at her house in the course of the day, for the purpose of delivering messages, and on returning to the Home, he informed Mrs. Upstone that he was subjected to a lengthy catechism at Mrs. Lovelaw's, respecting the recent entertainment. She desired to know how many were present, who they were, what they did, and, more especially whether the young people who instituted it brought their own refreshments, or whether these were provided at the expense of the Home. A young man who was one of the most active of the Missionary Glee Club, was present when Fred related his experience at Mrs. Lovelaw's, and was very much surprised, on recollecting that the Glee Club brought not only their own refreshments, but a very generous supply for the children, besides meeting the expense of having an elegant piano placed in the Home for the occasion.

The reprimand which Mrs. Lovelaw was happy to announce Mark would receive from Miss Horner was not long delayed, though it was doubtless much milder in character than either Mrs. Lovelaw or Miss Horner would have preferred.

Mrs. Lovelaw's account to Mr. Hornblower of Mark's violation of the rules, or more properly the customs of the institution, was perfectly correct. After taking the children to St. Christopher's in the morning, as has been stated, Mark often attended some other service in the evening. He did this for two reasons—first, because he was an enemy to sectarianism, and was willing to attend any church where he believed the Saviour was worshipped in spirit and in truth; and second, because many of his friends and acquaintances attended these services, and he went with them. There was a Congregational Church to which he went in the evening oftener than to any other, and one evening as he was about starting for this church, two of the older girls asked if they might accompany him. He considered the request a few moments and thinking there could be no possible objection on the part of any of the directresses to their going, he consented. The same week, he sought information from two of the directresses at different times, as to whether a few of the older boys and girls could not sometimes attend evening service, with Mrs. Upstone or himself. This was done chiefly at the request of the children; for on being told that permission must be obtained from the ladies, they earnest-

ly besought Mark and his wife to intercede for them—a thing they were pleased to do. But while the two ladies to whom Mark spoke declared that they had no objection themselves, they declined to give the permission solicited, saying that it was a matter with which, individually, they had nothing to do.

Strongly doubting that any one would object, since the Bethesda was undenominational in character, Mark now decided to permit a few of the older boys and girls who wished to go, to accompany him to evening church service, until such time as he was informed that he was corrupting their morals and subverting the rules of the institution. Accordingly, they went with him to the Congregational Church several times.

About this time, also, an evangelist, an able man and an eloquent speaker, began holding services in the city, and Mark found it a pleasure to attend them quite often. After he had done so a few times, two of the older boys one evening asked if they might go with him; and as before, he gave permission. Some of the Christian workers at the meeting, as well as the evangelist himself, spoke to the boys, learned from what place they came, urged them to come again, and displayed so much interest in them that they were delighted and were anxious to go again. Of course, they told all the other boys and girls of the good time they had had, and Mark overheard one of them express his appreciation of the service to one of the girls as follows:

"I like to go to such a meeting as that, where the minister, nor none of them, don't feel too big to speak to a boy."

When Mark next attended the evangelistic services, many of the children importuned him to let them go with him, and he found it no pleasant task to refuse all but four of the older ones—two boys and two girls. They were quite as well pleased as the boys were on the evening they attended, and Mark could not bring himself to feel that he had committed a grievous sin in taking these few children with him to a Christian service like this. It was to them a happy event, immured as they were, so much of the time, within the walls of the Bethesda. The more he thought of it the more thankful he felt that he had had independence enough to break the dreary monotony of their sad lives, if but for a single evening. Two or three times subsequently, at the earnest solicitation of the children, he took six—three of each sex—to these evening services; and it was immediately after this that Miss Horner appeared at the Home to admonish him of his evil ways, and lead him back to the path of duty.

She first called on Mrs. Upstone in her private room, and after half an hour's conversation, in which she displayed the utmost suavity, she adroitly referred to the spiritualists; and then stopped abruptly to say,

"O that reminds me—I hear that our children go to the spiritualistic seances, and are learning all sorts of things there."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Upstone, "that is a very strange story; inasmuch as they have never attended anything of the kind. Mr. Upstone has taken a few of them with him sometimes to the Congregational and evangelistic services."

This was an admission that Miss Horner was glad to hear; the one for which she was angling, when relating what she had heard. She thought if she could adroitly manage to have Mrs. Upstone first mention the fact that Mark had taken them to any, save St. Christopher's, it would relieve herself of an unpleasant duty.

"O well, I doubted that they had ever been to meetings like those I mentioned; I knew that you and Mr. Upstone wouldn't allow them to go. But do you think, Mrs. Upstone, that it is well for the children to go out in the evening to any place?"

"I cannot think, Miss Horner, that it would harm the older ones to go out, occasionally, to places where they can see and hear things that will naturally tend to their improvement."

Miss Horner smiled, shook her head, and thus replied,

"I cannot agree with you, Mrs. Upstone; I am one of the old fashioned women who believe that children of the age of those we have here should be in bed by eight o'clock. That is one point on which the ladies perfectly agree; and therefore it has always been a rule of the institution to which we have rigidly adhered that none of the children shall ever go out on the street after six o'clock."

"There has been no objection to their going to see the fire works and the soldiers in the evening," said Mrs. Upstone; "and then, when they are preparing for the Christmas Festival at the church, there are several of them out till ten o'clock and later, every night, practicing their Christmas carols."

"O yes," said Miss Horner, "when any of them are doing work in connection with the church—*our own church*—of course, we expect them to go there, and do all the good and receive all the good they can."

"And what about going to see the fire works and the soldiers in the evening? Do you think that is right?" asked Mrs. Upstone.

"I think it would be as well for them to be in bed," answered Miss Horner after a little reflection, in which she saw that, if she did not oppose the idea of their going to see them, she would strengthen the position it was her object to overturn. "But you see, Mrs. Upstone," she continued, "there are some of the ladies who think we ought to allow the children to go out, occasionally, in the evening to see such things as you mention, and for the sake of harmony we accede to their wishes."

Mrs. Upstone felt inclined to smile at the last admissions of Miss Horner, as she mentally compared them with what that lady had said only a few minutes before, respecting the ladies being "agreed on one point," and, "a rule to which they had rigidly adhered." But she was not surprised at Miss Horner's inconsistencies, and instead of reminding her of them, said,

"I suppose the ladies who are in favor of giving the children these pleasures are married ladies who have children of their own."

"O you may be sure they are; the unmarried directresses don't allow their feelings to supplant their judgment," replied Miss Horner.

"I suppose they learned too well in former years the evil results of doing that," said Mrs. Upstone smiling.

Miss Horner also smiled, but the way she stared at Mrs. Upstone showed that she had an intense desire to fathom her meaning. She soon went down to the school-room, and after telling Mark, as usual, what her old teacher used to do, and how a former superintendent of the Bethesda used to drill the boys two hours a day, and what "beautiful military airs" it gave them on the street, she told him that she had just been *enjoying* a chat with Mrs. Upstone regarding revivals.

"I suppose you know," she said, "that Miss Bolt has joined these crazy people. Oh dear, it seems so dreadful that a lady like her should do such a thing. I declare it seems to me that it must give her family great trouble."

Miss Horner regarded Mark with a very keen and searching look all the time she was making these remarks, to ascertain if she was touching any tender chord of his sympathies, and thus exposing his heterodox principles; but seeing she had not disturbed his equilibrium, she quickly added, "I heard that the children had been attending the revival meetings, but of course I believed nothing of it, and Mrs. Upstone tells me that there is no truth in the report; I felt sure you wouldn't allow them to go to any such place."

"They have never been to any of the revival meetings, Miss Horner, but I cannot see how they would suffer harm if they should go." Miss Horner looked both scared and amazed at this remark, for it caused her to think Mark was far worse than she had imagined; and that it would be very like him to take them to those meetings unless she contrived to prevent him; she therefore exclaimed,

"But the rules, Mr. Upstone; I have heard you say that you wish to observe the rules of the institution, strictly; and you know it is one of our oldest rules that the children shall not go out after six o'clock."

Mark well understood that Miss Horner's object in coming there was to express her disapproval of his taking the children to

religious services other than those they regularly attended. He believed, too, that feeling somewhat ashamed to acknowledge that she was so narrow and bigoted in her views, she had trumped up the story about hearing that the children attended the revival meetings, as that in her opinion gave her more reasonable ground for objections. Finally, thinking that it would clear her of any odium, or suspicion of narrowness, if she could find some other means of obstruction, she cunningly affected great respect for the rules and interest in the physical welfare of the children. Reading her thus readily, and feeling in humorous mood, he was inclined to encourage her still further to believe he might take the children to the revival meetings; so he replied,

"Yes, but I presume, Miss Horner, the rules were not intended to deprive the children of the privilege of attending good, religious meetings, such as they often have at revivals."

"They were intended to keep them from going out to any place, Mr. Upstone, after six o'clock in the evening. It was the opinion of our mothers and other ladies who founded the institution that the place for the children in the evening was at home; and we who have succeeded them in its management have always regarded their rules as very judicious ones; and we have strictly adhered to them."

"Probably the foundresses never considered the subject of which we are speaking; but had they done so, do you really think they would have objected to a few of the older boys and girls going with the matron or superintendent to a religious service in the evening?"

"It would depend very much on what sort of a religious service it was I imagine," she replied, being off her guard for the moment.

"Well, suppose it was a ———— revival meeting."

"Indeed, I *do* think they would have objected, Mr. Upstone. My mother and some other ladies I remember would no more have allowed them to go to such a meeting than they would to go to see a prize fight."

"Let us say evangelistic services then, such as there are now in the city."

"I am sure they would prefer to have them at home."

"Then you don't think I should have allowed any of the boys or girls to go with me to these services or to any other religious services in the evening?"

"No, not so long as it is against the rules for them to go out after six o'clock."

"I am glad, Miss Horner, to obtain your opinion on this matter; I have asked permission of some of the other ladies, to take a few of the boys and girls with me sometimes, that is, if they wish to go; but while the ladies would give no permission, they

did not object; I am glad, therefore, to find that you are ready to express your views."

"Well you know, now, that it is my opinion they should not go out in the evening; nor to any church except the one they attend every Sabbath morning; and I am sure the ladies all agree with me;" replied Miss Horner.

"Are you aware, Miss Horner, that it is impossible to hear much of the sermon in that part of St. Christopher's the children occupy?"

"I was not aware of it, but I have heard complaints respecting the acoustic qualities of that church."

"Well, I certainly have been unable to hear more than one third of any sermon the minister has preached in all the time I have attended there. Under the circumstances you can understand that it is a pleasure to go to a church occasionally where one can hear distinctly; and I am sure that the boys and girls I have taken with me enjoy the pleasure of hearing the sermon as much as older people. But besides that pleasure, the enjoyment which the children might experience in getting free from their confinement for awhile, now and then, appeared to me so great, that I did not find it easy to refuse them, when they clamored so earnestly to go. But if the ladies think I committed an offence against just and wise regulations, I suppose I shall have to promise not to repeat it."

"Well, you know what our rules are, Mr. Upstone, and I know the ladies will not be pleased to have the children attend any other service than that they attend on the Sabbath;" and with this last remark Miss Horner departed.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

One day early in March, a tall, gaunt looking farmer called at the Bethesda and inquired of Mark, if there were any boys there to be indentured. As this was a question some stranger asked nearly every day in the week, Mark paid but little attention to it, merely answering in the negative. The man expressed surprise at the answer, and frankly told Mark he must be mistaken. Mark thought the stranger possessed an unlimited amount of assurance, in assuming to know more about the children than he knew himself; but he good-humoredly assured him that he was not mistaken; there were no boys in the Home of the proper age to indenture—none that the directresses intended to indenture at present.

The man said he had been corresponding with the secretary, Mrs. Lovelaw, and she had informed him there was one boy who was old enough to leave; and had described him as a very clever boy and a fine scholar. At this, new thoughts rushed to Mark's mind, and his heart almost ceased to pulsate. It was true, Arthur Langdon had reached the age at which the boys of the Bethesda were indentured. He had not before thought of it, as he had not heard the subject mentioned; but he had always believed that, when the time came for Arthur to leave, the ladies would secure him a clerkship of some kind in the city. But to learn so suddenly that they were going to indenture him at once, and to a farmer, located doubtless at some distance from the city, was to Mark astounding news, and he could not believe it. In case it should prove true, however, was it not his duty and his right to know all about the man to whom Arthur was indentured? How could he regard it otherwise, after the assurances he had made the boy's mother? His interest in the stranger at once assumed an acute form. He eyed him as if his own future happiness depended on the amount of kindness he could read in his features. His scrutiny as a physiognomist gave him no satisfaction; deceitful, penurious, selfish, were the qualities jotted down in his mental note-book at the close of his examination.

He next plied him with questions, from which he learned that his name was Fogg; that he lived in rural Western Canada; that he had three sons and two daughters, of whom only the youngest lived with him. By inducing him to talk about his children, Mark satisfied himself, also, that the old man had little natural affection for them; and on learning that the boys all left him as soon as they were old enough to earn anything, he was sure that it was because of unwise paternal treatment of them. "But no," he exclaimed

mentally, "that is not altogether a wise conclusion; unwise maternal management of children is as likely to alienate their affections from home as anything. It may have been so in this case. At all events I will try to ascertain." He had already learned that Mrs. Fogg was living.

"You and Mrs. Fogg must find it very lonely in the absence of so many of your children," he said. "Mrs. Fogg, especially, for the mother generally misses them more than the father."

"O yes, she's always frettin' about 'em for fear they'll be sick, er git hurt, and writin' to 'em to be careful of themselves."

Mark was satisfied that whatever Fogg might be, Mrs. Fogg was a kind hearted woman. Fogg now asked where Mrs. Lovelaw lived, and on learning the street and number, started out to see her.

As soon as he had gone, Mark called Arthur into his private room and asked him if any of the ladies had spoken to him relative to his being indentured. He replied that Miss Horner a few weeks before had asked him his age, and on learning it, had remarked that he was old enough to be indentured; and that the ladies must soon see about securing him a place,

"I regret," said Mark, "that you did not let me know of this at the time she made the remark; I might perhaps by this time have found you a position in the city. But have you since thought that you would be likely soon to be indentured?"

"I have thought much about it," he replied, "and wondered where I would be sent."

"I don't suppose you would like to live on a farm."

"Indeed, I think I would like it very much, if it were not far away, so that I could see Annie often."

"But you know it is very hard, and not very clean work."

"I know that, but it makes one strong and healthy; and I think that a great thing; and besides, I am very fond of animals—horses, cows and sheep."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, for there is a farmer here now, to get you, if the ladies will let you go; he has gone to see Mrs. Lovelaw and will no doubt soon return.

Arthur made no reply. Mark observed him closely, and saw at once, by his change of color, that he was greatly affected. The possibility that he might have to leave immediately proved a sadder one for him to confront than he had imagined. The tears gathered in his eyes, and he could not utter the words he desired and strove to speak. Keen and deep were the sympathy and sorrow Mark felt for him, and how earnestly he desired in some way to render the position of this promising boy more pleasant.

"Answer me frankly, Arthur," he said after a moment's silence: "if a situation could be obtained for you in the city, would

you not much rather stay here than go a long way off to live with a farmer?"

Arthur regarded him gratefully through his tears and then articulated in a faint whisper the word "yes." After a little sobbing and an effort to clear his throat, he added in a hoarser whisper—"only for Annie's sake."

Mark now made a few encouraging remarks to him, then excusing him, he requested his niece to open school at the proper hour; and putting on his overcoat and hat, sought the residence of Miss Forest. As it was only about nine o'clock he had to wait some time before that lady made her appearance in the parlor. After apologizing for his early call, he said,

"I have come to talk with you, Miss Forest, about Arthur Langdon; there is a farmer now in the city, from away out in Canada West, who came for a boy. He has been corresponding with Mrs. Lovelaw, and says, she informed him there is one boy in the Bethesda that the ladies are ready to indenture; and from other things he said I conclude that Arthur is the one referred to. Now, as I feel special interest in Arthur and his little sister, I have come to beg that you will not permit him to be taken so far away from her, and that he may remain till we can secure him a place here in the city."

"But you know, Mr. Upstone, that farming is very healthy work; and once a young man has learned it, he is pretty sure always to find employment."

"I should certainly be very sorry, Miss Forest, to think that a boy with the talent of Arthur Langdon would have to work as a farm laborer for a livelihood. He is a fine scholar, now, for his age; and if he could go on with his studies and receive a good education, I have no doubt he would do great credit to any profession he might enter. Working on a farm is a very hard, slavish life in almost any place; and in the back, rural district where Mr. Fogg resides I fear he would have all the hardships without any of the advantages conferred by good, intelligent society."

"Have you ever been to the place, Mr. Upstone?"

"Never; but I catechised Fogg pretty closely, when I learned that he came for Arthur, and I found that he lives in a remote, back settlement. I further learned that his own boys all left him as soon as they were old enough to earn anything, which I consider little credit to him; inasmuch as he has a large farm himself, and has to depend on hired help to cultivate it. I may say also that besides what I gathered from conversing with him, I judged from my limited knowledge of physiognomy that he would be a hard hearted, tyrannical master."

"Really, Mr. Upstone, you don't give a very encouraging account of Mr. Fogg; but hasn't he brought a letter with him from

some clergyman?" and Miss Forest asked this question in a tone and manner implying a belief that in case he had brought a letter of recommendation from a minister it would be sacrilege to doubt that he was perfectly qualified to bring up all the children in the Bethesda.

"The letter would have little weight with me, if he has one," said Mark, "for I have never yet seen the person who tried to obtain a testimonial of good character that did not succeed. But, in case Mr. Fogg has all the good qualities we could desire, do you not think, Miss Forest, it would be cruel to separate these two children by such a long distance? They are very dear to each other, and with their fine organizations can feel much more keenly than those of a coarser type. I know that it will be a great sorrow for Arthur to bear, and I feel that Annie will mourn herself into a sad condition. I certainly hope, Miss Forest, that you will use your influence to prevent this cruel separation."

Miss Forest was rather kind hearted than otherwise, and Mark hoped he had not interceded in vain. She replied, "We know it is hard, Mr. Upstone, but in this business we have to be guided by our judgment rather than our feelings. I shall consider what you have said and repeat it to the ladies; but as I am only one among many, that is all the encouragement I can give you."

Mark returned to the Home, where he found Fogg, who said that Mrs. Lovelaw and some other ladies would meet there at two o'clock, to decide whether Arthur should go with him or not. He had asked to see Arthur, and was talking with him in the hall when Mark entered. Fogg was greatly pleased with Arthur's looks, manner and intelligence; and like many other elderly men who wish to please a child they happen to fancy, he began at once while addressing Mark to pay many weak and foolish compliments to Arthur. Now, as the latter was unused to anything of this kind, being very mature in thought, word and manner, it amused Mark to see how he stared at Fogg, as if unable to determine whether it was because of old age, or whether it was because he was naturally foolish, that the old man uttered such silly expressions.

When Mark went upstairs, he found Annie Langdon in their room lying on a lounge, her face buried in a pillow, and sobbing violently. Mrs. Upstone informed him that as soon as Arthur had told Annie there was a probability of his having to leave the Home very soon, perhaps that day, the poor child was overcome with grief. Mrs. Upstone excused her from school, and took her into her own room, hoping she might comfort her, but the hope was futile; she had been weeping bitterly during the whole time of Mark's absence. It was only a short time after his return, however, before she fell asleep from exhaustion, and they were careful not to awaken her, glad that she was able in this way to forget her sorrow, even though it was only for a brief season.

Mark now resumed his duties in the school-room, though his thoughts lingered with Annie, and he felt a strong desire to do something that would prevent this sorrow. "If they would let Arthur remain here, for even two or three weeks longer, and authorize me to find him a situation, I am positive I could secure one for him either in the city or on a farm contiguous to it." Thus he reasoned, as he went about his labors; resolving that he would lay this plan before the ladies, as soon as they came together that day.

Fogg soon left the Home, and Arthur then came into the school-room. Mark noticed that there was a sad, frightened expression on his face, still he bore up barvely, and strove by his usual devotion to his studies to allay any suspicion on the part of others that he was unhappy.

Fortunately for Mark's purpose, Miss Forest was the first of the ladies to arrive, and, as soon as she was seated in the Council Room, he entered and laid before her the plan which he had devised for keeping Arthur within a short distance of his sister. Neither did he fail to inform her of Annie's grief at the prospect of Arthur's leaving. She could not eat a morsel of dinner, and with the exception of the hour and a half she was sleeping, she had been weeping ever since hearing the sad news. Miss Forest expressed much sympathy for her, approved his plan, and said she would advocate it when laying it before the other ladies.

Mark expressed his gratitude, and withdrew considerably encouraged just as Fogg returned.

Soon after this, or a few minutes past 2 o'clock, Mrs. Lovelaw, Miss Horner, Miss Whitemore, Mrs. Col. McKenzie, Miss Marble, and one or two more ladies entered, and the meeting being called to order, they proceeded to business. Miss Forest, as president, said that although it was understood at the last meeting that Arthur Langdon was to be indentured, no effort had been made to secure him a situation; but a man by the name of Fogg, from Western Canada, had come for a boy, and a few of the ladies had been summoned together to decide whether he should have Arthur. "But before discussing this question," she said, "I have another plan proposed by Mr. Upstone which I wish you to consider." She then told them that Mark promised to find Arthur a situation, not far from the Home, in case they would give him two or three weeks to do so; and besides mentioning the grief of Annie, she stated the other reasons Mark had given, why he thought Arthur ought not to be indentured to Fogg. Miss Forest declared that she regarded the plan a wise and prudent one, and from sympathy for Annie, she really hoped the ladies would adopt it.

Miss Marble at once rose and said she hoped none of the ladies had forgotten the disgusting kind of work Dick Radcliffe

had to perform on a farm at Mr. Shendy's. If Mr. Fogg's farm work was anything like that, she would strongly object to sending a boy there. Miss Horner rose, and said she most heartily endorsed Miss Marble's opinion. Miss Whitemore snapped out her opinion, that such talk was all nonsense—farm work was the same everywhere; and the chief thing for the ladies to find out was, whether Fogg was a man of property, therefore had work enough to keep a boy employed; and in case he was sick could care for him.

All seemed to think there was so much good sense displayed in this remark that they would act on Miss Whitemore's suggestion, and immediately find out what Fogg was worth. He was therefore, called in, and offered a seat; and though his heightened color and the shaky appearance of his knees indicated that he found it no easy matter to endure the scrutiny of so many fine ladies, he made a brave attempt to appear at ease.

As if he thought, too, that smiling profusely was an essential part of etiquette on such occasions as the present, he smiled from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. But as we have before shown, all his studied facial expressions were abortions; and in this case he looked much more like a monkey than he did like a Reeve of a municipality.

"I suppose, Mr. Fogg, you have a recommendation from some clergyman to show us," said the president.

"O yes," he answered, pulling a paper from his breast pocket, and handing it to her. She opened it and read as follows:

"To whom it may concern.

"I hereby certify that the bearer, Benj. Fogg, Esq., is a member in good standing of the ———— Church in this place. He is Reeve of this Municipality, owns a large amount of real estate, as well as personal property; hence, is well qualified, financially, to provide for any child he may adopt, as I believe he is mentally and morally."

"J. Burton, pastor, ——— Church, Dexter, C.W."

The ladies having listened attentively while the president read, now all turned their eyes beaming with admiration on the illustrious Mr. Fogg; and he, fully conscious of the upward flight he had taken in their estimation, returned their admiring gaze with a smile more excruciating than before. Miss Horner, seeing the trend of sentiment among the ladies, and fearful they would give Fogg the boy before she had learned the sanitary condition of his farm, whispered to Miss Marble and told her to ask if he kept pigs. She was just on the point of doing so when she caught the eye of Miss Whitemore, who, having observed the whisper, and divining its import, gave Miss Marble a frown that caused her to rearrange her vocal organs and keep silent. Believing that this

was the most opportune moment for securing the gratification of her desire with regard to the boy, Miss Whitemore rose and said,

"Madam President, I believe we are now all of one opinion with regard to this matter, and I see no reason why we cannot settle it, at once, with Mr. Fogg present. You all know the old saying that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' If we keep the boy here, as Upstone suggests, it is not at all likely he will find another man as well qualified with regard to property to bring up the boy as Mr. Fogg is. We have always desired to indenture our children to people of wealth, who are abundantly able to take care of them; and as Mr. Fogg has given such ample proof that he is a person of this kind, I move that we indenture Arthur Langdon to him."

"I second that motion," said Mrs. Col. McKenzie.

The president put the motion, which was carried unanimously. Mrs. Lovelaw, having already drawn out the contract, it was signed, Fogg paid the usual annual fee—nine dollars—and Arthur Langdon was indentured.

In less than an hour from the time the ladies arrived, Miss Forest came into the school-room to instruct Mark to prepare Arthur for his journey with Fogg the following morning. She informed him that she advised the ladies to adopt the plan he had suggested; "but," she added, "I had little faith that they would do it." After speaking with Arthur a moment to advise him with regard to his duty toward his new master, laying special stress on the words *respect* and *obedience*, she bade him good-bye, and departed. None of the ladies had asked to see Annie; it might have been from forgetfulness, or from a dislike to witness her sorrow.

In the evening, after Mrs. Upstone, assisted by Arthur, had packed his trunk with clothes and such of his books as he desired to take, Mark asked him into his own private room, and spent some time in talking with him respecting his new home and the new scenes he would witness. He told him he was going among people and scenes almost as unlike those to which he had been accustomed as would be those of another continent. Mark's knowledge of farming enabled him to tell him many things about the work he would have to do, that interested, though it seemed strange to him. He informed him also that he would be liable to feel offended or aggrieved at the manner or language of those with whom he might be called to associate, when there was little or no cause for so feeling—illiterate and ignorant people often saying and doing things which they have no idea will affect the happiness of others. Especially did he caution him against taking to heart the rough way in which Fogg himself might sometimes speak to him. In case, however, he should experience treatment

that was really unjust, and be assigned labor too hard for him to perform, he promised to let Mark know it at once, giving all the particulars. Mark knew that with Arthur's descriptive powers and conscientiousness, he need have no fear of distortion or exaggeration in whatever account he might send him.

In the morning Fogg came to the Bethesda half an hour before the time he intended to start, in compliance with the request of Mark who wished to talk with him respecting Arthur. As soon as he arrived, therefore, Mark entered upon the subject, and after briefly relating the history of the Langdon children, and showing why he felt so deep an interest in them, said,

"You see, therefore, Mr. Fogg, it is perfectly natural that I should wish to make you as fully acquainted with the boy, his disposition, habits, etc., as possible. Such knowledge may enable you to avoid mistakes in dealing with him, that you might make, in case you knew nothing about him. You understand, of course, that he knows no more about a farm, since he was never on one, than an infant; and you can see, as well as myself, that under such circumstances he will be liable to make many mistakes. But please remember this, Mr. Fogg, he will feel very sorry when he does make one and will not make the same twice. A word kindly spoken by way of correcting and instructing him is all that will be necessary at any time. Harsh reproof in any case does less good than a kind one, and with Arthur a harsh one would be decidedly misplaced. You may be sure of one thing, he will never tell you an untruth, and will always strive to do whatever task you set him. You can understand, too, that being unused to labor, it will be some time before his muscles will be firm and strong enough to do the work that boys of the same age perform, when they are accustomed to work."

With such cautions, suggestions and advice did Mark try to awaken Fogg's interest in Arthur; and from the words and manner of the old man, he believed he had succeeded. Fogg thanked him cordially for the pains he had taken to acquaint him with the disposition and history of Arthur, and assured him he need have no fear that the boy would be overworked, ill-treated, or in any way neglected; and we doubt not that he was perfectly sincere in this assurance.

The cab which Fogg had ordered had now arrived, and the moment had come when Arthur must bid his sister and friends at the Home adieu. Owing to the many encouraging things that had been said to Annie, and the promise of Arthur to write to her frequently, she was in better spirits this morning than she was the day before, and the advice that had been given her to avoid as far as possible showing sorrow, on Arthur's account, at the moment of his leaving, induced her to assume an air of bravery and cheerfulness she was far from feeling.

It was a frosty morning, and Mark knowing the long ride they would have to take after leaving the railway before reaching Dexter, gave Arthur his cast-off overcoat to wear over his own, while making the journey. He related to Fogg also the disastrous ride of Dick Radcliffe at the time his feet were frozen, and admonished him in case Arthur should suffer from cold to stop at any house by the wayside, to warm—a thing Fogg promised faithfully to do.

The final parting, though sad, passed without any of the harrowing scenes Mark and his wife had feared. Arthur, the brave boy, shed no tear, neither could he speak; he warmly pressed the hand of each, and when this was done, Annie again stepped forward, and with a brave, "Good-bye, Arthur," threw her arms about his neck, imprinted several passionate kisses on his cheek, and stepped back; but as she did so, Mrs. Upstone noticed that she was pale, and that she seemed faint. Throwing her arm quickly around her, she led her into the adjacent parlor and seated her on the sofa. She seemed soon to recover in a measure; but thenceforward, for a long time, she was very lonely and sad.

When the first letter came from Arthur, and when others occasionally arrived, she appeared for a short time like her former self, and especially was this the case till she had sent Arthur one in return, when she would relapse into dreamy moods, in which her interest in drawing and painting, and other things she once enjoyed, seemed to have died out; her mind as well as her heart dwelt with the loved ones of whose society she had been so sadly bereft.

But hers was not the only heart chilled by the loss of Arthur. The sad face, delicate appetite and absent mind for many days, told well to Mr. and Mrs. Upstone how memories of the absent boy still lingered with Lizzie Maynes. But when a letter came now and then to Annie, each containing some token of remembrance of Lizzie, or some message to her, what a change it effected. And when, finally, a whole, long letter came addressed to herself, it proved a panacea for all her ailments.

Arthur was too shrewd to hasten about writing to her, however strong might be his inclination. He knew that the boys and girls often teased Lizzie about him, and to avoid giving them fresh cause for so doing, he delayed writing her till after he had written two or three times to Annie, twice to Mr. Upstone, and once to all the boys and girls collectively.

It was eleven o'clock at night when our travellers entered the house of Mr. Fogg. Cold, stiff, tired and hungry, Arthur felt little interest in anything, and cared for nothing save warmth and rest. He had slept little the night before starting; he arose very early that morning, and naturally, his fatigue was great at the end of his twenty-eight mile ride over a rough road.

But when he entered the spacious, though rough looking kitchen, and saw a good fire burning in the large, old fashioned stove, and the table spread in readiness for their supper, he began to feel that his case was not so hopeless as he had imagined.

As soon also as he entered, Aunt Becky came forward, untied and removed his muffler, unbuttoned his overcoat and helped him pull them off, saying with a most kindly smile as she did so, she knew his fingers must be too numb to do the work quickly himself.

Jane, her daughter, who was frying pancakes, stopped a moment in the midst of her work to place a chair for him near the stove, and kindly bade him place his feet on the hearth. Such evidence of kindness as this, and so soon, was not what Arthur had anticipated; and his heart warmed toward these women to a degree which only sadness and loneliness like his can foster.

Fogg remained in the house only long enough to tell his wife and daughter that Arthur was an orphan boy he had brought from a Home in Montreal, and then he went out to help the man care for his horses. Arthur had barely warmed himself when Fogg and the man came in, and Fogg, like any one wanting a just sense of propriety as regards time and place, began to relate Arthur's history; expatiating to some extent on the murder of his father, being obliged meanwhile to apply to Arthur for many of the details. He did not finish the story till after they were at the table, and had, at least partially, appeased their appetites. Aunt Becky and her daughter were both crying, and it goes without saying that Arthur could have eaten with far better relish the things that were before him had Fogg restrained for the time his penchant for sensational stories and his curiosity for ghastly details. But Arthur's excessive hunger enabled him to eat what he regarded as a reasonable quantity, which, however, was so small compared with what Fogg or his man ate that the former told him he would never be able to work on a farm till he could eat more.

Arthur was reminded, even before he retired that night, of what Mr. Upstone had told him respecting things and customs he would see that would appear strange to him. There were articles used in the kitchen which he had never seen before, and the manners he noticed at table might have caused him to smile on another occasion. Before arriving here, when beginning to feel hungry, he wondered how long it would be after Fogg had eaten his supper before he and the servant who had come to the station for them with the team would have their supper. Would the servant girl have it prepared for them in the kitchen, so that they could eat there, while Fogg was taking his supper in the dining-room, or would they have to wait till he had finished his meal? This was a question which, hungry as he then was—he pondered with no slight degree of interest, yet without the satisfaction of arriving at

an answer. Having heard that Fogg was possessed of property, he supposed he lived in a grand brick or stone residence, like those occupied by rich men in the city. When he arrived at Fogg's and saw the rough, wooden house, learned that kitchen and dining-room were the same, and that Fogg and his servants eat together at the same table, his astonishment was great. He certainly had seen strange things already about which to write to his friends in Montreal.

Not long after this meal was finished, Aunt Becky said she knew he must wish to go to bed; so taking a candle, followed by Arthur carrying his valise, she led the way up a narrow staircase, across a large room, the floor of which was covered with corn in the ear, and around the unplastered walls of which hung numerous traces of ears of the same kind. A bed stood in one corner of this apartment, to which a path had been made through the corn, by throwing or kicking it aside; and following a similar path, Aunt Becky led Arthur to one of two small bed-rooms adjoining each other, at the farther end of the chamber.

He felt a sad yearning for his own little bed at the Bethesda, with its neat, white counterpane, as he turned down the homely woollen quilt of alternate blocks of dingy brown and yellow; but as he found no want of quilts and coverlets, he queried as he crept beneath the warm woollen blankets, whether there might not really be more enjoyment for him in the homely, rough condition in which he found things here than there would have been had everything been as he had anticipated. But before he had time to consider the question, he was unconscious to all his surroundings in sleep.

It was nine o'clock when he awoke on the following morning, and his first impression was, that he was the first of the boys awake in the dormitory at the Bethesda; as it was very quiet, and still quite dark in his room—the window in it being closely shaded by a faded curtain of green paper—but in another moment, the peculiarity of his position rushed upon his mind, and with a nervous, frightened feeling, he sprang from bed. Removing the curtain slightly, so as to look out, he saw that the sun had long been up, and that it was a beautiful, spring morning.

He had anticipated much pleasure in learning the different kinds of farm work, and, as Fogg had told him, he had several young calves, lambs and pigs, that it would be his work to care for, he hurriedly opened his valise and donned his every-day suit, hoping he might get down in time to feed these young animals this morning. Notwithstanding his haste, however, he did not forget before he was fully dressed to kneel down, and ask the Lord to protect and guide him through the day, and to confer the same blessing on his dear sister, Annie, and the other dear friends he had left in Montreal.

When he arose from his knees, and was about to wash his face and hands, he was much surprised to find there was neither water, wash bowl nor pitcher in his room; and concluding that they had forgotten to supply him with these articles, he took his collar and necktie in his hand and went downstairs. Aunt Becky and Jane were in the kitchen, but the men had been out at work for some time. After saying, "Good-morning," and answering Aunt Becky's questions as to how he slept, and if he felt tired after his long ride, he asked politely if they would show him where he could wash his hands and face. Jane told him that they sometimes washed in the sink, but the men usually washed in the watering trough outside near the door. Arthur went out and found a large trough, which was kept full of pure water by an uninterrupted stream from an upland spring. This was the only wash bowl he ever used while he lived at Fogg's, and, though the water was of icy temperature at this season, he found its invigorating effect very agreeable.

On returning to the house, and inquiring if the young animals had been fed, he learned that they were always fed by seven o'clock in the morning, and that the family always rose at five. Knowing his inability to awake at that early hour unless he was called, he obtained a promise from Aunt Becky that she would always call him.

Fogg came in before he had finished his breakfast, and, being in very good humor, he joked him about his long sleep, and asked him how he expected to be able to get up at five on subsequent mornings with the rest of the family. But he seemed pleased when he was informed that Arthur had asked Aunt Becky to awaken him, and also that he was disappointed to find that the young animals had been fed before he came down. This displayed an interest in the work, which he thought promised well for his new boy, and he only hoped it would be an interest of long continuance.

After breakfast Fogg went out with him, showed him the cattle, horses, sheep, calves, lambs, pigs and poultry, and good-naturedly answered the many questions Arthur asked concerning them.

As it was now drawing very near the sugar season, and the snow was beginning to melt from the sun's rays, Fogg decided that the sap buckets must be washed at once, and made ready to draw to the sugar orchard. The prospect of helping to make sugar was to Arthur, as it is to most boys, a very pleasant one; and during the remainder of that day no one of Fogg's household—and they all engaged in the work of washing buckets—was more active than he. The buckets had to be brought from the chamber of the woodshed, where they were stored, to the kitchen, and were there washed with hot water, and then piled up outside the house, to

remain till they were drawn to the sugar orchard. They were the old-fashioned wooden buckets, wooden-hooped, and, therefore, not so light and pleasant to handle as the tin ones now in general use; but Arthur insisted not only on carrying all of the five hundred buckets to and from the kitchen himself, but on helping to wash them; which lively work soon set his face aglow, and moistened it with perspiration. But he had learned ere this that active labor of any kind is a very effectual remedy for sad thoughts, and a desire to forget his lonely condition formed one of his strong incentives to work on that occasion.

It was hard work to rise at five the next morning, but, after doing so, he found that though he was a little stiff from labor, his spirits were brighter, and he went about the work of that day with something of his old-time hope and cheerfulness. He took his first lesson in feeding the young animals and poultry from Aunt Becky; and after one or two more lessons, she declared him quite competent to do the work without her superintendence; and thenceforward he relieved her of this task.

The day following the one on which they washed the buckets was Saturday, and it was spent by Arthur, Fogg and the third man in drawing them to the sugar bush, and carrying them around to the different trees to be tapped—a work of no little hardship on account of the great depth of snow.

Though very tired at night, Arthur did not retire till he had written to Annie and Mr. Upstone; giving them the pleasing assurance that he was more contented than he had anticipated, and a glowing account of the kindness of Aunt Becky and her daughter. He did not omit, of course, a graphic description of the work he had done during the two days he had been there, nor an enumeration of all the animals, both old and young. The next day he attended church and Sabbath-school, where he met Mrs. Dawson, an account of which will be given in a succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

EARLY in March, following the completion of the church at Dexter, John came into the house one day, looking so downcast that May could not forbear asking,

"What is the matter, my dear? You look troubled."

"O nothing very serious;" he replied, taking up a newspaper and seating himself to peruse it.

"Whether it is serious or not, I know that it is making you unhappy, and consequently I cannot feel at ease; I hope you do not regard my opinion or advice of no importance in your troubles."

"No, that I do not, May, as you ought to know; but I will tell you; I have just been talking with Fogg, and he says he thinks of going to Montreal in a short time, and intends, if he can get a boy from some charitable institution to bring up as his own to do so; and he expects me to give him a recommendation or written statement that I consider him a fit and proper person to rear such a boy."

"And you cannot conscientiously do it?" said May.

"No, I cannot," he answered.

"Have you told Fogg, that?"

"No, he merely told me that some day before going he would drop in to get the writing required; it seemed never to have occurred to him that I would, or could, have any objection to giving it."

"Will not a simple statement from you, in writing, that he is a member of the church in regular standing be sufficient?"

"I am not certain; but I fear not. I believe that at some institutions it is required that an applicant for a child shall have the written opinion of a clergyman, that he is in every way worthy to be entrusted with the care and rearing of a child; and now that I think of it there are very few people I know for whom I could conscientiously say that much. There are a great many people in good standing in the church who are not qualified to bring up children."

"Yes, but I suppose all the managers of an institution wish to know is that an applicant for a child is not generally immoral or cruel."

"I suppose that is all; but there is a great diversity of opinion as to what constitutes immorality and cruelty. Fogg would not generally be considered an immoral or cruel man; yet, if his own

sons cannot live with him, I could scarcely recommend him as being a fit person to bring up others."

"That is true; but will you have to tell him so, John?"

"I most certainly shall, if he insists on my recommending him."

"Oh dear, I hope he will not ask you to do it; I know he will be awfully angry if you refuse; he has such an exalted opinion of himself. But I am sure you will try to do the right thing whatever consequences follow."

"That I shall with the help of the Lord, you may be assured;" and John now began reading, and May resumed her work.

About a week after the above conversation occurred, John heard a rap at the door one morning, soon after breakfast, and, opening it, was a good deal disconcerted to meet Fogg. He knew the time had come when he must speak very frankly to him, and he was anxious as to the result.

John did not like to offend any one, but when it came to a question of doing violence to his conscience, or giving offence, he was not the man to hesitate—offence must be given.

He invited his visitor in, gave him a seat, and after the usual remarks respecting the weather and condition of the roads, Fogg said,

"Well, I intend to start for Montreal next Monday, and I thought I'd run over and get that writing, I spoke about the other day."

"Your design is to bring a boy back with you, is it, Mr. Fogg; that is, if you can find one that suits?"

"Yes, that is my design," replied Fogg.

"If I were you I would do nothing of that kind," said John.

"Why not?" asked Fogg, with considerable surprise.

"Well, for various reasons; first, because you are able to hire what help you need; and any boy you will find at a charitable institution will be too small to be of much service to you for a long time yet."

"Oh, as for hiring, you seem to think as every one else does, that I am made of money; I tell you I cannot afford to hire; besides, if you hire a boy, you can never depend on him to do a thing as you want it done. If you have a boy of your own to bring up, you can train him as you wish; and these young boys can do a good deal, and save old people a great many steps, even when you first take them; they grow like weeds too; and before you know it, you have a boy able to do a man's work."

"And then," continued John, ignoring Fogg's arguments in his own behalf, "if you have a charity boy to bring up, you cannot require him to do one-half that your own boy would do without rousing suspicions and remarks, that you are overworking him."

"Oh well, that kind of talk never disturbs me. If folks have

time to look after my affairs, and talk about 'em, instead of their own, why let 'em look and talk as long as they don't talk ter me."

John began to think it useless to try to persuade him not to take a boy; hence, he must prepare to make the refusal he would be obliged to give as kind and inoffensive as possible. After a short silence he said,

"I suppose a simple statement that you are a member of the church here will be all you require."

"I don't know whether it will be or not," Fogg replied. "In some of these places they are pretty particular about the writin' a stranger brings to 'em; they want the minister to say he's all right; that is, he's got the means and the judgment to bring up a boy or girl, and 'll use 'em well."

"That's a pretty strong writing to ask a minister to sign regarding any man," said John.

"Why so?" promptly demanded Fogg, coloring.

"Because it requires a great amount of wisdom, tact, patience and kindness to rear a child properly. There are many parents who think they are sensible and kind; and that they rear their children properly; and yet, other people, equally wise and kind, may differ from them materially in the management of their children."

"Oh 'tain't likely they go into hair-splittin'," said Fogg; "all they want to know is that a man's respectable; that he ain't a drunkard, nor a thief, nor a gambler."

"If that's all," John replied, "I can conscientiously say that you represent none of those characters; but to give you a writing stating I believe you are endowed with the proper qualities for bringing up children is more than I could ask a man to do for me."

"We won't talk no more about it;" said Fogg, rising and moving toward the door; "but I want ter say, Mr. Dawson, I think you are a good deal more nice than wise;" and as he uttered the last sentence, he went out, shutting the door with a bang.

Soon after this May entered the room where John was still sitting, pondering the circumstances and the results that were likely to follow. She had heard all that passed between the men, and had awaited the result of their colloquy with intense anxiety, believing that Fogg would be terribly angry, and would storm in his accustomed manner. But when he left so much sooner than she had anticipated, and with so much less display of anger, she was agreeably surprised and relieved.

"Well," she said, "are you not glad that Fogg's business is finished, and that we have no longer to dread his coming?"

"Yes, most heartily; but I am not so sure it is finished; I don't think he is one of the kind to forget what seems a slight to his dignity, and I have little doubt that he will do all he can, secretly, to injure my influence with the church."

"Oh, he cannot do you harm in the church, I am sure. You know he has very little influence there."

"The man who has money has influence anywhere in this world; but I have no fears; I have done what seemed to me to be right, and am willing to leave the result with the Lord."

About two weeks after the occurrence of the events recorded above, one Sunday afternoon, May came home from her Sunday-school, and having laid aside her wraps, she thus, with considerable animation, addressed her husband:

"Oh John, did you notice a nice, intelligent looking boy at church this morning, in the seat with Mrs. Fogg and her daughter?"

"I did; who is he?"

"Why, he is an orphan boy Fogg brought home with him from Montreal; he is a perfect gentleman, and so intelligent. He was at Sabbath-school, and I had a long chat with him; his name is Arthur Langdon, and his history is so sad, I could not help crying when he was relating it. Just think of it; it is not quite two years, since his parents, with this boy, and a little daughter younger than he, came to Montreal from London, England. His father was an artist, and was murdered little more than a month later, by the same enemy it was supposed who attempted to murder him in London. It was only two or three weeks afterwards that his wife died, and the children were sent to the Home, the little girl is there still."

"Really," said John, who had listened with great interest; "this is a sad history; and if ever I was glad that I refused to give Fogg the recommendation he asked for, it is now."

"Do you know whether he obtained one from any other minister?"

"Yes, the Rev. Mr. Burton gave him one; Fogg told him he didn't like me very well, and that was why he went to the minister of another church to get one."

"It does not seem possible that Mr. Burton would have given him a writing like the one he wanted you to give. Are you sure that you have not been misinformed?"

"Certainly; Burton told me himself. After he had done it, he began to think he had possibly done wrong; and the thought troubled him so much, and it seemed so strange Fogg should have come to him, he finally spoke to me about it, and I told him the whole story."

"What did he say?"

"He said it was very evident Fogg deceived him; and that as soon as he left, he was sorry he had given him such a writing; especially when he recalled the accounts he had heard of the harsh treatment Fogg gave his own boys."

"Well, it is possible Fogg learned from experience the folly

of such a course; his own boys all left him, and perhaps he will be more kind to this one, on that account."

"It is possible; yet, I have some doubts about it; I do not suppose he will be cruel to the boy, nor intentionally misuse him in any way; but he is domineering and unfeeling, naturally; and he will do and say a great many unkind things from want of proper judgment and forethought."

"Well, I am sure Aunt Becky and her daughter will do all they can to make the little fellow contented and happy. But he seems so out of place, with his neat appearance and refined manners; it looks improbable that he can ever do the rough, hard work that Fogg will expect him to do on a farm. Do you not think it very strange that the managers of the Home allowed such a boy to come to a backwoods place, and so far away from his sister?"

"I do most certainly think so."

"I am very glad we have learned so much respecting him, so soon after his coming here; we shall now take more interest in him, and I hope we can do something to prevent his life being too lonely. He told me that he is very fond of reading, and we can provide him with good books; I am sure he will find very little to read at Fogg's."

"And I am quite as sure that Fogg will not permit him to come here often."

"I would like to see him dare to forbid his coming!" and May's eyes flashed in a way that portended no little danger to Ben Fogg in case he should presume to do such a thing. "Indeed," she continued, "I will ask Fogg the first time I see him if the boy can't come in in the evening now and then, or whenever he is not at work and wishes to come; I shall tell Fogg how fond he is of reading, and that I have invited him to take a book from the library whenever he feels inclined, and I don't believe he will refuse to let him come."

"Perhaps he will not; but you may be sure that while the boy lives with Fogg he will have very few leisure hours."

The conversation with regard to Arthur now ceased, but May did not cease to think of him much of the time during the rest of the afternoon and evening. The very next day when going to the post-office, she met Fogg; she had not met him since John decided to give the testimonial, and she noticed at once that he was very dignified and frigid in manner. After several remarks had passed, she said,

"I think you are very fortunate, Mr. Fogg, in selecting a boy; I had quite a chat yesterday, after Sabbath-school, with the one you brought home with you, and I think he is a remarkably intelligent boy, and so gentlemanly too."

"Yes," replied Fogg, "and it's mighty lucky he's so smart, that I won't ruin him bringin' him up."

Fogg intended this remark as a very hard hit at John; but May was dull of apprehension and continued:

"He is very fond of reading, Mr. Fogg, and as Mr. Dawson has a good library, I hope you will let him come in whenever he is not busy, and select such books as he likes, to take home to read."

Fogg colored deeply, grinned, ahemmed, and finally said, "I don't know 'bout that, Mrs. Dawson; I don't think a boy like that orter git into the way of runnin' about till he gits wonted to the place where he belongs; and then, you orter consider Mrs. Dawson, I got this boy to work; not to spend all his time readin'. What d'ye think? I had to pay nine dollars in cash right down to them wimmen, where I got him; and I've got to pay that sum to 'em every year I keep him, besides boardin' an clothin' him, and sendin' him to school three months in the winter. You see, in these circumstances, 'twould show pretty poor calkerlation in me to let him git a notion of runnin' about to the neighbors' and of spendin' his time readin'. Besides, he's got books 'nuff of his own to read. He's got a hull trunk full, and I dunno what more he wants."

May was so astonished at this display of meanness and ignorance, she stood for a moment speechless, forgetful of what she wanted to do; but gradually her thoughts returned, and in less time than we have occupied in telling it, she replied,

"Surely, Mr. Fogg, you cannot think that by coming over to the parsonage now and then for books to read the boy will get into the way of running about. I understand, of course, that you have taken him to work; but as a professing Christian you will naturally desire, while he is of benefit to you, to do all you can consistently to benefit him, so that it will be a blessing to him to have lived with you. And while it is his duty to work and make himself useful, he will doubtless find a little leisure time, when he can read. If he has books, he has doubtless read them all, and would like something new. Besides, I have always heard, Mr. Fogg, that there is no surer way of making a boy contented and glad to spend his evenings or leisure hours at home than by giving him plenty of good reading matter."

The idea, that he professed to be a Christian, and therefore, that it ought to be a blessing to the boy to live with him, was a new and startling one to Fogg, for he was intensely selfish. In all his dealings with others his only thought was of himself; how their actions would affect himself or his interests; and whatever fear he might experience, that Arthur Langdon would possibly fall into unsteady habits, resulted not from anxiety as to the boy's well-being, but from the thought that such habits might result in loss to his own pocket.

And how keenly he felt what May had said, respecting the benefit of providing reading matter for boys at home—a thing he

suddenly remembered he had never done for his boys; and how he wondered whether, in case he had, it might not have contributed materially towards keeping them at home.

Yes, Fogg realized, as he stood there before that little woman, that she had the advantage of him; that he could not bring forward any reasons of sufficient force to overcome those she had presented; therefore, he took the only short and sure method of ending the confab.

"Well, Mrs. Dawson, I'll talk to the boy about this matter, and we'll see; I guess it'll be all right, but I'm in a good deal of a hurry now, so you'll have to excuse me," and with this he started off at a brisk pace.

Instead of feeling nettled at his coarse and abrupt way of leaving her, May rather enjoyed his haste to escape her presence, judging correctly therefrom that he felt his inability to defend his position; consequently, would no doubt soon consent to her proposal respecting the boy.

Two or three days afterward, therefore, she and John were not surprised to receive a visit one evening from Arthur; but they were surprised to learn that, instead of first speaking to Fogg, and asking his permission to come, the latter, after giving him a good many cautions against getting into the way of "runnin' around evenins," had suggested that he should call on Mr. and Mrs. Dawson that evening, as it was possible he might be able to borrow an interesting book to read.

It is but reasonable to suppose that Fogg rose in the estimation of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson on manifesting such evidence of good feeling and design; yet their former acquaintance with the man tinged their gratitude and respect for this generous act with a shade of suspicion, that he might have been instigated by some motive not so worthy of esteem.

Arthur remained less than an hour; but whatever interest John had felt in him from May's description was redoubled now on seeing and talking with him. John and May wondered at his general information and mature thoughts, expressed in appropriate and grammatical language; and both received a strong impression that his parents had been people of high culture.

They talked of London, the voyage across the Atlantic, and especially about the Bethesda, concerning which John asked many questions. They delicately refrained from asking him anything respecting the death of his parents, but of his own accord he gave the most important particulars, and John then asked him whether anything had ever since been heard of his father's murderer, little dreaming that he was one of the highwaymen who, subsequently, covered him with a revolver, and came so near robbing him of poor Polly's money.

When Arthur bade them good night, they urged him very warmly to come in and see them as often as he could; and on no account if he were ever in sorrow or perplexity to hesitate to come to them for sympathy and advice. He expressed his gratitude for their kindness in his usual manly way, but said he feared his visits would not be frequent, for night generally found him too tired to leave the house. But as he now felt less fatigue at night than he did during the first week of his new work, he was cheerfully anticipating the time when he could endure as much labor without fatigue as any of the boys in Dexter.

But we shall now leave Arthur and devote the remainder of this chapter to the family and events at the parsonage.

There was one member of the family of whom we have, as yet, said little, although she has been a very important one, and was now the sovereign of the household. This was little May, a beautiful child, possessing in a high degree that precocity of intellect and those winsome ways that not only made her the idol of her parents, but captivated the attenton and admiration of those most indifferent to the charms of childhood. Yes. it was conceded by all who knew her that she was a remarkable child, and, as is usually the case, wherever there is a precocious little one, there were those who declared by ominous looks, and shakes of the head, that she was destined to an early death.

The parents could not listen, with perfect indifference, to these ill omens respecting their dearest earthly treasure, although they had positive proof that such discomforting auguries with regard to children fail as often as they prove true. May and John, no doubt, loved their little daughter all the more, from the thought that there was a possibility she might be taken from them, but as the thought was far too painful to be long harbored, they closed their minds against it; and as she had thus far been healthy, they hoped and believed that the present state of things would continue. But ere the spring of which we have spoken passed away, a change was noticed in the child, yet so gradual had been its approach that it caused little alarm. One morning, when she was unable to eat any breakfast, and soon came to her mother with a weary manner, a feverish flush on her little face, Mrs. Dawson took her tenderly in her arms, and remarked to John, she feared May had not been well for some days, as she now recollected that she had played less, had appeared tired and sad, and her clear, joyous laugh had not been heard as on former days. John, too, had observed the change, but as the little one had trotted about, displaying no marked symptoms of illness, he had felt no uneasiness.

May dropped asleep almost as soon as her mother took her; but the sleep was a troubled one, during which she often started and moaned, and little more than an hour later she awoke with

something so like a spasm her parents were thoroughly frightened, and John lost no time in going for the doctor.

When Dr. Gibson came and examined the child, his grave manner, and the explicit directions he gave, were sufficient proof to John and May that he regarded their darling a sick child.

A shadow had fallen upon their bright and, hitherto, sunny cottage.

All that day they closely watched the little sufferer, speaking in whispers when near her, and carefully noting her countenance, temperature and every movement that might be regarded as an index to her physical condition. Punctually at the appointed hour in the evening, the doctor came again; and after examining the little patient, and observing the effect of the medicine that had been given during the day, he said,

"I am now sure of what I feared this morning; the seat of your little one's trouble is the brain; and I believe it better to tell you now that I regard it a very serious case."

His words struck like daggers to the parents' hearts. Neither spoke, but John soon glanced at the face of May, and knew by its deathly pallor how she was feeling. May threw herself on the sofa, and as John approached she drew his face down near her own, and asked in a very low, yet earnest tone,

"John, do you really suppose our baby will die?"

It was hard for him to answer the question; he hesitated, and May felt a tear splash on her cheek while he was summoning strength to reply.

At last he spoke in faltering tones,

"If she does, my dear, be assured that it is by the will of our heavenly Father, and I trust we may both be able to say from the heart, 'Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done.'"

May made no response, but in a little time a low moan announced to John that she felt the blow a greater one than she could bear. The time had come, as it comes to us all at some period of our lives, when she could not see and feel that there was wisdom and love in all the decrees of Providence, and that it was her duty to be resigned. John soon left her, and in a short time she rose and with a terribly sad countenance went silently and mechanically about her duties.

The doctor remained with them till near midnight, and in the course of the evening John mustered courage to say to him,

"And do you really think, doctor, there is no hope?"

"My dear Mr. Dawson, you know that as long as there is life there is hope; and though I said I regarded the case a very serious one, I cherish a hope that she may be brought through it."

These words afforded some comfort to their heavy hearts, and when the little patient awoke, shortly before the doctor's

departure, and he announced that there were signs of improvement, their spark of comfort expanded into a brighter one of joy.

The next morning the doctor on his arrival found the symptoms of improvement still more marked, and for the two following days there seemed so fair prospects of recovery that happiness again resumed sway in the household. But the next day, the Sabbath, quite early in the morning, she was seized with spasms, and the bright hopes that had cheered the parents for a short time past were at once supplanted by sorrow and despair. With the latter feeling still in his heart, John left the house to conduct his service.

His sermon had been prepared during the last two days, and was replete with exhortations to his hearers to be observant and mindful of the numberless blessings they were constantly receiving from the bountiful hand of God; and he dwelt much on the baseness of the heart that felt no gratitude, no glow of enthusiasm or affection for all these mercies; these incontestible proofs of divine love. The fact was his heart was so full of love and gratitude to God for restoring his child to health again that when writing his sermon he was really expressing his own feelings, and trying to impart them to others. But were these the feelings he enjoyed to-day in the pulpit? Alas! no; he was conscious of it, and with all his suffering, not the least was that caused by a sense of unworthiness. God did not appear to him, to-day, the loving and indulgent father he appeared the day before; and, as John stood before his congregation, exhorting them to feel what he could not himself feel under all circumstances, he accused himself of hypocrisy. But it was a hopeful sign that he felt his spiritual weakness and lamented it—a sure sign that God would lead him into that peace through which he could say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

At the close of the service he hurried homeward, yet paused at the threshold, fearing to enter lest he should hear the sad tidings he so dreaded. But happily a change for the better had again occurred, and the doctor had said there seemed to be no immediate danger, but he could give no hopes of her ultimate recovery.

As soon as John had learned these things, and spoken a word of comfort to May, he went directly to a private room, fell on his knees, and prayed for that resignation to this great sorrow, if it must come, that he knew he did not possess. He was conscious of the fact that when exhorting May to exercise that faith which would enable her to say in all sincerity "not my will but Thine, O Lord, be done," he could not himself, in these circumstances, say the words with that calm, peaceful resignation he desired. He prayed more than once to this end during the next twenty-four hours before he felt that his prayers were answered, but the

answer came, and peace such as he had never before known filled his soul. And now, how earnestly he longed and prayed that May might enjoy this peace—that she might see and feel as he did, that if their loved one was taken from them it would be by the loving hand of him who said,

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

If the All-wise Father was willing to translate their darling now into Paradise, was it not a most selfish thing in them to resist his will by desiring to keep her with them here on this sinful earth? Was it not most unkind, nay, cruel, to her whom they professed to love with such a great love, to retain her in this world of disappointment, sickness and sorrow, when just beyond were angels waiting to bear her to realms of eternal beauty and joy, such as human "eye hath not seen nor mind conceived?" These were the questions which John had pondered, and which he could now answer with an emphatic Yes. Poor May; it was long ere she was able to see or feel anything, save the one sad fact, that she was a stricken woman. Peace and resignation did not come to her till she had been bereft, and felt that her little one was in the arms of the Eternal. Thenceforward heaven had a new meaning for her; it was fraught with tenfold interest; and by degrees, as she compared the celestial with the terrestrial world, she became reconciled to the thought that her child was there.

Notwithstanding the alarming symptoms of near decease that were observed in the little one on this long remembered Sabbath, she lingered for three weeks before passing away. And what weeks of torture they were to the mother; sleep, as it is generally understood, she did not an hour in all that time. When exhausted by constant vigils, she threw herself on the bed to gain a few moments of needed rest, she often fell into a doze, in which the scenes she had recently passed through were again before her. She always awoke in a few minutes with a start, to find the unpleasant vision not a dream, but a sad reality, more vivid to her senses than it appeared in sleep.

But the event finally came that was to put an end to these weary days and sleepless nights. May had been holding the little sufferer for a long time, and after observing her for some minutes, John said she was passing away. "That cannot be," said May, a moment later, "for see, she smiles." It was true, a smile so sweet, that it must have been prompted by a view of the glory beyond, just then lighted up the wan features of the little angel face; but it soon faded, and the eyes closed for the last time. The baby was with God. So quiet and gentle had been her exit from this world, that May, as she still sat holding the little body, could not realize that she had indeed gone. It was the first death she had ever

witnessed; and it seemed impossible that the accents of those baby lips which had long been to her the sweetest of earth's melodies would never more be heard. A sob aroused her, and looking up she saw that for the first time since she had known him her husband was weeping. True, she had felt a tear she knew he must have shed at the time the baby was first stricken, but that was all. Now, however, the fact that he was weeping brought to view as nothing else could the reality of their bereavement; the baby was indeed dead; and for months forward from that moment the face of nature seemed changed; everything was enshrouded in gloom. But now that she had gone, they would not recall her if they could; they felt that she was now safe from all harm and sorrow; still, the utter loneliness was a trial not easily borne.

That misfortunes never come singly, John Dawson was most forcibly reminded at the time of their great sorrow. A part of the sum promised him by the Home Missionary Society had long been overdue; but he was unable to obtain a penny of it. The little that had lately been paid him on subscriptions had been paid in farm produce; and at this unhappy moment he was without a dollar to defray the funeral expenses. No man could feel the humiliation of his position more keenly than he, and it was only stern necessity that drove him to the sad alternative of selling household furniture to raise the money.

A daughter of one of his parishioners was desirous of buying a parlor organ; May had a fine one that she could sell to her by making a liberal discount on the first cost.

It is perhaps needless to say that the discount was made; and thus was money secured to pay for the little casket in which was deposited the body of their child.

As it was a season of the year when farmers are busy, and the funeral, moreover, was that of "only a young child," it was attended by a small number, comparatively, yet a large number when compared with that from whom the mourning couple received genuine sympathy in their affliction. Chief among the latter were Aunt Kitty Gordon and her son Tom; Aunt Becky Fogg and her daughter were also frequent visitors of the parsonage during this trial of its inmates, and Arthur Langdon ran in as often as he had opportunity, showing plainly his sorrow at the great blow that had fallen on his friends. The few we have named and Dr. Gibson, who showed more feeling than is usually shown by medical men at such times were all who evinced a strong desire to contribute in some way to the help and comfort of the bereaved.

It has already been stated that there was no cemetery in Dexter—the place having been so recently settled, and so free thus far from the calls of the Dread Visitor, it had not been found necessary to prepare a place for burial.

The fact, therefore, that their loved one would have to be laid at rest in the adjacent, pine forest, without an ornamental shrub or flower—save what they themselves planted—to mark the resting place, was of itself a sore trial to these parents, especially the mother.

It is a fact we all acknowledge, that a grave-yard made beautiful by walks, shubbery and flowers does much to disarm death of its terrors; and it is little wonder that our friends' feelings revolted at the thought of interring their child in a place barren of beauty, both of nature and art. But there was no alternative, and the little one was consigned to its narrow house in this solitary forest.

The heat had been oppressive for some days; and on this, the day of the burial, all nature seemed scorched by the sun's rays; and May felt as she left the grave that her heart had been seared and withered most of all.

The day passed, but when night with its silence and loneliness fell on the earth, how intensely the mother longed for her babe. The thought of her grave in that lonely wood was too harrowing to be endured; she could not sleep, but wept and moaned throughout the livelong night. The day brought little cessation to her grief, and she spent much of it beside the little grave. A second and a third night passed with but little more sleep and rest for her than she had the first night after the funeral. The next morning, as soon as she saw that John was awake, she said,

"John, could we not have buried the baby in the yard beneath our window, had we wish to do so?"

"Certainly, we could," he replied.

"Could we not disinter and bury her here, now?"

"We could, if we thought it advisable to do so."

"Well, John, I wish to have it done. I cannot live and endure the thought of leaving her little body in that horrid place; and if she is lying here where I can see her grave, and plant flowers on it, I shall be much more content."

"Well," answered John, "I approve your plan, and shall feel much better satisfied myself to have the little body lying here."

"Another thing, John, I want the work of removing her to be done by you and me alone. Do you know I think it is a barbarous custom, that when the one nearest and dearest to us dies, we must neither with our own hands prepare the body for interment, nor inter it; but leave this duty for others, perhaps entire strangers, to perform! To me, this custom, since the death of our baby, has seemed both absurd and cruel. If the deceased person were conscious, whom would he prefer to have near him rather than the one nearest his heart, or whose hands would he prefer should perform the last acts of kindness to him it is per-

mitted mortal to perform? When our darling died, we yielded to this strange custom, though I had an unhappy feeling all the while of having deserted her. It seemed to me that this was a sacred duty you and I ought to perform, and we know well what Baby's desire would have been could she have expressed it."

"I quite agree with you, my dear, in this thing also; and yet I have no doubt that, in the present state of public sentiment with regard to such matters, we shall be severely criticised if it is found out that we have removed our child with our own hands. It is also contrary to law to disinter and remove a body without permission from the proper authorities, but the law never was intended for a case like this. It was designed to prevent body snatching, and the removal in populous districts of those who have died of contagious diseases."

"And you really believe public sentiment would condemn us for doing a thing prompted by such tender feelings, that it seems to me almost sacred in character?"

"I have not a doubt that it would."

"Well, if public sentiment is so heartless, so ignorant of a mother's feelings, I care nothing for it. Shall we go to-night and bring that little casket here and bury it?"

"Yes, if you like."

However much the votary of prevalent customs may be shocked by this decision and the subsequent act of these parents, we feel that they were quite right in pursuing the course in this matter, dictated by their feelings—feelings so pure, so tender, so loyal to the dear one, that they should have been too sacred ever to have been assailed by the foul breath of scandal or gossip.

In a yard in the rear of the parsonage, beneath a window of their sleeping apartment, John prepared a grave; and to this, late at night, after the moon had risen, the little casket was transferred. From this time onward, May grew daily more reconciled; but the little grave was guarded and tended as a sacred spot. The care, however, bestowed upon it was the means of disclosing to others the secret which had been so carefully guarded.

Observing individuals discovered that May spent considerable time working at a certain spot in the rear of the parsonage. It was further discovered that this spot appeared quite different from any other on the premises, inasmuch, as the grass was closely clipped, and it was prettily decorated with flowers. These things suggested the thought that the little grave in the woods had no flowers on it, and that May was never known to visit it—two things incompatible with a mother's love for the spot where her darling was buried. Curiosity was thus aroused to such a pitch that the grave in the woods was examined, and found to be vacant. The chain of circumstantial evidence was complete. No need of

further caution or delicacy now—justice and morality demanded that the culprits should at once be boldly confronted and charged with the crime. "Crime?" Certainly; was it not a crime of a most heinous nature for this man, who had contracted for $300 per annum, to preach and labor for a certain portion of the inhabitants of Dexter and vicinity—hence, had practically become a part of their personal property—to do this thing without either asking their permission or hinting to them his intention? Furthermore, was it not hyprocrisy and wickedness of the most flagrant kind for a man capable of comitting such a deed to boldly proclaim himself a minister of the Gospel? A few who were inclined to shield the minister, as far as possible, from the opprobrium of the deed wisely affirmed that he never would have done this had it not been for the baneful influence of his wife. They had more than once observed with sorrow his want of manly firmness to resist her subtle power; and thus his will-power had diminished till he was lured to ruin.

It was a significant fact that among those whose abnormally refined natures suffered a terrible shock from this deed of the minister and his wife were two married ladies, who declared their hearts were so lacerated, they could never endure to hear him preach again. In proof of the highly sensitive nature of these ladies, it may be stated that one of them enjoyed the notoriety of having been married three times within the space of two years, and it was generally known that two of her husbands were still living. The other was a celebrity of no less prominence, having made her appearance in Dexter four years previously, from Chicago, where the absence of a man she here called husband was mourned by a wife and four children. To be explicit and correct, however, in our chronicles, we should state that neither of these ladies was a member of John's church.

Two or three of the feminine members of his flock, however, declared that they felt it a pressing duty "to talk very plain to Mr. and Mrs. Dawson" concerning their shameful act. Several of the men, too, had equally clear revelations that it was their duty to do the same thing, and of the number was Ben Fogg. The matter had been very fully discussed in a store one evening, and though one man, in palliation of the offence, remarked that the minister and his wife were quite young, therefore "didn't consider how 'twould look," they all agreed that it was an outrage against the manners and morals of the community, for which its authors deserved a stern and scathing rebuke. It was also the general opinion that if it did not break up the church, the pastor's influence for good was destroyed, as well as that of his wife. Finally, their deliberations concluded with the resolve that one of their number should visit the parsonage, represent to Mr. and

Mrs. Dawson the unpleasant feeling toward them existing in the place, and at the same time administer such reproof and advice as his judgment might dictate.

And, inasmuch as he was not only the oldest man present, but the most prominent in the place, this important and imperative duty was deputed to Ben Fogg. As the reader may naturally imagine, Fogg was highly gratified that he had been the man chosen for this work. Not that he thought the minister and his wife had done anything wrong; on the contrary, he thought they had displayed good judgment and economy in removing the remains themselves, instead of employing some one to do it, at an expense of three or four dollars. This was all the feeling he had respecting the disinterment, and he really believed the parents had done it themselves to save expense. But he had not forgotten John's refusal to give him the testimonial he desired two or three months before, nor the way in which he thwarted his design of selling the chuch site, and giving worthless lumber to the church, nor the rebukes he had received for his trickery. No, he had forgotten none of these things; and being a vindictive and cunning man, he felt a secret gratification that John's popularity was on the wane, and that he could contribute in a measure towards his humiliation.

It was with a self-satisfied feeling of importance, therefore, that he went the next morning to the parsonage. John had just gone to visit a sick church member who lived about two miles distant, and Fogg was rather pleased than otherwise at his absence; for, like all the men of his disposition, he was cowardly, and preferred reproving the weaker person. He knew, moreover, that May would tell John whatever he said; hence, it was better, he thought, that he was absent.

Aunt Kitty had called at the parsonage but a short time before Fogg's arrival, and owing to the intimate relations subsisting between her and May, she sat in the kitchen chatting with her, while May washed the breakfast dishes. Aunt Kitty was the only person May had told of the removal of the casket; she sympathized warmly with the parents, approved the act, and had never divulged the secret, though entrusted with it not later than a week after the event occurred.

When the door-bell rang, May threw aside her large apron and answered the summons, while Aunt Kitty remained in the kitchen. May was somewhat surprised to find that her visitor was Fogg, and she tried in vain to divine the object of his visit, but he did not leave her long in doubt. The usual salutations exchanged, he asked for John, and made several unimportant remarks, finding it more difficult to broach the subject than he had anticipated. The fact was, he felt mean; not that he repented having undertaken

the task, or had any intention of shirking it, but he knew that May was innocent of any wrong; that she was a noble, Christian person; and he felt that condemnation, which vice always feels in the presence of virtue—that timidity which a coarse, unprincipled man experiences in the presence of a refined and Christian woman. He thought, therefore, that it would be easier in the beginning to assume a humorous air, so, with a ghastly grin, he said,

"You and the parson was pretty sly about it, wasn't ye?"

May had not the slightest idea what he meant; and after looking at him intently a moment, trying to imagine the import of his words, she said,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fogg?"

It began to dawn on Fogg's mind that he might be venturing on sacred ground; her dignity awed him; his face turned red, and the forced grin grew more ghastly, as he stammered,

"I said you and the parson was pretty sly and cunning about it."

May was annoyed that he could not speak so as to be comprehended, consequently, the expression of her face made Fogg feel still more uncomfortable, when she said,

"I certainly fail to understand what you mean, Mr. Fogg."

"Oh, now don't pretend, Mrs. Dawson; you know well I mean your diggin' up your child up there in the woods, and buryin' it down here; you thought 'twouldn't be found out, but it's all over town, and some o' the folks in the church are quite mad about it."

Did May hear aright? Was this man, who was talking so glibly, and in such an unfeeling manner, talking of her baby, and of an event that she and John regarded so delicate, so sacred even, that they seldom spoke of it, and when they did, it was with hushed and solemn voices? It was incredible; but yet, it must be true; and as the unpleasant fact slowly unfolded itself to her mind, she felt so shocked, she was unable for some moments to reply. But finally, indignation at his audacious insolence, gave her words.

"I cannot understand, Mr. Fogg, what should induce people to talk about a matter that in no way concerns them, and especially why they should feel displeased about it."

"Oh well, you know Mrs. Dawson, folks will talk about things, whether they consarn 'em or not; but you see, they 've kinder got an idee that this thing does consarn 'em, Mr. Dawson bein' a parson, and you, his wife; you see, it don't look jest right; and it's agin the law too. Of course, I kin see why you done it, yourselves; we're all on us glad to save a dollar when we can. Why it might hev cost ye five dollars if you'd hired some one ter done it."

The tears were now standing in May's eyes, and she was trembling from emotion. Aunt Kitty had told her that it was

generally known that she and John removed the child; but she very carefully refrained from telling her that their act was criticized; and to be made acquainted with the fact in this coarse manner was more than May could bear. She made no reply, and the tears were soon streaming fast from her eyes. Fogg embraced the moment of silence to say,

"Oh thar's no use in feelin' bad 'bout it now; what's done can't be helped. If you and the parson jest meet the church members, an talk it over with 'em, an' acknowledge that ye done wrong, I guess it'll be all right. There was several on us in the store last night, and after considerin' over the matter awhile, the rest thought I'd better come up and talk to ye, and perhaps ———." Fogg didn't finish the sentence; hearing a slight noise partly in the rear of his chair, he looked around, and there in the door leading to the kitchen stood his *bete noir*, Aunt Kitty, her eyes blazing, and her face almost ghastly in its angry pallor. The door being open between the kitchen and the sitting-room where Fogg and May were talking, she had heard every word that had passed without being seen herself; consequently, Fogg had not measured his words as he would had he known the person whom he most feared was within hearing. Indeed, it is highly probable he never would have mentioned the subject that brought him hither had he known Aunt Kitty was in the house.

Disliking him as she did, an unpleasant sensation crept over Aunt Kitty, when she first heard Fogg's voice, as May opened the door. Perhaps it was owing to the many rencounters she had had with him that she experienced the unlovely sensation; but however this may be, she had a premonition of trouble; and at once determined to observe the movements of Fogg. For a few moments there seemed to be nothing of interest in their conversation, but when she heard Fogg's abrupt allusion to sly conduct on the part of John and May, she was much surprised and puzzled, being unable, like May, to divine his meaning. She sat wondering what he could mean, and why he did not speak out frankly, when his explanation reached her ear.

"The old boor!" she exclaimed, springing from her chair, "He'll kill her!"

Aunt Kitty was a person possessing much refinement of feeling, and no wonder she was startled and shocked, after she had so carefully refrained from telling May anything of the feeling or gossip in the place, to hear it told in this manner by Fogg. She stood trembling with excitement and fear for the consequences to May, and growing constantly more indignant as she listened.

"Tha broote!" she muttered, as she heard him state that the public deemed it their business to discuss and sit in judgment on the act of John and May in removing the body of their babe, and as

his remarks appeared more and more audacious and brutal to her, she decided that it was her duty to stop his mouth and get rid of him. As she came to this decision she glanced hastily toward a smoothing iron on the stove, and then at a pan of steaming dish water in the sink, as if querying whether one of these articles might not be useful in expediting Fogg's departure, but, apparently concluding to employ them only as a last resort, she advanced to the dining-room. The sight of May weeping, and Fogg's hypocritical advice to her to acknowledge having done wrong, and his assertion that he had been sent there to talk to them, exasperated her beyond endurance.

As soon as the astonished Fogg could speak, he began with a sickly attempt at suavity,

"Why—why—I didn't know—hallo Aunt Kitty——."

"Dinna ye approach me wi any o' yer heepocreetical speeches, Ben Fogg! Could ye na think o' ony ither divilmint the morn but to coom to tha pairsonage to brek this puir leddy's hairt wi yer brootalety? It's a gret pitty ye did na think to go into yer ain field, an help tha puir orphan laddie hoe yer pataties. Confessin' to the likes o' ye, 'twas wrang for the fayther an mither to remove their dear little one to their ain hame! Ye'd hed 'em let it lie there in the wood for the cattle an wild animals to tramp ower, would ye? Na, na, dinna tell me ye believe 'twas wrang, when a' the warld kens that for five dollars ye'd dig up yer ain fayther an' mither wi yer ain hans; ay, an keep their skilitons on exhibition in yer ain kitchen. Yer room is better than yer company, Ben Fogg, an' ye'll do weel to stairt for yer ain hame this meenit!"

As Aunt Kitty finished the last sentence, she walked to the front door, threw it wide open, and then returned. Fogg, who had been standing meanwhile, with red face and flashing eyes, tried very hard to laugh, and treat Aunt Kitty's well-deserved attack as a good joke; but his effort, owing to suppressed shame and anger, was a failure; he only succeeded in making himself look and appear extremely silly. As she returned he grinned, and thus commenced addressing her—

"But, Aunt Kitty—"

"Not a word! I'll neither listen nor speak to ye. Oot o' this! and she moved towards him while pointing to the door."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Fogg. We say laugh, for this was what he tried to do, though his face at the time indicated that murder would afford him more gratification, but he slowly backed toward the door.

"Dinna ye mock me, Ben Fogg! an' if ye dinna hasten yer speed, I'll soon find something to hasten it," and Aunt Kitty pressed closely on his retreating figure. Fogg glanced at her

hands to see whether they held anything to which this threat might refer, and, finding they did not, and that he was now within a step of the door, he took courage to show Aunt Kitty the true condition of his heart. The hideous grin into which he had forced the muscles of his face changed with kaleidoscopic quickness into the most diabolical expression of hatred, and raising his tightly clinched fist, he shook it with dreadful significance before Aunt Kitty's eyes, and at the same time delivered the appropriate vocal accompaniment,

"You old Jezebel! You'll pay for this!" and without waiting to see what means Aunt Kitty might take to hasten his exit, he turned his back on her, took a flying leap from the doorstep, and had just struck *terra firma* when the door closed behind him with a bang that inaugurated a grand powwow of half the dogs in Dexter.

Aunt Kitty returned to May, who rose and fell into the outstretched arms that were ready to receive her, and between crying and laughing expressed her gratitude that her persecutor had been driven from the house.

## CHAPTER XXX.

It was but a few days after Mrs. Fernleaf's instructions to Mark to show the children where the directresses of the Bethesda lived that he had occasion to call at the residence of Miss Forest to consult that lady about some matter connected with the institution. This having been done, he was about to depart when Miss Forest exclaimed.

"Why, Mr. Upstone, there is great complaint among the ladies about expenses at the Home."

"Indeed," said Mark, "I am sorry to hear that, yet I cannot see that I am in any way responsible for the expenses."

"Well, our expenses are higher than they used to be, and some of the ladies attribute the increase to the number in your family; they think you have too many there."

"This seems a very strange complaint, Miss Forest, as it is little more than a month since the ladies were very highly complimented at the Annual Meeting by all the speakers for the remarkably small sum for which they have supplied the institution with provisions during the last year. The cost of boarding each individual, including all the grown people, if I mistake not, was less than eighty cents a week. The cost was so low as to elicit comment from some of the city papers, and I know that the ladies congratulated one another on having conducted the institution at so little expense; yet now the expense alarms them, and they are disposed to regard me as the cause of it. Really, this is a remarkable state of things."

"Well," replied Miss Forest, "I thought it only right to tell you how some of the ladies feel about the matter. You know where there are so many to please, we can't always do as we would had we only our own feelings to consult. Haven't a good many friends visited you since you have been at the Home, Mr. Upstone?"

"Do you mean from a distance—those who have taken meals with us?"

"Yes."

"Very few, Miss Forest. I think I can safely say that during the two years we have been here the number of meals taken by our friends would not be more than equivalent to the board of one person a month, thus averaging less than one meal per week."

"When any one has taken a meal with you, have you always made a note of it in the Report Book?"

"We have not. Do you wish to have us do this, Miss Forest?"

"I think it would be well to do this, Mr. Upstone; then the ladies can see just how many meals are taken;" and Miss Forest said this in great seriousness, unconscious of the contemptuous smile playing about Mark's lips.

Feeling a desire to learn more of what he regarded a very peculiar trait in the proud dames of the Bethesda, he continued:

"I suppose the ladies will not expect me to pay more for the meals of those friends who visit us than it costs per capita to board the rest of us?"

"I don't know I am sure," said Miss Forest, looking as if a great problem had been given her to solve; and after a little thought, she continued; "O, I think that would be all right, Mr. Upstone; yes, I think the ladies ought to be satisfied with that."

The more serious Miss Forest appeared, the more he desired to prolong what was to him "a farce;" he therefore, said,

"But there is another thing to be considered in this matter, Miss Forest. You know, that our diet at the Bethesda is very plain and simple; so plain, in fact, that when we have company, like most other people, we like to regale them with something rather better than we have every day, better indeed than our larder supplies; consequently, I send an order to the grocery and confectioner's; paying for everything, of course, from my own pocket; and thus every meal a friend takes with us costs me from fifty cents to a dollar. In this way, I have paid out a good many dollars for the table since we have been in the Home; and as the greater part of the provisions I thus purchase are consumed by my own family, you see that is so much saved to the institution. Really, Miss Forest, I feel much obliged to the ladies for reminding me of the fact. I had not thought of it till now, but they certainly must be considerably indebted to me for supplying our own table. Let us just calculate a little. I said the meals of our visitors would be equivalent, doubtless, to the board of one person a month, or four and a half weeks. At the price it costs the directresses to board those who live at the Home—seventy-five cents a week—this month's board must have cost them $3.37½. Now, I certainly have paid out not less than fifty dollars since we have been there for provisions, which leaves a balance in my favor of $46.62½."

"Well, I can say nothing about it myself, Mr. Upstone, but I will tell the ladies what you say," replied Miss Forest.

"Thank you, Miss Forest; still—I prefer that you will not mention it, unless they complain again of our entertaining the friends who come to see us."

"You may be sure they will complain again, for I have heard the subject mentioned several times," said Miss Forest.

"Very well then," replied Mark, "I don't think I need to be

very modest in presenting my defence; and now that I think of it, there is another fact I wish might be brought to their knowledge. I don't suppose they will feel inclined to reward us for any pains we may take to screen them or the institution from the unfavorable impressions others may receive, but friends at our table, pleased with the viands which have been paid for from our own purse, often congratulate us on the generosity of our commissary. Unwilling to acknowledge that our employers never provide us with delicacies or luxuries of any kind, we always leave our friends in the enjoyment of their impressions, and thus the opinion has gone abroad that our position is far more pleasant and profitable than it really is."

Mark had never before expressed his opinion so frankly to Miss Forest, nor to any of the ladies, but what she had told him made him feel that in his circumstances delicacy was a weakness rather than a virtue.

Whatever Miss Forest thought of his last remark, she made no reply, and seemed anxious to change the topic, for she quickly said,

"There is another matter, Mr. Upstone, I wish to speak to you about. There has been no end of trouble lately because Mrs. Nodgrass didn't receive a notice of the last monthly meeting; and we think these errors occur because the boys don't know the ladies' names, and where they live. Now, when you take them out to walk, Mr. Upstone, why couldn't you just as well take them past the ladies' residences and point them out, so that they may learn where the different ones live?"

"It will make no difference to me," said Mark, "in what direction I take them. I told Mrs. Fernleaf only a few days since that I would do what you propose with pleasure."

Mark knew, of course, as soon as Miss Forest spoke of the plan that she had obtained the idea from Mrs. Fernleaf.

His business with Miss Forest being finished, he took his leave, bitter thoughts crowding on his mind as he entered the street. "And this is the lady," he said to himself, "who said to me, on the day they engaged us, 'The ladies are disposed to be very liberal, Mr. Upstone.'" This remark, compared with the instruction just received from Miss Forest, to make a note in the Report Book of every meal taken with them by a friend, that the ladies might know how many meals they had to supply, brought a sneer to his face. "At all events," he thought, "I shall not again feel insulted when a man asks me if the ladies allow me to have chicken on my table." He was thinking of an incident that occurred two or three months previous.

One morning quite early in the winter, an Irishman of Titanic proportions, who held some position on the police force, entered

the Bethesda on business. He evidently had been drinking a little, was very loquacious, and, among other things confided to Mark, he informed him that he was formerly employed in Quebec in an institution somewhat similar to the Bethesda.

"I might have been there still," he said, "if it hadn't been for their blasted interference with my atein,' which I wouldn't stand."

"Oh," said Mark smiling, "did they think you eat too much?"

"Indade it was not the quantity, but the quality, that was the trouble. Will ye belave it? they wanted me to be atein' things poor er'n what they'd ate themselves, an I'd see them hanged first; I'd have as good as they had, themselves. How many ladies have you, sir, as managers of this Home?"

"Forty," replied Mark.

The man started back, and, regarding Mark for a moment with an air of incredulity, asked,

"Is it possible ye can mane it, sir?"

"Certainly;" Mark replied, much amused at his astonishment.

"Ah, but don't I pity you, sir;" the man continued; "Why, there were only nineteen of them where I was, and I thought sure they'd have the life ov me before I left them."

He then drew nearer Mark, and, as if he expected his confidence concerning a very private matter, asked in a whisper,

"Do they allow you to have chicken to eat, sir?"

Mark was staggered bv the fellow's impudence, and knew not whether to attribute it to his ignorance or the whiskey, but after eyeing him contemptuously a few seconds, replied,

"I have never yet been in a position where any one presumed to dictate what I should eat, except," he added, "when I was sick."

"Well, sir, they would do it where I was in Quebec; 'twas because they objected to me atein' chicken that I left them; I said I'd have as good as they did to eat."

"Were you superintendent of some institution in Quebec?"

"No, it wasn't superintendent, but it was somewhat similar to what you have here."

Mark was glad his duties called him from the presence of this inquisitve visitor just at this time, and except when Mrs. Upstone had warned him about eating eggs, he had scarcely thought of the incident till he was going home from Miss Forest's.

"What," he asked, "can these directresses want, or what do they expect? Can it be they consider the honor and pleasure of serving them so great, they expect us to sever all ties of friendship, abandon old associations, and become as indifferent to people and things outside of the Bethesda as if we had taken the vows of monasticism? How else can the desires they express, be regarded?"

It cannot be doubted that Mark began to feel his bark had drifted to an unfriendly coast. Where for a year everything had

gone on so harmoniously, latterly, things had been cropping up which made the situation anything but pleasant, and would soon, no doubt, render it unendurable.

In the afternoon of the same day, Mark took the children for their first lesson in learning the location of the ladies' habitations.

He desired to take them past as many of the residences as possible, whenever they went out, but he learned on this first occasion that, owing to the large extent of territory over which the buildings were scattered. it would be a task of no little duration to visit all of them. They were able to visit but four on this first walk, as these were some distance from the Bethesda, and quite a distance apart.

The children all had their predilection for certain places in the city, when taking walks, and they usually besought Mark when they were about setting out to take them to some one of these favorite spots. In summer, the two most popular places were St. Helen's Island and the Mountain. The next in order, according to their choice, were the Harbour and two or three of the largest parks, followed in turn by the markets and railway stations. In winter, besides the railway stations, there were few public places they could visit, and except when he took them through some manufactory, they were content to walk along the most public street. On this occasion, therefore, as soon as they were drawn up in lines two deep, ready to start, they naturally asked him where they were to go."

It was necessary they should know this, as the larger girls always led the way, followed by the smaller ones, and these, in turn, by the two lines of boys. Mark walked in the rear of all, using a whistle which gave a shrill note, to order a halt.

In reply to their query, he said,

"I am going to show you where some of the ladies live; the next time you go out, you will go to the houses of other ladies, and you will continue to do this every time you take a walk till you know where every lady lives who is connected with the Bethesda."

"Oh Mr. Upstone," exclaimed one of the younger girls, who, like most of the others, was under the impression that they were to be entertained by the different ladies, "will the ladies give us nuts, and candies and cakes, and lots of good things to eat at their houses?"

"Not now," replied Mark regretfully, for he knew how sore would be the disappointment to them, especially the younger ones; "you are not going to enter the ladies' dwellings, but just pass them; and I want you to take particular notice, so that you can afterwards describe each one if you are asked to describe it, and name the street and number of its location. You must remember

that these ladies have already given you a good many things, not only to eat, but to wear, and they will probably give you many more fine things, if you show that you feel thankful to them for what they have already done, and what they are continually doing for you. One way of pleasing them will be to learn where they all live."

"Fred and Dick, and Tom and I, know now; can't we stay at home Mr. Upstone?" Thus spoke one of the boys who had delivered notices, and carried letters and messages, till, like the other boys he named, he knew all the ladies' residences.

"No," said Mark, "you will all go."

"I am thankful to the ladies, Mr. Upstone," said the small girl who had before asked if they were to have lots of good things to eat; and who now seemed to imagine that if her gratitude to the ladies was great enough, she might be excused from going to see where they lived.

"So am I; so am I;" "so am I;" echoed half a dozen more.

"I love 'em," said the incorrigible scamp, Ned Hope. Mark looked sternly at him, but not a smile on his face or a twinkle in his eye denoted that he was in anything but the most serious mood. The smile on the faces of several of the older ones, however, and the inquiring glances directed toward Mark, to see whether he understood the import of the last remark, showed that they regarded it as only one of the young rascal's ironical speeches.

"Silence! Forward!"

In obedience to these orders, no more remarks were made, and the foremost girls moved out of the door, followed by the rest. But it was evident from the sour disappointed looks of nearly all of them that the walk was not to their fancy, chiefly because they could see no good likely to result from it. Talking was not prohibited when they were out for a walk, provided it was not loud and boisterous, and Mark knew from the low hum that pervaded the entire line that the subject of going to see where the ladies lived was being very seriously discussed in all its phases. From what he could overhear, it was evident, too, that while none of them denied the utility of the knowledge they were exhorted to obtain, they were very sure they could devise a better method of securing it, and the means by which this end could be gained was the subject they were busily discussing.

When, after a long march, they halted a moment in front of the residence of Mrs. Scovill, one of the directresses, a girl who had been walking in the line beside Annie Langdon, sure that she had discovered a plan by which all this long tramping could be avoided, ran back to Mark with the following question.

"Mr. Upstone, why couldn't Annie Langdon draw all the ladies' houses on paper, with each lady's name, and the street and number

of the house under it, and then we could all see it and learn it just as we do a lesson? Annie says she can do it?"

"And so," said Mark, "you are selfish enough to want Annie to tramp around to all these dwellings alone, to sketch them, so that you can have the benefit of her work without any trouble. Don't you know that Annie can't draw a house without going to see it, unless she has a picture of it to copy?"

"I didn't think of that," answered the girl with downcast look, and she quickly sought her place in the line.

"I know a better way than that," said one of the boys who had heard the girl's plan. "Let one of the boys who knows 'em, write down all the ladies' addresses, and what kind of a house each one lives in, whether wood, or stone, or brick, and then all the other boys and girls can learn them in a little while."

Mark could not but feel that this was a very sensible plan; though instead of telling the boy so, he said,

"I don't think the ladies would be very well pleased if they knew how hard you are planning to avoid going to see their dwellings. I do not see why it is not as pleasant to walk for this purpose as it is to walk without any object. Now, I want you to take a good look at Mrs. Scovill's dwelling, and then move on."

"It is such a long way," grumbled some one, in a tone scarcely audible.

Thinking thereby to fix the place of her residence more firmly in their minds, Mark asked,

"Do you recollect anything Mrs. Scovill has done for you?"

"I know she got Macgregor (the former superintendent) to lick me once," said one of the larger boys, though not loud enough for Mark to understand him, but two or three promptly answered,

"She gave us books last Christmas."

"Exactly," said Mark; "go on now," and they went forward.

They visited three more dwellings that day, and though the distance was considerable, as we have already stated, they had taken longer walks, especially when visiting the Mountain or the Island, and with very little complaint of fatigue. But now Mark thought he would have to send for an ambulance to get the weary, lame and exhausted home. He heard more long drawn sighs, complaints of being tired, and of aching legs than he had heard before since first entering the Bethesda.

They had no sooner returned than one of the boys of an inquisitive mind, and who thought it unwise to neglect an opportunity of amassing knowledge, approached Mark with a question.

It was one he was on the point of asking just as they were setting out for the walk, when Mark commanded silence and bade them move onward. Twice also since that moment he had made an attempt to ask it, but had been interrupted, thus showing how

well he had pondered it, and how important he regarded the information he wished to obtain.

"Mr. Upstone," he said, "the money the ladies pay out in buying things for the children isn't their own money, is it?"

"What put that idea into your head?" asked Mark.

"Jeanette, the cook, we used to have in the Bethesda, told us," was the reply; "and she said the money was left by good, rich people who have died; and that the ladies who come here now and boss the Home just use that money when they want to buy anything for us; and she said some of them buy things for themselves with it, too, and that one or two of them, and Mr. Hornblower, make lots of money in this way."

"Horror! what treason and corruption have crept into camp," thought Mark; "if the ladies should hear this, they would send that boy to a reformatory." The boy evidently had been considering the question whether the children did really owe the ladies so great a debt of gratitude, that they should tramp all over the city to see where they lived, or whether what Jeanette had told them was true. In the latter case, he thought it was very unjust to require the children to expend so much physical energy, for things were reversed, and the ladies were actually indebted to them. But he meant to be satisfied on this point, before taking another tramp, hence he, as well as many more who had heard his question, were awaiting Mark's answer with deep interest; he replied,

"Jeanette knew very little about the matter; and she was very unwise and wrong to say that any of the ladies or Mr. Hornblower has used the money for their own purpose. It is true the most of the money which is required to provide for the Home was left for that purpose by benevolent people, but every lady has to pay a certain sum before she can become a directress; and they all give more or less money to the Home every year. The presents they give you are all bought with their own money, and you must recollect that they all give a good deal of time also. Never listen to any one who tells you such nonsense, as that any of the ladies use the money for their own benefit, for that is not true."

Satisfied apparently with this answer, the boy turned away, and all the children now sought their apartments to change their clothes. As they always had to do this when going out, and then don their everyday clothes as soon as they returned, it added much to Mrs. Upstone's daily burdens, as she had to attend to their clothes, and see that they were properly dressed for appearing on the street.

When the children were gathered in the school-room in the evening, after taking the walk above described, Mark, to learn whether they remembered the names of the ladies, and the places

of their residence, began to question them. He was not surprised to find that there were only a very few who could give the correct answers, and these few included the boys who before knew the addresses. He was not surprised, because he had anticipated just such a result from this method of teaching them. But if they could not visit four houses, and give their location without getting streets and numbers confounded—mixed in inextricable confusion —how could they be expected to remember forty? The idea was preposterous; and since he had proved it, he decided that he would not take them on another useless tramp. The fact was, the children could feel no interest in the walk; they found neither entertainment nor instruction in the work to tempt their memories; hence, the addresses as soon as learned were forgotten.

Mark placed a list of them on the desk of the Council Room the day after receiving the order to do so from Mrs. Fernleaf, but he never took the children again, specially, to see where they lived. When he went with them for a walk, and passed one of their houses, the attention of the children was called to it, and they were exhorted to remember the street and number. Like many other orders given him by the ladies, this one was never mentioned to him again, and he presumed they soon forgot they had ever given such an order.

The early months of spring passed, and the pleasant season for sowing, planting and garden-making, with its accompaniment of early flowers and singing birds, came on apace.

A stable in which several horses were kept stood at the rear of the Bethesda garden, and helped enclose it. The proprietor of this stable, wishing to get rid of quite a quantity of manure, in which there was considerable straw, asked of Mark the privilege of spreading it on the garden. Regarding this a fine chance to restore some of the valuable elements to the exhausted soil, Mark gladly accepted the offer, and the garden was soon covered with a thick coating of this manure. Soon after, a farmer whom Mark had engaged for the purpose came with his horses and plowed it, but having forgotten to bring his harrow, he said he would bring it and harrow the ground the following Saturday. The day after the plowing was done, some of the ladies called and after spending half an hour in the school-room, listening to the recitations of the children—three of them departed, leaving Miss Forest and Mrs. Lovelaw to continue observations. Mark went on with his work meanwhile, and had just closed the afternoon session of his school, as these two ladies came in at the rear entrance, just returning from a survey of the woodshed and garden.

Mark noticed that a change had occurred in their spirits since they went out. There was the stern, displeased, but determined expression on the face of Miss Forest, showing that a wrong had

been discovered, which must be redressed, even if she had to sacrifice every inmate of the Bethesda to redress it. Then there was the smirk on the face of Mrs. Lovelaw, a wise, satisfied consciousness of knowing who was to be the victim, and a certain air with which she glanced from Miss Forest to Mark, and which declared as clearly as words, "Thou art the man!"

Crossing the room and opening the door leading into the hall, Miss Forest looked around, pronounced the name, "Mr. Upstone," to attract his attention, and then beckoning to him, she and Mrs. Lovelaw entered and Mark followed. The manner of Miss Forest, and the tone of her voice, which Mark had learned so well to interpret, portended displeasure of no slight degree, but what was the cause of it was a question he was wholly unable to answer. They had had no visitors recently, and he could not recollect that chicken or eggs had been lately on their bill of fare. What then could it be? Just as he had given up in despair of divining the cause, he thought of the neglected order to take the children to see where the ladies lived.

"Yes," he said to himself, "this must be the derelict she has discovered," and he prepared to make a vigorous defence of his course. Miss Forest was standing when he entered, closing the door after him, and she turned and looked him sternly in the face, while Mrs. Lovelaw, to conceal her emotions, looked on the floor.

"It is a sad thing, Mr. Upstone," began Miss Forest, "that some men have no conscience."

Mark couldn't deny it was, but before applauding the remark, as one of great wisdom and sagacity, he decided to find out whether she embraced him in the class referred to; hence, he kept silent, and waited developments.

"Yes, Mr. Upstone," she continued, "it seems as if some men that you rely on to help you, and who are bound by all the laws of gratitude, humanity and decency to do their best for your interests, will instead do the very thing they know must injure you. Don't you know there are such men, Mr. Upstone?"

Mark was no more enlightened as to what particular men or man Miss Forest might have in mind than he was by her first remark; consequently was not yet prepared to endorse it enthusiastically.

"I presume," he said with much caution, "that there are such men."

"Such men!" she repeated with a sniff of contempt, "I should say that there are. Among the laboring class, Mr. Upstone, I don't believe you can find one man in ten who will not cheat and deceive you, when he actually has to suffer loss and inconvenience himself to do it."

Mark now wondered whether Miss Forest regarded him as

one of the laboring class, but before he had time to consider the probability of the question, she asked,

"You know all about farm work, and how it ought to be done, don't you, Mr. Upstone?"

"I claim to know considerable about it, Miss Forest," he replied.

"Well, that is what I supposed; so, of course, you must know how we have been swindled, and I blame you in part for not seeing to it, that we were not so shamefully imposed upon. But I suppose you were busy, and perhaps never thought it would be necessary to look after it."

Mark was getting desperate through impatience to know what Miss Forest could be talking about. Everything she said rendered her meaning an enigma, more and more inexplicable. Was she crazy? Indeed, the fierce gleam in her eye might give reason to this supposition, but he could not believe she had so suddenly become *non compos mentis*. From her question, respecting his knowledge of farming, followed by the assertion that he must know how they had been swindled, he imagined that Miss Forest must somewhere have a farm; that she had rented it to some man whose management of it had been such as to provoke her to this outburst of anger. "But, surely," he thought, "how preposterous to suppose I know anything about it; I don't know that she has a farm." But there was one comforting assurance —she blamed him only in part for whatever disaster had befallen her, and she even partly excused him for this neglect of duty, by saying she supposed he was busy, and never thought it necessary to look after it—whatever it was. Mark felt so much encouraged that he had a strong desire to learn the name of the man who had so abused the kindness and confidence of Miss Forest, that he might express his profound contempt for his conduct. He was on the point of asking his name, and a little further information of Miss Forest, when that lady thus broke forth again.

"Really, it is too bad, it makes me angry when I think of it. The ground is completely destroyed; it can never in the world be cultivated again; why, it looks as if it had been thrown up by an earthquake." ("The man evidently has been sinking shafts for copper, or some other mineral, in her meadow land," said Mark to himself.) Miss Forest continued, "That man knows better than to leave the ground in that shape, and it was so ungrateful, so mean of him. Here we have bought produce of him for the Home, and employed him to work for us for years, and we have always paid him the highest wages, and then to think that he should do such a rascally, dishonest thing; it is an outrage. I hope you have not yet paid him, Mr. Upstone."

"If you will tell me to whom you refer, Miss Forest, I will answer your question," said Mark.

"Why, to Jenkins, of course, the man that plowed the garden," replied Miss Forest in astonishment.

"I have not yet paid him, Miss Forest," said Mark, his wonder increasing.

"I am glad that you have not, Mr. Upstone; he does not deserve it; he ought to be prosecuted for damage."

"Why so, Miss Forest? What has he done?"

"Done! Is it possible, Mr. Upstone, you do not know he has spoiled the garden? Have you not seen it?"

"I have, Miss Forest, but I am not aware that there is anything serious the matter with it."

"Why, what in the world ails it then?"

"Nothing," said Mark, scarcely able to keep from exploding with laughter, "except that there was a heavy coating of long, straw on it, which the plow could not turn under. Much of it is standing upright now; but when the ground is harrowed and planted, it will not look different from other gardens."

Miss Forest regarded him a moment with a look, in which bewilderment and chagrin were predominant. The suppressed laughter betrayed in his eye did not escape her notice, and as she had a dread, above that of most individuals, of doing or saying anything that might be thought ridiculous, she turned without uttering a word, and walked away. She evidently was under the impression that, for once, at least, she had made a huge mistake.

But Mrs. Lovelaw, who for some moments had shown an uneasy, dissatisfied feeling, as if sure she could perform the duty of Miss Forest in this case much better than that lady, remained to show Mark there was one of the Bethesda ladies he couldn't deceive with such arrant nonsense. "Miss Forest," she said to herself, "is too easily persuaded; she is not used to probing things to the bottom; she has too much confidence in men; I'll show him I don't believe that story."

"Mr. Upstone," she said, "I think you are much mistaken; I never saw land look like that garden, after it was plowed."

"Probably you never happened to see any that had so heavy a coating of straw manure on it before it was plowed," Mark replied.

"I don't know what was on it, but I know the rows (furrows) were all turned over smooth and flat, as they should be," said Mrs. Lovelaw.

"Well, Mrs. Lovelaw, if you are here in a week from now, and find that the garden looks different from what it has in former years, just after it has been planted, I will acknowledge that I know nothing about plowing."

"Only a few days ago, when Miss Whitemore and I were riding in the country," she continued, "we passed a field, where

a man was plowing, and the rows were all turned over smoothly, and as straight as an arrow."

What Mrs. Lovelaw would have proved, had she had time to "probe this matter to the bottom," it is difficult to conjecture, but just as she had made the last remark, she was called into the Council Room by Miss Forest.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The few summer months gave to the Upstones rather more than their usual freedom from unpleasant experiences at the Bethesda; indeed, with the exception of one disagreeable incident, their life for several weeks was comparatively happy.

In the month of July they received a visit from one of their sons who had been absent two or three years in the South.

Since Miss Forest's instructions to Mark to report to the ladies whatever visits they received, Mrs. Upstone said she felt it incumbent on her to obtain their permission before she could offer to entertain her son at the Bethesda. She accordingly wrote the following letter to Miss Whitemore, who in the absence of Miss Forest from the city, was—*pro tempore*—president of the Bethesda.

"Miss Whitemore:

Dear Madam,

My son, whom I have not seen for two years, came to-day to visit us. As he can remain but three days, we would like to have his society as much as possible during this time; hence, I trust that you will kindly give me permission to keep him with ourselves at the Bethesda.

Yours very respectfully,

MAGGIE UPSTONE."

To the above, the message boy brought back the following answer.

"Dear Mrs. Upstone,

I supposed I made it plain to you, long ago, that no young man is to stay overnight at the Bethesda; hence, I can by no means grant your request."

"OPHELIA WHITEMORE."

Those mothers who have looked forward with bright anticipation to the time when they can receive at home long absent sons, and visit with them awhile, can perhaps understand the feelings of Mrs. Upstone on receiving this letter.

Her son needed only to know the sentiments of the directresses, to resolve that his presence should give them no discomfort.

On being shown the reply of Miss Whitemore to the note of his mother, he smiled and said he should imagine that its authoress was identical with Ophelia in Hamlet, but personally, he felt grateful to her for her decision—sleeping at the Bethesda, in his opinion, being so like sleeping in a cemetery, he was glad of an excuse to go to an hotel.

His visit, besides giving Miss Whitemore an opportunity to display "a little brief authority," as well as her antipathy to young men, also gave to her friend, Mrs. Lovelaw, an opportunity to display her watchfulness over the interests of the Bethesda, and her skill in worming important secrets from the message boy.

"Is Mr. Upstone's son in the city yet?" she asked Fred Burdick, a few days after the occurrence of the incident related above.

"No, he went away this morning," said Fred.

"Oh, he didn't make a long stay. In which room of the Bethesda did he sleep when he was there?" Mrs. Lovelaw's eyes glistened, as she asked this question, and she said to herself, "Now, here's a fine chance to unmask the hypocrisy of the Upstones; it will be such a good thing to tell the ladies." But when Fred replied, "He didn't sleep at the Bethesda; he went to an hotel," a shade passed over her face, and she sighed.

That evening, when Fred innocently repeated her question to Mrs. Upstone, to show her the interest Mrs. Lovelaw had in her son, Mrs. Upstone felt very grateful to her, and regarded her adroit method of catechising Fred with profound admiration.

Early in the fall, when the directresses were all in the city again, their number was augmented by the addition of a spinster enjoying the euphonious name of Blowhard, and never perhaps was the name more emblematic of the character.

Miss Blowhard was doubtless above forty, six feet one inch in height, and in complexion a brunette. Her face was large, and had it not been for its bold expression, she might have been regarded fairly good looking.

A very ambitious woman was Miss Blowhard, but her ambition was of that peculiar kind in which self-aggrandizement or exaltation is the mainspring; in short, if circumstances had combined to withhold Miss Blowhard entirely from public view, she would have considered life not worth living. To a person of her disposition, a philanthropic or charitable association is a veritable godsend. Once a member of it, she can always find some hobby —something from which the more modest and less aspiring would instinctively shrink—that will place her in the public eye.

Miss Blowhard had not been a directress of the Bethesda a month, when in her morbid desire to do something that would convince her coadjutors in office, in short, all that were connected with the institution, that they obtained a prize, when they obtained her services, one day thus addressed Mark in the Council Room.

"Mr. Upstone, how is it that some of the children here are such poor scholars? I asked Fred Burdick to write a short letter the other day, just to see what he would do, and I was astonished; his spelling was something awful. Now, there must be some reason for this. Is Fred so stupid he can't learn, or have you so much to do you haven't the time to teach him properly?"

It was apparent to Mark that sympathy for Fred and a desire to benefit him were not the motives that inspired her to ask the question. He had met too many people like her to be mistaken in one now. He knew that her real object was to show what an observing, active and philanthropic lady Miss Blowhard was. If she could awaken a furor respecting Fred's ignorance, and have all the ladies know that she was going to devote her time and energies to instructing him, it would win for her such *eclat*.

Mark had spent much time and effort to push Fred in his studies, but he gave less promise in spelling than in anything else. There are pupils who, though they may be good scholars in other branches, are bad at spelling. It seems impossible for some people to learn to spell, but he had by no means decided that this would be the case with Fred. He did not tell Miss Blowhard, until a few days later, that Fred's chances to learn had not been half as good for a year past as had been that of the other boys. Mark had expressed indignation to his own family, more than once, that the boys, especially Fred, should be taken from school so much, but until after Miss Blowhard's lamentation at his ignorance, he did not know just what proportion of his time Fred had been absent from class. The day after Miss Blowhard's call, however, he carefully examined his register, and found that during the last two months, in which there were forty lessons, he had been absent from spelling-class to deliver messages and carry letters for the officials of the Bethesda just twenty-two times.

Unfortunately for the purpose of Miss Blowhard, Fred did not feel at all grateful for her officiousness respecting his scholarship. He knew his deficiencies, and knew that no person could do more to help him than Mark had done.

As has already been stated, he regarded Mr. and Mrs. Upstone very dear friends; he was a proud-spirited boy, and no sooner did Miss Blowhard begin to trumpet about his inability to spell than he very indignantly expressed a wish to Mark that she knew enough to mind her own business, to which wish Mark devoutly uttered: Amen.

It may be proper to state that Fred did not thus express his opinion in Mark's presence till some days after the interview described, when she had created quite a furor in the institution, made Fred feel keenly his humiliation, and so obtruded on Mark's sphere of action that the whole school was shocked with her effrontery.

To her questions as stated above, Mark replied,

"Fred is not stupid; he is very far from it, although I am aware of the fact that he does not spell well. He is a plodding, industrious boy, however, and is keenly alive to his failings; I believe, therefore, that he will improve his opportunities, and become a better scholar than some of those who are now far ahead of him."

"Yes, but my stars," said Miss Blowhard, "think what little time he has to go to school. If he don't learn now, when in the world is he going to learn? It seems as if I must do something to help the boy. I wonder if there isn't something I can do; we mustn't let him remain in this state of ignorance," and Miss Blowhard's face assumed a grave look, and her eyes had a far away, thoughtful expression, as if she were scanning the realms of heaven and earth for some means to lift Fred from his benighted condition.

Mark, being too busy with his own thoughts to suggest anything that she could do to accomplish her ends, she presently thus announced her determination:

"I believe I'll have Fred come to my house awhile every day, for private lessons, I'm sure I shall wake him up."

"I have no doubt of it," said Mark, but the waking up he thought of was not the one Miss Blowhard had in mind. Fred's hot temper and proud spirit would not brook any injustice, and Mark thought that Miss Blowhard with her imperious manner, and disregard of the wants of those she looked on as her inferiors, socially, would be very likely to wake him up ere many days had passed.

She expressed a wish to have Fred sent to the Council Room; and Mark, very glad to escape the affliction of a longer interview, returned to the school-room, and sent Fred to Miss Blowhard.

Ten minutes later he returned, and the scowl on his face, and the tears in his eyes, told Mark, without the need of his asking, full well his feelings with regard to taking lessons of Miss Blowhard. Mark felt keen sympathy for him, but asked no questions, nor made any allusion to that lady or her mission.

He knew that she would soon tire of the role of instructress, even had it been her main object to benefit Fred, for she had neither the patience nor the kind heart essential to a successful teacher. It was evident that a spark would kindle her anger, and once kindled against a pupil, no punishment would be cruel enough to satisfy her spiteful feelings.

The day following her visit Fred was required, very much to his disgust, to begin his private lessons. He informed Mark some days afterwards that he made a strong plea to Miss Blowhard against it, but it was of no avail. He told her he did not wish to take lessons of her, but she at once stood on her dignity and assured

him it was not his duty to tell her what he did not wish to do, but to obey her instructions; she was far more competent to judge of his needs than he was himself. The very fact that he did not wish to improve such an opportunity to learn was striking evidence that he did not see and feel his ignorance as he should.

When he told her that Mr. Upstone could teach him as well as any one could, she answered that Mr. Upstone hadn't the time to devote to him he required; and that if he hadn't learned to spell in all the time he had been under Mr. Upstone's tuition, it was not likely he would learn now.

There was no escape for Fred short of open rebellion, and fear of what might follow, as well as the respect he had always been taught to observe toward a directress, restrained him. He, therefore, steeled himself for the sacrifice, but his tear-stained face when he returned from his second and third lesson told how well he enjoyed Miss Blowhard's instruction. He endured her pedantic and imperious airs, her sarcasm and ridicule just a week, when deciding that forbearance was no longer a virtue, he informed her that he should come for no more lessons.

A few days subsequently, though Mark knew the boy had left her, he could not forbear asking Miss Blowhard if she had succeeded in waking Fred up, so that she had bright hopes of him.

"No indeed I have not," she replied, with a disdainful sneer; "that boy is an ignoramus; I'll give up that I can't do anything for him."

"Quite as much as you'll do for any one," was Mark's mental ejaculation. But before this, and only a day or two after her first visit to Mark, she came again, and after asking the hour at which certain of his classes were called, inquired if he had no time-table. He replied that he had, wondering at the same time why she should have asked the question, as he believed she could not have failed to see it, posted as it was conspicuously in the school-room.

About this time Mrs. Lovelaw was also very busy with a new scheme for promoting the interests of the Bethesda.

Miss Alstine, an unmarried lady of twenty-eight summers, had recently removed from New York to Montreal. She resided with her father, a widower, who had become wealthy and widely known, through his connection with several steamboat lines in the States, but, having sold his interest in these a few years previous to the time of which we are writing, he settled in Montreal and engaged in business here.

In addition to her duties as secretary of the Bethesda, Mrs. Lovelaw had often acted voluntarily as recruiting officer for the directresses, and it was mainly through her efforts that several of the ladies now quite influential in the Board had been admitted to their ranks.

The social status and reputed wealth of Miss Alstine rendered her, in the opinion of Mrs. Lovelaw, a very desirable person for a directress of the Bethesda. There was only one defect in her attributes—she was an American or a "Yankee" as Mrs. Lovelaw described her to the ladies, and for Yankees their worthy secretary professed to cherish profound contempt.

"But you know," she added, "Miss Alstine has the money, and that is the chief thing; we can't always have things just as we would like them, and nationality isn't considered in Montreal of so much importance as it used to be."

Mrs. Lovelaw's views respecting the matter being warmly approved by the trio of ladies she consulted, it was arranged that if Miss Alstine was ready for the ordeal, she should pay her membership fee and be duly installed a directress at the next monthly meeting, which was to be held the week following.

Mrs. Lovelaw assured them she had no doubt the lady would be quite ready and glad to join them, for she had already met and told her of the great and good work the Bethesda ladies were doing, by which Miss Alstine seemed deeply impressed. "I did not feel at liberty to ask her to join us," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "till I had talked with some of our ladies respecting the advisability of so doing, but I shall see her again to-night, and I feel sure she is quite shrewd enough to understand how great is the social honor we offer to confer on her."

As Miss Alstine was present at the next meeting, paid her initiation fee and became a directress, Mrs. Lovelaw naturally supposed her estimate of her was correct.

But a keener observer than Mrs. Lovelaw would not have imagined Miss Alstine joined the Board because she thought it would be a special honor or advantage to herself, but rather because, being a person of kind heart and sensible, she was glad to engage in the good work she supposed the ladies of the Bethesda were doing. Vanity was not one of her characteristics; she was modest and unassuming in the extreme; her simplicity of manner and courtesy toward those of more humble station in life denoting her good breeding.

All the business regarded of any importance had been finished, and as usual, before adjourning, the president asked if there were any other matters to be considered, when Mrs. Lovelaw, fearful that Miss Blowhard was not going to speak—although she might with as good reason have feared the sun wouldn't rise, that is, if a chance to speak was given her—said she believed Miss Blowhard had something very important to say respecting the state of the school.

All eyes turned at once toward Miss Blowhard, and that lady was so elated with the honor, she at once sprang to her feet, almost

destroying her best silk dress, on the skirt of which a lady's chair was resting.

"Madam President," she began, "it is so short a time since I had the honor of uniting with this distinguished body, and the most of those present are so much older than I am, that it seems almost presumption in me to suggest reforms."

This was a very unfortunate beginning for Miss Blowhard's speech. There were two dozen ladies present, of whom not more than half a dozen looked older than herself.

Her hair was largely sprinkled with gray, and though her exact age was forty-three, the majority of observers would have estimated it at forty-eight or fifty. Miss Alstine, the youngest in the room, was twenty-eight as stated above. The ages of eighteen ladies ranged between thirty and forty-five; and the majority of the number regarded Miss Blowhard's speech insulting. They looked from one to another, and sundry contortions of faces and turned up noses declared the contempt they did not express in words. Plain spoken Mrs. Fernleaf could not forbear uttering the word "conceit" in a whisper to her nearest neighbor. But at least a dozen asked mentally the following:

"Is it possible this woman's conceit leads her to think she is younger than I am?"

Even Mrs. Lovelaw, fifty years old, in her excitement forgot her anxiety to hear Miss Blowhard's disclosures and made the following mental remark,

"The fool! Well, I suppose I am older than she is, but. thank heaven, I don't look older."

Miss Blowhard noticed the sensation among the ladies, but quite characteristically attributed it to her personal magnetism, and the transports with which they had listened to her accents, and started off again with increased courage; but most of her auditors now listened only to criticize.

"I say I feel modest about suggesting reforms" ('That sounds very probable' said some to themselves, and others said 'She looks and acts as if she did'), "but I have always had such profound admiration for learning that it pains me (here Miss Blowhard placed her hand on her heart and looked sad) to see the young of our glorious country show that they have no appreciation of it." Here several ejaculated mentally, "I wonder which she refers to—the learning, or the country." "When I joined this august body, I determined to make myself useful; and learning being my forte"—(Heaven save us" was now the mental exclamation of several) "or perhaps I should say my idol, I decided that my efforts should be directed towards the mental improvement of the youthful generation in our charge." ("Oh! Oh!" exclaimed some; "What language!" said others—all mentally.) "Pursuant to this

decision, I have made extensive observations in the schoolroom, and to render my investigation more thorough I have examined at least one of the boys—Fred Burdick, the message boy—and I confess it gave me ('the colic, no doubt,' was the reflection of one woman; another, equally spiteful, thought it was 'hysterics') deep sorrow to find him lamentably ignorant of spelling—a branch of learning which is of all the most important. My sorrow was so poignant I felt that I could neither eat nor sleep till I had done something to ameliorate his condition." (Here there was an audible groan, and at the same moment a woman in a low whisper said "Poor thing, how she suffered.") "But I am sorry to say that the boy was incapable of appreciating my kindness; so far from it, he cried every day that he came to recite his lessons" ("I don't wonder," was the mental remark of at least a dozen ladies, and Mrs. Fernleaf whispered to her neighbor, "Fred showed his good sense"), "and I found him so stupid and obstinate I was just on the point of telling him I could do nothing for him, and that he needn't come for any more lessons, when he had the impudence to tell me that he wouldn't come. But I was not discouraged; I determined to find out whatever defects there might be in the method of teaching in the Bethesda, and correct them." (Another distinct groan.) Miss Blowhard heard it, but supposed it came from some lady deeply affected at the sad condition of the school. She continued: "I regret to say that on further investigation I find that there is not a single text-book on English grammar used in our school, and I must confess that the fact nearly dethroned my reason; I could not sleep a wink the first night after I made this astonishing discovery. The next thing I discovered was that the time-table is not drawn up with the erudite skill, that is, on the artistic lines and with the beautiful penmanship that I like to see. These are the two reforms—the introduction of a text-book in grammar and a new time-table—that I would suggest; and these reforms, you may be sure, I will see speedily effected, if I only have the proper moral support from the ladies of the Bethesda."

Miss Blowhard now sat down, much crest-fallen that there was no applause, but she concealed her vexation by giving her attention to her dismantled skirt. After an interval of painful silence, Mrs. Fernleaf said,

"If our school is not properly conducted and a good one, I blush for the ladies who have been in it every week for the last two or three years, and have known nothing about its defects till they are now pointed out by Miss Blowhard."

Miss Forest, the president, now felt constrained to speak,

"As I have been the most frequent visitor at the school, and am perhaps chiefly to blame for the absence of grammars in it, I shall not endorse Miss Blowhard's views—especially, with regard

to that matter. If she can construct a time-table so remarkable the ladies think it should be adopted, I have nothing to say, but respecting the grammars, I will say this. When Mr. Upstone came here, there were no text-books used in the school, and when he asked for them, I said "Mr. Upstone, our boys and girls are so young when they leave us, do you think it wise for them to spend time in learning to parse and the many other dry things that are in most of the text-books on grammar? Could they not give the time more profitably to reading, writing and arithmetic?' Mr. Upstone replied that while he considered it important that the children should learn to speak and write correctly, he was sure he could instruct them orally; and, by giving them exercises to write, they would learn grammar more rapidly, and at the same time find it more interesting than they would by following the routine of a text-book, and that is the reason we have never had one."

"And I think it is a great mistake," said Miss Marble, springing to her feet. "Not have parsing every day in school! such a delightful pastime? That's shocking! Why, before I was twelve years old, I could parse like a—like a—."

"Like a cat-bird," suggested old Miss Whitemore."

"No, like a nightingale;" continued Miss Marble. "Why I could rattle off the rules and the parts of speech—the noun, adjective, verb, adverb, etc., as fast as I could speak them; I could tell the case and gender at a glance—."

"Yes" said Miss Whitemore interrupting her, "and I think your time was spent very foolishly. I wish to have it distinctly understood that I object most decidedly to the girls of the Bethesda wasting time in learning anything about genders, especially the masculine. If they are ever simple enough to devote their time to such folly, I don't want them to be able to say they received any encouragement while they were in our charge."

A stranger might have supposed this speech was intended by the old lady to be humorous, but it was not so regarded by the ladies present—all knowing that she never let slip an opportunity of showing her inveterate antipathy to the opposite sex.

But she was a privileged person among the directresses, no one caring to oppose her in any plan on which her heart was set; and at the present moment, those who were determined the text-book should be introduced into the school preferred not to say so in hearing of Miss Whitemore. When she sat down, a smile rested on the faces of most of the ladies, and a short silence ensued, which was broken by Miss Marble who thus spoke,

"I am delighted to know that Miss Blowhard feels such a deep interest in the education of our children, and has the ability to do so much for them; and I am sure if we give her the proper encouragement, we shall see great results from her talents and devotion

to the good work she has in view. For myself, I confess I have not done as much for the mental improvement of the children as I intended. I have been thinking for some time that I would come in and teach them an hour every day; it would be such a blessing to them, besides being a great help to Mr. Upstone. I am sure he must feel very grateful for it, for he certainly don't look strong, and I have little doubt he finds the work of teaching so hard and tiresome he will be very glad of the help we shall give him. It is therefore, with the greatest pleasure I learn Miss Blowhard's design, and next week I shall unite my efforts with hers to see what good we can effect in the schoolroom."

Miss Marble resumed her seat, after this speech, in which nobody, save Mrs. Lovelaw, felt the slightest interest. All knew so well that this was only one of Miss Marble's periodic plans for doing some great thing, which would never be done, they never gave it a second thought. Mrs. Lovelaw knew this, as well as any one, yet her jealousy of the Upstones made her most heartily wish Miss Blowhard and Miss Marble success. A sinister smile played round her lips, as she thought of Mark's looks and feelings when these two worthies should walk into his schoolroom, and, with cool assurance, begin to instruct his pupils.

"I don't know what Upstone may do," she said to herself, "when these two cranks go into his school to interfere with his regulations, but I know if he does what his feelings suggest, he will be more likely to pitch them out of a window than he will to show them any courtesy," and the smile on Mrs. Lovelaw's face expanded into a laugh.

The meeting now adjourned, and as most of the ladies hurried away, Miss Blowhard and Miss Marble remained to discuss for awhile their new formed plans for the speedy education of the children of the Bethesda. While thus engaged, Miss Alstine, who, with a few others, still lingered in the Council Room, approached, and during a pause in the conversation of the two reformers, said,

"I suppose now, that I am honored with the title of directress, there will be some work for me to do. I trust that you will tell me if there is any way in which I can be useful, for while I am perfectly willing to do anything I can, I am wholly ignorant of what is required of me; hence, I shall have to rely on the ladies for instruction."

"Yes," said Miss Marble, "we will tell you what to do; and now that I think of it, you might come in next week, and help Miss Blowhard and me teach the children."

"O my, I don't think I could do that; I never taught school in my life," she replied.

"Neither have Miss Blowhard and myself," said Miss Marble, "but that makes no difference; any one who has education can

teach. You just come in next Monday, and we'll show you what to do," and so, modest, well-meaning Miss Alstine, without the slightest suspicion of wrong-doing, promised to do as Miss Marble requested.

Before she and the two ladies, who were to instruct her in the proper method of teaching, had left the Bethesda, Miss Blowhard asked Mark for a copy of the time-table he used. He was not a little surprised at this request, as she had examined it carefully since asking him a few days previous if he had one, and he could not doubt from what he had seen of her conceit and meddlesome character that it was her object to show the directresses she had discovered certain defects in it, which she could remedy. But conscious that he had done all he could for his pupils, far more than he would have done had he not exceeded his instructions, he had little anxiety respecting what this new-fledged philanthropist might do; and so he gave her the article required, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE last view of our friends at Dexter, it will be recollected, was the morning that Ben Fogg made a somewhat hasty exit from the parsonage, owing to the belligerent attitude of Aunt Kitty.

The latter remained with May sometime after getting rid of him, and it was owing to her kind sympathy and advice that May speedily recovered, in great measure, from the shock Fogg had given her. Aunt Kitty advised her to dismiss any thought or fear that she and John had done wrong; assuring her that it was only the most ignorant people in the community who had ever uttered or would ever utter a word of criticism respecting the manner of the disinterment. As for Fogg, she said she had not a doubt he believed their action was a wise one, but, being offended with John, he had embraced the present opportunity to gratify his revengeful feelings. But she might console herself with the assurance that the Lord would overrule, and bring to naught all the plans of Fogg or any other wicked individuals to injure them.

These words of Aunt Kitty were very comforting to May, but still the thought that any one should presume to meddle with a matter so sacred to herself and John, and that it should be talked about and discussed in stores, shops and other public places was a very sore one, and one that gave her continual trouble. In addition to this was the unhappy thought that any one should criticise and blame John for an action committed from kindness to her, and at her request. If punishment must be borne, oh, why could she not bear it herself?

John returned before Aunt Kitty's departure, and May's sad looks and appearance at once attracted his notice. She would gladly have avoided telling him the cause of her trouble when he asked her, but Aunt Kitty, seeing this, came to the rescue, and told him of Fogg's visit, not omitting the part she had played in getting rid of him. He laughed heartily at the latter part of her story, although he felt no little uneasiness at the thought of Fogg's having been turned out of the parsonage so summarily, as he had little doubt he would hold him responsible for the high-handed act of Aunt Kitty. He was much troubled, too, to learn the state of feeling in Dexter, though he affected in May's presence to treat the matter lightly.

Fogg, as may be presumed, went home in a rage, vowing vengeance against Aunt Kitty and the inmates of the parsonage. He went early that evening to the store—the usual rendezvous of all the idlers and gossips—hoping to meet the cronies between whom

and himself the plan to visit and censure their minister was laid. To the question of one of them, as to whether he had seen Mr. Dawson since they were last together, he replied with as much *sang froid* as he could assume that he was at the parsonage that morning, but the minister was absent, and "that old simpleton, Aunt Kitty, was there, jabbering so, nobody else could get in a word edgeways," consequently, he did not stay long. But his desire that the minister should be reproved, and made to understand what injury he had done the church had in no degree abated. Deeply as he deplored the necessity of reprimanding him—so he would have his auditors understand—he felt it was imperatively demanded by both the interests of the church and peace of the community. Of course, the other men saw things as Fogg saw them, being men of that plastic nature who can be moulded to the taste of any one of stronger personality, or men who always agree in opinion with the last person with whom they talk. Had these two, therefore, happened to meet John and to talk with him alone, on the subject now engaging their attention, it would not have been five minutes, ere they would have endorsd his action most cordially; and if encouraged to do so, would have denounced Fogg as an unmitigated scoundrel. Knowing this peculiarity of his two friends, Fogg was determined to make them commit themselves so thoroughly to his side in the present crusade against the minister, that they could not easily desert him. He therefore, suggested, the plan of calling the church members together, and having a committee appointed to investigate the matter, and do whatever else the church might deem advisable. But reflecting that this would cause delay, and put him to some little trouble and fearing besides, that he might not find the majority of the church members of his opinion, he substituted for his first suggestion the following —viz: That the three then present, should constitute themselves a committee, and write him a letter then and there, all signing it. They could not claim to be acting by the order of the church, but in its interests, and for the good of the entire community; and acting thus, they would acquaint Mr. Dawson with the unpleasant feeling toward him in the church and community, point out to him the great error he had committed, and advise him for his own sake and the sake of peace and harmony, to make a public acknowledgment of his error.

The latter was a suggestion demanding of Fogg's two friends more active participation in his scheme than they desired; they were alarmed; and, before assenting to it, made suggestions and excuses without number. The most reasonable and weighty of the latter was that they were not church members, and would be acting without proper authority should they follow his suggestion. But he persuaded them that, as they always attended John's church, and

their wives were members, it was their duty to look after its interests; and thus he argued and cajoled till they silently and somewhat sullenly retired with him to a private office in the rear end of the store. There he wrote the following letter which the trio signed.

"Rev. John Dawson:—

Dear Brother,

We are sorry to inform you that thar is a good deel of disatisfaction in the church concernin' things you have done lately espeshally about disinterin', which you know is contry to law, we feel bad to have such things sed about our paster, and we thought it best to let you know about it so you can ether show the storys are fals, or els explain things and acknoledge, so that it will be satisfactory to the church. Beleave us dear brother Dawson, we feel bad to hear these reports and we hope you can clear up things, so as to put a stop to them; we want to help you all we can.

Yours afectionately.

Fogg and his two friends signed this unique epistle, and Fogg sealing, and putting it in his pocket, soon left the store; the next morning the letter was sent by a neighbor's boy to the parsonage.

His two friends left the store immediately after appending their names to the letter, fearing lest Fogg might ask one of them to take it to John. They felt as most men—who are not really bad men at heart—feel when they have been persuaded to do a thing which conscience and judgment tell them is wrong. In their own minds they could not see that the minister had done anything to "cause Fogg to make such a great fuss about," as one said to the other, while they wended their way homeward that night.

"It seems a strange thing for a parson and his wife to do," said the other man. "You nor me wouldn't done it, but now it's done, there's no call to kill the man for it. Alec, I believe we let Fogg make big fools of both on us to-night."

"I'm thinkin' you're 'bout right, Jim; and I wish I'd been wise enough to listen to the old woman, and stayed to home this evening. If I had, I wouldn't have got into this scrape, but you may bet your last dollar, it'll be a long time before I'll show myself to the parson," and the man gave a hearty laugh, as if he regarded his awkward position a good joke on himself.

Just what I've been thinkin' myself," said Jim; "I'll let neither the parson nor Fogg see me for a while. If Fogg has got me to put one foot in the scrape, he'll not get the other in, and he may get out of it himself the best he can. But I say, Alec, if you happen to

meet my Missus, I hope you'll not take the trouble to mention what we've done to-night. She hates Fogg, and thinks the parson and his wife are all right, and I'd rather the devil had me than to have her know I signed Fogg's letter to the parson."

Alec promised secrecy, and although he seemed not to regard his condition quite so hopeless as that of his friend, in case his own wife should find out what he had done, he said he thought it would be as well that she should not know it.

When the boy whom Fogg sent with the letter reached the parsonage, he gave it to Mrs. Dawson, telling her that he brought it from Mr. Fogg. The fact that Fogg had sent John a letter so soon after what had occurred was of itself sufficient to greatly alarm May; hence, when she handed it to John, it was with palpitating heart and trembling hand. Wishing, yet dreading to know its contents, she retreated a few steps and watched John as he opened and read. She knew by his heightened color and trembling hand—which nervous condition he tried in vain to conceal—that the import of the letter was anything but agreeable; yet she could not refrain from asking if she might read it. Without making an immediate reply, he placed his hand on it as it lay on the table before him, and for a few moments seemed to be considering the advisability of acceding to her request; then handing it to her, smiled and said,

"Yes, if you don't read it, you'll miss seeing a literary curiosity." May took it and quickly glanced over the contents. She tried to smile at the unique orthography, but it was a sickly attempt and tears came to her eyes.

Taking her hand tenderly, and seating her on his knee, he said, "I am sorry, my dear, you take so sad a view of our circumstances, and allow these trifling things to trouble you so greatly."

"I know," she said, "that I am very foolish and weak, but I know, too, that you feel bad yourself, John, much as you strive to conceal the fact from me. It seems so hard and cruel that any one should feel disposed to blame and censure us for a thing like this, of all others. It is positively inhuman; do you not think so John?"

"I do, most certainly," he replied; "but it all arises from ignorance. These people who blame us cannot understand our feelings and position, or they would not blame us as they do."

"Would you except Ben Fogg?" she asked.

"While I think that Fogg's actions may be attributed largely to ignorance, I believe they were prompted in part by something more wicked than ignorance."

A short interval of silence ensued, during which both were absorbed in thought, when May thus spoke, evidently on what had been engaging her mind.

"John, why should we stay here, if we cannot be treated with

civility, to say nothing of kindness? You have ability to obtain a far more lucrative position than your present one, and among people who are intelligent enough to accord us at least humane treatment."

John smiled, and then said,

"Do you remember, my dear, the time when you were anxious to go as a missionary to the heathen? If you are not able to endure the treatment you receive from people here, how do you suppose you would have endured the treatment accorded you in benighted lands?"

"Is it not far easier to take patiently disrespect and insults from those from whom we can expect nothing better than it is from those who claim to belong to society that is civilized and refined?"

"If you are going to discuss the matter in this logical way," he said laughing, "I shall retire from the argument. But in reply to your first question, I think it our duty to remain here until I have reason to believe my labors will result in no further benefit to the people. I trust you have not forgotten, my dear, that if position and money had been my chief object, I would never have been here."

"What will you do, John, with regard to this letter?" May asked after another short pause.

"At present I think I shall no nothing; it is not sent by the church, and I am positive that Fogg is at the bottom of the whole thing. Those two men did not sign that letter, except at Fogg's urgent request."

"I am glad, John, that you regard it of so little importance, but it seems a sad state of society when a man like Fogg can wield so much influence."

Their conversation continued for some little time, and when it ended both felt in better spirits, as people always do after talking over their peculiar trials and sorrows with those who can understand and sympathize with them.

But John was not of that phlegmatic temperament which would enable him to live at ease in a community where he knew there were those who, if not actually avowed enemies, did not like him, and were ready, whenever opportunity was given, to disparage his abilities, question his motives, magnify and ridicule his errors. On the other hand, he was of that nervous temperament, that highly sensitive nature, which would not permit him to rest, to enjoy life, if he knew there were even a few of the above class who looked askance at him.

It cannot be supposed, therefore, that he could be wholly indifferent to Fogg's letter, even though he tried to be. He knew there were some who attended his church who did not like his

preaching, on account of his stern denunciation of sins which these same individuals would persuade themselves were harmless, and among this class he doubted not that Fogg would find some ready to endorse his opinions, and co-operate with him in whatever he chose to do, provided it did not bear the appearance of persecution.

To shake off his nervous feelings, he walked out in the afternoon of the same day that Fogg's letter arrived, hoping that he might possibly meet one or both of the men who had signed the letter with Fogg. He preferred not to go to their houses to see them, not wishing to have them think he regarded the letter of so much importance, nor did he like to speak of it in the presence of any but the men themselves. He also called at the house of one of his parishioners, Mr. Blake, a small farmer, who was a regular attendant, though not a member, of his church. But Mrs. Blake was a devoted member, and a good woman, though not particularly intellectual or refined in manner or expression. She was glad to see John, but to his surprise and vexation she began to talk, soon after he entered, about the very thing that was giving him trouble, and about which he did not care to hear. Mrs. Blake, like all uncultured people, had but little discretion in the use of language, or in the way of presenting a subject to the mind of another so as to avoid giving pain; hence she thus introduced the unpleasant topic.

"I suppose you've heard the story that's going round the neighborhood, 'bout your taking up your child over here in the woods, and buryin' it up there by the parsonage?"

A shudder passed over John's frame, as he answered sadly,

"Yes, I have heard something of it."

"Mrs. Daly was telling me about it, yesterday," Mrs. Blake continued with a derisive laugh, "but I told her I knew there wasn't a word of truth in it, I knew you wouldn't do such a thing?"

John was getting desperate, but he must disabuse Mrs. Blake's mind of its erroneous impressions; hence, he replied,

"I am sorry, Mrs. Blake, that you said that to Mrs. Daly, because it is true."

Mrs. Blake's eyes opened wider, and she stared at John very much as she would at some strange animal she had seen for the first time. She appeared to be in doubt whether she had not been grossly mistaken in her estimate of his worth. Finally, after she had apparently arranged things mentally, to her satisfaction, she said,

"You mean, you got somebody to take up the child and bury it at the parsonage."

"No, I mean that I did it myself, with a little help I received from my wife," said John.

Mrs. Blake again stared at him, and again pondered his words,

but sure that she could unearth the cause of his strange proceeding, she ventured another conjecture.

"You couldn't find anybody but what was afraid to do it, eh?"

John could not repress a smile, as he replied,

"I didn't try to find any one to do it for me."

Mrs. Blake was now lost in a maze of perplexity. Despairing of her ability to find a solution of the mystery, she gave herself to thought for a few moments, and then said,

"I don't see how you could do it. I should think you'd have been afraid. Wasn't Mrs. Dawson afraid?"

"Afraid, of what?"

This was a poser to Mrs. Blake, but after a little meditation she answered.

"Well, I don't know as there really is anything that'll hurt anybody, but you know we've all got kind of a dread of dead folks and graveyards, and such things."

John felt a strong desire to brush aside the dense growth of ignorance and superstition that enclosed the intellect of this woman, so as to admit some, at least, of the rays of common sense and intelligence; he was not sure of his ability to do it, but still he would try.

"Mrs. Blake," he said, "you have children. Have you ever lost any?"

"Yes, we lost our first one, a little girl fourteen months old."

"Did you find it a very severe affliction, Mrs. Blake—a hard blow to your feelings?"

"I guess I did, Mr. Dawson; I never had anything like it before; some of my neighbors thought I'd go out of my mind; I felt that bad."

"Exactly," said John, "but when the little one was sick, did you feel as if you wished to be near to comfort her, and attend to her wants, or did you keep away from her, and leave all these acts of kindness for others to perform?"

"Why, of course, I wanted to do such things myself."

And again Mrs. Blake stared at him as if doubtful of his sanity, since he could ask so foolish a question.

"Certainly you did, Mrs. Blake, but after your baby died, you felt differently, did you not? You had no wish to be near her then; you preferred then to leave her little body to the care of others."

Mrs. Blake's maternal feelings would not permit her to suffer meekly an imputation so derogatory to a mother's nature, and with a look of almost angry disgust, she quickly retorted:

"I don't see why you should think I cared any less for my baby after she was dead than I did before; it must be a strange mother who could feel like that. Of course, I was feeling so bad, and was so worn out, that I wasn't able to do anything. There was other

women in the house, as there is usually at sick times, and they went right on, and did everything there was to do, and got the little body ready for burying. Of course, I wouldn't have liked to say they shouldn't do it, even if I'd been well enough to do it myself, but of course, I'd rather have done it."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Blake, you have now made just the admission I knew you would, and the one I wanted you to make. You will now understand why I asked the question I did, and also the better understand what I am about to say. You know, it is but a few weeks since there was a little one in our home, who had become very dear to both Mrs. Dawson and myself. She seemed gifted with every quality that would draw her more firmly to our hearts, and I now believe that we loved her not wisely, but too well. But, however this may be, God in His wisdom saw that it would be better for our little idol, and for us, to take her to Himeslf. She was buried, as you are aware, up here in the woods, where there is neither a cemetery, nor a piece of ground fenced off for one. After the funeral, when we were left alone in our sadness, and had time and opportunity for reflection, we both began to regret that she was buried there, and Mrs. Dawson was nearly beside herself with grief. In her weakened, nervous condition, she felt very badly because she had not with her own hands done something at least toward preparing the little body for burial, but had permitted this work to be done by others. She felt that it was neglecting to do the last act of tenderness she ever could do for her child, and it was this same feeling that gave her a desire—after we had decided to remove the casket—that we should do it with our own hands. There was also another feeling that induced us to do it as quietly as possible. We had no desire to publish our sorrow, and knowing there would be those who neither could nor would understand our feelings and motives, we thought it wiser to keep the matter secret. The act was no sooner done than Mrs. Dawson's mind was at ease and her spirits and health began to improve, and I confess I felt more content. The only thing I regret about it is that I violated the law. I knew there was a statute against the disinterment and removal of a deceased person, but it was never intended for a case like this; it was designed to prevent the spreading of disease, by the removal in a populous district, of a person who has died from some contagious disease."

"Now, Mrs. Blake, you know the whole story; why there is such a hue and cry, and why I am talked about as if I had done something worthy of the penitentiary. Do you think from what I have told you that I deserve such treatment?"

"No, of course I don't, Mr. Dawson. When I hear you explain the thing, it don't sound as it does to hear others talk about it. As long as you and Mrs. Dawson felt as you say you did, I

don't blame you for wanting to move your baby; and as you had the courage to go there and do it in the night without troubling any one else, it is a perfect shame that they should meddle with it; it is nobody's business but your own; and if I hear any one talking about it, I shall tell them so very plain, Mr. Dawson."

John felt much pleased to hear Mrs. Blake make this frank avowal of her change of sentiment, and after declaring to her his gratification, and expressing a hope that she would be able to convert others to her views, he said,

"You have spoken once or twice, Mrs. Blake, of courage; why do you think it requires courage to do what Mrs. Dawson and I did?"

"Well, because I never knew any one before that wasn't afraid to go near a grave in the night. I'm sure I wouldn't do it. I don't know what I should fear, but I suppose that like most everybody else, I'm afraid of ghosts."

"Do you really believe there are ghosts, Mrs. Blake?"

"In the day time I don't think I do; but as soon as it's dark, I'm a great coward. I s'pose it all comes from my hearing so many ghost stories when I was young."

"And for that reason I hope you are careful to see that no ghost stories are told in the presence of your children."

"I did try to keep them from hearin' such stories, till I found 'twan't no use; for they heard them from other children at school; and my oldest girl—she's only thirteen—will sit and tell ghost stories by the hour."

"It is a great misfortune to have children learn such stories," said John, "unless they are taught at the same time that they are not true. But I dislike, Mrs. Blake, very much to hear Christians speak of being afraid of ghosts. Their judgment tells them there is no such thing, and no one ever heard of a ghost harming any one; yet, there are many people who suffer greatly from fear that they shall see one. Now, this is all wrong; and a Christian should by no means suffer from such fear. It is true the feelings do not always obey the voice of reason, but the person who enjoys the presence of the Holy Spirit, and who commits himself daily to His care, and believes that He will care for him, ought not to be afraid of ghosts; indeed, I think it is wrong to have this fear, because it shows a lack of faith in God. Now, I'll tell you what I would do if I suffered from such fear, and I believe it would be a very effectual way, not only of getting rid of the fear, but of increasing one's faith in divine protection. If I feared to go to any certain place at night—a lonely room, a vacant house, about which gruesome stories had been told, a graveyard, or any other uncanny place, I would just ask the Lord to give me courage to visit it, and then to show Him that I had faith in His answer, I would go at once to the place,

and would continue to do this, till I had no more dread of going through a graveyard in the darkest night than I have of going through the street to-day. If I had children old enough, I would instruct them to do the same thing, in case they suffered from the silly fear of ghosts."

John did not remain long after giving Mrs. Blake his opinion respecting ghosts, and he felt on leaving her that his visit would in all probability result in checking in some measure the ill-feeling which busy-bodies had raised against him. He believed that Mrs. Blake, now that she was herself enlightened with regard to the subject of the disinterment, would enlighten others. If he could now meet Alec and Jim, or even one of them, and set him right with regard to the matter, he would feel he had done much to counteract Fogg's influence against him, and, consequently, that the afternoon was well spent. But though he called at one or two shops, stores and the post-office—places which they often visited—he saw nothing of them; and we recollect it was their intention that he should not soon enjoy that pleasure, but, of course, John was ignorant of this fact, much as it would have pleased him to know it and the reason therefor.

The next day being Saturday, he was busily engaged preparing his sermons for the coming Sabbath; hence, he had little time to think of Fogg or his letter. But when he and May walked to church the next morning, and passed two small knots of people gathered in front of it, he began to feel nervous. It was not the fact of their being there that gave him a feeling of uneasiness, but a suspicion, which was well grounded, that they were talking about himself—perhaps about both May and himself. The reason for this suspicion was that the knot of four or five persons which was nearest them seemed to be listening to the words of a man who was speaking in somewhat loud and excited tones, and who was standing with his back toward them as they approached. The man's wife was in the group, facing her husband, so that she saw Mr. and Mrs. Dawson as they drew near, and stepping up to her spouse she said something which caused him not only abruptly to stop talking, but to turn his head quickly, as if to see how far distant the newcomers might be.

John noticed that the different members of this little group appeared shy when he spoke to them, and at least two of them after looking at him at once glanced at the man who had just been addressing them.

This man, John also observed, instead of greeting May and himself with his usual cordiality, remained at a little distance from them, merely recognizing them with a nod, while his red face and a certain sheepish air afforded additional evidence that he preferred not to meet the minister just then.

The other group of about the same number was a few steps nearer the door, and a little to one side of the walk leading to it. Mrs. Blake formed the centre of this group, and she too seemed to be talking rather excitedly till warned by a low "Hush!" she, like the other speaker, ceased speaking as the minister and his wife approached. But, unlike that speaker, she immediately advanced and shook hands with them most cordially, and then looked around on her auditors with a satisfied smile, as if she now enjoyed the strongest assurance of the truth of what she had been saying.

John felt that whatever the man might have said, he was sure that Mrs. Blake had uttered nothing to his disparagement. May, being occupied with her own thoughts, paid no attention to the things which John had observed, consequently, had seen nor heard anything new to give her unrest.

But John knew that the removal of the little body from its lonely grave was still the all-absorbing topic of the people when they met. "They cannot refrain from discussing it, even at church on the Sabbath," he remarked mentally, as he walked forward to the pulpit. As he seated himself, and glanced over the congregation, his eye met that of Fogg, who was sitting in his pew watching him with a sinister expression. His wife, daughter and Arthur Langdon were there as usual, but it had been some weeks since Fogg had been present, and John could but believe he had now been led to come, more by curiosity—a desire to ascertain the effect produced on John by his letter—than by any higher motive.

The sight of Fogg reminded John of the other two men, Alec and Jim, and he turned to look for them, but, to his surprise, neither was in his accustomed place. The wives of both, however, were there, from which fact he arrived at the gratifying conclusion that the men were ashamed to come.

For a few moments while sitting there, John debated in his mind whether, at the close of his sermon, he should not read to the congregation the letter of Fogg, which was in his pocket. He would thus have an excuse for explaining to them, very much as he had to Mrs. Blake, the reason why he had performed an act so much at variance with conventional rules, and with what these people esteemed propriety in a minister. Should he do it? This was the question that he tried to settle, and first, he decided that he would, but other thoughts led to a contrary opinion. Chief among the latter was the one that May was present, and he knew it would not only cause her much pain to listen to all the unpleasant details of the story, but alarm her, because he conceived the letter and reports that were in circulation of sufficient importance to be noticed from the pulpit. Another reason why he was reluctant to do it was because he felt it would be according the letter more importance than it deserved, and would be too gratifying to Fogg.

He asked himself whether his feelings toward Fogg were consistent with his profession as a Christian and minister of the Gospel, but he could find nothing in his self-examination to upbraid his conscience. He believed that Fogg had written the letter with no other design than to humiliate and annoy him, yet his only feeling toward him was one of pity for his unrighteous acts and ignorance. No, he would not read the letter, or offer any explanation in public, till required to do so by the church. He therefore opened the services; his sermon that day was unusually earnest and eloquent, and it visibly impressed the congregation. After he had pronounced the benediction, and the people had nearly all left the church, he took his hat and started to leave, when he observed Fogg standing alone in the aisle at the entrance to his pew, as if waiting to speak to him. John walked up to him, presented his hand cordially, and chatted away as pleasantly as if they were the warmest of friends. But Fogg was evidently ill at ease, though he tried hard to conceal the fact. May stood at the door of the vestibule waiting for John, and Fogg was aware of this; hence, whatever he intended to say must be said quickly. After several nervous actions, and an effort to smile, which resulted as usual in a diabolical grin, he stammered out the following:

"I spo—spo—s'pose you got the letter I sent up the other day?"

"I did, Mr. Fogg" was the reply, and Fogg waited to hear more, but as no more was said, he was constrained to ask,

"Well, what did you think of it?"

"I thought it was the most impertinent thing in the shape of a letter I ever received," John coolly replied.

All the blood in Fogg's body at this reply seemed to rush to his face; he stared at John in bewilderment, but, as soon as he could command his voice, said,

"So you couldn't take it in a Christian spirit, eh?"

John looked him squarely in the eye and asked, "Mr. Fogg, can you look me in the face and tell me before God that you wrote that letter in a Christian spirit?"

Fogg quailed before the keen look fastened on him, and glanced first downward and then to the right and left; he ahemed, threw his weight on one foot, then on the other, and finally grasping the top of the partition between the pews with both hands, replied,

"Well now, Mr. Dawson, that seems a queer question. Every body was talkin' 'bout what you'd done, and it made me feel bad ter hear it, and I thought 'twas no more'n a friendly act ter let you know on't, and so I talked the thing over with Alec Todd and Jim Stone, and we concluded 'twas best ter send the letter, and very likely you'd explain things ter the church, so 'twould be satisfactory, and put a stop to the talk that's goin' on; that's all there was of it, but I'm sorry if we offended ye."

"It was very kind and thoughtful of you, Mr. Fogg, and I'm glad to know you still have the interest of the church at heart; I was beginning to fear from the fact that you had not been here for several weeks that your interest was declining. But where are Todd and Stone? I have not seen them since I received the letter and I am anxious to meet them."

"I don't know; I thought they'd both be here; I haint seen 'em since they—they wanted me ter write the letter."

It will be seen by the last expression of Fogg that he was now trying to cast all blame for writing the letter on the two men whom he had coerced into signing it. The sarcastic remark of John relative to his deep interest in the church only intensified the feeling of shame and guilt which his former words had awakened in him, but his inquiry after Todd and Stone, and his desire to see them, alarmed Fogg, for he feared that if John should meet them, he would obtain from them the whole story respecting the letter, and his part in the transaction would thus be revealed. He felt that he, too, must see Alec and Jim at once, and anxious now, also, to escape from the presence of John, since he had received his allusion to the letter, so differently from what he had anticipated, he pulled out his watch, affected great surprise at the lateness of the hour, and remarked that he must be going, or he would lose his dinner. But John, who stood at the entrance of the pew, and thus prevented his egress, did not hasten to move, as he wished to say a word more.

"Mr. Fogg," he commenced, "you are aware that whenever there is any matter in which the church is interested, or with which they wish to deal, it is customary to discuss it at a church meeting called for the purpose, and if further action is deemed advisable, they appoint a committee to carry out their design."

"Yes," said Fogg, "I believe that's the reg'lar way."

"But in writing to me, you seemed to have forgotten that this was the proper way to proceed, in case the church had suffered a wrong which should be redressed."

"No, I didn't think 'twas necessary in this case, but I've explained it all ter ye once, and that's enough; I want to go ter dinner."

Seeing that Fogg was becoming desperate, and that he had no intention of remaining to hear any further account of his sins, John now stepped aside, and permitted him to pass out.

May left the church and went home alone when she saw that John was talking with Fogg, for she presumed they would be thus engaged for some time, and she also knew the subject of their conversation; consequently, had no desire to hear what was said.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

About ten o'clock on the Monday morning following the speech of Miss Blowhard at the Monthly Meeting, Mark was somewhat surprised to receive a visit at the school-room from Miss Marble, Miss Blowhard and Miss Alstine. He was not so much surprised at the visit as he was at the time at which it was made—it being a rare occurrence that a directress called on Monday, and still more unusual for one to appear there before eleven o'clock. But before he had time to speculate as to the cause of this new departure, Miss Marble, with a most patronizing smile and ready assurance, thus announced the object of their mission:

"We have come to help you teach, Mr. Upstone; we are not going to make you any trouble; just go on with your work as usual;" and Miss Marble then addressing Miss Alstine said,

"You might hear those boys and girls back there read, while I hear these in front spell." Miss Alstine, with blushing face and hesitating step, made her way to one of the seats referred to, and obtaining a reading book from one of the girls, seated herself beside her, and having heard her read a paragraph, moved along to the next, and thus continued to do, till she had heard the dozen pupils pointed out by Miss Marble each read a few sentences.

In the meantime, Miss Marble had ordered about a dozen more, chiefly the oldest and best scholars in the room, to take their slates and write down the words she pronounced—her object being, as she told them, to test their knowledge of spelling; and they must also be careful to write the words "very legibly and neatly." But as the children in her spelling class were nearly all able to spell without hesitation any ordinary word in the language, a titter ran through the class, as Miss Marble pronounced the word, cat, and afterwards, the following monosyllables in the order here given: dog, spool, spank, fly, old, made. It happened that Ned Hope and Fred Burdick, the message boy, sat side by side, and these two boys, quickly reading in Mark's face the fact that he was anything but pleased with this Vandal irruption into his school-room, determined, if possible, to give Miss Marble so much annoyance in the examination, she would not care to continue for many days her role of instructress. It may be added, also, that Fred, feeling somewhat vindictive for the ado Miss Blowhard had made respecting his ignorance of spelling, was determined that no one should imagine his knowledge of the art had improved during the week he had been under her tuition. Mark saw Ned give Fred a sly wink as he took his slate to begin writing, which was answered by

a brief whisper; and so wicked did Mark feel at the moment, he wished the boys success, whatever might be the mischief they were plotting.

After the words Miss Marble pronounced were written, she examined each slate in turn, and to the great amusement of the boys and girls who were keenly alive to the farce, complimented them highly on the correctness with which they had spelled the words, and the neat way in which they had written them. But her next remark, "I really believe you could spell harder words," caused a general outburst of laughter. She had now, however, reached Ned and Fred, the only ones whose slates had not been examined. Taking Ned's slate she glanced at it, and then looking at him with astonishment, mingled with pity, asked,

"Is your hearing poor, Edward?"

"Very poor," said Ned, with profound gravity.

"Poor boy," she replied, as she proceeded to read aloud the words on his slate.

It will be remembered the words she pronounced were, cat, dog, spool, spank, fly, old, made. Ned's list read as follows; flat, hog, fool, crank, sly, old-maid.

The first four words were written one beneath the other, but the last three were written thus: Sly old-maid, on one line, which fact would have convinced any one less innocent than Miss Marble that the young rascal made the mistakes intentionally; but though she was much amused that such ridiculous errors should have resulted from Ned's imperfect hearing, she felt deep sympathy for him, and declared she must take him, in a few days, to an aurist for treatment.

Fred's slate was next examined, when, horror! this was what she found.

"Hatt, dogg, spule, spaink, fli, olde, mayde."

"Mercy on us, Fred Burdick, where in the world have you taken lessons in spelling?"

"Miss Blowhard had me give more time to spelling than any other teacher I ever had," he replied.

Miss Marble passed the slate to Miss Blowhard who was standing near, and smiling asked,

"Is that the way you teach your pupils to spell?"

Miss Blowhard, who was in very grim humor, for reasons we shall soon explain, took the slate, and cast her eye along the list of words and then, perfectly satisfied that Fred had exhausted his ingenuity to spell them as he had, she returned the slate to Miss Marble with a look of most contemptuous pity—that she should not know she was the victim of a mischievous prank. Not a word did she utter in reply to Miss Marble's question, but she cast a withering look of scorn at Fred, who returned it with a cunning leer.

But what was Mark doing, and what were his feelings during the farce that was being enacted in his school-room? Poor man! For several minutes after the entrance of these women, he was dumb and nearly motionless from astonishment. That Miss Marble should have conceived the insane idea that she was doing good, and aiding him, by trying to teach in his school, was not so very astonishing, knowing her personally and by reputation as he did, but that even she should have come in this way, without soliciting either invitation or permission from him, without even giving him notice of her intention, was astounding; for Miss Marble with all her vagaries, generally sustained the reputation of a lady, and as such of knowing how to treat others with proper courtesy.

Miss Alstine he had never met till now; and her he could excuse, for he knew that she had been induced to join the directresses at their last meeting, and had been led into his school-room without knowing anything of the true condition of things; consequently, had no suspicion of the fact that she was an intruder. There was, moreover, an appearance of modesty about this lady he admired; and the look of wonder and inquiry with which she now occasionally regarded him inclined him to the belief that she was already beginning to question the wisdom and propriety of their conduct. Evidently there was an acknowledged teacher in the school-room, whom the children appeared to obey and respect.

It was to Miss Blowhard, therefore, he felt sure he was indebted for this interference with his business, and this fact had but settled in his mind when he was treated to a still greater example of her arrant conceit.

When Miss Alstine had settled down to the work of hearing several of the children read, and Miss Marble was pronouncing words for others to spell, Miss Blowhard walked up to Mark, who stood, with flashing eyes by the table, and unfolding a large sheet of foolscap she carried in her hand, said,

"Here is a time-table, Mr. Upstone, I have prepared, that I think is an improvement on the one you have been using; the ladies approve it, so you will use this in future;" and Miss Blowhard proceeded to point out various things in her unique time-table which excelled his own.

While Miss Blowhard was expatiating on the excellent points of the thing she held in her hand, his eyes travelled over her broad bold face, and his mind was busy with speculations as to what accident of birth, or what peculiar environment, had rendered her so unlike any one claiming the title of lady he had ever before met. Can you wonder that he felt grossly insulted, and that he was angry? He by no means considered himself the most skillful teacher that ever lived, but during the many years he had taught, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the schools of which he had charge were numbered among the best.

He often met some of his former pupils, now men and women of influence, who alluded with pleasure to his painstaking labors and good counsel when they were under his tuition. Yes, in Montreal there were at least half a dozen professional gentlemen, who had formerly been his pupils, and whose remembrance of those days always secured for him, when he met them, a most cordial greeting and profound respect.

One of the first questions he mentally considered when Miss Blowhard stood before him was "What would these gentlemen think if they should see a woman of her mental calibre walk into my school room, thrust a time-table of her own construction into my hands, and command me, to use it instead of the one I have myself prepared?

Even with all the hindrances and interruptions to his work, Mark was gratified, as we have stated, with the progress his pupils had made. No one had presumed till now to offer any criticism, or suggest any improvement, except what we have stated with regard to the desire of a few to have the pupils taught "military airs." Those of the ladies who visited the Bethesda had heard him question and examine the children time after time, therefore knew, if they knew anything, that they had received good attention, and most careful drilling since in his charge, but during all this time he had received but one compliment for his work from a directress.

Several months after Mark had been there an elderly, yet very active lady of prepossessing appearance and engaging manners, entered the school-room, and, introducing herself as Mrs. Manly, expressed a wish to hear his older pupils read and recite one or more of their lessons. After spending nearly an hour there, she addressed the pupils for a short time, telling them they were peculiarly fortunate in having a teacher who would do for them what Mr. Upstone was doing; that they must know he was taking great pains, and that if they were wise they would not neglect their present advantages. Remarks like these were very encouraging, of course, to Mark, and it was with regret he learned a short time afterward that Mrs. Manly had resigned from the Board.

Finding that Mark made no reply to her remark, nor deigned to look at her time-table, Miss Blowhard walked back to her former position, and with haughty air and ill-concealed contempt for what she regarded the childish work of Miss Marble and Miss Alstine, she waited for them to finish it. The fact was her anger at this time differed only slightly in degree from Mark's, though the cause of it was widely different.

It will doubtless be remembered that she did not ask Miss Marble and Miss Alstine to aid her in her efforts to reform the school; she had solicited no assistance from the ladies beyond moral support; and when Miss Marble volunteered to accompany her, and

persuaded Miss Alstine to do likewise, her fear that Miss Marble's officiousness might have a disastrous effect on her plans gave her much uneasiness. The desire, however, to have them present to witness her striking way of doing things counterbalanced this fear and made her willing to incur the risk of hindrance of her work by these ladies.

Buoyed up also by her conceit, she trusted that when they had entered the school-room, Miss Marble would have the modesty and courtesy to allow her to do what she intended, without first thrusting forward some work of her own. When, therefore, they had arrived and before she had had time to say anything, Miss Marble announced the object of their visit, and immediately set Miss Alstine and herself at work, her wrath nearly approached the explosive point. When the reading and spelling were nearly finished she stepped up to Miss Marble, and looking angrily at her said,

"When your spelling lesson is finished, Miss Marble, if you will permit me, I will give the pupils an exercise in dictation."

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Marble with a gracious smile; "I intended to occupy only a few minutes with the reading and spelling —merely the time I thought it would take you to talk with Mr. Upstone, and explain your plans."

Miss Blowhard deigned no reply, but stood glum and indignant, till Miss Marble had corrected whatever misspelled words there were, which happened strangely, as she told them, to be on Fred Burdick's slate. The slates being returned to the pupils, Miss Blowhard stepped out before the pupils, and waving her hand with the air of a Roman Senator, said,

"All the boys and girls that can write readily will take their slates and sit down at that long desk. I am going to give you an exercise in dictation, and remember I shall read the sentences but once; so if you do not pay attention, and fall behind in writing, you will not be likely to receive very high marks, for I intend to mark you according to your merits."

Then taking two books from a small hand bag, she continued,

"I have here a treatise on Astronomy and another on Political Economy; I wonder from which I had better read." She then opened the "Treatise on Astronomy," and after reading to herself a moment, thus addressed Annie Langdon, who chanced to be sitting near:

"My girl, will you explain to me the position of a planet when at its aphelion?" And at the same instant she cast a proud glance toward Mark, to assure herself that he had heard this question, which gave such evidence of her erudition. Notwithstanding his excited frame of mind, he could not repress a smile at her grotesquely absurd conduct, and just then he caught the eye of Miss Alstine, who immediately coughed, and covered her face with her pocket handkerchief to conceal her struggling mirth.

Annie stared at Miss Blowhard with a bewildered, frightened look, shook her head, and at the same time in a low, modest tone replied,

"I cannot, Miss Blowhard."

"No, I presume not," said that lady, in a loud voice; "and yet astronomy is so divinely interesting, such an ennobling, elevating study. I cannot understand why it is so neglected in our schools." As she uttered the last remark she cast another sharp glance at Mark. She then laid down the Astronomy, and took up the work on Political Economy, saying, "I believe I'll read from this;" and rapidly fumbling the leaves till she had found a paragraph in which she thought the words were sufficiently long and abstruse to puzzle the children, began reading.

She read so far, however, before pausing, and so rapidly, that no person of judgment would expect children of that age to write the words with any degree of correctness. Mark was not surprised therefore, when he saw most of them soon stop writing, and look with astonishment one to another.

"What are you about here? Why are you not writing?" peremptorily demanded Miss Blowhard.

"You read so fast we can't keep up;" said two or three in the same breath.

"Can't keep up," she repeated in a sneering tone; "if you can't write after my distinct reading, you know nothing about writing dictation. Any one who can write ought to be able to follow me."

Mark could endure ill-treatment himself better than he could to see the children ill-treated; he therefore now interfered.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Blowhard," he said, "I am sure I would find it difficult to follow you, and I believe I can write as fast as people in general, though I am not a rapid writer. You can scarcely expect much of children from eight to twelve years of age. You doubtless observed that Miss Marble thought them able to spell only words of one syllable, which was not an unreasonable conclusion, young as most of them are. In reading to them for dictation, I read but few words at a time, and repeat them once or twice, if necessary."

Miss Marble, who had listened with apparent interest to his remarks, now nodded several times to show how fully she approved them; and Miss Alstine looked the gratitude she did not utter.

Miss Blowhard saw all this, and evidently felt abashed. With much less than her usual pomposity she replied,

"Well, I suppose I can read shorter sentences and slower, if it is necessary."

She, therefore, began reading again in much improved style; but had read only a sentence or two, when, on account of his misunderstanding a word, she looked at Ned Hope's slate, and then broke forth in the following manner:

"Ned Hope, you are a perfect dunce," and then turning partially around, as if speaking for the benefit of Mark, she continued. "His writing is execrable, and he has put in a word I never used, besides leaving out two that I read. It is shameful that a great boy like him should be so stupidly careless."

Now Ned with all his mischief was proud and sensitive. He was a good scholar in arithmetic, a fine reader and speller, but a very indifferent penman, and slow in writing dictation. He had set out on this occasion to do the best he could, as he had no desire to stand the lowest of any in the class; but in his anxiety to keep up with the rest, he became nervous and flustered; and thus committed errors. He felt Miss Blowhard's harsh, unreasonable words keenly, and seeing so many eyes directed toward him, he smiled nervously, and to conceal his true feelings, made an effort to appear indifferent. Mark understood him so well, however, that he was deceived neither by his smile nor his manner. He knew that behind this appearance of levity and indifference raged a storm of grief, anger and wounded pride that would be long in subsiding. But Miss Blowhard knew nothing of this, nor would she have cared had she known it. The fact that a boy, and especially a boy of the Bethesda—should have the audacity even to smile while she was reproving him was sufficient to rouse her to a state of great indignation. Staring at Ned a moment, as if to assure herself that it was really true he dared smile, and perhaps, too, to summon words that would adequately express her sense of his depravity, she began to stride across the floor, delivering meanwhile the following speech while casting glances alternately at him and Mark:

"That boy has the audacity even to laugh when I try to show him his errors and to instruct him. He is not at all ashamed of his ignorance; in fact, he seems rather proud of it. What hope can any one have of a boy so insensible to shame? One might as well look for refinement and gratitude in a brute. But the young man will learn better than to indulge in such conduct before I have been here many days; he will find that I'm not to be trifled with." Before Miss Blowhard, however, had delivered this tirade of abuse, poor Ned, unable longer to control his feelings, burst into tears, and resting his head on the desk, continued to sob bitterly. Doubtless regarding this sufficient evidence of her ability to squelch disorderly pupils, after casting another glance at Mark to assure herself that he had witnessed her remarkable qualities as a disciplinarian, she began once more to read. After reading the paragraph she had selected, in about one-half the time she ought to have given the children to write it, she ordered each to sign his name, and then give the slate to herself.

She then gave Miss Marble and Miss Alstine each a few slates to examine, at the same time giving them instructions as to the

way in which they were to estimate the value of the dictation written, and then sat down to examine the work on a few slates, she had reserved for herself.

The dictation, however, proved to be just what Mark had anticipated—very few of the pupils having succeeded in writing the last sentences she had read; and even these had been obliged to leave blanks in one or more places, in order to follow her reading to the end.

Whatever Miss Alstine thought, she expressed no opinion, but so firmly did Miss Marble maintain that it was impossible for the children to write the dictation, it was read so rapidly, Miss Blowhard in a huff declared she would not read their marks on the present occasion, but, if they were to be treated as babies, she would at another time take two hours to read a short paragraph to them from the simplest primer she could find.

Mark's mental comment, after listening to their remarks, was as follows:

"Simple as Miss Marble is, she has far more sense and better judgment than Miss Blowhard."

As it was near twelve o'clock when this part of the farce terminated, and Mark having no intention of allowing the performance of a second act, he took advantage of the pause to excuse the pupils, and immediately went upstairs.

His thoughts reverted to the many interruptions to which he had tamely submitted, and he now regretted that he had done so —that he had not rather exerted his authority, and made every directress understand that the school-room was territory she could not invade.

"Yes," he said to himself, "had I not sacrificed judgment to politeness, Miss Blowhard would have been informed by the directresses in the outset that her scheme was not feasible, that I would permit no such nonsense as she proposed, and Miss Marble also would have known better than to imagine she could come into my school-room to teach."

But Mark never imagined any one would presume as she and Miss Blowhard had presumed on this occasion. He had meekly submitted to all sorts of interruptions in his work. He had never rebelled when Miss Horner came to engage his attention with her oft-repeated stories and advice, and to amuse the children an hour or more with twaddle.

Mrs. Col. McKenzie, like Miss Whitemore, was a privileged character among the directresses, and perhaps for the same reason —she had a goodly supply of bank stock; and an additional reason might have been, she moved in a high social circle. She was far less crochety than her more aged sister directress, but, like her, she often showed the childish propensities of advanced age.

It had been her long established custom whenever she was going to visit the Bethesda, to provide herself with two or three pounds of candy, and then enter the school-room unannounced, and, holding a half-pound parcel of the candy in view of the children, enjoy a hearty laugh to see them tumble helter-shelter over the seats and over each other in their frantic efforts to obtain it. More than once some of the younger ones had obtained enough to make them sick, and thus rendered it necessary for Mrs. Upstone to spend the greater part of the following night in nursing them back to health.

Things like these Mark had good-naturedly tolerated; yet, he now thought that had he sternly prohibited such liberties, none of the directresses would have presumed to venture still further, and take privileges that were insulting alike to his authority and ability as a teacher.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE week following Arthur's arrival at Fogg's was one in which his strength was taxed to the utmost, owing to the amount of hard work to be done, and the fact that he, like other inexperienced but ambitious boys, was unwilling to have any one imagine he was not able to do as much work as anybody, young or old. But after the first two or three days, during which he was so completely tired out at night, he sought his bed the moment his last task was done, he began to feel stronger, and his strength increased so rapidly during the next few days and for a month following that he was himself astonished. His appetite, too, increased in proportion to the increase of his strength. In a fortnight he no longer had an abhorrence of fried pork, and there was nothing in fact placed on the table. of which he did not gladly partake.

The most unpleasant part of his experience here, at first, was the length of the period between his early breakfast hour and the hour for dinner, 12 o'clock. However hearty the breakfast he might have eaten, his rapid digestion, owing to his active, outdoor labor, would invariably create a desire for food before eleven o'clock; consequently, the next hour or more he pursued his work with a weak, half-famished feeling, which caused a continual longing for the slow, dragging minutes to expire. Not feeling the liberty that boys feel, when still under the parental roof, to enter the house and procure a lunch, whenever so disposed, he endured the pangs of hunger as best he could till the accustomed hour for dinner. But fortunately for himself, one day when speaking in the house of the wonderful improvement of his appetite, Aunt Becky asked him casually if he ever felt hungry before the meals were ready. His graphic description of the hunger he had suffered at such times during the week that had passed caused Aunt Becky much regret. She made many apologies for her thoughtlessness, and said she might have known from her own youthful experience, and her recollection of the ravenous appetites of her own boys, that five hours was too long a time for him to go without refreshment; and from that day on, as long as he wished for it, a substantial lunch was always prepared to take with him when he was at work some distance from the house, or to be eaten in the house when his work was close at hand.

Had not Fogg conceived a strong liking for Arthur, it is quite probable he would have objected to Aunt Becky's "humoring and coddling him," as he expressed it, in this way; but, as it was, he found no fault, though he could not refrain from telling Arthur,

he never would be a man unless he could "stand it till dinner-time without lunching."

The change in Arthur's personal appearance was great; and could his friends at the Bethesda have seen him at the expiration of a month, they would have been both amused and surprised. His classic face, usually rather pale and thin, now full from his increase of flesh, was almost copperhued from the combined action of the sun and wind; while his small and shapely hands, now rough and bronzed without, and calloused within, looked, as he wrote to Annie, precisely like the hands of men she had seen working on the street. Neither had his hands or lips escaped the usual painful result of chapping, caused by exposure to cold at this season of the year; but all had been speedily healed by Aunt Becky's timely and generous applications of mutton tallow, which, she assured him, would cure the worst case of chapped hands or lips.

Arthur's first Monday in Dexter was spent in drawing the buckets to the sugar orchard, or sugar "bush," as it is more commonly called in Canada, where they were left in piles in different places. The men then carried them around, leaving one at the foot of each tree that was to be tapped.

In the latter work, Arthur was very useful, as his youthful agility enabled him to scatter more buckets than either of the older men, but, owing to the great depth of snow, he found the labor very fatiguing. He felt much chagrined the next morning, however, on being laughed at by Fogg and the hired man for the mistakes he had made.

He had been shown the sugar maple and had observed it till he was sure he could recognize one of the family whenever he might see it, but when the men were tapping the trees, it was found that he had left buckets not only at several basswood, but at two or three elm trees, which bore much resemblance to some of the maples he had seen. He felt less mortification for his mistake, however, when Fogg told him it was an error he had known men to make, even when they had been reared in the country among forests; in fact he had more than once himself left a bucket at a basswood, under the impression that it was a maple. But the incident made such an impression on Arthur, he never again made a similar mistake.

Fogg's method of making sugar, if not the most primitive, was yet of a primitive kind.

As we have shown, he had advanced one stage beyond the rude trough used for catching sap, and used buckets—the clumsy wooden hooped ones, which among farmers of more enterprise had long since been cast aside, for the smoothly constructed, painted, iron hooped receptacles. Evaporators had not then come into use, but the long, shallow pan had superseded the old fashioned kettle in

most of the sugar orchards, and rudely constructed sugar-houses afforded protection to the men from the rain and snowstorms that so often drench and chill one at this season of the year. But Fogg had none of these things, as he still labored under the delusion that it was a waste of money to buy new agricultural implements, when one had old, that could be made to suffice; and it was equally extravagant, in his opinion, to erect a building to shelter one when the weather was mild enough to be endured without it. Guided by such views, therefore, it is not surprising that he boiled his sap in the capacious, old "potash kettles" suspended on poles, with no covering save the canopy of heaven; that instead of drawing his sap with horses or oxen, it was gathered in large pails carried on the shoulders of men by "neck yokes," and that, instead of cutting his wood used for boiling sap months previous, so that it might dry, he cut it from the green trees of the forest when required for immediate use.

Besides the young man, John Sykes, about twenty-five years of age, who had been in Fogg's employ for nearly a year, and who lived in his family, there was a *habitant*, Pete Laroque, a man of middle age, who, with his family, lived in a log house of Fogg's, located on his farm, not far from his own dwelling.

Laroque worked for Fogg the greater part of the time, boarding with him, but spending his nights at his own domicile. He had the reputation of being a good man to work, but possessing great magnetic attraction for personal property that could be easily carried. Two or three citizens of Dexter were unkind enough to say that Pete was just the man to work for Fogg, as any one who could not steal property equal in value to his wages was sure, when in his employ, to be in his debt on the day of settlement.

The novelty of sugar-making was so great to Arthur, it kept his spirits buoyant throughout the time in which he was thus engaged. Though the work was hard, and it was disagreeable wading through the slushy snow, as well as staying in the sugar-bush during the rainstorms that occurred later, he was so well prepared for weather of this kind, he suffered little discomfort.

When he was preparing to leave the Bethesda, Mark gave him a few dollars which Arthur had placed in his hands for safe keeping, and went with him to buy a rubber coat and a pair of long legged, rubber boots, to take with him to Fogg's. As Mark had told him, he found these articles, especially the boots, invaluable, since he had been here, inasmuch as he never experienced the discomfort of wet feet; and even when it rained, his long coat so well protected his body that scarcely any of his clothing was ever wet.

It fell to his lot to help John in the sugar-bush, so that he spent his time there, with the exception of that required in feeding the young animals and poultry, and the latter work in the most busy part of the sugar season was usually done by Aunt Becky.

Fogg was sometimes in the sugar-bush; Pete was there chopping for two or three days, when the work first began, and he helped one or two days subsequently, when there was a long continued run of sap. But John and Arthur, with an occasional half day's help from Fogg, had to gather and boil the sap and chop a little, if they had time; though Arthur was never asked to chop, he always did it of his own accord. A shorter and lighter neck-yoke than John's was given him to use, and smaller pails for gathering the sap; but as the pails held three gallons each, it was no easy task for him to carry them full—in some instances a fourth of a mile—and especially before the snow was gone.

The last act in the process of sugar-making, or "sugaring-off," was done in the house by Aunt Becky and Jane. Arthur was always permitted to be present awhile on these occasions, to gratify his palate *ad libitum;* but like many people unaccustomed to this luxury, he had little or no liking for it; hence, he attended only one "sugaring-off." The sap ran very fast for a week after the trees were first tapped, so that it was necessary to keep the kettles boiling day and night—John remaining at the sugar-bush, till 12 or 1 o'clock, when he would go to the house and Fogg would take his place at the kettles till morning. Twice during the first week, Arthur remained with John at night in the sugar-bush, and afterwards, as will be seen, he once or twice remained there alone.

Like many other farmers, Fogg had not provided sufficient storage for the quantity of sap he obtained; hence, like many of them, also, he felt, or at least claimed, that it should be boiled on the Sabbath, to save loss. His storage vessels consisted of a large trough formed from a basswood tree, which held about a hundred pailfuls and a hogshead holding about forty pails. But when these were full, and the kettles boiling at their greatest capacity, sometimes there would be more than a hundred buckets at the trees, full of sap, and, of course, what sap ran from these trees meanwhile was lost; and it was to reduce this loss to its minimum that Fogg worked on Sunday.

One Saturday, Arthur heard John say to Fogg, "I s'pose you'll be wanting us to work to-morrow."

"Yes," said Fogg, "every minute, the sap will run all night, as it is not going to freeze, and we are likely to lose some, even if we do boil to-morrow."

This, to Arthur, was a revelation. He knew that some people had no regard for the Sabbath, and would work, play, or do anything else their fancy might dictate, but they belonged to a class who had no respect for anything, and made no claim to respectability. They never attended church, nor even said grace at meals like Mr. Fogg. He thought, therefore, that John must have been jesting when he asked the question about working the next day,

and that Fogg, knowing it, had answered in the same humorous spirit. Perhaps they talked thus to tantalize him, knowing his regard for the Sabbath; and this thought induced him to scrutinize their faces closely, but he could discover nothing to confirm this suspicion, and he was troubled.

Later in the day, he made a remark when he and John were alone, which, as he intended, again introduced the subject about which he was puzzled. It was then he learned for the first time that, not only Fogg, but many farmers, boiled sap on the Sabbath; and that they claimed they were not sinning in so doing; it was a necessity; otherwise, their sap would run to waste. To permit that would be wicked.

Arthur listened with astonishment, mingled with sadness, to John's words, and he pondered them well; but, that he was not satisfied with the reasoning adopted by these men, was evident from the following question:

"Do they think the Lord forbids them to provide storage enough for their sap, so that they will not be obliged to boil it on the Sabbath? This question was asked with such earnestness, and so apparent a desire for information, that even dull-witted John could not refrain from smiling. He made no satisfactory reply, however, and Arthur, left to his own reflections, settled the question to his own satisfaction, that it was not right to boil sap on the Sabbath, consequently, he would not do it, even should Mr. Fogg desire it. "If he and his family had nothing to eat," he said mentally, "and it was work to provide food to keep them from starving, it would be right to do it; but there are no such conditions; hence, to work is wrong.

"Troughs," he continued, "like the one he already has do not cost much, and he could easily have enough made to hold all his sap."

But with Arthur's respect for age, and his regard for obedience to proper authority, it was hard for him to resolve that he would not work on the morrow, in case Fogg should demand it; it was so hard for him, in fact, that he shed tears while thinking of the unhappy feeling and scenes his disobedience might cause. But believing that he was right, that his friends at the Bethesda, and more important still, that his dear parents, if living, would object to his working on the Sabbath, he could not do it for the sake of pleasing Mr. Fogg.

But he must have the matter understood between them at once; he could not endure the anxiety of suspense; so, that night after supper, he said to Fogg who was still sitting by the table, tilting back in his chair, "I suppose you will excuse me, Mr. Fogg, from working in the sugar-bush to-morrow?"

"Excuse you to-morror? I guess not; we shall need all the help we can git."

Arthur's heart was now almost bursting with sorrow. The great secret of his intense dislike and fear of disregarding the Sabbath—so peculiar for one so young—was this. Ever since the death of his parents, the thought and desire of a reunion with them, in that land where there is no parting, had been uppermost in his mind. It had been the burden of his prayers, the chief subject of his meditations by day, and of his dreams by night. Like many older individuals, too, whose hearts are bound to loved ones on the other shore, his desire to join them had rendered him very regardful of the means by which this great blessing was to be enjoyed. In other words, the thought of committing an act displeasing to the Great Dispenser of all blessings, and thereby putting in jeopardy his chance of again meeting his sainted parents, filled him with horror. Trembling, and scarcely able to articulate the words, from emotion, he said,

"Can't I work enough harder on week days, and boil sap enough at night, to make up the loss it will be, if I don't work to-morrow?

"Pshaw, what nonsense; what's the reason you don't want ter work ter-morrow?" Fogg, who was not in the best of humor, asked this question gruffly.

"Because, sir, I should be very unhappy; I have always been taught that it is wrong to work on the Sabbath."

"So it is, of course, when the work aint necessary. Don't you know what Christ said about pulling an ox or an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath? It aint wicked to save things Sunday; fact is, its wicked not to do it."

"Isn't there considerable difference, sir, between pulling an animal out of a pit on the Sabbath and gathering and boiling sap?"

Arthur asked this question very timidly and with faltering voice, fearing that he might be impertinent in thus striving to show an old man like Fogg his duty.

"No, it's as right to save one as 'tis t'other; but there's no use in harpin 'bout the thing. We've all got ter work ter-morrer, and work lively too."

"I'm very sorry you think so sir; I'm sure the ladies and my friends at the Bethesda would not approve of my working to-morrow."

"Well, you are under my control now; you are to do here as I like." Fogg's anger had been slowly rising, and he uttered the last remark with strong emphasis. But Arthur, too, was beginning to feel indignant at Fogg's unreasonable determination to make him work, hence, with more courage, he said, "I will write to my friends at the Home, and ask them if they are willing I should work on the Sabbath."

It was fortunate for Arthur that Fogg had great dread of

losing the esteem of the Bethesda people, especially of the ladies who treated him with such consideration when he was there. No money would have induced him to allow Arthur to write to them respecting the matter; and he became more angry, because he had proposed writing. His wrath had now reached the explosive stage. "What the d—l do you s'pose they know about the work? But if you can't help without makin' all this hullabaloo about it, I don't want yer help; so, thar's no use of writin' to yer friends; you needn't work to-morrer; you can go ter church, or go ter bed—go where you'r mind tew."

Fogg had become so furious by the time he had given him permission to go to church or to bed on the morrow, if he thought proper, that he could think of no other place to consign him, and permission to "go where he was of a mind tew" was fired from his lungs as if propelled by dynamite.

Arthur experienced great relief on learning that he had carried his point, but the pleasure was nearly destroyed by the humiliation and sorrow he felt at Fogg's words and anger. No one had ever spoken to him in this way till now; and it is little wonder he felt them keenly. But the advice given him by Mark when he was leaving the Bethesda now came to mind, and it seemed as if it was given to comfort him at this very time. At all events, he tried to believe that Fogg would soon forget his angry feelings, and he was right. Though a little crusty in his manner to Arthur the next day, on Monday he was as pleasant as ever.

Aunt Becky and Jane were not indifferent spectators of the scene between Fogg and Arthur. Both were present, and held their breath through fear of the effect Fogg's anger and harsh words might have on Arthur. They had learned to love and respect him, and when finally they understood he was not to work on the Sabbath, they were not less pleased than Arthur himself.

The early part of the following week the weather was so cold there was a suspension of sugar-making for two days, and at this time, Fogg, to atone no doubt for his language to Arthur on the previous Saturday night, suggested to him one evening the visit to the parsonage, of which there is an account in another chapter. Immediately after this, work was resumed in the sugar-bush, and, before the close of the week, another incident occurred which was of no little interest to Arthur.

About fifty yards from the spot where the kettles for boiling sap were suspended, stood a gigantic hollow basswood. One of those freaks, which nature often plays with trees of the forest, had caused this tree to bulge or expand from the ground upward a distance of eight or nine feet, so that its diameter thus far was more than twice the extent it was just above. In the side of this bulge, facing the kettles, was an aperture a foot and a half wide,

and about four feet in height, so that a man could easily enter it and stand erect in the hollow without striking his head.

Arthur had been greatly interested in this tree, and in his leisure moments, boy like, had cleaned the debris—decayed wood, leaves, etc.—from this hollow, made a seat therein, so that when the wind was cold, or it stormed, he could take refuge in his "house," as he called it. He found this a very convenient place also for reading, being completely sheltered from the smoke, wind and storm. When he and John, therefore, were alone in the sugar-bush at night, with nothing to do, except to keep the fire replenished, and the kettles filled, John, having procured a pine knot for a torch, they would repair to Arthur's house; and there Arthur would read aloud to John all the evening; interrupted, of course, whenever they had to see that their work was progressing properly. Instead of reading, he sometimes played on his flute, which he brought with him from the Home.

On Friday of the second week of sugar-making, it rained all the afternoon; and in the evening the rain changed to a furious storm of snow and wind.

It happened that there was a sugar party at a neighbor's that night. John had been invited, and as the girl in whom—according to his opinion—all the beauty and wit of heaven and earth were blended, was to be there, he must be also. Arthur, who was never more pleased than when he could do one a favor, advised him to go, assuring him that he would willingly stay alone, and would keep the kettles boiling as lively as if they were both present. John felt profoundly grateful to him; vowed, not only eternal friendship for him, but offered to do all his work for a week, besides his own. Arthur smiled at this offer, and told him he should feel very much ashamed to accept pay for a small favor like that, but he did not tell him he knew how to appreciate his desire to go to the party, and that if a girl named Lizzie Maynes was to be there, he would be as anxious to go as himself.

It was lonely for him in the sugar-bush, as he had no torch so that he could read, and the hours seemed long. But after placing a fresh supply of wood on the fire and refilling the kettles he sought shelter from the storm in his "house." As it was only necessary to attend the fire about once an hour, he found that he could enjoy a nap during these intervals, without any danger of oversleeping —his position when sitting upright on the seat not being conducive to long continued slumber.

It was about ten o'clock; he had just awakened from a half hour's nap, when he was somewhat startled to see a man at the kettles, looking into them. As the storm rendered objects at that distance rather indistinct, he first thought it was Fogg, but a second glance assured him that it was Pete Laroque. His first

impression was that John had met Pete somewhere, and had sent him to keep him company, and he was on the point of going out to tell him how pleased he was that he had come. But Pete's peculiar actions excited his suspicions, and he decided to watch him.

He had heard of Pete's great weakness for appropriating to his own use things that belonged to others, and his present movements led Arthur to believe he was now under the influence of his malady.

It should be stated that Pete had not been in the sugar-bush of late; consequently, knew nothing about the snug shelter Arthur had prepared in the hollow tree, and, had he looked in that direction from the kettles, he could not in the darkness have seen Arthur, while his own movements in the glare of the bright fire were plainly discernible.

Arthur saw him hurriedly grasp the dipper, and sample the contents of both kettles; meanwhile, keeping his eyes directed toward Fogg's house. Satisfied, apparently, that the syrup in the smaller kettle was the sweeter, he next took a pail, and, placing it on the ground sufficiently near for his purpose, he dipped out several dipperfuls from the smaller kettle into it. Then setting it aside, he proceeded to fill another pail in the same manner; and this being done, he caught up one of the large pails used for gathering sap, filled it twice from the hogshead, and poured it into the kettle from which he had taken the syrup. When this act was finished, he hurriedly seized the two pails of syrup, one in each hand, cast another glance toward Fogg's, and then started with long strides in the direction of his own home—his course being about midway between Arthur's "house" and the path leading to Fogg's.

It is needless to say that Arthur was greatly excited. He felt that it was his duty to protect his master's property at any time, and especially when it was in his charge, but shame and pity for Pete, caught in such a disgraceful and wicked act, made him reluctant to show himself. Hope also that he might be mistaken, and that Pete, after all, did not intend to steal it, kept him awhile in his concealment; and then he was restrained by indecision as to what he ought to do. Should he let him depart with the syrup and then tell Fogg all about the theft? In that case Pete would probably be arrested and sent to jail for several months, in which event his wife and children would suffer as much or more than himself. Would it not be a better plan to prevent his getting off with the syrup, let him know that his rascality was discovered, and thus frighten him well, without exposing him to the rigor of the law? The latter was far more in keeping with Arthur's kind feelings, and he had decided to act on this plan just as Pete started off with his booty.

A few rapid, but light bounds, brought Arthur close behind

him, but the sound of his footsteps was drowned by the wind and storm in the branches overhead. The first intimation Pete had that there was any one in the sugar-bush besides himself was a distinct, "Good evening Mr. Laroque." Reader, did you ever suddenly startle a full-grown pig from his nest when half buried in straw—he was enjoying a most blissful snooze? Do you remember his fright, the sudden bound, the snort that made you jump, and set your nerves vibrating, as if you had just dodged the stroke of a rattler? Well, this best illustrates what occurred when Pete heard that voice.

The foot that was raised in the act of stepping struck the ground some feet forward of the spot, where it would had he heard nothing, in consequence of which nearly a quart of syrup slopped from each pail. But whether the sound he emitted was a snort, groan or screech, it was impossible for Arthur to say; he afterward concluded it was a combination of the three.

Instantly turning round, on dropping his pails, Pete could see well enough, at that short distance from the fire, to recognize the speaker; but he could not speak himself; he stood as motionless and silent as if petrified.

"Good evening," again said Arthur; some seconds passed before Pete recovered sufficiently from his fright to reply, but at length he found his voice.

"O Mon dieu!" he exclaimed; "it is you—Monsieur Fogg's nice garcon; Bon jour; bon jour, mon cher ami; me so glad to see you;" and Pete caught Arthur's hand, pressed and shook it till the boy was compelled from sheer pain to snatch it away. In his normal condition, Pete spoke passably good English; but in his present, excited state, he could speak neither English nor French for many consecutive seconds. Without giving Arthur opportunity to utter a word, he continued,

"By gosh; you be one bon smart boy—handsome garcon. Dis no good place for you; you know too much for Ben Fogg; you good boy; you won't say noting, but I tell you she's mean man; I tole it, ma femme, Ben Fogg, she's no fit to—what you call it? fetch (bring) up wise, good boy, like you. I tole my ole woman, too, you know two, tree, six times, more dan Fogg. Yes, sar, you be one great, big man, bimeby, for sure."

As Pete paused to take breath at this stage of his eulogy on Arthur, the latter, who was so intent on making him return his stolen syrup, he had scarcely heard a word of what he had uttered, now said,

"You have a heavy load in your pails, Mr. Laroque." Pete claimed he couldn't understand what he said; hence, Arthur repeated his remark, and by this time Pete's mind had conceived a bright thought.

"O, oui, oui," he said; "I fetch dem two pail way from Mons. Dumas; you know, Mons. Dumas, what live on nex farm to Mons. Fogg; I been on Mr. Dumas dis night; Mr. Dumas say, 'you have no new sugar, dis spring;' I say, no; and he say, 'I give you dem two pail sirop, you take dem home wid you,' me tell you I was ver glad; bon ting for poor man. Mr. Dumas, good man; no like Ben Fogg."

Here Pete again took breath, and Arthur embraced the opportunity. "Mr. Laroque, I am sorry you should say things that are not true; Mr. Dumas did not give you that syrup; I saw you take it from the kettle with the dipper, pour it into these two pails, and then fill the kettle with sap, which you took from the hogshead. Now, you must take it back and pour it into one of the kettles, or Mr. Fogg will arrest and send you to jail."

"What you say, sar, send me to jail? My gosh; you mus be crazy, I tink. No sar, I no lak what you say; Pete Laroque, no tief; ax Mr. Dumas, ax hanny body, everybody, where I be workin', one, two, tree year, if Pete Laroque steal; he tell you no; nevair hear sich ting in all hees life. Ha! ha! ha! Pete Laroque steal! dat good joke, aint it? Young man tak care, you don't tell somebody dat; you do, an dat man will look at you, wild; he will say, what de matter wid Mons. Fogg's smart boy? he's come foolish in de head, I believe. He tell Mons. Fogg; Mons. Fogg scared; he call de doctair; de doctair look at you, feel your head; he say it's true; boy's foolish, sure; must be sent to—what you call it, de crazy house? Pete Larocque steal! ho dat's good one!" and the idea was so supremely ridiculous that Pete could no nothing but laugh and dance like a wild Comanche.

Although Arthur was amused at the fellow's attempt to vindicate his character, he was disgusted as well, and fearing, more on Pete's account than his own, that Fogg might at any moment arrive, he decided to make a last effort to induce Pete to put the syrup back.

"There is still a chance for you to save yourself trouble," he said; "if you carry that syrup home, I fear that you are the one the doctor will pronounce 'foolish in the head,' but I am going back now," and as he said this, he turned and walked back to the kettles.

When left to himself, Pete evidently began to realize that he was in a bad predicament, and to repent his folly. Five minutes had not elapsed before he was back with the syrup, and returned it to the kettle. Great was the change in him during that short period; his spirit of bravado had departed, and his humility was now as profound as had been his conceit. He could not find

words to express his self-abasement; he acknowledged himself a thief, a fool, and on his knees and in tears begged Arthur to forgive him, and not tell Fogg of his dishonesty. Arthur, of course, was very ready to forgive, and promised that he would neither tell Fogg nor any one else of his conduct so long as he refrained from doing anything of the kind again.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN Mark returned to the school room in the afternoon following Miss Blowhard's exhibition, he found that that lady and her two companions had departed, and during the remainder of that day and the next he was permitted to pursue his labors unmolested.

The next (Wednesday) morning, however, about ten o'clock, Miss Blowhard and Miss Marble were present again—the former in most gracious mood, and arrayed as if for a bridal occasion. Mark had decided that if they came again and proceeded to do what they did on the former occasion, he would assert his authority and inform them that there would be no teaching in the school-room save what he authorized or did himself. He had no doubt there would be a scene, and perhaps he might have to leave the Bethesda, but "better so," he said to himself, "than to be dependent on the whim and caprice of every crank connected with it. But, unfortunately for his resolution, on the Wednesday referred to, he was ill—ill mentally and physically; consequently, in no condition to defend his rights with that firmness and vigor circumstances demanded. He was in that condition, too, when a man naturally shrinks from trouble he can possibly avoid.

As we have shown, the Upstones had no vacation—no release from cares during the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

This constant confinement and worry, together with the petty annoyances to which of late he had been wantonly subjected, had visibly affected Mark's health, which was never vigorous, and his spirits were now in a despondent state.

Yes, the future looked very gloomy to him this morning, and he felt far less ready to rebel against unjust treatment than he had a day or two previous. He, therefore, determined to try to restrain his anger, however much he might be provoked, and patiently look for that more prosperous tide of fortune, which, sooner or later, comes to those who patiently await it.

"Yes," he said to himself after a little reflection, "I believe the surest and quickest way of getting rid of these two women is to encourage them to do whatever they may fancy. Neither will teach more than a week at most, and very likely by that time they will so expose their weakness and folly that some of the ladies will have sense enough to see it."

On the morning in question, Miss Blowhard attempted to do very little teaching. She was evidently much piqued because Mark had paid so little respect to her time-table. It lay on the table, just where she left it, though it had been on the floor two or three

times, and might still have been there had not some of the pupils taken the trouble to pick it up.

"Have you examined this time-table, Mr. Upstone?" she asked, taking up the precious document and looking at Mark sternly.

"No," he replied without further explanation or comment. Miss Blowhard looked very much as if she regarded herself badly snubbed, and in a tone of implied injury exclaimed,

"Well, I supposed you would be using it by this time;" and then, as if thinking she might have been a little too brusque, she added with much suavity. "I think you will like it."

Mark made no reply—a fact that was more irritating to Miss Blowhard than the most furious outburst of anger would have been. Withdrawing to one side of the school-room, she seated herself, and for the next twenty minutes seemed to be "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." At the expiration of that time, she walked up to Mark and said,

"Mr. Upstone, I am going to order a supply of grammars for this school. What one do you regard the best?"

He mentioned three or four, among which he thought there was very little difference as to merit.

"How many do you think we should have, Mr. Upstone?"

"Well, I have got along three years very nicely without any, and think I could still do so, and teach the children quite as well how to speak and write properly, as I could with a text-book. If you ask me how many there are who can comprehend the lessons given in the text-book, I should say a dozen."

"Oh, we must have at least two dozen Mr. Upstone."

"You know, Miss Blowhard, there are thirty-five children, including the baby, who is now about three years old; in case you wish to supply them all."

"Yes, I know, but I think two dozen, or two dozen and a half will be enough."

"I wish you much joy in obtaining an order from the ladies to purchase them," said Mark.

"Why so?" she asked with evident surprise.

"Well, I'll tell you. When I first came here, I was told by the president, and a short time subsequently, by at least two more ladies, whenever I saw that books or anything else was required for the proper instruction of the children, I should have no hesitation about ordering it. As there were no books here except readers, I obtained a supply. Some months afterwards, as many of the readers had become worthless, I ordered a dozen new ones, at which I learned there was much complaint by certain members of the Board. The next year I ordered a dozen copies of a primary work on Physiology, the first that had been used in the Bethesda. I heard no complaint at the time, but a few months later, when I

ordered another dozen reading books, to replace those worn out, and three or four blackboard erasers, the president said to me, 'Mr. Upstone, you must get along with fewer books in school; some of the ladies think you are very extravagant in the use of books; there was a great storm because you wanted those Physiologies; some of the ladies said it was simply throwing the money away to get them.' After that I happened to see certain school works on British History that I very much wanted to introduce into school, and bought them with my own money. For more than six months, I have been trying to get along with old, worn out books, from which many leaves are missing, simply because I know there would be great objection to supplying them."

Mark thus frankly unbosomed himself to Miss Blowhard, concerning a matter which greatly annoyed him; for he knew she would not only repeat to the directresses all that he said, but make much more ado than he cared to make about their niggardly economy in the school-room.

"Indeed," she said, in reply to what he had told her, "I don't think I shall ask permission to order the books; I am going now to order them, and if the Board objects to paying for them, I will do it myself. What other books besides the grammars do you need? I might as well order them at the same time."

Mark instantly regretted that he had said anything to her with regard to his wants, for he could not bear the thought of feeling indebted to her for the slightest favor—a woman who had treated him so ignominiously, and through whose conduct he still expected to have serious trouble. No, he would allow her to get no books for him, but would rather give her to understand he wanted nothing to do with her—that even her presence was disagreeable to him. He, therefore, replied, "I cannot say just how many books are required till I examine and count those that may still be used; so I will send for none this morning," and he immediately turned away and called his next class.

Miss Blowhard's eyes blazed with unusual lustre at the little respect Mark vouchsafed her, but she lingered a short time where she was standing, to avoid giving the impression of being offended with anything he could do or say, and then walking over to Miss Marble, and saying a few words to her left the room. As she had brought the same two books with her she had on the occasion of her first visit, Mark had no doubt she intended to give the children another exercise in dictation, but the reception accorded her doubtless so disturbed her equanimity, she changed her mind and departed, leaving the books with Miss Marble. The latter, during her hour's stay, busied herself with talking, now and then, to a boy or girl, hearing a few read, and finally, by telling a fairy story, but Mark knew by her unusually languid air, and the frequent yawns

with which even her fairy story was punctuated, that her enthusiasm with regard to the children's education was rapidly waning.

"Thank heaven," he said to Mrs. Upstone, when he went upstairs, "Miss Marble's philanthropic spree is about over. I doubt that she will come again, and I hope that Miss Blowhard has become sufficiently disgusted with my ill-manners and lack of appreciation of her abilities so that she, too, will stay away. In that event, we shall get rid of both without serious trouble." But Mark's hope was vain; Miss Blowhard was not so easily banished.

About an hour after the afternoon session of school began, a large parcel arrived, which, when Mark opened he found contained thirty grammars, of an abstruse, scientific character, fit only for the use of college students.

The next morning, being obliged to go out awhile on business connected with the Bethesda, he left Miss Upstone as usual in charge of the school. When he returned he was surprised to find so many of the directresses present; for the following day, Friday, was the day on which they usually came. There were two in the Council Room, two in the hall, and three—including Miss Blowhard—in the school-room. He was not a little surprised also to notice the stern and scornful looks with which they all seemed to regard him. The cause was inexplicable at first, but it was soon evident they had come at the request of Miss Blowhard, who had represented to them Mark's contemptuous treatment of her time-table and her fear of the trouble she might have in compelling him to respect and use it unless they were present in force to awe him. They had gathered, therefore, with firm resolve to brook no rebellious word or act; and when they were all seated, grim and defiant, in the school-room, and Mark had assumed charge, Miss Blowhard, with the air of Cleopatra, walked up to him and said,

"Were the grammars sent in yesterday Mr. Upstone?"

"They were," he replied.

"I suppose you have arranged your classes by this time, in accordance with the new time-table?" and Miss Blowhard looked around on the circle of ladies as she said this, to assure herself that they were all paying proper attention.

"No, I have not;" Mark replied in very emphatic tones.

"Why, how is this?" she demanded, bridling; "I thought I gave orders last Monday that this should be adopted."

Mark felt that this was the last straw; the presumptuous insolence of this woman must be checked then and there so effectually that she would not again meddle with his affairs. "Miss Blowhard," he began and hesitated, thinking how to make the most appropriate reply, when the president, Miss Forest, said,

"Mr. Upstone you are wanted at the door." He had heard a rap before, and, as Miss Forest was sitting near the door, she

answered the summons. Her manner led him to infer that the call was urgent, so leaving Miss Upstone, who sat with him at the table, in charge, he stepped out, intending to settle his affair with Miss Blowhard on his return. It was Mr. Hornblower who had called to see him respecting some matter that detained him about ten minutes. When he returned to the school-room, he had decided what to say to Miss Blowhard, as well as to the other directresses, but to his surprise he found that lady again reading in her usual pompous manner another exercise in dictation to his pupils, and the ladies were listening apparently with much interest.

Should he order her to desist, and at once lay his view of her proceedings before the ladies, and inform them that he would no longer tolerate such interference? Should he do this, or should he rather wait with the hope that the eyes of some of them, especially, of Miss Forest, might be opened before the session closed to the absurdity of her pretensions and to her want of tact and judgment in the management of the children?

Inasmuch as most, if not all of them, were in sympathy with Miss Blowhard, the latter course seemed the wiser one for him, as she would have no chance left for posing as a martyr, and claiming she had been banished from the school-room through his ill-nature and jealousy. But while he was considering just how and when he could effectively impress on the minds of these directresses the fact that his rights were grossly assailed and trampled on, his thoughts were distracted by an incident which produced no little excitement in the room.

Miss Blowhard had read but a sentence or two after Mark's return before she noticed that Fred Burdick and Ned Hope, who were sitting near each other, were not writing dictation.

"Why are you two boys not writing" she demanded, and, no reply being given, she said "take your slates and go to writing instantly," emphasizing the order by a stamp of her foot.

As they paid no attention to the order, Miss Blowhard turned pale and trembled from rage. Turning to the ladies, she said,

"The force of example, you see; it is *now* a case of *juvenile* rebellion." There was strong emphasis on the words *now* and *juvenile*, and as she uttered this remark she cast a withering look at Mark, and the ladies observing the rebellious attitude of the boys also looked toward him, as if they expected him to quell such insurbordination. But he was apparently absorbed in the contents of a newspaper he pulled from his pocket and began to read when he last entered the room, and saw that Miss Blowhard had again usurped his place. Although not a word or action had escaped his notice, he appeared to those observing him as if he thought there was not another person within a day's journey. As none of the directresses appealed to him to enforce Miss Blowhard's order

to the two boys, he regarded it as very significant evidence that they were not ignorant of the fact that they had treated him with marked discourtesy. "The boys are quite justified," was his mental comment, "in refusing to obey her, after the way she has treated them, and especially in view of the ridiculous exercise in dictation she is giving, and, if I say anything, I shall tell them to go ahead." Immediately after Miss Blowhard's sharp thrust at Mark, Miss Forest approached the boys and said,

"Boys, why don't you obey Miss Blowhard, and write dictation?"

"She is not our teacher," replied Ned; "I tried to write when she was here the other day, but, because I couldn't keep up, she called me a brute and everything else she could think of."

"That's the way she used me too," said Fred, "when I went to her house to take lessons."

Miss Forest evidently believed that the boys had been ill-used, otherwise they would not display such antipathy to Miss Blowhard. After meditating a moment, she asked,

"If Mr. Upstone should tell you to write, would you do so?"

"Of course we would; he don't read such dictation as that to us," said Ned.

"Nor call us brutes if we make a mistake or can't keep up," added Fred.

Miss Forest without any reply resumed her seat, casting a glance toward Mark as she did so, and he was careful to let her see that he had listened to the short dialogue between herself and the boys.

The reading of dictation had been suspended during the few moments in which these incidents occurred, but Miss Blowhard now resumed work again with her usual ostentation and a display of cheerful spirits which it was evident she did not feel. Her failure to secure the obedience of the boys, as well as their remarks to Miss Forest respecting her disconcerted and enraged her much more than she would have any one imagine.

At this juncture, as there seemed nothing for Mark to do in his school-room, he went upstairs.

As soon as he did so, Mrs. Upstone asked: "Why are there so many of the ladies here this morning?"

"To make a demonstration," he replied, with a serious air.

"A demonstration!" she repeated, regarding him with a puzzled countenance; "for what?"

"For the same reason that the British make a demonstration in Chinese waters when that nation displays any disinclination to yield to John Bull's demands, simply to awe them into submission."

"Do you imagine that the ladies' demonstration will have a similar effect?" Mrs. Upstone asked, smiling.

"That remains to be seen; it may possibly," he answered; "in case their adversary finds he has no means of making a demonstration also."

"O, I have a message for you, my dear," said Mrs. Upstone, suddenly remembering the fact.

"Indeed; what is it?"

"Well, before you returned this morning, Mrs. Lovelaw said to me, 'I want you to tell Mr. Upstone the ladies don't feel disposed to provide him with elastic bands at seventy-five cents a box.'"

Mark's face flushed, and he paced the floor some moments in silence. At length he said,

"It is incomprehensible that a woman of her assumption and ability in some respects should descend to such frivolous and childish ways of showing her antipathy to a person. In the present instance, she has even descended to a falsehood, as may easily be shown; the price charged for the box of rubber bands is just 25 cents, written so plainly that no one could possibly mistake the sum for seventy-five.

To verify his words, he took from his desk the book in which he kept a careful account of all the articles he purchased for the institution, and pointed to the item respecting which complaint had been made.

"Surely, she knew that is twenty-five cents," said Mrs. Upstone; "no sober or sane person could mistake it for seventy-five. But had you any right to charge the rubber bands to the directresses?"

"Perhaps not; I might have used a bit of tape, or a string, to fasten the receipts and other papers together, but as I have bought several boxes for my own private use since I have been here, and have used at least a third of them for the institution, I thought it quite right to charge a few of them in my account with it. I believe I have charged but one box previous to this."

"Mrs. Lovelaw's brusque manner of delivering the message she wished you to receive surprised me more than its tenor; one seeing and hearing her might have supposed you had embezzled all the funds of the institution," said Mrs. Upstone.

The conversation here dropped; and Mark sat down and read, till the children had been excused at noon, and the directresses had left. He then went down to the school-room, and found two of the girls and one of the boys still crying from the harsh things Miss Blowhard had said to them concerning their work.

She had told them, among other encouraging things, that they ought to be ashamed of themselves at their age to write dictation so ridiculously. Mark thought it was scandalous, indeed, that there should be any imperfections in their dictation, since one of

the trio had reached the mature age of eleven, and the other two were fast approaching it. Looking at the work on their slates, which Miss Blowhard had pronounced shockingly bad, he was pleased to find that with the exception of a few very long words, and those by no means common ones, which they had left out altogether, or misunderstood, their dictation was remarkably correct and neat. It was a great comfort to them to have him speak so highly of their work, and tell them it was not surprising they could not write some of the words Miss Blowhard read to them, since they had never seen them, or ever before heard them.

He assured them there were many pupils sixteen years of age in the public schools of the city who could not write the paragraph Miss Blowhard had read to them as well as they had. The effect of this assurance was soon apparent—the children's tears were dried, and one of the girls shortly afterward told a vixenish playmate, who teased her about her faulty dictation, that Mr. Upstone said it was good; "and," she added, "he knows a hundred times more about it than you and Miss Blowhard know."

But that lady had not taken her departure without leaving a memento of her visit, more tangible and exasperating to Mark than her farcical exercise in dictation. On the wall, directly above his time-table, she had posted her own, and, after reading it aloud to the pupils, had told them that, as it was much better than the old one, the ladies had decided that it should be used in future.

"Persistently adding insult to injury," Mark said to himself, as he stepped firmly toward it with the intention of tearing it down. But as he approached it, curiousty to know what sort of a thing it could be such a woman would write induced him to read it. The first thing he noticed was that any attempt to follow it would necessitate the entire reorganization and renaming of his classes. Things the most unimportant had been given the greatest amount of time, and altogether it was a jumble he had neither time nor patience to try to understand.

"I believe I'll let it remain here to show to some of my friends, he remarked mentally, after reading about half of it; and when he opened school for the afternoon one of the boys asked him if the classes would come that day at the time stated in the new time-table.

"Not to-day, or any other day, while I am teaching;" he replied. "A time-table is of no use in any school, except to show the pupils at what time the different classes will be called, and how long they are to be occupied. You know that already, and there is no reason for upsetting the present arrangement as we should have to if we were to be guided by that thing that was posted on the wall this morning.

"I am your teacher, and know much more about teaching and

what you need than Miss Blowhard, so her time-table will not be used unless she takes my place and becomes your teacher."

"We don't want her!" "We won't have her!" exclaimed two or three; and a chorus of voices shouted, "No! No!"

It was not pleasant for Mark to speak to the children in this manner about any directress; he felt that it would be more dignified to say to Miss Blowhard whatever he had to say, but under present circumstances he could not well avoid saying as much as he had without leaving the children with erroneous impressions of himself. He felt now, also, that he had been very foolish to imagine the other directresses would become disgusted with anything Miss Blowhard might do; therefore, resolved to express frankly his opinion to her and the others on the first opportunity. But he was a little too hasty in his conclusions, for, although Miss Blowhard had posted her time-table, and done and said what she pleased, without protest from the other directresses present, they had not all felt unbounded admiration of her performances. When they left the school-room, therefore, Miss Marble approached Miss Forest, and inviting her into the Council Room said,

"Miss Forest, do you approve of Miss Blowhard's way of talking to the children, and of the selection she made for dictation?"

"No, Miss Marble, I do not; I think it was simply shocking; but she has persuaded several ladies that there is something wrong with our school, though I can't see it; and I'll tell you what I am going to do. The ladies all have great respect for Mrs. Fernleaf's judgment and I am going to ask her to spend two or three days in examining the school; and, whatever report she gives of it, they will believe. Mrs. Lovelaw, however, does not wish to believe anything good of the Upstones; for some reason, I cannot imagine, she is strongly prejudiced against them; and, of course, she and Miss Whitemore always have the same opinions respecting any matter. These two, and perhaps Miss Horner, have encouraged Miss Blowhard, and thus some other ladies have been induced to listen to her nonsense; but if Mrs. Fernleaf's report is favorable to Mr. Upstone, it will silence all criticism. I shall be glad to have you go with me to see Mrs. Ferneaf."

Miss Marble gladly assented to the proposal, and a moment later they entered Miss Forest's carriage and drove off.

About dusk on the evening of the same day, Mrs. Fernleaf called at the Bethesda to inform Mark that she intended to spend an hour or two in his school on the following Monday; and she said it was quite probable she might also come in on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mark knew at once the object of her visiting the school, and though he regarded it, under the circumstances, an insult to have any one sent to report on his efficiency as a teacher, he was glad it was Mrs. Fernleaf to whose judgment he was submitted.

The morning following, when Mark went to open school, he noticed that the pupils were nearly all smiling, and looking toward the wall, where the time-tables were posted. Casting his eyes in the same direction, he was surprised to see that a large space was occupied by pictures, evidently taken from newspapers. Curiosity led him to make a closer inspection, and this is what he saw. On the left side of Miss Blowhard's time-table, and close to it, was a picture of a most woe-begone looking fellow, retching and vomiting; his right hand on his stomach, and his left extended, with the index finger pointing to the cause of his wretchedness—the time-table. The latter object, by cutting off a portion of the original picture, had been made to take the place of a saloon.

On the right of the same time-table was the picture of a man taking deliberate aim at it with his gun, while his affrighted wife was kneeling behind him praying for a successful shot. Behind her was a group of four or five children crying, and watching their father with the strongest desire depicted in their faces that he would kill the horrid thing.

Just above the time-table was a donkey with both heels in the air, while high above him in the clouds was a paper or document, still rising from the impetus of the donkey's kick. At a little distance to the left was a crowd cheering vociferously; in the foreground stood a darkey convulsed with laughter, and underneath were his words,

"Golly! he's kicked it higher'n a kite."

Mark understood that the latter illustration represented the fate of some congressional bill obnoxious to the colored race, while the other was a representation of a western pioneer scene —the object at which the man was shooting being a panther. The illustrations had been taken from different newspapers, and the idea had been so cleverly conceived and executed, Mark could but smile the moment he saw it.

"The boy who planned that," he said to himself, "has wit enough to take care of himself in any place."

He was not quite certain whether it was Ned Hope, his brother, Willie, or Fred Burdick, but he knew it was the work of one, or of the three united. He glanced toward the seats they occupied, but more innocent countenances he could not imagine.

Unwilling, however, to leave the pupils with the impression that he would encourage any such petty scheme for showing dislike of Miss Blowhard or her work, he said,

"Boys, this may do for a little sport among yourselves, but I do not wish you to imagine that I approve it. If I were to allow these pictures to remain, it would afford Miss Blowhard and others reason for saying I have taken a very small and ungentlemanly way of getting revenge; I shall therefore take them down."

He had just uttered this remark, and was about turning around to tear down the pictures when Miss Blowhard entered. He regarded her arrival so opportune for his purpose that his gratification was expressed in his face and manner, when he said,

"Good morning, Miss Blowhard; I am very glad to see you. I have just been looking at the illustrations which some of the pupils have provided for the article you kindly posted on the wall here yesterday;" and, as he said this, he smiled and retired a few feet to make room for her to step up and examine it. Miss Blowhard had been regarding him with an expression of wonder at his changed demeanor, and as she walked up to look at the objects she still watched him with a suspicious, inquiring look, as if uncertain whether to trust to his friendly words and manner or not.

But she soon turned her eyes to the objects on the wall, and for a moment silently examined them. Mark thought it was quite possible she might regard the pictures as a good joke, and laugh herself, but when she turned around, so that he could see her face, his mind was quickly relieved of that impression. Miss Blowhard was not a person who could appreciate a joke, and especially one made at her own expense.

Words can but feebly portray the anger expressed in her countenance; in truth, she was so angry she could not speak; and, grateful for her silence, Mark embraced the opportunity to express his own feelings.

"Miss Blowhard," he began," "although I regard these pictures as the most apt and perfect illustration of the estimate the pupils and myself place upon your time-table, about which you have made so much ado, I would not have you imagine I had anything to do about placing them here. I had neither heard nor thought that such a thing might be done till I came into the school-room a few minutes before your arrival. I have also another assurance to give you, which is this: Your time-table will not be used in this school while I am the teacher here. You are a directress of this institution, and it is my duty to respect and obey you so long as you keep within your proper sphere of action; but when you leave that, and boldly intrude on the premises of another, as you have in entering my school, usurping my place as teacher, criticising my work, and ill-treating the children, you forfeit all claim on me for respect and obedience. I must tell you also that the cool assurance with which you have trumpeted your ability and superiority over me as a teacher is the most striking proof to people of good sense that you are destitute equally of ability and that modesty which is one of the characteristics of a lady. Your presence in this school-room, therefore, is offensive, not only to me, but to the children; and unless you wish to provoke me to express my opinion

of you to the directresses still more frankly than I have now expresssd it, you will not again come here."

Whatever Miss Blowhard thought of these frank remarks, she made no reply.

Without uttering a word, as soon as he ceased speaking she walked to the door, with the air of a most seriously injured woman, and went out. The pupils looked at each other with a smile of relief, and Mark also, relieved of an unpleasant burden, called his school to order, and taught that day, happier far than he had been for several preceding days.

Miss Blowhard did not present herself again at the school-room; but she reported that the children were so stupid it was impossible to teach them, and that the boys had become so ungovernable and impudent from Upstone's example and mismanagement, she could not think of going near them again.

On the Monday designated by Mrs. Fernleaf, that lady made her appearance quite early in the day at the school-room, and, after asking Miss Upstone to have the children sing, she told Mark she would like to have him examine his classes in arithmetic for a short time, orally. He, therefore, called all who studied arithmetic to the front seats, and began with asking the signification of the words arithmetic, numbers, notation, numeration, etc.; and he then gave them numbers of such magnitude to read and write that Mrs. Fernleaf was much astonished to see how quickly they could do it; even eight year old boys and girls writing without hesitation numbers which she said she would not herself attempt to write. In like manner he showed their familiarity with all the fundamental rules and the quickness and skill with which they could solve examples, mentally. After he had questioned them through reduction, and the younger ones had solved and proved several examples Mrs. Fernleaf had given them, he excused these, and went on examining the older ones in Common and Decimal Fractions.

It wanted twenty minutes to twelve, when handing her an arithmetic, he requested Mrs. Fernleaf to select the most difficult example she could find in Interest for them to solve on their slates.

"No, Mr. Upstone," she said, "I am quite satisfied with what I have seen and heard; besides, I am very tired, and wish to go now. But no one can say, Mr. Upstone, that you have not drilled your pupils very thoroughly in arithmetic, and I am much pleased also with the way they have improved in singing under Miss Upstone's instruction. I will come in to-morrow afternoon again and see what they can do in other branches."

Mark did not doubt that she was tired, and he smiled inwardly when she said so; for he had kept her attention so engaged for

nearly two hours, she had had no time to leave without appearing rude.

Punctually to her promise, she came the next day, and spent the whole afternoon in witnessing as thorough an examination in geography, physiology and dictation as she had in arithmetic.

That her report of his school to the directresses had been favorable, he could not doubt, as he afterward heard no criticisms.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN John left the church, he was somewhat surprised to see Fogg—notwithstanding the latter's hurry for his dinner—just entering a house which stood but a little distance from the church.

No sooner had John got well past the same house, however, than the wily old fox emerged from it, and walked directly back, in a direction opposite that in which he lived—toward the dwellings of Stone and Todd. The former lived nearest the church, but Todd's house was only a short distance beyond Stone's, and on the same side of the street. Now, it happened that these two men had both received a lecture which was by no means gentle from their respective wives, as soon as the latter had returned from church that day, for not having attended the service. Knowing that the lectures were not undeserved, yet unwilling that their wives should know the reason of their staying at home, Todd and Stone had met in the front yard of the latter to console each other, and at the same time avoid further reprehension. They had been talking not more than five minutes, when Stone, happening to cast his eye down the road, which descended slightly for some distance from the place where they stood, saw a man in the distance, walking rapidly toward them.

After watching him a moment, he exclaimed,

"By jove, Alec, there's Fogg! What'll you bet, he's not seeking you and me?"

Alec now surveyed the approaching figure, and thus corroborated the statement of Jim.

"It's Fogg, true enough, whatever will we do, Jim?"

"Come this way, Alec," and Jim quickly led the way to the stable at the rear of the house, which they entered, closing the door after them, and then ascending to the hay-loft, drew the ladder up after them.

"There," said Jim with a laugh at his ruse, "they'll not soon find us here, I'm thinkin'; and if Fogg has come up to git help to regulate the manners of the parson and his wife, we'll let him settle the business in the house with the old woman. I'd like it though, if we could hear the fun in case he tells her about the letter."

"My, but wouldn't there be a circus," said Alec, laughing, "if my Missus should happen down here and learn about it and they should both get at him?"

"I'd pity the old cuss," responded Jim, "but he may not be coming here after all."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when the faint sound of several raps was heard.

"He's stopped, sure enough, as I thought he would," said Alec.

But we shall now leave the two men in the hay-loft, to enjoy in imagination the conversation between Fogg and Mrs. Stone, while we enter the house to enjoy a better opportunity of seeing and hearing. When Mrs. Stone opened the door and met Fogg, she was greatly surprised, for he was not a frequent visitor, and she was the more surprised that he should call on Sunday.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Stone?" he said, as soon as the door was opened, but without giving her time to respond to his salutation, he asked,

"Is Jim at home?"

"Yes; he's not in the house, but he's around somewhere. He went out only a few minutes ago; he may be up to Todd's."

"No, he ain't up to our house," said a small boy, who proved to be Todd's, and who was just coming up to the door, as Mrs. Stone answered Fogg's question. "I come down to see if pa was here; ma wants him to come to dinner."

"Are you anxious to see Jim?" asked Mrs. Stone.

"Yes, I am very anxious," replied Fogg, "but I'll set down a minute and wait till he comes." And he stalked into the room, and seated himself without more ado. The apartment, which, with the exception of two bedrooms, was the only one on the ground floor, served the triple purpose of kitchen, dining-room and parlor. Mrs. Stone, who was busily engaged in getting dinner, was frying pork at the moment of Fogg's arrival, and she proceeded with this part of her culinary labors while Fogg waited. Her curiosity to learn the object of his call did not permit her to remain silent, much as she disliked Fogg; so, as she turned the huge slices of sizzling pork with her fork, she asked,

"Is there any message you want to leave for Jim, Mr. Fogg, in case he don't come in soon?"

"Yes, I wish you would tell him to come down to my house with Todd as soon as they git their dinner; I want ter talk with 'em about that letter and another little matter."

"What letter?" demanded the lady in great astonishment, her fork poised in mid-air.

"Why, the letter we sent to Dawson the other day, 'bout the scrape he's got into in takin' up that child."

This answer thoroughly aroused Mrs. Stone. She was a woman who never permitted her husband to do anything without consulting her; and the intimation that he really had committed an act, the knowledge of which had been withheld from her, excited her deepest indignation. She stared at Fogg with flashing

eyes, and a face that by no means received its reddest tinge from the stove, over which she was cooking.

"I should like to know what this means, Mr. Fogg!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that Jim Stone's had anything to do with sending a letter to Mr. Dawson about taking up his child."

"Why, of course," replied Fogg. "Didn't Jim tell ye nothin' 'bout it?"

"No, of course, he didn't. What was in the letter?"

Mrs. Stone asked this question in mild tones, and in a casual manner, as if quite indifferent to the answer, but, had Fogg been a keen observer, he would have understood from the tremor in her voice that she was struggling with suppressed passion and that she was assuming this indifference to learn all she could from him before discharging her pent up wrath.

"Oh 'twas a short letter, but 'twas ter the pint, Mrs. Stone." And Fogg grinned to think how ably he penned the epistle, and how pleased Mrs. Stone would be to learn that her husband was one of his chosen partners in any transaction—he, the Reeve of Dexter—and he continued, "We let him know that everybody's talkin' about the ridiculous thing he's done, and we gin him ter undertand the best thing he could do was ter come out and confess ter the church, and like enough they'd overlook it."

During the time that Fogg was confiding these interesting facts to Mrs. Stone, she was bending over her frying-pan with her eyes intently fixed on its contents, but, from the frequency with which she turned the slices of pork, we infer that her thoughts just then were not on the work she had in hand. The savage lunges, too, which she made with her fork each time a slice was turned awakened a suspicion that her excited imagination had turned the pork into the object of her wrath, but whether this was Fogg or her husband we will not venture to say. She continued her work silently for some moments after Fogg ceased speaking, and he watched her intently, expecting unqualified approval, but instead came the meek inquiry,

"You wrote the letter, I suppose; didn't you Mr. Fogg?"

"Yes, I wrote it," he proudly answered.

"What did Jim and Alec have to do with it?"

"Oh, they signed it. All three on us signed it," and Fogg gave a chuckle of gratification to think he could thus acquaint Mrs. Stone with his magnanimity in so honoring her husband. She now stood erect, and fixing her eyes on him, spoke with much deliberation and emphasis as if the fact she was about to utter was beyond human comprehension.

"*Jim Stone and Alec Todd signed that letter?*"

"Why yes, of course," said Fogg regarding her with a be-

wildered look, as if he had begun for the first time to imagine that she did not esteem the sending of the letter the wisest and wittiest act that was ever performed.

"Well," said Mrs. Stone, as she removed the frying-pan from the fire, "I can understand now what has ailed them two men for a few days past. As true as I live, Mr. Fogg, I've never known Jim Stone since we've lived together to look and act so much like a sheep thief as he has lately. I couldn't git him to go to the store nor post-office; no, nor to church to-day, and I don't wonder; he was feeling so much like a sneak, he was ashamed to see anybody. That's the reason he never told me anything about the letter. Well, well, but I don't blame him a bit for skulking; if he hasn't mind enough of his own to keep him out of such a dirty scrape as that, he orter be ashamed to show his face anywhere."

At this frank speech, Fogg's face assumed the same frightened, silly expression it wore a few days previous, when he was attacked at the parsonage by Aunt Kitty; but before he could reply, the door opened and Mrs. Todd entered. The Todds and Stones were so near neighbors, and on such friendly terms, they frequently entered each other's dwellings without knocking.

"Oh Julia!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, as soon as her visitor entered, "I'm glad you've come. Has Alec said anything to you about a letter he and Jim and Fogg wrote to Mr. Dawson the other day?"

"No," replied Mrs. Todd, with a surprised and startled look. "What was in the letter?"

"Don't you think the other night when the three men were down to the store they couldn't find anybody to talk about but poor Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, that are just dying with grief for the loss of their child; and that wasn't enough, but they must send Mr. Dawson a letter, to make him feel worse than he did before I s'pose, and advised him to confess to the church that he'd done wrong in moving his little child's body out of the woods over there up to his house. Julia, did you ever *hear* of a meaner thing?"

"I don't believe Alec had any hand in it!" Mrs. Todd indignantly exclaimed.

"Well, Fogg here—who's the man we may thank for gitting our husbands into the scrape—says he wrote the letter, and Alec and Jim both signed it. That's the reason, Julia, neither on 'em would go to church this morning; they was ashamed to go. I don't believe either on 'em has been down towards the store or post-office since that night; I know Jim haint, and I don't believe Alec has."

"Well now, that explains," said Mrs. Todd, "why I couldn't git Alec to go to the store for me last night! But you just wait till I git my eyes on him; if I don't tell him what I think of the

performance, it'll be because I can't find words. But what business, I'd like to know, had Alec and Jim to meddle with Mr. Dawson's affairs? Neither of 'em belong to the church."

"Oh, 'twas to please Fogg," said Mrs. Stone with mock humility.

"You know I just said we've him to thank for gittin Jim and Alec into the scrape. But what makes me mad is to think they was such putty-heads as to do a thing they didn't want to do, and they knew they'd no business to do; yes, and a thing they was ashamed of as soon as they'd done it—just because Fogg wanted 'em to do it. That's what beats me."

No sooner had Mrs. Stone finished speaking than Mrs. Todd, whose indignation had been growing warmer as she considered the extent of her husband's folly, addressed the following remarks to Fogg.

"Well, Mr. Fogg, all I have to say is that when you have any trouble with the minister, or anybody else, and feel that you want help, I hope you'll git somebody besides my husband;" and then turning her eyes toward Mrs. Stone, she said in a tone of deep regret, "True as I live, Julia, I wouldn't have had Alec sign that letter for a hundred dollars. I shall be ashamed myself after this to see Mr. Dawson or his wife." And after a moment's hesitation, she said, "But no, I'll go and explain to 'em how it is; and let 'em know I didn't approve of the thing."

"I'll do more'n that;" said Mrs. Stone, "I'll make Jim go himself and acknowledge he's done a mean thing; and that he's sorry for it. But say, Julia, I'll tell you what's better. Let's each take a horsewhip, and drive 'em before us to the parsonage, and make 'em confess on their knees to Mr. and Mrs. Dawson."

Up to the present moment the two women had been so angry neither had smiled, but the last suggestion appeared so ridiculous to the mind of Mrs. Todd, she burst into a hearty laugh, in which she was immediately joined by Mrs. Stone. But as their feelings were really far from mirthful, and they wished, moreover, that Fogg should understand they had expressed only their true feelings in all they had said, their countenances soon resumed their stern and angry expression.

During the time Fogg had listened to the opinions of the two women respecting his conduct, he tried to appear perfectly indifferent. As we have already shown, when he learned the fact that Mrs. Stone did not endorse his scheme, he was very much surprised, and looked very silly. He was on the point of replying to her, and intended to defend his act, but when Mrs. Todd entered, and united with Mrs. Stone in attacking him, he decided to change his tactics, and show them he was above being affected by the twaddle of silly women. He, therefore, attempted to whistle, and at the same time play an accompaniment by tapping on the floor

with his boot, but he was no actor, and this effort, like all others he ever made for concealing his true feelings, was a signal failure, and served only to bring out more prominently what he sought to hide.

After the laugh at the last remark of Mrs. Stone had subsided, Mrs. Todd inquired if her husband had not recently been there, to which Mrs. Stone replied that he had been in the yard with Jim, but both had suddenly disappeared. At this juncture Fogg rose, and remarked that, as it would doubtless be some time before the men returned, he might as well be going; and as he walked out of the door, which was now open, without deigning to speak, or even to look at any one, Mrs. Stone in cheerful tones called out,

"Come in again, Mr. Fogg," giving Mrs. Todd a sly wink at the same time. As he walked on without making any reply, Mrs. Todd next addressed him.

"Come up and see us, too, Mr. Fogg."

Fogg paid no attention to these invitations, and hastened homeward. As he did so, thoughts followed each other in rapid succession through his excited mind. Naturally, they were first, of the two women whose company he had just left, and by whom he felt with good reason he had been terribly snubbed.

"Zounds!" he said to himself. "Don't I wish I had the management of them two wimmen awhile; I guess they wouldn't talk quite so glibly 'bout drivin' me with a hoss-whip to confess to anybody, whether they meant it or not. I don't think Becky would be apt to say that 'bout her husband, even in fun. Mrs. Stone was right in callin' Jim and Alec putty-heads. If they wasn't soft as putty, their wimmen wouldn't domineer over 'em in the way they do. Great Christians the wimmen be, too, ter do it. The Scripter says, 'wives submit ter yer husbands, and let the wife see that she respects her husband', or something like that; but them two wimmen are gwine ter see that their husbands submit ter them, and respect 'em too if they don't do nothing' else. I'm mighty feared, too, that they'll scare 'em so they'll turn round and go agin me in this letter business."

A moment later Fogg fell into another train of thought, which ran as follows:

"I think on the whole I was foolish to write that letter to the parson, but now I've got inter the scrape, I won't back out. I know there's plenty in the church that'll back me, and I'll make it in my way ter see 'em right off. Dawson need'nt think he's goin' ter have things his own way all the time. If he hadn't cut my corners quite so often, I'd let up on him now, but I'm goin' to see the end of this thing after all the trouble I've had."

His arrival at his own door put an end to these cogitations for the present, and we will now return to the two men we left concealed in the hay-loft.

Soon after entering it, Stone found a crack between the boards which permitted him to see the front yard, and any one who might enter or depart from the house. His efforts to hear, however, what was said by the inmates were not so successful, till after the arrival of Mrs. Todd, when, the door being left open, they heard much of what was said, and it was with no little difficulty they suppressed their laughter sufficiently to prevent being heard in the house. Seeing Fogg depart, and Mrs. Todd also a few minutes later, they decided that they might as well return to their respective dwellings, and meet the storm awaiting them—a decision to which they were not a little influenced by keen appetites for dinner.

Justice to these two families requires us to say that, while Stone and Todd were not really so weak and simple as their wives represented them in the presence of Fogg, neither were their wives so coarse or unreasonable in the treatment of their husbands as the reader may infer from their remarks on the same occasion.

As we have already shown, the men could be easily influenced, but not into the paths of vice. They were not such men as would generally be termed immoral—being addicted to no bad habits, and on the whole were industrious and peaceable citizens.

They were very much alike in their habits, and their wives sometimes accused them of being "too easy," from which we may understand that they were indifferent about certain matters which their wives regarded of vital importance. Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Todd, notwithstanding their rusticity of speech, were very sensible, good women. They were proud-spirited too, and it is little wonder that, when they were desirous their husbands should bear irreprochable characters, and live at peace with their neighbors, their feelings were outraged on learning they had been induced by Fogg to sign his impertinent letter to Mr. Dawson, for whom they cherished profound respect. They had given little heed to the gossip about Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, feeling assured that whatever they had done was right, therefore above criticism. But it so happened that they were of the number who listened to Mrs. Blake's defence of Mr. Dawson at the church that Sabbath morning, and both had fully imbibed her sentiments; hence, they returned home full of sympathy for the minister and his wife and it was at this moment Fogg appeared and made his revelation.

As soon as Fogg had eaten his dinner, after returning home from his unlucky call at the house of Jim Stone, he ordered his horse and buggy, and drove out a distance of three or four miles from the village, to see the church members of whom he had been thinking. If it occurred to him that any one might think he was not paying proper respect to the Sabbath, he consoled himself with the reflection that he could assure them his business was not

of a secular character. Would not the people he visited see at once that his object was to do good? Is it not a duty every church member owes the church to see that no one brings reproach upon it? What stronger proof can a man show of his piety than dare to charge the pastor of his church with wrong-doing, and take steps to convince him of his errors, and bring him back in humility into the paths of godliness? Fogg felt sure that this would be the reasoning of those he was going to see, hence, he was certain that he could compass his object. Briefly expressed, that object was to secure a church meeting, and have a committee appointed to investigate the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Dawson. It would scarcely be fair to state that he had in view either the dismissal or resignation of the minister, for this he did not think of as one of the probabilities. It is doubtful, too, whether he would have been glad to have Mr. Dawson leave his charge. We imagine, he would have preferred that he should remain, provided he could be humbled, and properly impressed with the fact that Benjamin Fogg, Esq., was Reeve of the Corporation; consequently, too great a man to be rebuked by any one, especially by a young, ordinary minister of the Gospel.

We trust the reader will not regard Fogg as an anomaly because he took so much trouble and worked so persistently at a matter that so little concerned him. Have you never seen his prototype? The question seems superfluous, for we doubt whether a community can be found that does not possess one or more of them. One of those narrow-minded, vindictive, pigheaded men, on whose brain it is almost impossible to impress an idea, and if perchance he has received one, no matter how erroneous, it is equally impossible to dislodge it. If the pastor of his church is the object of his antipathy, the systematic way in which he begins his persecutions against him, and continues them till his object is accomplished, must at least be as gratifying to the devil as it is painful to the minister.

Fogg was one of this class. We have heard him acknowledge to himself that he had acted unwisely in writing the letter to Mr. Dawson, but he was not willing to acknowledge it to others. Such was his obstinacy and vindictive nature that, having undertaken this thing, nothing would induce him to abandon it, though perfectly conscious that if he accomplished his object, he would have nothing to reward him for his trouble, save the gratification of an unchristian feeling. Like most men of some local importance and influence, he was paid more deference a few miles from home than he was in the immediate neighborhood of his residence; therefore, when he appeared among the settlers to talk about the misdoings of the minister of his own church, he was accorded a respectful hearing. People who would have bestowed very little, if any thought, on the way the minister's child had been

disinterred, on hearing Mr. Fogg expatiate on the impropriety and unlawfulness of Mr. Dawson's act, naturally endorsed his views, or the views he promulgated, whether they were sincere or not. It was easy, consequently, to persuade them that an outrage had been committed against the church, and against society.

It is perhaps needless to say that Fogg succeeded in convening a church meeting, though it was attended but by few, and those only the ones who came at Fogg's request, and were prepared to do his bidding. A committee of two was appointed to wait on Mr. Dawson, to talk with, reprove him, and ask him to confess his wrong-doing to the church. "Brother Benjamin Fogg" and "Brother Gideon Bartlett" were the two members of this committee.

John heard that a meeting of the church members had been called, but as no one invited him to be present, and he well knew through whose instrumentality and for what object it had been called, he did not attend it. We may safely conclude that Fogg did not regret the pastor's absence, for he feared that in case the latter should be present, he would speak in his own defence, and doubtless so sway the minds of those present that his own scheme would be thwarted. Neither was Fogg sorry that so few were at the meeting; in truth, this also was what he desired, for he feared that, in case the whole church should come together, some would oppose his wishes, and a discussion arise which might result in the defeat of the resolutions he wished to have adopted. For this reason he had taken special pains to prevent the notice from receiving wide publicity, and in this manner succeeded in bringing together a number just sufficient to effect his purpose.

Of course, some days elapsed before all this was accomplished and the committee had waited on John, and, in the meantime, he had had ample opportunity to learn something of the feeling towards him in the place, and what he had thus learned was not calculated to give him great peace of mind.

Though no very sharp criticisms of his action had been made by any in the church, save Fogg and his satellites, John knew there were very few who had not expressed themselves adversely toward what he had done. As for those outside the church, they did what all irreligious people do, when they hear that a minister or a church member of hitherto unblemished reputation has done something to set the tongue of gossip or scandal in motion. How they enjoyed it. We can see with what animation, when they met and had uttered the customary "good morning," one would begin, "Well, they say Mr. Dawson has been doing a fine thing," and then how the listener would pause with mouth agape, and with broom, hoe or other utensil half raised, would exclaim,

"Why! What is it? I haint heard a thing."

At this announcement, the visitor, highly gratified that he is

the bearer of a tale so interesting and sensational, relates it with all the little embellishing exaggerations that the expert scandal-monger knows how to use.

Knowing what was taking place, and how much was being said, John, day by day, felt a growing sadness in his heart. He would gladly have concealed from May everything that gave him discomfort, but this was impossible, for, as she had often remarked, his countenance indicated more accurately his state of feeling than did a barometer the state of the weather.

When he heard that Fogg had succeeded in calling a church meeting, he had some doubt even then that he would find enough members who would support him to carry out his design in full, but, when he heard that a committee was appointed to visit him, his spirits again ebbed. Before this he had been cheered by the fact that both Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Todd had come to him with apologies from their husbands, and many regrets that they should have been so thoughtless and foolish as to sign Fogg's letter, but the consolation this afforded was of little moment when there were those in the church who would side with Fogg in his efforts to injure him. But on the day before he was visited by "Brother Fogg" and "Brother Bartlett," in their capacity of committee, he received a letter which gave him great pleasure, and made him more indifferent than he otherwise would have been to whatever the committee might do or say.

The letter was from a church at Brownfield, a large and thriving village about twenty miles from Toronto, and seventy-five from Dexter, offering him the pastorate, with a salary of six hundred dollars, and the use of the parsonage. At another time, and in different circumstances, John would have felt differently respecting the letter from what he now felt, and the salary would have been no inducement to him to resign his present charge, but just now, when everybody outside the church, and many within it, were antagonistic to both himself and May, not only saying but doing things to wound and humiliate them most cruelly—was it not sufficient evidence that he had done in this place all the good he could do? Was it not the Lord's will that he should accept the offer? These questions he considered thoughtfully and prayerfully.

May was happy; she felt that the offer had come as a rich blessing from a kind, protecting Providence, to enable them to escape the senseless and wicked persecution, raised against them. Her arguments and persuasions, added to John's inclinations and judgment, turned the scale, and they decided to go.

"But John, we can't go and leave our darling here," said May, the evening the decision was made.

John was thoughtful a few moments and then said,

"I will have a metallic casket made, and enclose the other in it, and we will take it with us."

The next day he visited a tinsmith, gave the requisite order and measurements, and the coffin was made. As it was John's intention to sell his property here, of course the reasons for removing the little body were stronger than they were at the time of the first removal. No stranger who purchased the property would like to have the grave beneath the window, and she would be a different mother from May who could leave the precious remains on the property of one who could feel no interest in them other than to have them removed. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that the parents should wish to take the body with them, and deposit it in a cemetery properly enclosed and cared for.

But when John attempted to sell his property, he learned a new phase of human nature. Men whose property it abutted, and who were really much in need of a new, substantial house like John's, would not offer above a fourth of what it cost, simply because they believed its owner was obliged to sell, and would accept whatever sum he could get for it. But great as were his necessities, he would not do this—not yet, at least—and so he decided to board up the doors and windows, and leave it till he found some one who would be willing to pay for it, something near its real value.

But the news that he had decided to leave Dexter was received with great sorrow by more than one individual in the place, and there was not one who did not feel disappointed and sad in a measure at the tidings. Even Fogg was far from pleased. It was not consolatory to his feelings that John had received an offer of more than twice his present salary, in a place so much larger than Dexter, and that, too, when he fancied he was about to feel the weight of his influence. He felt very much as he did when, after turning crazy Polly from his door, he learned she had left a large sum of money to the one who took her in the same day and cared for her.

As John was required to go to Brownfield at the earliest moment possible, in case he should accept the offer, he would have but one more Sabbath at Dexter: On that Sabbath, at the close of his sermon, he said that in consideration of the fact that this would be the last opportunity he would have for so doing, he would speak briefly to them of a matter which appeared to have caused much unpleasant feeling towards him and much discussion in the place. He then referred to the death of their child, and, as May had now gone out, he spoke without reserve of the effect of that death on her mental and physical condition. Without the slightest attempt at pathos, he stated the reason for the disinterment, and tried to make them understand that in removing the casket with their own hands, May and himself were prompted by feelings of affection and tenderness that only parents who had passed through the same great trial could know. Before he had half finished his

remarks on the subject, there were very few dry eyes in that large congregation, and when he went on to speak of the criticisms to which they had been subjected for this act of affection and loyalty to their offspring, a strong feeling of disapproval and indignation was perceptible in different quarters of the room. Until he referred to the late church meeting, and spoke of the visit he had received from the committee appointed on that occasion, not over a third of the audience had heard of the meeting, and several of that number were ignorant of the purpose for which it was called. Great was the surprise and displeasure, therefore, of many present that anything of the kind should have been done, and no small storm arose in the church, in consequence, after his departure. Fogg never saw a year after this during which he did not receive an occasional taunt of having driven away the best minister ever known in Dexter. It was indeed claimed with good reason by more than one that, had John been treated as he should have been by his people, he would never have left them. It may be presumed that at this, John's last service, Fogg, and the parties he had influenced against him, felt no small degree of shame and confusion. Fogg, it is true, had the satisfaction of seeing one of his aims accomplished. He had brought John to confess before the church, but the confession was quite the opposite from what he expected. The minister had confessed to having done the deed, but so far from acknowledging its wickedness, and expressing contrition, he had assumed that it was right and had converted his audience to the same opinion. Henceforth, if Fogg found sympathy, it must be without the pale of the church.

The parting of our minister and his wife with some of their most intimate friends, Aunt Kitty, Tom, Dr. Gibson and Arthur Langdon, was a sad one.

But he had still another difficulty to surmount ere he could take a final farewell of Dexter. He was very short of money—so short, indeed, that unless he could collect some of that due him, he would not be able to pay their traveling expenses to Brownfield. Much even of his last year's salary still remained unpaid—both, that promised by subscription and the Home Missionary Society. To the latter he wrote the day he decided to leave, but up to the present he had received nothing. Perhaps it was well he had not, for in consequence of his disappointment he was led to reflect, and as a result of that reflection he severed his connection with the Society. The aid he received from it, even when he received all that had been promised, was small indeed, and, in view of this fact, he decided that it was no longer a sufficient inducement to him to have his liberty of action trammeled, and to submit to other attendant vexations and humiliation. He believed that no self-respecting young minister could consent to live in this manner; con-

sequently, he resigned his connection with the society, vowing at the same time that he would never again accept aid from it, and to that vow he always faithfully adhered.

His appeal to his subscribers for money was scarcely more successful; he had to listen to the oft-repeated tale of poverty, hardship and disaster. However, he managed to secure barely enough to defray their traveling expenses, provided there were no delays, or extra charges, and with this sum they started.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

ALTHOUGH the directresses interfered no more with Mark's work in the school-room after receiving Mrs. Fernleaf's report, they paid no attention to the request he had made at different times for new books; and so he got along as best he could with what he already had, with the addition of three or four new ones purchased at the cost of a couple of dollars from his own pocket.

Like too many of the school-books, those in use at the Bethesda were very cheaply and poorly bound, so that, notwithstanding the strictness with which Mark held those pupils to account who were known to misuse a book, it was impossible but that after being used a year or two among so many children, some of them would be destitute of covers and several leaves. It was impossible, therefore, for those pupils whose lessons were gone from their books to keep up with those whose books were intact, and this state of things was the cause to Mark of no little annoyance. But the indifference displayed to the matter by the directresses was only additional proof that they regarded the school a thing of minor importance.

Let it not be imagined, however, that because Mark was allowed to pursue his labors in the school-room unmolested, he and his wife enjoyed lives of unalloyed happiness.

As if it were a crime to allow them to attend to their duties in peace, scarcely a week passed during the time they remained in the Bethesda that they were not harrassed and annoyed by interference and fault-finding, which were supported by neither justice nor reason.

One day Miss Forest appeared at the Bethesda with that awful dignity and severity of manner which portended woe to some one, and in this instance it chanced to be Mrs. Upstone.

After she had been summoned to the Council Room, Miss Forest began:—

"Mrs. Upstone, some of the ladies are making loud complaints about you," and the stern expression of Miss Forest's countenance relaxed a little, and her eyes moistened, as if she grieved at the depravity of Mrs. Upstone, and would reform her if it were possible.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Upstone, with that coolness attendant on a clear conscience, "may I ask at which of my sins it is they complain so loudly?"

"Well, they say they have called here two or three times in the morning, and, after asking for you, have had to wait sometime before you appeared."

"They would have been more displeased, of course, had I come

down without changing my dress, after doing my work for the morning," said Mrs. Upstone.

"Oh, yes, certainly; they wish you to look tidy when you come in," said Miss Forest.

"Well," replied Mrs. Upstone, "no lady has had to wait for me, unless she called quite early; and then only long enough for me hurriedly to change my dress, and, as that requires no more time than it has during the three years we have been here, I wonder there should have been no complaints till now."

"I don't know, I'm sure, how that is," said Miss Forest, "but could you not remain down here in the parlor during the day? Then the ladies will not have to send upstairs for you when they call."

"I presume I could, if it is desired by the ladies," Mrs. Upstone replied, and Miss Forest, requesting her to do so, soon afterward withdrew, to announce to all the directresses she met that week that she had instituted a much needed reform in the Bethesda.

Soon after this Mrs. Upstone received a rebuke that was calculated to enlarge her conception of the authority and dignity of a directress.

The cook at the Bethesda at the present time was an intelligent young woman, of whom the children were very fond, and as she had shown considerable skill in preparing various simple dishes that delighted their palates, it was no unusual thing that she was besought to repeat them.

One of the customs observed at the Bethesda was that of giving the children no butter for dinner—an article absent from the table at this meal in many well regulated households. This economical custom was established here when the Bethesda was in its infancy—a time when the state of the treasury rendered the exercise of economy quite necessary. But now the institution was self-sustaining; its income ample to enable the directresses to indulge almost any luxury or fad in its management; hence, we must reasonably conclude that the custom of giving the children no butter for dinner had become hallowed and venerated from lapse of time.

The cook, however, had but little respect for the custom, and, to supply this deficiency in the menu of the table, had prepared a sauce which so pleased the children they clamored for it; and at their earnest request had provided it for dinner one day, when Mrs. Botherham and another directress were present—they being the visiting committee that month.

Mrs. Botherham had seldom visited the Bethesda since the Upstones assumed charge—a fact which they in no wise regretted, for what little they had seen and heard of her was not calculated to render an intimate acquaintance desirable. She was a small, black eyed woman, with a long pointed nose, looking very much

as if it were designed to investigate things that an ordinary nose could not, and, as if Mrs. Botherham so regarded it, there were few matters so private or places so secret it did not invade them.

It may have been owing, also, to Mrs. Botherham's diminutive size that she assumed so many airs, it being quite possible that she regarded this her only means of showing the world she had quite as much individuality and was of as much importance as women of larger size. However this may be, few women assumed more or delighted more in "the arbitrary nod."

On the day referred to, Mrs. Botherham evinced so strong a desire to find fault with something, or reprove some one, that it was impossible for the Upstones to conclude otherwise than that she was determined to show them she was a directress of quite as much importance as any, and regarded this as her last chance.

For this purpose she had climbed from basement to attic, her long nose and little eyes often vainly called in requisition, but in descending she espied an object that gave her the opportunity desired.

Since the two directresses and Mrs. Upstone had ascended the stairs, a small boy had gone up, carrying several cubical blocks in his hands, and, without knowing it, had dropped a small one, which now lay about midway of the flight, near the edge of one of the steps.

Mrs. Botherham was the foremost of the three women going down, and Mrs. Upstone the last, and the former was still two or three steps from the block, when she descried it, and looking back at Mrs. Upstone exclaimed,

"As I live, Mrs. Upstone, here is a block right on the stairs; this is shocking; it is so very dangerous to have such an object lying on the stairs."

Mrs. Upstone felt very much enlightened; she might never have known it was dangerous had not Mrs. Botherham vouchsafed her the information, but she quickly said, "It must have just been dropped, as it was not there when we came up; I will ———."

"It makes no difference," said Mrs. Botherham interrupting her, "whether it was just dropped or whether it was there yesterday. It has no business there, and you should see to it, Mrs. Upstone, that such things are not left in such places. Why, it might be the cause of a broken limb, or even a broken neck."

The last word of this remark had scarcely been uttered by Mrs. Botherham, when she gave a piercing scream, and the next instant, there was an exhibition of a woman on her back on the stairs, stretched with her arms above her head, very much as she might have been for torture in the days of the inquisition.

Just at the moment the scream startled those who were near, Mark had arrived at the foot of the stairs with the intention of going

up. He saw the lady fall, and, being a very kind-hearted man, was about to rush to the rescue, but he was also an extremely modest man, and, as he stepped upward to execute his humane design, he was confronted by so great a display of skirts and stockings, he concluded the rescue should properly be made from above, where the other two ladies were; hence, he turned and walked into the schoolroom.

Fortunately, in falling, Mrs. Botherham grasped the stair bannister, so that, beyond a slight bruise or two, and the stretching of the muscles of her arms, she was not injured.

But we can scarcely suppose that with all Mrs. Botherham's desire to impress on Mrs. Upstone the danger of leaving a block on the stairs, she would deliberately step on one, to prove her assertions. Reason and respect for her sanity lead us, on the contrary, to suppose she was so intent on the duty of reproving Mrs. Upstone for her gross carelessness, she entirely forgot the block till she stepped on it, and was thereby brought to an ungraceful recumbent position.

When she had regained her feet by a little help from her friend, the directress, who was nearest her, and had declared herself not seriously hurt, Mrs. Upstone had no little difficulty, when reviewing the humorous side of the incident, to keep from laughing. She had to redouble her efforts to this end, when they had all arrived at the foot of the stairs, and Mrs. Botherham's friend thus expressed her alarm and sympathy for her:

"My dear Mrs. Botherham you have certainly killed yourself."

"Oh no, I assure you I have not," was the reply; "I am not much hurt."

The friend stared at her a moment in silence, and after taking a mental review of the accident, its dangerous aspect renewed her alarm.

"You must be mistaken, Mrs. Botherham," she said, "for I know if I had had a fall like that, I should now be dead."

But Mrs. Botherham appeared very much alive, notwithstanding her friend's efforts to convince her to the contrary, and, although she had nothing further to say with regard to the block before leaving the Bethesda, another matter, equally offensive to her fastidious taste, was discovered.

The three ladies had again gone down to the basement and were in the children's dining-room. The children, already at table, were waiting for the customary "grace before meat," when Mrs. Botherham's sharp eyes, having surveyed the board, descried one of the three or four bowls thereon, filled with something her curiosity led her to examine.

"What is this, Mrs. Upstone?" she asked, pointing to a bowl with her finger.

"It is a sauce the cook sometimes prepares for the children to eat on their bread when they have no butter," replied Mrs. Upstone.

It occurred to Mrs. Botherham that here was another opportunity. She reached for the bowl, saying contemptuously as she did so, "Sauce instead of butter," and it might have been owing to her habit of using her nose so frequently in making investigations, that she first applied it to the contents of the bowl.

Not satisfied, apparently, even after taking two or three long sniffs at it, she very impolitely raised it to her mouth, and tasted the contents. Having thus satisfied her curiosity, she replaced it on the table, and then, turning to Mrs. Upstone, said, almost fiercely:

"Mrs. Upstone, that stuff's not fit to eat; the idea of giving it to the children instead of butter is pre-pos-ter-ous. Now, we want no such in-no-vations; the children ought to have good butter on their bread, and I want you to see they have it."

Mrs. Upstone's forebearance was sorely taxed. If she had been surprised at the ill-manners of Mrs. Botherham, she was equally surprised at her ignorance of the customs at the Bethesda —of which she had long been a directress. Mrs. Upstone, with some spirit, and a little tinge of sarcasm in her tone, replied,

"I am glad to know that you invest me with so much authority, Mrs. Botherham, but the other directresses would doubtless think I had taken unwarrantable liberty should I supply the children with butter for dinner, since it has never been permitted a matron to do so from the time the institution was founded. The sauce of which you complain is very nutritious, and I think very palatable. At all events, the children like it so much they often ask the cook to make it for them, and that is the reason she did so to-day. But I would suggest, Mrs. Botherham, that a more appropriate time and place than this might be found for criticising the food," and Mrs. Upstone looked around with no pleasant expression of countenance on the long row of waiting, listening children.

Mrs. Botherham's face assumed a variety of hues and expressions during these remarks of Mrs. Upstone, including shame at the exposure of her ignorance of the regulations of the institution, disgust at Mrs. Upstone's approval of the sauce, and, finally, anger at her just rebuke for criticising before the children anything connected with the institution or its management—a thing it was well understood among the directresses must not be done.

Turning her eyes, glowing with indignation, to the face of Mrs. Upstone, who had had the audacity to speak to her—a directress—in this manner she replied.

"It is not your place, Mrs. Upstone, to tell me where I am to speak respecting any matter."

Naturally a spirited woman, and cherishing profound contempt

for such lofty assumption, and knowing that she was on the side of reason and justice, Mrs. Upstone coolly regarded the imperious little woman and was on the point of making an appropriate reply, when a scream, and a commotion in the kitchen diverted the thoughts and attention of all present. A moment later, a girl who waited on the table entered much flurried, and informed Mrs. Upstone that the dog had run off with the roast designed for the children's dinner.

"What dog?" demanded Mrs. Botherham, with evident anxiety.

"Your dog, Nero, Mrs. Botherham," was the reply. Mrs. Botherham made a very lively exit from the dining-room, through the kitchen into the passage, and out into the back yard, but Nero was not to be seen. Like all skillful thieves, his first work after stealing was to care for his booty; hence, he had taken the shortest route home, leaving his mistress to come at her leisure.

Nero, it should be stated, was a large greyhound, belonging to Mr. Botherham, with whom he was usually seen, but he sometimes followed the carriage when his mistress went for a drive, as he had on this occasion. Finding it monotonous, undoubtedly, to remain so long by the carriage, and perhaps with the hope of hastening the departure of his mistress, after waiting about an hour, he made his way into the back yard, and thence to the kitchen. It happened that just a moment before this the cook had removed a roast of fifteen or twenty pounds' weight, from the oven, and placed it on the range hearth, ready for the girl to transfer to the table, and she then stepped into the pantry.

Now, Nero was not an inveterate thief, nor was he generally an ill-mannered dog, but he was hungry, and a savory roast like that, so near, with nobody to watch it, was a temptation too alluring for his morals. A little examination convincing him it was not so hot as to be dangerous, he seized it, but, having under-estimated its weight, it came with a heavy thud to the floor. Here, however, he had a better chance for a good grip, which was so well improved he was hastily retreating with the roast in his strong jaws from the back door just as the cook and servant girl arrived to witness his exit.

Mrs. Botherham returned to the dining-room to console the children for the loss of the most substantial part of their dinner, by a promise of some rare treat they were to enjoy in "a day or two," but the treat never materialized.

How much she felt that the Bethesda had been benefited by her visit that day is not known, but Mrs. Upstone declared it had resulted in the same benefit as did the visit of every officious, conceited directress when she interfered with those who knew their business, and meddled with matters concerning which she was entirely ignorant; and this declaration Mark most heartily endorsed

It may be proper to state in concluding an account of Mrs. Botherham's visit, that the chief ingredient of the "sauce" she declared "not fit to eat," was butter—the kind-hearted cook, feeling so anxious that the children should have butter for dinner, she purchased several pounds herself, and this had all entered at different times into the composition of the sauce. When that purchased by the cook had all been used, Mrs. Upstone procured her another supply.

One of Mark's duties, as we have stated, was to purchase the groceries required at the Bethesda; and though it was not a very onerous duty, like everything else he had to do there, it was far more irksome to himself, and of immeasurably less profit to the institution, because he was not at liberty to purchase where, when, and in quantities that his judgment might suggest. He had long known that because of the friendly relations subsisting between certain grocers and a few of the most influential directresses, they were paying fifty per cent. more for groceries than the prices at which they might be purchased elsewhere. And because it had always been a custom at the Bethesda to purchase almost everything required in small quantities, they still adhered to it, thus again paying prices largely in excess of those charged for articles sold in considerable quantities.

It was in the latter part of October—the last October the Upstones were destined to enjoy the distinguished honor of serving, as superintendent and matron of the Bethesda, that Miss Forest called, one cold, stormy morning, when the sleet—largely of snow—that was falling was calculated to remind one, winter was approaching, and suggest the propriety of laying in supplies.

"Miss Forest," said Mark, "I received a letter, yesterday, from the man in Loontown, to whom I sold my farm a few years since, and he asks if we are in need of any of the farm produce he has for sale. He has good potatoes, butter and cheese, which he says he will deliver to us at the lowest cash price at which such articles can be obtained at any market in the city. We have been paying at the grocery sixty cents a bushel for potatoes, twenty-three cents a pound for butter, and from twelve to fourteen cents for cheese.

"Now, by taking these same articles in larger quantities, sufficient to last us, say, through the winter, this man will supply us with potatoes at thirty cents, butter by the tub at seventeen, and cheese at eight, and I wish to know whether it is your opinion that we should patronize him."

"Certainly patronize him, Mr. Upstone. If he will sell us at the prices you state, and you are sure the articles are good, don't let the chance slip; I would write to him to-day for fear he may sell his produce to someone else. I would not, however ,advise the buying of a large quantity of anything, that is, more than you

will be likely to use before it becomes worthless. Of course, you will use your judgment about that; you know how much of such articles you generally use here. How many potatoes do you suppose will be required for the winter?

"Fifty bushels, I think, will not be too many," Mark replied.

"And butter and cheese?"

"Three fifty pound tubs of butter I believe will be enough to purchase now. More than that will be required, of course, before spring, but, as it deteriorates with age, I do not think it would be safe to buy more than three tubs at present. About the cheese, there is a little difficulty—it is made at a factory, and every one weighs a hundred pounds. The man will not sell less than a whole one, but as cheese is used here only on our own table and that of the servants, fifty pounds is all we require. I have spoken to Mr. Cheeseman, the grocer, however, and he is quite willing to take half of it if we buy a whole one, and will pay what it costs us; so that obstacle is surmounted."

"Very well," said Miss Forest, "your plan seems a good one, as it will save us quite a sum in the way of expense, and I trust you will secure the stuff before it is too late."

Mark assured her that he would write to the farmer immediately, and Miss Forest took her leave.

About a week afterward, a regular monthly meeting of the directresses was held, and after the report of the last meeting had been read and adopted, a list of the bills presented for acceptance at the present meeting was read. Little notice was given to the bills named, till the secretary reached the last on the list, which read as follows:

"Bethesda Home for Children."

| To H. G. Foresythe | Dr. |
|---|---|
| To 50 bushels potatoes at 30 cents | $15.00 |
| " 3 tubs butter 50 lbs. each 17 cents | 25.50 |
| " 50 lbs. cheese at 8 cents | 4.00 |
| | $44.50 |

When the first item of this bill was read, there was a perceptible sensation among the directresses, which increased in no slight degree as they listened to the reading of the second item. When the third and last was read, nearly one-half their number was regarding the other half with manifest suspicion and displeasure; as if some diabolical plot, second only to the Gun-powder Plot—had been discovered, and each directress was scrutinizing another for evidence of her complicity in the diablerie.

The secretary had scarcely pronounced the last word of this account, when Miss Whitemore was on her feet.

"I want to know what this means," she exclaimed with something of the viciousness of a snapping turtle, and as no reply was made, she continued, "Who gave the order for any such amount of stuff as is mentioned in that bill? Upon my soul, I should think it was an order to supply the commissariat of the British army."

No one responded, and it may be doubted that if any one of the directresses had ordered the articles, she would have now acknowledged it, after seeing the feeling that pervaded the meeting, and especially the bellicose spirit of Miss Whitemore. We must do Miss Forest the justice to say that she had in all probability entirely forgotten her conversation with Mark relative to purchasing the articles, and that she had, in fact, given the order for their purchase. We say *forgotten*, because the reading of the items by the secretary appeared to awaken no thoughts in her mind that she had ever heard of them, and she sat apparently as ignorant of the transaction as any of the directresses. Yes, it must be admitted that Miss Forest was very forgetful—a fact that had more than once proved very annoying to Mr. and Mrs. Upstone, especially when, in obedience to her instructions, they had either purchased something or had some work done for the institution, and not long subsequently Miss Forest, owing to her weak memory, denied all knowledge of the matter. We think, however, she was too conscientious to feign forgetfulness; hence, we cannot believe that in the present instance she would have allowed the whole blame to fall on Mark unless she had really forgotten her own part in the transaction.

Miss Whitemore was still standing, no one being able, apparently, to enlighten her, when some one suggested that the Visiting Committee for the last month, might be able to throw light on the subject. Both members were present, and rose simultaneously to declare most emphatically they knew nothing about it.

It was then suggested that they should send for Mr. Upstone to explain the reason for such a departure from all precedent; but at this juncture the secretary said Mrs. Upstone remarked to her a few days before that Mr. Upstone had a chance to purchase farm produce of the man who bought his farm, remarkably cheap, and it had just occurred to her that she called the man's name Foresythe. She thought it highly probable, therefore, that the produce mentioned in the bill was that to which Mrs. Upstone referred.

"Well, but who authorized Mr. Upstone to purchase for the Bethesda, as if he was in the commission business? That's what I want to know," again snapped Miss Whitemore.

"Ladies," said Miss Horner, in a tone nearly approaching a

whisper, as if to impress them with the idea that her communication was both confidential and important, "let me tell you, we must be on our guard. 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.' Why, it was only yesterday I was reading in an old magazine about the funds appropriated by agents and contractors during the late American Rebellion. Why, there was one transaction known as the 'Beef Contract,' in which the Government was swindled out of many thousands; thousands, did I say? really, I think it was millions; yes, I'm sure it was millions. And then there were contracts for horses and clothes, and food for the army, in every one of which the Government was defrauded. I tell you, ladies, we can't be too cautious."

Miss Horner sat down, and Miss Marble rose, and spoke as follows:

"I confess, ladies, that I don't quite understand the meaning of Miss Horner; and I would like to inquire if it is an insinuation that there might possibly be collusion between Mr. Upstone and Mr. Foresythe to defraud the Bethesda?"

"I prefer," said Miss Horner, "that you should draw your own inferences."

Here was a chance for Mrs. Lovelaw, not only to give another thrust at Mark, but to air her knowledge of the cunning schemes of those criminally inclined.

"What more natural to imagine," she asked, "than collusion?"

"Consider the circumstances; Mr. Upstone didn't select a stranger of whom to buy farm produce. There are scores of farmers in the city every day with just the same sort of stuff to sell that Mr. Foresythe had, but Mr. Upstone bought of none of them. Oh no, he must buy way out in Loontown. Is not that circumstance alone calculated to awaken suspicion? Again, recollect that Upstone once owned the farm on which this stuff was raised; it was not a strange farm, nor was Mr. Foresythe a stranger to him. We don't know on what terms that farm was purchased; the very strongest inducement for Foresythe to purchase might have been the fact that the owner of the farm was superintendent of a large public institution, requiring a good deal of farm produce in the way of provisions. You see, ladies, that in looking into a thing of this kind, we must view it in all its phases, and consider all the possibilities, remote and otherwise."

Mrs. Lovelaw, as she closed these remarks, looked around on her attentive listeners with an air which plainly intimated that she had presented the case so clearly and logically there was no room to doubt Mark's intentions to defraud the Bethesda.

Miss Horner rose again, her face beaming with a placid smile.

"Really," she said, "I feel like congratulating our gifted secretary, in the language of Shakspeare or Byron, I am not sure,

which. 'Your exposition hath been most sound.' I knew that, however scattered and irrelevant the hints thrown out might be, when they were elucidated and arranged by Mrs. Lovelaw, we should have an array of evidence clear and decisive; and now, the next question is, what's to be done?"

Miss Horner resumed her seat, and Miss Marble rose to say,

"I do not wish to disparage the opinions of our esteemed friend, Miss Horner, nor by any means the legal knowledge of our learned secretary; but I confess that I am not quite so clear as Miss Horner seems to be about this matter; in truth, I think I am rather more mystified than I was before Mrs. Lovelaw's 'exposition;' but I never did have a mathematical mind, and always disliked mathematics when I was at school. But I can understand from the great amount of stuff enumerated in this bill that there is something wrong. Why, there are sixteen in our own family, including servants, and I'm sure we never order more than a barrel of potatoes at one time, and usually a bag; and as for butter, I have never seen above a ten pound jar full in our house; cheese, I am positive, we never purchase in quantity exceeding two pounds. You can see, therefore, that it seems very strange to me that Mr. Upstone should have ordered such a quantity of provisions, as is stated in this bill. I would not like to think, however, that he has intentionally done wrong. It might have been an error of judgment; but still it seems as if he must know that a large part of the potatoes would spoil before they could be used."

Mrs. Fernleaf, whose opinion, as we have shown, was always regarded with respect, now expressed herself as follows:

"I should say that whether the wrong done was intentional or not, now is the time to give Mr. Upstone a strong hint that his services are no longer required. We don't want a male superintendent here; we want one of our own sex—an intelligent woman, who can comprehend our needs and be ready to attend to them. Such a woman will answer our purpose better than any man; and, inasmuch as we have about decided to make a change of this kind, I know of no better way of getting rid of our superintendent than by making things so unpleasant for him he will be inclined to resign. That, of course, will save us the unpleasant task of asking his resignation. As a first step, I think we should make our own purchases in future, and, should my ideas meet your approval I will see Mr. Upstone to-morrow and notify him of our determination."

Mrs. Fernleaf resumed her seat, and the directresses were so impressed with the wisdom and ingenuity of her plans, that for several minutes after she sat down there was continuous applause.

True to her promise, the next day, haughty and dictatorial, she called to see Mark, saying,

"The ladies decided yesterday, Mr. Upstone, that they will purchase all the supplies in future."

"Very well," he replied; "that will relieve me of much trouble and responsibility."

Mark's air of cheerfulness and *nonchalance* evidently was not pleasing to Mrs. Fernleaf; she would rather have seen him very much broken in spirit, as if he were conscious of his sins, and felt that the ladies had meted out to him just punishment.

"You made quite a purchase of stuff of Mr. Foresythe, lately," said Mrs. Fernleaf, regarding him with a quizzical expression.

"Yes," he said, "I thought it was wiser to purchase our winter supplies in quantity, especially when by so doing we could obtain them at half the prices we usually pay."

"Who told you to order them in that way?" she demanded.

"Miss Forest," answered Mark, displeased at her imperious manner and tone.

"Miss Forest!" she exclaimed, looking at him with an expression which said plainer than words. "I don't believe you."

"Yes," said Mark, "I stated to Miss Forest here in the Bethesda, the day I wrote ordering the articles, the quantity I thought we ought to purchase, and gave her the price of each article. She told me to write at once before losing the chance, and secure them."

For the next few moments, Mrs. Fernleaf seemed absorbed in thought, and she then said,

"What evidence have you, Mr. Upstone, that you received the quantity of produce that is charged in the bill; did you weigh it?"

"I did not, but the railway people did; the freight bill states the quantity."

"Have you the freight bill? Let me see it please."

Mark got her the freight bill, informing her at the same time that he supposed she had seen it, as it was placed with the other bills, on the table in the Council Room at their last meeting, 'for the ladies' inspection.

Mrs. Fernleaf, we are glad to say, colored perceptibly on learning this, and mumbled something to the effect that she must have seen it, but had probably forgotten it. She then left the Bethesda; doubtless, with a feeling that she had done very little toward confirming the suspicions of Mark's fraudulent designs.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MRS. LOVELAW, Mark and his wife sat chatting pleasantly in the Council Room on a cold December night.

"I think this is the coldest day of the winter thus far," said Mrs. Lovelaw. "Do you know how the thermometer stood this morning, Mr. Upstone?"

"At 10 o'clock as I was returning from St. James street, I found that my face was freezing, and ran into Mr. R.'s office to arrange my muffler so that it would afford better protection, and he told me the thermometer then marked 31 degrees below zero."

A few more remarks were made, respecting the severity of the weather and then the conversation drifted to the children—some of their peculiarities and sayings affording a topic of no little interest and amusement. When speaking of a certain girl, Mark related one of her witty remarks as he was explaining something to her in fractions the day previous.

"Fractions!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovelaw, "I want to know if that girl has got that far in arithmetic; I didn't suppose any of our girls or boys had advanced as far as fractions."

It was with no little astonishment that Mark heard this remark. Mrs. Lovelaw had been in his school-room times without number, and had seen his pupils working all through fractions, interest and beyond; had often expressed surprise that they could solve difficult problems with so much celerity and ease; yet, she now seemed as ignorant of the school as if she had never been in it.

The incident, unimportant of itself, is related only to show the contrast between Mrs. Lovelaw's knowledge of the pupils at this time and what she assumed to know of them but forty-eight hours later, when sitting in the same room, in the same place.

It was quite late when she left that evening and so sociable and agreeable had she been during her stay the Upstones regretted she could not have prolonged it.

It was always a mystery to them, however, why she rendered herself so agreeable on this particular occasion, when she intended so soon to make herself specially obnoxious to them.

Did she call that evening to say what she said two evenings later, but forbore because her courage was not keyed up to the necessary point? or did she prefer that the Upstones' last memories of her should not be such as to excite unmitigated contempt? might she not, before disclosing the harder and coarser side of her nature, show that she also possessed more noble qualities, and thus cause them to feel and acknowledge that Mrs. Lovelaw "with all her

imperfections" had some redeeming traits? But whatever the reason for her peculiar conduct, the fact remains unchanged, that on the second evening after the social chat mentioned above, at about half past eight, she again called at the Bethesda.

Though it was not noticed till after she had talked awhile, the fact, nevertheless, was discovered that her voice was unusually loud, and her face abnormally red.

After a few unimportant remarks had been made, Mrs. Lovelaw thus abruptly addressed Mark respecting the pupils, who, until now, had not been mentioned.

"So you claim, Mr. Upstone, that the children are learning a good deal, do you?"

Mark was much surprised at the question, especially at her abrupt way of asking it, but he replied,

"I am very well satisfied with the progress most of them are making."

Mrs. Lovelaw gave a little derisive laugh, and said, "Well, I can't see that they have made any progress."

Both Mark and his wife regarded her with an astonished look and the same question: "I wonder what ails this woman?" was suggested at the same instant to the minds of both. It will be remembered that only forty-eight hours previous to this, Mrs. Lovelaw did not claim to know much concerning the scholarship of the children, but now she assumed to know everything. Neither Mark nor his wife feeling it worth the while to reply to her last remark, she soon followed up her attack as follows:

"How is it we have no more examinations? You don't seem to show much interest in the school, or care whether the children learn or not."

By the time the last remark had been uttered, Mrs. Lovelaw's intention of insulting Mark had been so palpable, and he had become so disgusted, he thought it undignified to reply. But Mrs. Upstone, like most women, was highly indignant to hear her husband spoken to in this unreasonable and exasperating manner, and therefore, quickly replied,

"If you could have heard him scold, because you have kept the boys from school, carrying letters and messages, I think you would have regarded his interest in the children quite as deep and lively as yours. Besides, Mrs. Lovelaw, I should not think, after your attempt to show that his pupils could not read writing, you would presume to indulge in any further criticisms."

Really, this was a little more spirited opposition and warmer defence of Mark than she had expected to encounter; she coughed, looked from one to the other of the two present, and then tacked for another assault.

"You spoke of going into Mr. R's office when you were down

town the other day; now, you have no business to go into an office, or any other place, when you are employed by us. Your time is ours."

"Of course," said Mrs. Upstone, "it was very stupid of him to stop at that office simply because his face was freezing. I trust you will impress upon him the fact that the preservation of life is of secondary importance to the business of the directresses."

Mrs. Lovelaw possibly thought Mrs. Upstone intended this last remark to be sarcastic, for, after glaring savagely at her a moment, she said,

"Mrs. Upstone, I came in to talk with Mr. Upstone a few minutes, but he don't appear to be able to speak for himself; you do all the talking for him."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lovelaw, but my husband is so diffident, he finds it almost impossible to discuss matters with a lady of your exalted station, so I have ventured to help him."

Mrs. Lovelaw doubtless preferred to regard this remark, so flattering to her vanity, sincere; therefore, turning her attention from Mrs. Upstone again to Mark, she said,

"Then, there is that article you published, and sent me the other day; it is my impression the ladies don't think much of your doing a thing of that kind."

"Oh, how sadly unfortunate I should have done such a thing;" said Mark with great humility. "Really, I can't imagine what evil spirit induced me to publish an article without asking their permission, but I shall certainly know better after this than to do so audacious a thing."

As if Mrs. Lovelaw regarded Mark's sorrow genuine, and was determined to add as much to its poignancy as possible, she continued.

"And, of course, the ladies all know it; for there your name was, signed to it in full. I didn't read the article, for it wasn't a thing in which I felt any interest."

"I hope the ladies will know," said Mrs. Upstone, "that he added ten dollars to our meagre salary by writing it, for that is what he was paid for the article; and I don't see what they have to do with it, for he wrote it in the evening long after the children were in bed."

"Well, I don't claim to be speaking officially on this point," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "but it is my impression that the ladies think you have no business to write for the papers; you are working for *us*, and have no right to do anything else while so employed."

Mrs. Lovelaw, thinking she had discharged her duty, now took her leave.

After she had gone, Mrs. Upstone looked at Mark, saying, "Well, my dear, what do you think of Mrs. Lovelaw now?"

"My opinion of her as she is to-night may be expressed in a word of four consonants and one vowel."

Mrs. Upstone regarded him with an astonished look, and said, "Why Mark, you don't suppose ———."

"I don't suppose anything," he replied. "Do you think a woman who ordinarily shows some sense, and who never, to my face at least, has shown me any disrespect, would come in here, and utter the twaddle she did if she were in a normal condition? Besides, could you not see yourself? And to think," he continued "that this is the same woman to whom I spoke the first year we came here, about writing occasionally for the press, telling her I hoped none of the ladies would imagine I was writing in time that belonged to them. And do you remember that she used these very words. 'The ladies can certainly find no fault with that, and you must find considerable time to devote to such work?'"

"Yes, I remember it well," said Mrs. Upstone. "But what do you suppose was her object in coming here to-night and talking as she did? Did she really have an ulterior object, or was she in that peculiar state when a quarrel with some one was indispensable to her happiness, and she sought one with you because you happened to be the most convenient?"

Mark pondered his wife's question some moments and then replied,

"I am sure I don't know which of your suppositions is correct; there are good grounds for believing that either may be the right one."

Like most people, Mrs. Lovelaw, when obliged to accept one of two evils, preferred the least; and, disgraceful as was the attempt to provoke Mark to resign, she chose rather to do this than ask him to resign, after the strenuous efforts she had made to convince him the position would be permanent.

It was, therefore, with the intention of making a first assault on his dignity and patience that she made the call described at the beginning of this chapter. But when in the room, in presence of Mark and his wife, a feeling of shame at thought of the disgraceful thing she had come to do, possessed her; and, instead of putting her plan into execution, she made the evening pass very pleasantly with the Upstones. But being apparently better prepared for the work in hand on the occasion of her next visit, she performed it to her entire satisfaction.

Unfortunately, however, for Mrs. Lovelaw, her plan did not succeed; Mark did not resign, nor did he intend to do so at present.

It was but a few days after this incident that the Annual Meeting was held, and there was an unusual effort made by Mrs. Lovelaw to induce a large attendance of visitors. Numerous invitations were sent out, to which the clergy, generally, responded,

and the leading city papers were each represented by a competent reporter.

Now, it happened that the reporter of the paper which always gave the fullest account of proceedings at these meetings and Mark had quite a long chat together before the meeting opened. He was a young man, very observing, ambitious, and apparently desirous of learning something, wherever and whenever opportunity was given. Noticing the friendly yet respectful manner of the children toward Mr. and Mrs. Upstone, he remarked,

"One might easily think, Mr. Upstone, from seeing you and Mrs. Upstone with these children that they are your own. It is a great pleasure to me to see things like this; yet, entirely new; for I have always seen institution children afraid to speak and almost to breathe in presence of their managers. But I am sure they obey you quite as promptly as they would if you were stern and kept them at a distance, and they do it with greater pleasure."

"Well, however that may be," Mark replied, "we have no trouble with these children from disobedience."

"How many lady managers are there of this institution, Mr. Upstone?"

"Forty," was the answer.

"Forty! mercy on us," exclaimed the reporter. "I suppose your hair wasn't quite as much silvered when you came here as it is now," he added laughing.

"Not quite," said Mark, "but the great wonder is that it is not wholly white."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Upstone, I should say it is a greater wonder, you have any hair at all. But, seriously, your patience must sometimes be sorely tried here; I can scarcely imagine a position in which it would be more necessary for a man to be like Job than it is here."

"You seem to have a pretty correct idea of the state of things here," said Mark.

"I speak only from my general knowledge of the peculiarities of the other sex and their judgment in relation to business," said the reporter. "I believe it is a general propensity of women to make much ado about nothing."

"Had you been both sage and prophet," said Mark, "you could not possibly have expressed more clearly, concisely and correctly the ruling trait of those who manage this institution. It is the root and branch of all the trouble and annoyance there is in its management."

"Do you not believe, Mr. Upstone, that if the entire management was given to one person, or say, two—a man and his wife—

intelligent, active people, that it would be less expensive, far better for the children, and for all the parties concerned?"

"I can say most emphatically I believe it would be better," Mark replied. "Two sensible people could conduct it, if they had the funds, without a tithe of the trouble there is at present, and at less expense."

At this point in their conversation, Mark was called away, and soon afterward the meeting was opened.

Mrs. Lovelaw displayed her most gracious airs and bewitching smiles to the visitors, especially to the clergymen, from whom she expected the most complimentary notice in their speeches. But even on them she did not attempt to exert the fascination she did on the reporter with whom Mark had been talking. It would be such a glorious thing, she thought, to have a sketch of her charming qualities and self-sacrificing devotion to the Bethesda published in the large and widely circulated paper he represented. We should state that this was not the same paper we have mentioned which had published complimentary notices of the Uptones' work in the Bethesda.

But alas, for the reporter's folly and ingratitude! When the paper came out the next day, there was in connection with the account which it gave of the Annual Meeting a long and most complimentary paragraph respecting the happy condition of the children under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Upstone, while there was not a word in relation to Mrs. Lovelaw. Poor woman, she was beside herself with mortification and rage, but the only consolation she could find was in the resolution to waste no more time and energy trying to provoke Uptsone to resign; she would write to him at once, demanding his resignation.

As Mrs. Lovelaw's wrath cooled in a measure, however, after an hour or two had passed away, she concluded to postpone the writing of the letter till the next day, when she had less work of other kinds to do. But when the next day came, she felt still less inclined to write—inasmuch, as there was no necessity for it—than she did the day before, and so she delayed sending Mark the fatal letter till nearly a month passed. Through press of business, indolence, or perhaps on account of both, she delayed till the last moment possible, without infringing on the three months' time required for a notice of dismissal. Had she delayed another day, Mark, if so disposed, could have remained in his position another year, on the plea that he had not received the length of notice required by the contract. But though Mrs. Lovelaw was shrewd and thoughtful enough to leave no such loop-hole through which he could escape from the punishment with which she intended to visit him, she made a mistake quite as fatal to her plans:

One morning when the postman arrived, there was a letter among those left at the Bethesda, thus addressed:

"Z. W. PORTER,"
"Supt. Bethesda."

No street or number was mentioned, but the handwriting was unmistakably that of Mrs. Lovelaw, and she had more than once previously made quite as ridiculous mistakes in addressing him. Mark had no doubt the letter was for him, and opened it before noticing the address, and read as follows:

"Sir,"

"It is my duty to inform you that the directresses of our institution, having decided to employ in future only a matron, instead of a superintendent and matron, they hereby notify yourself and wife that your services will not be required after the present year of your engagement has expired.

"The ladies also wish to express their gratitude to your wife and niece for their kindness to the children, and for the great pains they have taken with their education, in consequence of which they have become proficient in singing, as well as good scholars.

"Your ob't. serv't.,

"ELLEN LOVELAW,
*"Sec'y. B. H. C."*

"Umph," said Mark to himself smiling; *"Our Secretary* must have been considerably rattled when she wrote this unique notice; the only thing in it to tell of what place she is speaking is the B. H. C." These letters were the initials often used for *"Bethesda-Home for Children."* "It is quite equal to Miss Blowhard's time-table," he continued; "I think I'll put it away with that to present to a museum or some dealer in curiosities sometime."

But before putting it away, he went upstairs, called his wife and niece, and after reading to them the address, as it was on the envelope, he read the letter aloud.

"What a strange woman," exclaimed Mrs. Upstone. "Knowing perfectly well that Lizzie and I have done very little, compared with what you have, toward instructing the children; for the sake of insulting you, she has attributed all their improvement to us, and not once mentioned you."

"Yes, and in so doing," said Lizzie, his niece, "she has virtually told a falsehood; besides using her office, of which she feels so proud, as a means of gratifying her personal malice. That letter alone is enough to convince me that Mrs. Lovelaw has neither the sense nor the delicacy of a true lady."

"But will you acknowledge the receipt of the notice, Mark?"

"No, I shall not acknowledge it," said Mark, "even had she not made it (an official letter too), an instrument for insulting me. I have the very best excuse for not acknowledging its receipt, for it was not addressed to me. My name is not Porter, and as long as their names are not mentioned, how do I know that the wife and niece, spoken of in the letter, are not actually the wife and niece of Porter? True, the letter was addressed to the superintendent of the Bethesda, but there is more than one Bethesda on the Continent, and it might have been designed for any one of them."

"But they will ask you if you have received the notice," said Mrs. Upstone, "and what will you say?"

"Of course, if they ask me," said Mark, "I shall not deny having seen a thing addressed to Z. W. Porter, that Mrs. Lovelaw doubtless called a notice of dismissal. Had she been as careful in sending me a notice as she is sending to others, she would not have sent it by mail; for, suppose I were not willing to admit that I had received it, how could she prove to the contrary?"

"Oh, she knew very well," said Mrs. Upstone, "that if you received it, there was not the slightest danger of your denying it; and I regard that fact of more value than any position they can give us. But where are we to go, or what shall we do now, my dear?"

"I do not know, I am sure," said Mark soberly. "I can't imagine that the directresses will expect us to leave without some compensation for so doing, inasmuch as they can show no reason for dismissing us beyond their own whims; and when, too, there was such a good verbal agreement that the situation was to be permanent."

"I marvel at your credulity Mark, after our experience here. To what does the verbal agreement amount? Miss Forest claims to have forgotten all about it, as no doubt she has; and Mrs. Lovelaw, who is the only other party to the agreement representing the directresses—well, we know what her evidence would be. Besides, it is my opinion the directresses regard her only as a sort of 'hanger on,' they cannot well get rid of."

"And yet," said Mark, "with their characteristic consistency, they retain her, and allow her to make agreements, and take the most prominent part in all their transactions; thus deluding people to rely on her promises and assurances. So long as she is their accredited secretary and mouth-piece, the directresses, if disposed to be at all honorable, would fulfill any important verbal agreement she makes in their behalf."

"Yes, *if disposed*," replied Mrs. Upstone laying strong emphasis on the words of Mark she quoted, "but I think you ought to know as well as I, by this time, that if they had heard every word of the verbal agreement, so long as they are not obliged to fulfill its terms,

they would dismiss us without the slightest hesitation if they knew we had neither money to pay for a meal nor a roof to shelter us at night."

"I am very sorry, my dear, to know you entertain such a harsh opinion of the lady philanthropists connected with the Bethesda, but I trust you do not labor under the impression that I believe they are so filled with the milk of human kindness, they will give us four or five hundred, or even fifty dollars, when we leave. I shall suggest some such worthy deed, however, for their consideration, and, when satisfied they do not intend to entertain it, I shall suggest something else for them to consider that I don't believe they will ignore. But I trust, in the meantime, that you and Lizzie will say nothing to any one respecting the notice, and, should any person ask if I received it, just refer them to me for the information desired."

Mrs. Upstone and Lizzie promised to observe his request, and the three were soon engaged with their respective duties.

Things went on as usual at the Bethesda; the directresses called as at former times, but Mrs. Lovelaw did not appear there again for nearly a month; and then it was in company with several directresses, on the usual day for their visit. Mark took special pains to be polite to her, but she took equal pains to so avoid him that he would have no chance for talking with her.

Mark was greatly surprised one day, therefore, when she, in company with her friend, Miss Whitemore, came into the schoolroom and expressed a wish to examine his school.

Now, this was so unlike anything they had ever before done, so contrary to any interest they had ever before manifested in the school, and so soon after Mrs. Lovelaw had become highly offended with Mark, that even a child might have known their only object in coming was to annoy him.

We must admit that such conduct would not be surprising in silly girls of sixteen, desirous of a lark, as well as to gratify personal spite, but in two aristocratic ladies—one fifty and the other much older—the secretary and vice-president of the Bethesda—we can scarcely do less than pronounce it very undignified and silly.

They were in very good humor; in truth, they were so remarkably good humored, it was not easy for either, especially Mrs. Lovelaw, to preserve a grave countenance.

"What class would you like first to hear?" politely asked Mark, on learning the object of their visit.

"Oh," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "I think we might as well look at the writing books, first. Don't you think so, Miss Whitemore?"

"I suppose so," replied the old lady, and the idea appeared so funny to her she immediately burst out laughing, and Mrs. Lovelaw, after a prolonged but ineffectual struggle to prevent it, joined her.

Their countenances had scarcely assumed a serious expression, when Mark placed a pile of writing books before them on the table beside which they were standing, both having declined chairs.

Now, it happened that the little three year old girl, usually called "Baby," was in the school-room at this time, sitting beside one of the older girls. She had great fear of Miss Whitemore, from the fact that the only notice she had ever vouchsafed her was to snap and scold at her, or suggest that she should be spanked as the only means of allaying her infantile sorrows. We can well understand, therefore, why it was Baby was so deeply interested in Miss Whitemore's movements, and kept her eyes on her from the moment she entered the room.

The old lady's humorous mood this morning, however, inclined her to propitiate Baby by most friendly overtures. When, therefore, she caught her eye, she gave her a wink, accompanied by what was meant for a loving smile.

The effect was scarcely complimentary to Miss Whitemore. Regarding it as a prelude of the horrible things she had been anticipating, Baby uttered an alarmed cry, threw her arms around the larger girl, and continued shrieking, till she was borne from the school-room. This had occurred just as Mark placed the books on the table.

Mrs. Lovelaw took one of them, turned over a few leaves, threw it down, took up another and having treated it in the same manner, took a third and fourth, and, at the expiration of not more than two minutes, her thoughts were expressed in the two words, "Rather cramped."

Now, whether she was speaking of something she had seen on the book, or of her own physical condition, it was not easy for Mark to decide.

Her peculiar manner, however, afforded good grounds for the latter supposition, but before he had time to suggest brandy, or any other remedy, Mrs. Lovelaw handed one of the writing books to Miss Whitemore, and, between efforts to repress laughter, managed to ask,

"Don't you think, Miss Whitemore, that handwriting is rather cramped?"

The old lady giggled, adjusted her glasses, leaned well over and against the table, and after squinting at two or three lines, unconscious that the book was upside down, she gave a disdainful sniff and exclaimed:

"Of course, it's cramped!"

She returned the book to Mrs. Lovelaw, with a grave face and dignified manner, but her humorous feelings were too powerful to be restrained, and a moment later, as her eyes met those of Mrs. Lovelaw, she again exploded with laughter.

Whether they had now remained as long as they at first intended, or whether they had found the work of examining the school so funny they could no longer continue it, we cannot say. But Mrs. Lovelaw now said,

"I think this will do to-day; we will come in some day when we have more time."

As they were about leaving, she remarked,

"It's a long time between ————."

"Drinks," Mark thought she was going to say, but when she had recovered from the fit of giggling, by which she had been interrupted, she added, "examinations; it is over three years since the last before the one to-day."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

It will be recollected that our last view of Arthur Langdon was in the sugar-bush, at the moment when he assured Pete Larocque he would inform no one of his attempt to steal syrup if he would promise to steal no more. The reader will remember, too, that Pete did as Arthur requested, but, like the promises of all thieves, it was made only to be broken on the first favorable opportunity.

Notwithstanding Pete's fulsome adulation of Arthur on that occasion—notwithstanding the fact that he pronounced him "a good boy," "a smart boy," and assured him, he would be "a great, big man, bime-by, sure"—from that night, he both feared and disliked him. He feared him because it was not possible for one so morally and intellectually low as Pete to understand that another would keep a secret simply because he had promised to do so, and, especially, a boy of Arthur's age. He, therefore, like most guilty persons, was in constant apprehension of trouble. He thought that, if Arthur did not tell Fogg, he could not resist the temptation to tell some other boy, or John, and that finally Fogg must inevitably hear of it.

He naturally disliked Arthur after this incident, because it is not in the carnal heart to cherish respect and love for one to whom its wickedness is known, and Pete's dislike was made stronger by the fear which we have mentioned above, and it was not long before he improved an opportunity to gratify his hostile feelings, as well as his propensity for stealing.

It was nearly two weeks from the time he attempted to take the syrup, and about the last of the sugar season, when Arthur was again left in charge of the kettles. John was away, and Fogg had spent the early part of the night, up to ten o'clock, in the sugar-bush with Arthur, when, complaining of fatigue, he went to the house, leaving Arthur to boil sap till it was all in the kettles. As there were not many pailfuls remaining, Fogg thought if he kept a good fire it would not take more than two hours to accomplish this work. He instructed the boy to leave a little fire beneath the kettles, so as partially to boil the contents down to syrup, without danger of reducing it to sugar and burning it. Arthur had seen Fogg and John, on two or three occasions, leave the kettles in a similar manner, so that he well understood what was required of him.

It was a few minutes past twelve when he put the last of the sap into the kettles, and then, with the aid of a lever, rolling the

two partially consumed logs back a little from them, he drew the smaller brands together beneath, and, believeing that now everything was safe, went home.

He did not make all these preparations to leave the sugar-bush, however, without thinking that the syrup was left in a way very tempting to any thief who might come prowling about. But then, he thought it highly improbable any one would know the syrup was thus exposed before he or John was there in the morning. He had little fear that Pete would molest it, even if he knew it was left unprotected, believing he would be afraid, if any was missed, Arthur would inform Fogg of the former theft. But events proved that his reasoning was ill-founded.

Pete had learned casually from John that sometimes, after boiling sap till late at night, the men went home, leaving the kettles well filled, as they had been left by Arthur on the present occasion. This information was enough to make Pete resolve to watch for an opportunity to obtain a supply of syrup. When he learned, therefore, that John would be absent for a night, he decided that that was the only chance he would have, as the sugar season was about over, and he reasoned correctly that this would be the last time that year they would boil sap in the night. Accordingly, as soon at it was sufficiently dark, he repaired to a hollow in a strip of woods, separated from the sugar-bush by a wide brush fence. Leaving his pails here, concealed beneath the fence, he got over it and gradually approached near enough to the place where Fogg and Arthur were employed, to see everything they did without being himself discovered. It was not long before Fogg went to the house, and Pete knew that Arthur would follow before morning; the two hours he had to wait, however, with nothing to do, seemed almost an age. But at length he saw Arthur leave, and knew from the preparations he made before departing, that he did not intend to return before morning. By the time, therefore, that Arthur reached the house, Pete was at the kettles, tasting their contents, and making investigations with the judgment of a connoisseur in the art of sugar making.

The kettles had been kept boiling at a lively rate, since four o'clock in the morning, so that the contents of the two kettles, when boiled down to sugar, would doubtless make over a hundred pounds.

Pete was not slow to discover that the syrup in the smaller kettle was by far the sweeter, but as it was by no means good syrup yet—the kettle being full—he reasoned very logically that it would be a great waste of time, labor and money to take it till he had boiled it for at least two hours more. He, therefore, removed all the brands from the large kettle to the small one, threw on more wood, and when the fire was burning lustily, lit his pipe, and sat

down to congratulate himself on his good luck, and calculate the profit of his night's work.

Owing to the good fire, the contents of the kettle rapidly diminished in bulk, and grew thicker in consistency, till in little more than two hours, Pete pronounced it "bon sirop," when, swinging the kettle to one side, he filled the two pails which he had brought from their place of concealment. After this there was scarcely half a pailful of syrup left in the kettle, but even now he might have so left things Fogg would have remained ignorant of his loss, however much he might have wondered at the small amount of sugar produced by the quantity of sap. Yes, Pete might easily have swung the kettle back into its former position, partly filled it from the larger kettle, and then Fogg and Arthur would have supposed very naturally that the sap had been reduced to its present quantity by evaporation, as they had intended. But besides stealing the syrup, Pete had another and baser object to gain. He wished to gratify his malicious feelings against both Fogg and Arthur, and so he determined that the former should know of his loss, but he would so plan things that he would attribute this wholly to the carelessness or neglect of Arthur. With this wicked design, therefore, he swung the kettle back over the fire, and then placed a number of burning brands around the upright crotch, which held the long pole on which the kettle was suspended, and by means of which it was swung on and off the fire.

Pete's object was to burn off the crotch close to the ground, when the kettle would fall, and a person finding it thus would naturally think the contents had been spilled.

He watched the progress of the fire until the crotch was nearly burned off, when, to hasten matters, he took hold of the upper end, and by pulling slightly broke it off, and crotch, pole and kettle came tumbling to the ground—the kettle falling so much on its side, that what little syrup there had been left in it was nearly all spilled out.

Pete grinned, as he thought how skillful his plan appeared, and how cleverly he could deceive Fogg and "his boy," but he did not think he was seen by the eye of One who overrules the most cunning plans of men, and often brings on one's own head the injury he may have plotted against another. Little did Pete imagine, when chuckling over the haul he had made that night the loss he had caused Fogg and the trouble made for poor Arthur, how bitterly he would repent of his wicked deed, and what price he would pay for the syrup he now thought he was obtaining for nothing.

John was the first person to visit the sugar-bush the next morning, and, when he saw the condition of things, he naturally concluded that Arthur had left the burning brands too near the crotch; in consequence of which it had burnt, so that it had fallen, and

the syrup been wasted. He felt very sorry for Arthur, for he knew how Fogg would rave and scold him, although he felt that Arthur was far less to blame than Fogg himself, for leaving work that required so much care and experience to a boy so young, with so little knowledge of sugar-making. So strong was John's friendship and sympathy for Arthur, he decided to procure another crotch, suspend the kettle, put part of the contents of the large one into it, and keep the accident entirely secret from Fogg.

No sooner had he made this decision than he started off with axe in hand, in pursuit of a crotch. One difficulty, however, presented itself; the former one was birch, made from the limb of a large tree, which had been cut to supply fuel for boiling sap; and unless he could find another birch crotch, Fogg might notice the difference in the kind of wood, and make unpleasant inquiries. John, therefore, made considerable effort to find the kind desired, but as he could not do this without felling another large tree, he cut one from a small maple, and carried it to the spot where it was to be used.

But Arthur was already there, greatly dismayed at what he had seen, and, to John's surprise, he promptly objected to the plan of keeping the accident secret from Fogg. He told John he regarded such a course dishonest; and that he had much rather endure Fogg's reproaches and disfavor than the pangs of a guilty conscience.

"I do not consider myself at all to blame," he said to John, "for I was very careful to leave everything safe, but, of course, I cannot prove it, and shall have to stand the affliction of being unjustly suspected and accused. Knowing just how I left things, I am sure some thief came later, and, after taking what syrup he desired, arranged things so as to leave the impression the mischief was all done accidently by fire."

Arthur then went on to point out his reasons for suspecting trickery and theft, but, on account of his promise to Pete, he could not state his strongest reason for suspicions—not being positively certain that Pete had broken his promise. But he told John that he left much more wood around the large kettle than he did the smaller one, when now there were several partially consumed sticks, where the latter kettle had been suspended and not a vestige of one under or around the former.

The most suspicious circumstance, however, was the fact that there was a circle of brands around the spot where the crotch had stood, showing conclusively that it had been burned off by design. Nor was this all; the half gallon of syrup remaining in the smaller kettle was thick—thicker in fact than sugar-makers usually prepare it for market, while the other kettle was full, just as Arthur had left it, and, though the smaller kettle was on its side, there was

nothing to indicate that more than half a gallon of syrup had run from it on the ground.

So suspicious were all these circumstances that John very readily endorsed Arthur's theory of theft, yet he told him he knew Fogg would not accept it.

They searched in vain for tracks, for the snow had long since disappeared, and the ground for some distance around the place where the sap was boiled was dry and hard.

Arthur with a sad heart soon returned to the house to tell Fogg the unpleasant news, for he would not, by delaying to tell him, awaken the impression that he was anxious to conceal the matter from his knowledge, as that would be tantamount to acknowledging that the loss of the syrup was owing to his own carelessness.

He was careful to say at first he felt sure someone had stolen the syrup, and, though the loss could not have exceeded five or six dollars, Fogg could not have displayed more wrath or bemoaned his ill-luck more had he lost a thousand dollars.

"How do you know but what the crotch took fire from the brands you left near it?" he demanded of Arthur, after the first storm aroused by the ill-tidings had in a measure subsided.

"The fire could not have caught in that way, sir, because I left no brands near it;" and Arthur, a second time, repeated all the circumstances, indicating that the work had been done by some evil disposed person. But Fogg, like other unreasonable and ill-tempered individuals, found relief for his angry feelings by casting the blame on the one who happened to be the most convenient, in case he was even remotely connected with the matter about which he was angry. When, therefore, Arthur finished his explanation again —the same explanation that had so strongly impressd John of its correctness and truth, Fogg sneered and said,

"Oh, of course, you'd make out a good story like any other boy if it was through your carelessness the syrup was lost."

Reader, can you imagine a more insulting and exasperating reply to make to an honest, conscientious boy? For the first time since he had left the Bethesda Arthur was terribly angry. He had prayed very earnestly that he might resist temptations to become angry, but to be accused, even though indirectly, of framing a falsehood to conceal an act of carelessness he never committed was more than he could bear. He felt the accusation to be so unjust and insulting, it deserved no reply. With face pale from anger, and his eyes glaring like those of a tiger, he regarded Fogg for a moment with an expression indicating a very strong inclination to fly at him, and then turned and walked out of the house.

Fogg had not been unobservant of the look, and his mental comment was,

"That boy's got an awful temper."

In reading his Bible that evening Arthur's eye fell on the passage "All things work together for good to them that love God."

"That must be true," he said to himself, "for I love the Lord, yet I cannot see how the loss of the syrup, under circumstances which lead Mr. Fogg to think it was lost through my carelessness, and that I have also told a falsehood about it, is going to result in any good to me."

Arthur pondered the subject seriously for some time, and at first the statement made in the passage quoted appeared so improbable, when applied to the circumstances surrounding himself, his faith was not a little shaken, but ere he fell asleep, he was comforted with the thought that God's wisdom and power are infinite; and that it is only proof of man's weakness and folly to doubt that there is any limit to what infinite wisdom and power may accomplish.

But the ill-luck which had attended him, and Fogg's unreasonable suspicions and accusations, gave him much trouble, and during the next month, at which time he was employed in various ways on the farm, he often thought of his unpleasant lot, and wondered why it was Fogg could not be more agreeable. Whether Fogg really believed the loss of his syrup was owing to Arthur's carelessness, and that he had tried to deceive him, it was impossible for Arthur to determine, but from the fact that he was more fault-finding, and seldom spoke kindly to him from that time forward, Arthur had little doubt that such was his belief. He would have felt certain of it had he not noticed that Fogg's manner was equally disagreeable to others, especially to Aunt Becky and Jane. Arthur was even disposed to regard his hateful manner toward the two women as evidence of his prejudice against himself, for Fogg knew how much they liked him, therefore it was a question Arthur often considered, whether it was not because of this friendship the women were more harshly treated.

But Arthur was not doomed to be harrassed perpetually by the recollection of the stolen syrup. About a month after the incident which had caused him so much trouble, Pete Larocque was taken sick. Dr. Gibson was summoned, and though he regarded him from the first as quite ill, he was under no apprehension that he would not ultimately recover. But as day after day went by, and Pete grew weaker from the effect of slow fever, the doctor began to think the case more serious than he had at first imagined, and Pete's courage and hope diminished in proportion as his strength grew less. He frequently sought to learn the doctor's opinion of his condition; and when the latter could not conscientiously give him an unqualified assurance of his return to sound health in the course of two or three weeks, he became alarmed.

Apprehension and time for reflection soon made him conscious that his former life had not been what he now would have had it. He had not been observant of Bryant's admonition,

"So live, that when thy summons comes," etc.

No, Pete had given very little thought to a future life. In his boyhood, he had been taught to attend church, respect the priest, and go to confession. But after leaving the parental roof, he was for some years in the society of those who paid but little attention to such matters, and, whenever they mentioned religion, it was only to scoff at it. Like many others, however, when brought suddenly to confront the great change that awaits all mankind, he repented his past wickedness, and desired a better preparation to venture out upon the great unknown.

From the fact, doubtless, that his last, most flagrant sin was the best remembered, consequently seemed to him the worst, he felt that this ought to be the first confessed, and he sent for Fogg.

Fogg had called to see Pete two or three times since he had been taken sick before receiving his invitation to come, but, as Pete then hoped to be soon out again, he said nothing that was either startling or very interesting. But now, Fogg had been only a few minutes in the house when Pete disclosed the trend of his thoughts by the following:

"Oh it's hard, Mons. Fogg, to die."

"Why, what's the matter, Pete? You're not goin' ter die."

Pete shook his head ominously, and replied;

"Of course, I doan know, sure; but I tink so. De doctair, I ax him; he doan say notting, but I tink he's 'fraid. I've been bad man, Mons. Fogg; an I lak make tings right wid all ma neighbor, so'f I die, dey won't say, 'Pete's gone t'hell, sure; I lak 'have 'm say, 'Pete's hones' man; he feel bad cause he stole, an if he not die, I bleeve he pay for every ting he stole? Yes, sir; everyting; I bleeve Pete's gone t'good place.'"

Fogg was becoming interested. If Pete's fear of death was so great he was constrained to confess what he had stolen, it was not policy for him to try to persuade him he was not going to die; he would rather increase his fear with the object of learning how much he might have suffered from his peculations. It may be observed that Fogg did not share with Pete the opinion that he was going to die; he did not think he looked like a dying man; his voice was strong, and there were other more cogent reasons why Fogg thought he would live. He had little doubt, too, that Dr. Gibson believed he would get well, but the Dr.'s great caution naturally prevented his giving assurances that might by unforeseen circumstances be rendered worthless.

But Fogg, with a very sanctimonious air, said, "Yes Pete, it's a solemn thing to die, and if we've took anything from a neighbor, or done him any harm, it's our duty to confess it."

"Dat's what I tink, Mons. Fogg; an I feel ver bad, Mons. Fogg, dat I stole your sirop, and made you tink dat boy Arter burn it. Ah Mons. Fogg, dat's good boy, pour you; he keep me from take two pails your sirop, only one, two week fore de las time I took it. He no tell you 'bout it?"

"No," said Fogg, "he told me nothing about it. How did he keep you from taking the syrup?"

The sick man with a groan turned on his side, so as to bring his face nearer Fogg, and then related his first attempt to steal the syrup, and told how Arthur prevented him and how he had promised not to expose him on condition that he would promise not to steal again. He also confessed that it was he who had arranged the brands around the crotch to burn it off, and not only this, but he acknowledged that he had managed to take grain at different times from Fogg's granary, as well as pork from his cellar.

Fogg listened very attentively to Pete's confession, and before leaving him had estimated his loss at Pete's hands as not less than forty dollars; though appraised, impartially, it would not have been twenty. Poor Pete, however, could not now have the value of the stolen property estimated by an impartial judge; hence, in after days, he had to work out the sum, as Fogg had estimated it, with good interest added, and at very low wages.

Fogg was so pleased to learn that Pete was owing him so much, and so anxious he should live to pay it, he then and there uttered words of cheer and encouragement which no doubt contributed more to Pete's recovery than all the medical treatment he received. He scouted the idea of his dying; referred to several men he knew who had been much more ill than he, with the same malady, and yet they all recovered. He even assured him that he had many times been more ill himself; though Pete afterward tried in vain to recollect the time during the fifteen years he had known him that Fogg was sick, and, on inquiring, learned that the only time such a thing had occurred was once when he was prostrated for a week on learning that wolves one night had killed twenty of his sheep.

But Pete had been so thoroughly alarmed, and had made such good resolutions, that Fogg had not been gone more than half an hour when he sent for the priest. We can give neither the number nor character of the sins he confessed on this occasion, but from the fact that the priest was with him two hours, we conclude Pete confessed a great deal, and in return received much spiritual advice and consolation. We are pleased to state that when Pete recovered, he did not forget the resolution he had made, but thenceforward regularly attended church, and in time won the confidence and respect of his neighbors.

Fogg was not so ignorant and thoughtless that Pete's dis-

closures did not lead him to reflect on the striking peculiarities of Arthur. The fact that, alone, in the woods, on a dark night, he had not hesitated to stop a strong man in the act of committing a crime—a moment when, if ever, a criminal would be desperate—was proof, impossible to controvert, that he was a brave boy, and that he had done this in the interest of his master—to prevent his suffering loss—was still stronger proof that he was faithful and trustworthy beyond all boys he had ever known. Again, knowing what Pete had done, consequently suspecting him as he must of the subsequent crime, Arthur had refrained from divulging what he knew, even though suffering keen mental torture from Pete's rascally conduct. And for what reason had he refrained from divulging this knowledge? Simply from regard for his word—a desire to keep sacred a promise made to a man whose treachery he was almost sure was the cause of his trouble. But yet, he was not positively sure, and so the promise was kept. He chose rather to suffer himself than risk the danger of casting suspicion on one who might by any possibility be innocent.

Could there be any stronger proof thought Fogg of a boy's love of truth and regard for honesty? And almost for the first time, he thought of what Mark Upstone had said to him of Arthur; "He will never tell you an untruth or deceive you," and, however unfit Fogg was to train such a boy, he well knew that he possessed in him a prize of no ordinary value.

But Fogg was a man of too coarse a type to acknowledge to Arthur how wrong he had been in suspecting him and in insinuating that he had deceived him; but we must do him the justice to say that he at once informed Arthur in a careless laughing way that he ought to feel very grateful to Pete for having cleared him of every suspicion of wrong-doing, and then told him of Pete's confession.

## CHAPTER XL.

THOUGH our friends, on first leaving Dexter, designed visiting Mrs. Dawson's parents at Blissville, business matters led John to take a more circuitous route than he had ever before taken in going there.

After a long ride by stage, they reached Wineburg, a town of some importance; here they took another railway, leading to Blissville.

They had to wait two hours at Wineburg for their train, which, as John had calculated, would give him ample time to transact his business with a clergyman and friend who resided there. As it was some distance to the friend's house, May decided to wait John's return at the station, and suggested that he had better purchase their tickets for Blissville before leaving, as he might have little time on his return. Fortunately he decided to act on her suggestion, but, on asking for tickets, the ticket agent inquired if he were not conveying the body of a child to Blissville. Being answered in the affirmative, he informed him it would cost two dollars and fifty cents to take the casket that distance.

John was dumbfounded. After paying his bills at Dexter, he had just enough money left to pay their fare to Blissville; he had made no calculation on paying charges for the little casket, supposing it would be carried free in the baggage car. He was now, here a stranger in Wineburg, without a cent more than was necessary to purchase tickets for himself and May. Truly, he was in an awkward position. May had heard the conversation between the two men, and, knowing the condition of John's purse, was in a high state of nervousness and alarm.

At first John hoped he could prevail on the agent to allow the casket to go on, by promising to send the express charges the next day. He told him who he was, whence he came, and where he was going, but all to no purpose. John's face and appearance, as well as the face and manner of his wife, should have convinced him of their worth, and, consequently, of the truth of John's words. But, like most ignorant men, he knew nothing of physiognomy, and was destitute of that frank honesty which is forward to impute good motives to others. He, therefore, refused the favor solicited, with the brutality characteristic of men of his type.

May and John then took counsel together aside, and it was decided that he should hasten to his friend, and, if possible, borrow the sum required for a day or two, or until they reached Blissville, and could return the money by mail. John, therefore, started off

in a state of nervous excitement, scarcely less than that of May. Some men in his position would have suffered very little mental anxiety therefrom, feeling confident they could go to almost any intelligent man in the place and convince him of their need, and of the honesty of their intention to refund the money as promised. But John had had very little experience in knocking about the world; hence lacked confidence in himself, besides laboring under the impression that to solicit aid from a stranger would be the surest method of causing himself to be regarded either a confidence man or a pauper.

No sooner had he left the station than May began to consider the situation; and like all women of the same nervous temperament, the longer she considered it the greater became her despair. She felt sure John would not get the money, and what then? The thought was appalling. Was that little casket to cause them trouble wherever they went? She had congratulated herself all the morning on having escaped the cruel persecution which ignorant people had raised against them, on account of her love for the burden it bore; and now, ere half their journey was accomplished, it had brought fresh sorrow to her heart. Could she do nothing? "Surely," she thought, "that agent has the form and features of a man, and he must have a heart. Can it not be touched? At least, I will try."

Restraining her tears, and stepping up to the wicket, she thus addressed him:

"In case my husband fails to meet his friend and get the money, what can we do?"

"I don't know of anything," he replied in a gruff voice, and with coarse, unfeeling manner, "but to leave the coffin here till you get the money, and send on for it."

"Never would I go on and leave that casket here. If it must remain, I shall remain with it. But if you allow it to go on, I will send you to-morrow twice what you say the express will be."

And she looked at him with tearful, pleading eyes. He was unmoved, however, and curtly replied,

"We don't do business in that way. There's no trusting here."

"Not when you can double your money in twenty-four hours?"

"No."

Though sorely wounded by such a rebuff from this semblance of a man, May could not give up the hope that she might yet obtain her desire; and a moment later, said in faltering tones,

"Could I not carry that casket on my knees as I am sitting in the car? It surely would give no inconvenience or trouble then?"

"There's no use talkin', I've told you what 'twill cost to take that coffin to Blissville, and when that's paid it can go on, and not before.

Repulsed by this coarse, heartless reply, May turned quickly away from the wicket, trying with her pocket handkerchief to stifle her sobs. Blinded as she was by her tears, she nearly ran against a gentleman who had entered the room just in time to hear the agent's reply to her question. Seeing that she was weeping, and hearing the agent mention a coffin, he was able to understand, in part, the cause of her grief. As soon as he knew that she had seen him, he doffed his hat, and thus politely addressed her.

"Excuse me, madam, but I perceive you are in trouble; and hoping, if I can be of no greater service to you, I can assure you of my sympathy, I make bold to tender it."

His kind words and manner acted like balm on May's wounded heart. She raised her eyes to his face and saw in its frank and benevolent expression that which inspired her with confidence and hope. There were in this, as well as in his manner, and the sound of his voice, the unmistakable marks of the perfect gentleman. A feeling at once possessed her that relief for her present sorrow had come.

The rules of conventionality, upon which, in these days, so much stress is rightly laid, were unthought of at this moment, for the young wife knew, by her own true instincts, that the stranger could be trusted. She replied,

"You are very kind, sir, and I feel extremely grateful for your sympathy."

"Can I give you no more substantial aid? Sympathy sometimes is all that can be proffered; at other times, when something more is needed, it would be mockery to tender only sympathy. If I can be of service to you in any way I beg you will not hesitate to inform me."

Thus encouraged, May briefly related the circumstances in which she was placed, and suggested that in case he was acquainted with the station agent, he might be able to induce him to allow the casket to go on.

"I assure you sir," she said, "that if you do this you will confer a favor on both my husband and myself, for which we shall be forever grateful, and the agent may feel positively certain that the money will be sent to him as soon as we arrive among our friends."

"My dear Madam," he replied, "give yourself no further trouble respecting this matter; I shall provide you with the necessary funds to take the casket with you. I do not know the agent, and never saw him before to-day, but I have already learned enough of him through you, so that I would be unwilling to have you humiliate yourself further by asking any favor at his hands. He is right in striving to perform his duties faithfully, but even had he feared his employers would refuse to give you credit for a day

for two dollars and fifty cents, he could very easily have advanced that small sum from his own pocket. I have no respect for the individual who takes advantage of legal phraseology to shut his heart and mind against the strongest appeals of humanity and reason."

They were now sitting on one of the settees with which the room was supplied, and as the gentleman closed the above remark, he handed May a five dollar bank note, saying, as he did so,

"Take this, please, and return it at your convenience. You can not tell what may happen before you reach Blissville, and it will afford me more pleasure to loan you the five dollars, till you are among your friends, than it will to have you take just the two and a half."

May's tears were now flowing more freely from gratitude to her benefactor than they had been a few minutes previous from grief.

She assured him that words failed her to tell how grateful she felt for his kindness, yet there was still a possibility she might be able to return the money he had loaned her before leaving the station. In case her husband should find the friend of whom he had gone in search, he would doubtless get the money of him, but she had a premonition that he would not. At her request, the gentleman gave her his address, and she thus learned he resided in Toronto. She also gave him John's address and her father's, saying that her parents, as well as she and her husband, would ever esteem it an honor and pleasure to meet him.

Their conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of John, his woe-begone countenance informing May, more quickly than words, that his mission had been unsuccessful, and as he approached, she said,

"You were disappointed?"

"Yes," he replied; "Mr. Gordon (his clerical friend) has left town with his family for a week; his house is closed," and John gave a sigh that seemed to indicate that the door of hope had also closed to him.

"Never mind, dear," said May cheerily, "it is all right. I have found a friend in this gentleman who has most kindly supplied our need," and she then introduced him to John. The latter having learned before the introduction—as May designed—that he was greatly indebted to this stranger, grasped him warmly by the hand, and the look he gave him bespoke the gratitude of his heart. After a few words of salutation had passed between them, John said,

"I suppose you can well understand sir that we must feel very grateful to you for relieving our necessities, placed in the trying circumstances that we were."

"My dear sir, the relief I have been able to afford you I could

give so easily I deem it scarcely worth mentioning. At all events, after learning the circumstances in which you unexpectedly found yourselves, I should feel that I am something less than human had I not done everything possible to relieve you. We are admonished to do good unto all men, as we have opportunity, and, should I fail to help the poorest outcast, when it is in my power to do so, as well as cultured, Christian people, like yourselves, I should feel that I was denying the Great Master whom I profess to follow."

"It is a pleasure," said John, "to meet professed followers of the Master, whose works are in keeping with their profession. If all His followers were like that, the Christian church would be in a different condition from what it is to-day."

The entrance of three or four individuals with valises now warned our friends that it was nearly time for the train to arrive, and John, having learned with pleasure that they would have the company of their benefactor during the whole of their journey on the train, proceeded to pay the express on the casket and see that everything was in readiness for starting.

We regret our inability to give the name of the gentleman from Toronto, who so kindly came to the rescue and relieved our friends of their painful embarrassment, for the incident we have related is a true one. May preserved his address for several years, but, on recovering from a long and severe illness, when trying to recall his name, found to her sorrow she had forgotten it, and that the address he had given her was lost.

As the journey by train afforded nothing in the way of incident that would be of interest to the reader, we shall merely say that the gratitude of John and May, especially of the latter, when with the little casket and their baggage they were safe at Mr. Dawson's, could be equalled only by John's gratitude on arriving there after his miraculous escape from the robbers. But circumstances would not permit them to enjoy long the rest and comfort they here found, and the second morning after their arrival, the casket having once more been consigned to rest—this time in the pleasant cemetery of Blissville, and May having enclosed the borrowed money in a letter to the gentleman in Toronto—they started for Brownfield.

Though in order to make the journey by rail they had to reach it by a circuitous route, via Toronto, they arrived there before dark, and, as they stepped from the car to the broad platform of the station, and saw the number of well-dressed people, and the stylish carriages which had come to convey passengers to or from the cars, May thought of the contrast between that place and Dexter, and then naturally wondered whether their clothes had not got dusty and disordered in their railway journey. She had just asked John if her hat was on straight, giving his necktie

a touch at the same time to bring it into proper position, when a gentleman of very pleasing address approached them, and said to John,

"Excuse me sir, but is this the Rev. Mr. Dawson?"

"That is the way in which I am often addressed," said John smiling.

"My name is Hogan," said the stranger, "and I have come with my carriage to take you to the parsonage."

They shook hands cordially, John recollecting the name Hogan as that of the person who had written him with regard to his coming to Brownfield. After receiving an introduction to May, and taking the valise she carried, as well as one of the two borne by John, Mr. Hogan led them to the further end of the platform, where stood his carriage. Our friends were agreeably surprised to find that this was the finest equipage they had noticed here—the carriage, a new and costly one, being drawn by a span of noble bays.

Mr. Hogan's daughter, a bright eyed, handsome girl of fourteen, sat in the carriage holding the reins; and after introducing her, and telling John he would soon send a man with an express wagon for their trunks, and whatever else they had to bring, the three entered the carriage.

Though Mr. Hogan was very sociable, and kept their attention pretty well engaged by questions and remarks, they did not fail to observe the number and appearance of the buildings they passed, so that, when they arrived at their destination, they had learned several facts with regard to Brownfield. The ride was not a long one, and they soon reached the parsonage, which occupied a pleasant site on the outskirts of the village, happily remote from its thickly settled, noisy portions.

As the carriage stopped at the front gate, May was pleased with the appearance of the building, and with the size of the grounds enclosed around it; these included a good sized garden and lawn in front, in which were two fine shade trees and several flower plots.

But another glance at the large parsonage caused May to remark to herself half laughingly, yet half in dismay, as she recalled her former experiences,

"I wonder if my first work will be to clean this house. It will be a dreadful task to scrub all the rooms there must be here, but there is one consolation, I don't think they have been newly plastered; hence, I shall not have to work quite as hard as in the others."

She had little time to give the matter a second thought, for Mr. Hogan, having spoken a few words to a servant, who was there waiting for him, and given him charge of the horses and carriage, led the way into the parsonage, followed by the rest of the party.

The doors of the house were all closed, the windows shaded —though the blinds were open—and everything so quiet withal that the astonishment of John and May can be imagined when, on entering, they found the house nearly filled with the members of the church of which John was to take charge.

They had determined on surprising the new pastor and his wife with a reception, and the parsonage having been carefully cleaned and put in order, the ladies of the church, together with their respective husbands, sons and brothers, had gathered here a short time before the minister's arrival. They had brought with them refreshments of various kinds, and when our friends entered, a long table in the dining-room was spread for a numerous company, and fragrant tea and coffee were steeping on the stove in the kitchen. The sight, as may be supposed, was a most cheering one to our tired, hungry travelers, and shortly after the ceremony of an introduction, they had the pleasure of sitting down to a delightful repast, with those who, for many years, were to be their supporters and friends.

Though they had but little time for retrospective thought, so incessantly were they obliged to talk to those addressing them, neither John nor May could refrain from thinking of their first arrival in Greenvale and Dexter, and the difference in the reception accorded them by the people there and what they now enjoyed. Both felt in a high degree the pleasure of being once more among people whose tastes and feelings were more akin to their own; yet even here, as May glanced at the faces of several elderly ladies present, she doubted whether there was an Aunt Kitty there, and a pang of sorrow crossed her heart as she thought of the dear, kind-hearted old body, and realized that she would receive her calls no more.

It was nearly eight o'clock in the evening when John offered prayer and the company dispersed; but ere that, he and his wife had formed a pretty correct estimate of the people among whom they had cast their lot. That their conclusions were satisfactory it is safe to affirm, and it is equally safe to say that, though they were pleased thus far with all the people they had met, the fancy they conceived for the individual members of the company differed considerably in degree. Whatever they might think of the rest, it was very evident that Mr. and Mrs. Hogan occupied a very cosy niche in their esteem, and we can find nothing to condemn in their judgment or taste, that such should have been the case.

Mr. Hogan was the magnate of Brownfield. He owned a large saw-mill and an extensive factory, in which sash, doors, blinds, chairs, furniture—in short, nearly everything manufactured of lumber was made. He was also the chief shareholder in a large iron foundry, besides owning a great deal of real estate in and

around Brownfield. Being rich, and having a large number of men in his employ, naturally his influence was great, and the fact that this was always exercised for the promotion of temperance, morality, and whatever tends to the improvement of the human race, had endeared him to all who knew him. He had reached his present position through his own industry, backed by unerring judgment and scrupulous honesty, and he was one of the few whose humility had not been affected by prosperity.

Humble and modest beyond most men, he kept aloof from politics, shunned public honors, and besides being desirous of knowing and attending to all the details of his business, his only ambition was to be an earnest, consistent Christian. He gave generously for the support of the church, home and foreign missions, and public charities, and many a poor laborer and widow would have found it difficult to keep the wolf from the door had it not been for the generous aid received from Mr. Hogan.

Mrs. Hogan, too, was equally gifted with those qualities which win the respect and affection of others. The remark had so often been made in Brownfield, that this couple seemed perfectly fitted for each other, in disposition and taste, that now, every one who met them for an hour or two was supposed to make it, and in case they did not were regarded as people wanting observation. For the reputation of John and May, we are glad to be able to state that both uttered this remark, or one of similar import, in the presence of two ladies who called the day following the reception. The remark, of course, caused the ladies to laugh, and after assuring our friends that they had shown themselves endowed with the proper amount of observation, they explained their meaning.

With the exception of one incident, which we shall soon relate, the events which followed the removal of our friends to Brownfield were too unimportant to add interest to our story. They found themselves comfortable and happy here, beyond what they had anticipated. May was never lonely, for scarcely a day passed, when she was at home, that one or more did not call, and the different societies with which she soon became connected also made demands on her time and attention that saved her from the ills of solitude.

In his new field of labor, John also found much that was more congenial to his tastes and feelings than there was in his former ones, yet he was not a man who, in more pleasant and prosperous circumstances, could forget his interest in the spiritual welfare of those for whose good he had labored in the past. Many, therefore, were the petitions he still continued to send to the Dispenser of all blessings, for communities and individuals in and around Greenvale and Dexter, which, heretofore, had been special objects of his spiritual anxiety and care.

Let it not be supposed, however, from what we have said of the improvement in the social condition of our friends, that they had no annoyances at Brownfield, that there were no disagreeable phases of life here. Brownfield did not yet represent the state of things at the millennium; consequently, the reader will not be surprised to learn that there were here, as elsewhere, enough of those ills which spring from gossip, slander, jealousy, envy, intemperance, covetousness or revenge to give our pastor and his peace-loving helpmate frequent unrest.

But we shall for the present relate, as promised, only a single incident—an incident which shows how John was instrumental in securing a great temporal blessing for an old friend and parishioner, and at the same time, as that worthy would have expressed it, "cut the corners" of Ben Fogg once more.

When he lived at Greenvale, Donald Fraser, an honest, industrious farmer, about thirty-five years of age, with a wife and six children, also lived there; and for a year was a communicant and regular attendant at John's church.

But at the expiration of that time, having an oportunity to sell his property, he did so, and moved away. John did not know just where he had located, until he came himself to Brownfield, when he was surprised, the first Sabbath he preached here, to see Donald Fraser and two of his children in the congregation. On speaking with him after the service, he learned that he lived on a farm about four miles from the village of Brownfield, and that he came to this place, not only to attend church, but to purchase supplies for his household, and dispose of his farm produce.

It happened, therefore, that John saw him occasionally on the secular days of the week, as well as on the Sabbath, and as Donald had called at the parsonage two or three times by invitation, John learned much about him and his affairs, and felt no little interest in his temporal as well as in his spiritual prosperity.

Three or four months after they first met in Brownfield, John noticed that Donald had a care-worn, sad expression of face, that was unusual for him; and as this was more apparent the next time he met him, he asked him if he was in trouble, and thus learned the following facts.

When Donald came to this section, he purchased a large farm, and not having money enough to pay down for it, he had been obliged to hire $700 for this purpose, and mortgage the farm for security.

He had never had much business experience, hence, like most other men of the same limited knowledge of financial matters, he was liable to make foolish mistakes.

Interest on money was high at this time, but a shrewd, business man could get any amount he might require at eight per cent..

especially on security like that offered by Donald. He was acquainted, however, with only one man who could accommodate him with the sum needed, and that man was Ben Fogg. Fogg appeared in no way anxious to loan the money; indeed, he would not have had it at this time to loan, had not a man on whose farm he held a mortgage of a thousand dollars happened to sell the farm and pay the mortgage.

Fogg told Donald that the property he offered for security was so far away, he had no desire to take part in the transaction; but, in case he could not get the money elsewhere, he would supply it at twelve per cent., and the interest must be paid annually, very promptly, otherwise the mortgage should be foreclosed.

Men, because they can do no better, sometimes accept such terms, but as the farm which Donald proposed to mortgage was appraised at four thousand dollars, had he looked around he could easily have secured a loan on much more reasonable terms. Donald, however, on the plea that he knew no other party to whom to apply, accepted the hard terms of Fogg without demur.

Up to the present year, he had paid not only the interest, but two hunderd dollars on the mortgage, leaving a balance of five hundred dollars still due. But the present year seemed to poor Donald to be freighted only with disasters. First, his children were sick; then his wife was ill for two months, requiring almost daily medical attendance, and, added to these misfortunes, the grain crops from which he had expected to realize considerable money had completely failed. In consequence of these expenses and losses, he was wholly destitute of the money to pay his interest, which would be due in little more than a month. Such was the story to which John listened, and, when it was finished, he said,

"And is this the trouble for which you have been looking for a month past, as if you had lost not only all your worldly possessions, but every friend you ever had; and that causes you to say you think the Lord has forgotten you?"

Donald regarded him with an air of surprise and slight displeasure for a moment, and then said,

"Is not that trouble enough?"

"No," said John; "it is not trouble enough to cause you to look and feel as you do at present. You tell me that for several years previous to this you had no misfortunes; you were prospered in everything; so much so, in fact, that you began to feel you had a right to expect prosperity; and because your experience is somewhat different this year, like the Israelites in the wilderness, you murmur and complain that the Lord has forgotten you. Now, Donald, does not this seem a little selfish? Is it not more probable that if your prosperity had continued, you would have forgotten the Lord?

"'By the sadness of the countenance,' says the Psalmist, 'the heart is made better.' But to be frank with you, Donald, I think you have very little, if anything, to feel sad about. The only thing that happened you that bore any semblance to real trouble was the sickness of your family; but you say your children are well now, and your wife is in a fair way of recovery; so that the only thing remaining to cause you any anxiety is the want of sixty dollars to pay Fogg his interest. My dear fellow, there are more than two hundred individuals within a mile of where we now stand who would regard their temporal happiness complete were they worth one half what you are to-day. Let us see; five hundred dollars is all you owe?"

"Yes, with the exception of a few small bills here in the place."

"And you could easily sell your farm and stock for five thousand?"

"Yes, probably for six thousand."

John laughed and said,

"Now Donald, go home, and dismiss from your mind the thought that you have anything about which to worry. Everything works together for good to those that love God; and as I believe you love him, I have not a doubt that you will yet see some benefit resulting to you from the very things you have been regarding as misfortunes. At all events, come and see me next week when you are down here, and it is quite probable I shall be able to give you advice which, if followed, will materially aid you."

Donald departed in much better spirits than he had enjoyed for weeks previous, though he wondered greatly what advice John could give that would benefit him. But he had much respect for John's judgment, as well as for his spiritual power; and he believed that, somehow, he would help him.

In the evening of the same day that the above conversation took place, John called on Mr. Hogan. He had become so well acquainted with this gentleman, and was on such friendly terms with him, he felt no reluctance about asking a favor at his hands; and he knew, too, that if the favor was one that Mr. Hogan could possibly grant, he would obtain it.

John wasted no time, but related briefly the story of Donald Fraser, from the time he first met him up to the present, dwelling chiefly on his anxiety because he could not pay Fogg the interest on the mortgage.

Mr. Hogan said he had known Donald a good while, from his having attended the same church; and had always regarded him as a sensible, honest man; but he knew nothing respecting his circumstances.

"He certainly acted unwisely with regard to giving the mortgage," said John. "However, that must be attributed to his inex-

perience in business, but, as he is a brother in the church, it occurred to me that you might be disposed to help him; perhaps advance money to pay Fogg, and take the mortgage yourself."

"Is this sum all that Fraser owes?" asked Mr. Hogan.

"I believe it is, with the exception of a few dollars."

"Well then, you may tell him that I will let him have the money at five per cent.; and his promissory note or notes is all the security I want. We can arrange about the time they are to run when he calls."

"My dear Mr. Hogan, your offer is quite characteristic of yourself, and like that of a Christian. Donald will be overwhelmed by gratitude. Shall I tell him to come for the money the first time he comes down?"

"Yes, if he likes; I will give him a check for it at any time he calls."

A few days afterward, Donald, still anxious, and with many misgivings, again called on John to learn what beneficial advice he was to receive. After a few remarks had passed between them, John said,

"I suppose you would like to hear the advice I said I might be able to give you."

"I would much like to hear it," replied Donald.

"Well, it is this; pay Fogg at once, not only his twelve per cent. interest, but the balance of the mortgage; and hire no more money of him."

"Indeed, that is what I would be very glad to do if I could get the money to do it," said Donald,

"Come with me," said John, putting on his hat, "and I think we can find the money."

There was such confidence expressed in John's words and manner that Donald followed him with much courage, as well as curiosity. They went directly to the office of Mr. Hogan, and in less than half an hour Donald emerged the happiest man, doubtless, in Canada; with his check for five hundred and sixty dollars, for which he had given promissory notes with ample time for payment, and all bearing interest at five per cent.

Donald was so bewildered by his good fortune, and his heart was so full of gratitude to John, that is was some little time before he could control his feelings sufficiently to express his thanks.

"Did I not tell you," said John, "that you would doubtless see some good result from the very thing you regarded a misfortune? Had you suffered no losses, and not been obliged to hire money to pay the interest, you would have continued to pay Fogg twelve per cent., so long as the principal remained unpaid; and thus thrown away seven per cent. on five hundred dollars, or thirty-five dollars, annually."

Donald admitted that he had learned a lesson from this incident that he believed would contribute not only to his temporal but spiritual benefit.

The next day he wrote to Fogg, informing him that it was his intention to pay the mortgage in full, and that, as he had the money on hand for this purpose, he wished him to discharge it at his earliest convenience. Fogg wrote in answer that he wanted only the interest, and hoped Donald would not think of paying anything more at present. But, as he was intending to visit Toronto on business in a few days, he would go to see him before returning.

John had told Donald that very likely Fogg would decline to discharge the mortgage unless he felt he was obliged to do so; and, on receiving Fogg's letter, Donald took it with a copy of the mortgage to John to get his opinion as to the legal grounds Fogg might have for refusing to accept payment of the mortgage. Satisfied on reading it that he had no grounds whatever, John advised him to insist boldly on paying it.

True to his promise, Fogg in due time appeared at Donald's, and at first, according to his custom, earnestly tried the art of flattery and persuasion to induce Donald to allow the mortgage to remain. Not succeeding in this, he next appealed to Donald's sense of honor and justice, representing the injustice it would be to himself to make him accept the money now, when he had no use for it, and knew of no place where he could again invest it. He assured Donald that he considered it very unfair, especially after he had advanced the money contrary to his own judgment. It was true, he had already accepted two hundred dollars from him on the mortgage, without objection, but the reason why he had done so was because he knew at the time where he could use it so as to make it yield more than fifty per cent. But Donald was obdurate and told Fogg he thought he had paid him twelve per cent. long enough to remunerate him for his trouble, and that he would be a fool to pay it longer and keep his farm under mortgage when he could get money on his promissory note at five per cent.

Fogg's eyes opened widely, and he exclaimed,

"Five per cent.! And do you mean to tell me you hired this money at five per cent. on your note, with no other security?"

"I do," said Donald.

"You must be blessed with very good friends," said Fogg sarcastically.

"A man ought to be on friendly terms with his minister always, I suppose. Our minister told me where I could get it," said Donald, with gratified air.

"Who is your minister?"

"The Rev. Mr. Dawson."

Fogg nearly sprang from his chair, but, regretting that he had betrayed any emotion, he soon settled into a state of apparent indifference, and said,

"Well, Dawson must be getting along better here than he was in Dexter, if he knows where he can hire money on such terms. When he left Dexter he didn't have money enough to pay their fare to Brownfield, and he had to borrow enough of a traveller they met at the railroad station in Wineburg, to get through. It's a fact; the station agent told me himself."

Fogg was not helping his cause by insinuations or remarks of any kind in the presence of Donald that were not to the credit of Mr. Dawson, and, as he finished his last remark, Donald, with an expression on his face indicating his displeasure, said,

"It's no credit to the people of Dexter, Mr. Fogg, to allow a minister like Mr. Dawson to leave them with that little in his pocket. If he hadn't been a better man than most ministers, I'm sure he would have got out of that place long before he did."

Fogg realized too late that he had made a mistake; he was silent a few moments, and then said he would give a receipt for the interest, but the mortgage must stand; he would not accept a dollar on it.

"Very well," said Donald, "if that is your decision, I know how to get my release."

Fogg, finding that he could no more frighten than he could persuade him, finally told him he would accept the money; and Donald went with him to the Registry Office where the mortgage was discharged.

## CHAPTER XLI.

THE high price offered for building lots having induced the directresses to sell much of the land connected with the Bethesda, there was left finally for a playground a piece only about twelve by twenty feet in size.

In justice to the ladies, we should say that it was their intention to sell the whole property—building as well as land—in the course of a year or two, or as soon as they could obtain their price for it, purchase another site, and build in a less densely populated part of the city.

Had not this been their design, it is not probable they would have reduced their land to the size above mentioned.

Digging for the foundation of the new buildings was commenced about the first of October, on the last fall the Upstones were in the Bethesda. The reader can easily imagine in what condition this "playground" must have been, even in dry weather, with cellars dug along its entire boundaries, save where they were formed by the building. But the fall of which we are speaking was unusually rainy; and before the men had worked a week, preparing for the new buildings, the so-called playground was enough to make the most uncivilized backwoodsman weep. Besides being made the dumping ground for stones, both those dug out of the earth and those drawn for the building, as well as lumber, it had been cut up by the feet of horses and workmen until it was a veritable mudhole.

Mark saw all this work going on from the rear windows of the school-room, but it added nothing to his displeasure, for he knew, when he learned that the children were to be confined to such narrow limits, what it meant for them, as well as Mrs. Upstone and himself. The children could have no more chance for play while they remained in the Bethesda; their only exercise would be walking, like staid, elderly women and delicate men; and, inasmuch as this would be all they could take, they ought properly to have it every day. This meant much more work for himself, and incalculably more for Mrs. Upstone, having to superintend as she did the removal of their clothes from the wardrobe, and their return thereto, besides seeing that they were neat and properly dressed every time they went out.

Mark cared very little that his own work was increased; he enjoyed walking; his sympathy was for his wife and the children. It seemed to him inhuman that the latter should so suddenly be deprived of their chance to play—the natural exercise, for children; and it would in all probability be a year or perhaps two or three

before they could leave the Bethesda for a new Home. But there seemed to be no help for this unhappy state of things.

The plot reserved for a playground being so small as to be worthless, Mark, as we have said, was quite indifferent to the fact that the workmen were using it as a dumping ground for debris and building material; still, he told them the ground was reserved by the directresses for another purpose, and that the stuff they were piling on it would all have to be removed. But they paid little or no attention to his words; their foreman was not present, and, as soon as Mark had retired, the trespassing went on as before.

When the directresses came in on Friday it was unnecessary to call their attention to the condition of the "playground;" they saw it from the windows, and great was their wrath—not that the children had no place for exercise, but that these men should presume to do anything opposed to their wishes.

"Why," said Miss Forest, "these men have no business to put anything on that ground, it is ours; you must tell them, Mr. Upstone."

"Very little good it will do to tell them," he replied; "I have already spoken to them twice respecting the matter; but it is useless to appeal to any one except their foreman, the contractor, or the proprietor of the property."

"Well, I'll speak to them myself," she replied; as if very positive that nothing more would be required.

Miss Forest walked very majestically out of the back door, just as two rough looking men were placing a large stone they had dug up on the pile they had already thrown into a corner of the "playground."

"Here, don't do that," she called out to them, prevented by mud from a near approach.

The men having thrown the stone where they intended, hearing a voice, straightened up and looked inquiringly toward the speaker, who again said,

"You musn't do that; this is our ground; we've reserved it for our own use; I am Miss Forest, president of the Bethesda."

"What did she say, Tim? asked one of the other.

"Darned if I know," said Tim, and then addressing Miss Forest, asked, "Was you talkin' to us?"

"Yes," was the reply, in a louder tone; "I said you were to throw no more stones or anything else on this piece of ground; it's ours; I am Miss Forest, president of the Bethesda.

"Oh," replied Tim, soberly, and after a moment's reflection, he continued, "I don't know where that country is, but I'm Tim Frost, Governor of Costa Rica. Hi, here's my partner; and es soon's we git through with this ere job, we're gwine ter annex Canaday, Canucks an all, ter our country."

"Well, if you throw anything more on this land," said Miss Forest, "I shall prosecute you for trespass."

"Oh we won't throw nothin' more on it, will we Hi?" said Tim giving his "partner" a sly wink.

"Of course not," answered Hi, "d'ye s'pose me and Tim ud disblige ladies? Guess not, much."

Miss Forest now returned to the school-room with a flush of indignation on her face, which was diminished in no degree by observing the amused expression on Mark's face—he having heard all the remarks that were made outside, the door being open.

Hi and Tim threw nothing more on the reserved plot of ground for a full half hour; but, after that, seeing no ladies around, they made it as usual the depository for a number more of the stones they had recently excavated. We must not forget to say that before the directresses departed on this occasion, Miss Forest having made the astonishing discovery that the "playground" was "scarcely fit for use in its present condition," thought it would be necessary to take the children frequently for a walk.

Mark told her he came to that conclusion some days previous; that he had already taken them for three walks that week, and should take them for two more.

The next day Miss Forest called to learn whether the workmen had observed her orders relative to throwing things on the playground, and, finding they had not, she lost no time in seeking the foreman and laying her grievance before him. This had the effect of staying the work of trespass for twenty-four hours; but after that it went on again, and after spending two weeks more in visiting foreman, contractor and proprietor, and in writing first to one and then the other, it was decided that the "playground" should be fenced. For what particular purpose the directresses intended to use this diminutive plot of muddy ground, after it was fenced, it was not possible for Mark to determine; but a fence four feet high of rough hemlock boards was made around it.

Cold weather coming on soon after this, the "playground," with a pile of stone in two corners, and two or three old, partially decayed planks, frozen solidly in the mud, was covered with a heavy mantle of snow.

The month of April on the following spring at last arrived; the snow had all disappeared from the "playground," but one of the piles of stones next the building, where the sun's rays had little effect, was still firmly cemented by ice; and a coating of the same material, at least a foot thick, completely enveloped it. The old planks mentioned above were partially visible—one end of each we should properly say, while the other end was buried from sight beneath a foot's depth of mud and water. Besides this, other things, bits of boards, stones and newspapers which workmen had

tossed there, after removing them from their lunch baskets, were either struggling to the surface or floating on the water.

Such was the condition of the Bethesda "playground," when Mark was informed, one day, that one of the ladies—which always meant a directress—was in the Council Room, desiring to see him. On entering, he found the lady was none other than Mrs. Colonel McKenzie: she then addressed him,

"Mr. Upstone, I have been looking at the back yard here; I wonder you should allow it to remain in such a shocking condition. Why, if my back yard was in such a state, I should certainly go crazy."

"Mark looked at her indignantly, and thought she must surely then have seen her back yard in a similar state; but, instead of giving utterance to this thought, said,

"Do you think I could have that mudhole cleaned before the ice is thawed, and the water dried from it?"

"Well, we never had a superintendent before but what could do it," the old lady said, with such an air of regret at their present superintendent's incompetency, Mark thought she was going to weep. He was so indignant, however, at her senseless remark, he replied,

"It is not much to your credit then, Mrs. McKenzie, that you should have dismissed a superintendent of so great ability."

Mrs. McKenzie made some incoherent reply, and then, apparently in a pet, walked out of the Bethesda. Mark was careful to be polite and respectful, but when a thing was required of him so utterly without reason that it must be attributed either to gross ignorance or a deliberate intention to insult him, he no longer hesitated to express his opinion.

Soon after Mrs. McKenzie left, an old friend, secretary of one of the Provincial Boards of education, called to see Mark, as he had several times since the latter had been in the Bethesda. Wishing to know what his friend might think of the feasibility of cleaning the "playground," as they stepped out on the back gallery to obtain a view of a certain building, Mark said, pointing to the piece of ground beneath them,

"Parker, here's a yard that I am puzzled how to have cleaned; but, if I don't do it, our lady directresses will soon be in my hair."

"What, this mudhole down here, enclosed with the beautiful fence?" asked Parker.

"Yes," Mark replied.

"Well, how in the name of common sense," asked his friend, "do they expect you to do anything with it till that pile of ice thaws out and the water drains off?"

"The directresses of the Bethesda never consider means, nothing but ends," said Mark.

"Is the yard used for any special purpose when it is clean and dry," asked Parker.

"Why," said Mark with affected surprise at his friend's ignorance, "that is our children's 'playground'."

"And you have thirty of them, haven't you?"

"Yes, thirty-five," replied Mark.

Parker burst into an incredulous laugh, and then said.

"How do they play, two at a time, or do they stand on each other's heads?"

Mark explained to him how it happened the playground was of so small dimensions, and then told him of the complaint he had just heard from Mrs. McKenzie.

"Well," said Parker, "I don't know Mrs. McKenzie, but it is very evident she is daft, or what is the same thing, she is an old lady in her dotage."

Mark assured him that his conclusions were quite correct, and that he might judge of the pleasure experienced in his position as superintendent, informed him that of the hundred complaints made, not one was sustained by more reason or justice than that of Mrs. McKenzie.

But there was another annoyance that caused much greater anxiety and trouble than that experienced with the "playground," and simply because it affected the comfort of the directresses themselves.

The purchaser of the lots had built, not only in rear, but on the side of the old building—the latter new structure being very close to the old one. When it was finished, the workmen, in order to dry the plastering, kindled several charcoal fires in small furnaces, and placed them in the different apartments. In a short time charcoal fumes and smoke filled not only the new apartments, but penetrated the whole side wall of the Bethesda, and filled its rooms also.

About the time this first occurred, three of the directresses called with the intention of discussing with Mrs. Upstone the kind and quantity of material required for the girls' spring outfit of clothing, as well as to arrange for the employment of a seamstress.

They were scarcely seated in the Council Room when one of them, as Mrs. Upstone entered, exclaimed,

"Where in the world does all this horrid smoke and smell come from, Mrs. Upstone?"

"From charcoal they are burning in the new building to dry the plastering," replied Mrs. Upstone; "it seems strange, but the gas comes right through our walls."

"Carbonic acid gas, too," exclaimed one of the ladies, springing from her seat with eyes widely expanded; and the other two immediately rose from their seats in affright. "I felt so weak before you told me, I thought the air in the room was poisonous; you look pale too, Miss Whipple."

Miss Whipple gasped, and said in a faint voice,

"Yes, I feel very weak."

"Let us get to the door; quick, ladies," said the third, who had hitherto been silent; and she started at a lively gait, followed by the other two. As soon as she reached the front door, she threw it wide open, and a stiff breeze of fresh air rushed in.

"Oh, how that revives me," said the lady who was first taken weak. "Do you feel better now, Miss Whipple? I really think there is more color in your face."

"I think I do feel a trifle better now," replied Miss Whipple; "but, oh my, what a risk we ran of being asphyxiated. Do you think it is really safe to stay where we are now, ladies?"

"Oh, I think there can't be much danger, so long as we keep the door open," said another. "Don't you think we are safe enough here in the door, Mrs. Fortescue?"

"Oh I think so; so long as the breeze is entering the house; if it was blowing outward from the house, it might not be safe even here," said Mrs. Fortescue. "But, Mrs. Upstone, are all the rooms as bad as the Council Room, and do the men who are burning the charcoal know what a nuisance and danger it is to us?"

Mrs. Upstone, who had endured the "nuisance and danger" for at least three hours, without experiencing any ill effect from it other than the disagreeable smell, could but feel amused at the ladies' apprehensions; and wondered how they supposed the occupants of the Bethesda could survive the danger. She was now standing in the door of the Council Room, quite unconcerned, and replied to Mrs. Fortescue's questions as follows:

"The upper rooms, especially our own apartments, are much worse than the Council Room. Mr. Upstone went into the new building as soon as the smoke began to come in to our rooms, and told the men who had charge of the furnaces. They said that the proprietor was obliged to pay certain parties who have engaged the new building for a store quite a sum for damages every day they are kept out of it in future; consequently, he is anxious to dry the plastering as soon as possible. They thought if we kept our windows open, and rooms well ventilated, there would be no danger. You may have observed when you came in that the windows of the Council Room are raised."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fortescue, "but this charcoal burning must be stopped; we are not going to have our health and lives endangered that somebody else may make money. Here we three ladies have come to attend to important business this morning, and can't do it because it is not safe to remain here."

"No, I think we had better go now," said another lady, "I fear I shall yet be completely prostrated from the effect of that horrid gas; I feel sick at my stomach now."

Acting on this lady's suggestion, they all now hurried from the Bethesda. An hour after their departure, another lady, one of

the two Visiting Committee, arrived. She was an elderly lady, very stout, and decidedly cranky. She had scarcely entered the hall, when she gave two or three long sniffs, and with a wry face exclaimed,

"Mercy on us, Mrs. Upstone, what is this diabolical smell?"

"They are burning charcoal in the new building to dry the plastering, and the fumes come through our walls."

"Well upon my soul! Why, it will kill everybody in the Bethesda. Will you please place that rocking-chair just outside here in the porch, Mrs. Upstone? I am not going to put my life in jeopardy when I can just as well sit out here."

Mrs, Upstone placed the chair in the porch as requested, and the stout lady, who was already outside, sat down in it; and during the half hour she remained, Mrs. Upstone, inside the door in the hall, answered all her questions, and supplied her with all the information she desired. But through the entire interview, Mrs. Upstone observed that she never once expressed any fear, or even the slightest anxiety respecting the effect the charcoal fumes might have on the children or other inmates of the Bethesda. Her only anxiety was with regard to herself, and she wondered more than once whether it might not be dangerous even to sit in the porch.

Two days later this lady had occasion again to visit the Bethesda; and, as soon as she had rung the bell and a servant appeared, she ordered her to bring a chair into the porch, and sitting here she transacted her business with Mrs. Upstone as on her former visit. It was from this as well as from acts of certain other Bethesda ladies that Mrs. Upstone was forced to conclude that, physically, they were of so fragile and delicate a structure, charcoal fumes were more dangerous to them than they were to those living in the Bethesda.

But the day on which the trouble first commenced had not passed ere Miss Forest arrived; and she was the only one of all the directresses who called that day that was not afraid to spend a moment within the building. She, too, was the only one who expressed any apprehension for the children, and the first to take steps to put a stop to the nuisance. On learning the condition of things, she immediately interviewed the proprietor of the property, and though he expressed regrets, and examined the premises, he could do nothing to improve matters—the plastering must be dried, and he could see no way of preventing the smoke from entering the Bethesda.

The next morning Miss Forest visited several directresses; and four volunteered to act as a committee to devise means, either to stop the burning of the charcoal, or prevent the fumes arising from it from penetrating the walls of the old building. The committee was composed of the following directresses: Mrs. Col. McKenzie, Miss Whitemore, Miss Marble and Miss Horner; they met

in the porch of the Bethesda at 2 p.m.; none of them dare enter the building.

"Miss Whitemore was the first to speak; she said,

"Now, ladies, we must not go home till we have put a stop to this evil. You see there is danger, as Mrs. Lovelaw said, this morning, that Upstone may call in the health officer, in which case we should be in a fine predicament."

"Well," said Miss Whitemore, "our business to-day is to put a stop to this nuisance; and the question is, are we going to do it?"

"To be sure we are;" said Mrs. Col. McKenzie; to which the others responded,

"Certainly (and) of course we must."

"Well then," said Miss Whitemore, "I think we had better see the old fellow that has charge of the furnaces in the new building; and, if we can neither persuade nor frighten him into putting out the fires, we must see what next can be done."

The quartet of ladies accordingly marched to the new building. Miss Horner threw open the door, when she uttered a scream and jumped back so quickly as to leave infirm, old Miss Whitemore prostrate on the ground. The cause of this alarm and sudden retreat was a view of the dense smoke with which the room was filled and the small cloud of it that floated outward when the door was opened.

Miss Marble and Mrs. Col. McKenzie retreated quite as precipitately as Miss Horner, but their sympathy being aroused by the groans of Miss Whitemore, all three rushed back to help her.

Their haste, however, to get away from the door caused them to exercise so much energy, the old lady curtly informed them she preferred dying from charcoal gas to being dismembered.

But she was finally placed in an upright position, and after she had expressed her opinion of the judgment and grace of action of Miss Horner in thus knocking her down, they gave their attention once more to the business which had called them hither. From the safe distance, therefore, at which they now stood, they began to call out,

"Hello!" "Say," etc., to attract the inmate of the new apartment to the door. After they had continued this till their patience was well-nigh exhausted, an upper window was raised, and the head of a surly looking individual in his shirt sleeves was thrust out.

"What's wanted?" he demanded, with an air which declared, that it must be something of more than ordinary importance to gain his attention.

"We want you to put out those fires;" said Miss Whitemore in peremptory tones. "You are killing all the people in the next building."

"Oh, too bad; I'm sorry;" was the reply, and down went the window with a bang, and the man disappeared. The ladies all looked at each other in surprise and dismay.

"How rude," exclaimed Miss Marble.

"Rude? He's an old boor," said Miss Whitemore.

They conferred together a moment, and then marched back to the porch of the Bethesda, and rang the bell.

"I want you to tell Mrs. Upstone to raise all the windows of her room; tell her, too, we are all going up there, after the room is well ventilated," said Miss Whitemore to the girl who came to the door.

"The windows have been open all day," replied the girl.

"Are you sure?" asked Miss Horner, with much apparent anxiety.

"Yes," said the girl, "I raised them myself."

Thus assured, the quartet entered and ascended the stairs, though with perceptible trepidation.

"We are going to stop this nuisance, Mrs. Upstone, and so we thought we would come up to your room first, as we understood that the smoke enters this more than it does any other room." These were the words of Mrs. Col. McKenzie, and, after saying this, she stood with the others a moment watching the smoke as it forced itself through the apparently air-tight wall, and then continued,

"If we only had something the smoke can't get through to spread on the wall;" and as if she already held that *something* in her hands, she walked toward the wall, and went through the motions of spreading it on. As she did so, she raised her eyes to the ceiling, and simultaneously the eyes of her three companions were directed to the ceiling, at which they continued to gaze for some moments.

Mark, who was sitting on the further side of the room observing and listening, was forcibly reminded by the scene of the appearance of wild turkeys which, having followed a trail of grain through a low door into a pen, raise their heads and continue to look upward for a place to escape.

Apparently seeing nothing in the ceiling to help them in their present dilemma, Miss Marble, to whom the thought had been suggested by Mrs. McKenzie's plan, now said,

"Why couldn't we spread some thick cloth on the wall to keep out the smoke?"

"Cloth," said Miss Whitemore with a disdainful sniff. "Don't you know the smoke would go through cloth?"

The magnitude of this idea was so great that it was some moments before Miss Marble had so far grasped it that she could say, "I suppose it would."

Miss Horner, who had been watching Miss Marble's face very intently, while the latter was wrestling with the problem, now said,

"If we only had something to spread on the cloth—something impervious to smoke."

"Couldn't we paint it?" asked Miss Marble.

"I don't think paint would answer," said Mrs. Col. McKenzie; "if we only had some kind of paste, to spread on the cloth."

"Wouldn't gum-arabic be good?" asked Miss Horner.

"I don't know, but it seems to me putty would be better;" said Miss Marble.

"I fear putty would be too hard, and it is so liable to crack," said Mrs. McKenzie.

"How would it answer to varnish the cloth?" Miss Horner now asked.

"Can't you suggest something, Miss Whitemore?"

This question came from Mrs. Col. McKenzie, and the old lady addressed, who had been silently listening with a marked expression of contempt on her face, heightened no doubt by the fact that her opinion had not been sought before, snappishly replied,

"Yes."

"What is it? Do tell us, Miss Whitemore, what we shall do?"

Thus entreated, Miss Whitemore scornfully answered,

"Put the putty, paste and gum-arabic on your heads, and paper the walls!"

"Paper! sure enough," said Miss Marble, raising her hands in astonishment, while Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Horner laughed; "why didn't we think of that? But," she continued, "won't smoke go through paper?"

"No," replied Mrs. McKenzie, "I don't think it would; but it will cost something to paper all these rooms."

"To be sure it would; we can't afford it," said Miss Horner.

"What in the world are we to do?" asked Miss Marble in a tone of despair.

"You can do what you please, but I am going home," said Miss Whitemore, to whom her inability to remedy matters had doubtless now been revealed.

"I think we might as well all go," said Miss Horner, and this august committee, that was so surely going to put an end to the nuisance, walked out.

The nuisance continued till the walls of the new building were dry, which required about a week from the time the furnaces were first kindled. By keeping the windows of the Bethesda constantly open, the Upstones and the other inmates survived, meanwhile, though obliged to endure the discomfort of cold as well as smoke; but the fact that during this time they received but one call from a directress, after that of the committee described above, was regarded as ample compensation for their trials.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE most important incident that occurred at the Bethesda, after the smoke nuisance ended was the indenturing of Annie Langdon.

Mrs. Hatchpole, a clergyman's wife, and a friend of Miss Whitemore, had long had her eye on Annie, and was promised almost as soon as the little girl entered the Bethesda that she should have her when she was old enough to be indentured. Let it not be supposed, however, that this desire to become Annie's mistress arose from a wish to confer any blessing on Annie beyond the honor and distinction which she conceived it to become her servant. The idea of educating her, of cultivating the mental graces she possessed, as she would if she were a child of her own, never once entered the mind of Mrs. Hatchpole. But, as she told the Bethesda ladies, Annie was so amiable and so pretty, she was sure she would make a "docile, nice little servant"—one that would never annoy her.

Mrs. Hatchpole was not a hard hearted woman; in truth, she believed herself to be exactly the reverse. She belonged to two or three charitable organizations, in which she was said to be very active; often visiting the destitute, either to carry something to relieve present necessities, or to learn in what manner relief might best be given.

But Mrs. Hatchpole had very decided opinions regarding social status, and the man or woman who could display a crest or the title deeds to valuable estates had a sure passport to her esteem.

The Upstones had known for some time where Annie was going; and from the reputation that Mrs. Hatchpole bore for charity and good works, as well as from the fact that she was a minister's wife, they had strong hopes that Annie might find her not only a friend, but a woman whose good judgment and affectionate heart would render her a veritable mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatchpole came to the Bethesda; a number of the directresses were present, and Annie, with a great flourish of trumpets, was indentured.

But the fact that she was only a servant, taken from a charitable institution, made her, in the opinion of the Hatchpole family, far more insensible to the finer emotions than she would have been had she been reared in a family where servants were at her own command. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that they took little pains to prevent her feeling her lowly and dependent position.

or to refrain from remarks and actions which would wound a nature naturally sensitive and refined.

When Annie came to her new home, she was shown a small, dimly lighted bedroom in the basement, which she was told would be her room. Here she was to sleep, so as to be convenient to the kitchen, in which she was to light a fire every morning not later than seven o'clock. Fortunately, Annie was not superstitious; she had been so instructed that she had no fear of things supernatural; ghosts were objects which only excited her mirth. Had it been otherwise, had she been like the majority of girls of her age—afraid of everything after dark, afraid of darkness itself—it would have been barbarous to require her to sleep in such a place, so remote from the other members of the household. As it was, she was very lonely, and the first and second nights she spent here, sleep did not come to refresh her till she had become exhausted from crying. And who can wonder? Ever since leaving her own home, she had never been an hour without the society of others; in the dormitory at the Bethesda, another girl slept with her, and in the morning she was generally awakened by the many voices of those in the beds around. Marked contrast, indeed, to the loneliness of her sleeping apartment in her new home.

"You look as if you had been crying, Annie," said Mrs. Hatchpole to her, two or three mornings after she came there. "Why should you cry, child, when you have enough to eat and to wear, and a comfortable home? You surely have nothing to cry about."

Mrs. Hatchpole, like many other people, thought that if the stomach of a domestic or laboring person was supplied, and he was comfortably clad, his temporal happiness was complete; there was need of nothing more.

"Aren't you afraid of ghosts, down in this dark place?" asked Gladys, a daughter of Mrs. Hatchpole, who was a year older than Annie.

"I am not afraid of ghosts in any place, but it is very lonely down here;" replied Annie.

"Oh my, I wouldn't sleep down here for a thousand dollars; why, I should be frightened to death," said Miss Gladys. But, as we have before said, it was fortunate for Annie that she was not afraid, for it would have been the last thing Miss Gladys Hatchpole would have thought of doing to share her own bed with her. Such an act would be one of defilement—one that would surely unfit the minister's daughter for the caste to which she belonged. And yet, a stranger, meeting and conversing with these two girls, would have regarded Annie much superior, not only in looks, but in manners, disposition, education and general intelligence.

Annie was seen every Sabbath, when on her way to and from church, always carrying the Bible, hymn-book and prayer-book of her mistress, behind whom and Gladys she always walked at a

respectful distance, as she had been told. But there was little opportunity to learn anything of her through the other children of the Bethesda, for Mrs. Hatchpole had specially requested the directresses not to allow them to visit her, and she was careful to prevent her from enjoying too long a *tete-a-tete* with any of them she met on the Sabbath.

Mrs. Upstone visited her soon after she left the Home, and, though she was displeased to learn the location of her sleeping apartment, and would have asked Mrs. Hatchpole to give her another nearer her own, Annie protested so earnestly that she had got over her loneliness, was not afraid, and would rather sleep there than remove to another room, Mrs. Upstone forebore. She found Mrs. Hatchpole comparatively pleasant, and rather more sociable than she anticipated for a lady of so much assumption.

But Mark, one day soon afterward, called to leave Annie a letter he had just received from Arthur, and when he returned to the Bethesda, he was in an unpleasant mood, and had little respect for the mental and moral qualities of the Rev. Mr. Hatchpole.

Annie had stepped out for a moment, and when she returned to enter the back door, a large, surly dog stood at the threshold, and appeared inclined to prevent her entrance. Frightened, she ran around in front of the house to find some one to drive away the brute. Now it happened that just as she came around the corner, Mr. Hatchpole, bare headed, in slippers and dressing-gown, came around the opposite corner, and they were thus approaching each other though Annie was nearer the front entrance.

She had spied the reverend gentleman, and was hastening to meet him to ask his assistance, but assuming that she intended entering the front door, he cried out in most authoritative tones,

"Here! go back; you are never to go in at that door."

Annie stopped, bewildered, and glanced toward the front gate just as Mark entered it; his arrival at that moment having enabled him to hear the order of Mr. Hatchpole, without being himself noticed. Annie, delighted, ran forward to meet him, while her aristocratic master—to use Mark's words—"sneaked with red face into the house."

Annie told Mark in a few hurried words that she was looking for help, and he, being in perfect humor at that moment for kicking and thrashing some object, gripped his hickory more firmly, and gladly accompanied her to the kitchen door.

The dog growled and showed his teeth as Mark approached, but after his onslaught with boots and cane, lasting not more than two seconds, the brute speedily fled.

Mark remained only a few minutes, but during that brief time he learned that Annie had no intention of entering the Rev. Mr. Hatchpole's front door at the time he ordered her back; hence, had he not done so, his reputation would in no wise have suffered.

Mark was the more indignant because he had told Mr. Hatchpole all about Annie, and related to him the history of her parents; so that he knew perfectly well they were not only respectable, but exemplary Christians, and people of culture.

I can but think," said Mark to his wife when he returned that day, "that Hatchpole fails to apprehend the plainest and most important precepts in the Book he has been ordained to expound. It is utterly incomprehensible to me how a man who proclaims himself an instructor of the examples and teachings of the Saviour can deliberately perform actions so strikingly opposed to the Saviour's spirit and commands." It is a pleasure to know that all the ministers who have lived in Montreal have not entertained the same views as did Mr. Hatchpole with regard to servants.

Not many years since, one lived in this city, who was well known for his ability and eloquence; and, among the acts of humility and kindness which rendered him popular with the public, none elicited more comment than the treatment he accorded his servants. So far from fearing that the presence of an intelligent servant girl would disgrace him while dining, she sat at the table with the family, and on the Sabbath his own daughters were required to assist her in the kitchen, that the work might be finished in time for her to accompany them to church.

But we must return to other incidents of our story.

As Mark had said nothing of leaving the Bethesda, the directresses began to manifest much uneasiness, and Mrs. Lovelaw was so frequently and earnestly beset by them to find out whether he ever received the notice she sent him that she felt obliged to visit the Bethesda to ascertain. Mark was not in when she called, and she therefore said to Mrs. Upstone,

"Mr. Upstone has never acknowledged the receipt of the notice I sent him; I wish you would tell him to do so at once, because we want some proof that he received it. I will call tomorrow again and he can have his answer ready for me."

Mrs. Lovelaw then departed, not without considerable anxiety, for she, as well as the directresses, began to have vague fears that Mark's silence, without showing any intention of removing, meant something—she knew not what.

"But," she said to herself on leaving the Bethesda, "I shall know soon; I have not given him time to leave us much longer in doubt—yet, if he should say he has not received it—"

Mrs. Lovelaw stopped suddenly; the thought of the anger of the directresses, the blame and reproaches that would be showered on her for her careless and unbusinesslike way of delivering the notice, was appalling.

It will be understood that she was still unconscious of the fact that she had made so woful a mistake in the notice—her fear being that Mark might not acknowledge having received it.

The next day as she had promised, she called again, but though Mark was in the school-room, she preferred to obtain her information, if possible, from Mrs. Upstone; hence, she asked her if she had spoken to Mark in relation to the notice.

"I have," said Mrs. Upstone, "and he requested me to say to you that he received a notice, but he did not think it necessary to acknowledge its receipt in writing."

"Oh well," said Mrs. Lovelaw greatly relieved, "if he received it that is all we wish to know," and she departed smiling to inform the ladies they could dismiss their fears, Upstone received the notice.

It had been Mark's hope all the while that the directresses, reflecting on the injustice of dismissing him without showing any good reason therefor, would have honor and courtesy enough to speak to him, and offer some compensation for his loss and injury. This hope was the stronger because he thought Miss Forest could not have entirely forgotten the agreement made with him.

After waiting till fully assured that this hope was vain, he wrote reminding them of the strong assurance given him, that the position would be permanent, and closed by saying that he regarded it, under the circumstances, only an act of justice on their part to allow him at least some compensation for leaving. An immediate reply informed him that the idea of compensation could not for a moment be entertained.

On receiving this, Mark knew it was useless longer to expect anything, and the disappointment was keen. It wanted but three weeks of the time when he was expected to leave, and though he had applied in the city in many places for a position, there was none vacant.

In the meantime, there was quite a sensation among the directresses respecting the new matron. She lived in the West and was said to be an old and intimate friend of Miss Whitemore, through whose influence she had condescended to become matron of the Bethesda. We say condescended, for it is impossible to believe that a woman of the extraordinary ability she was said to possess could possibly have accepted so humble a position, unless, among her other remarkable qualities, was that of condescension.

As soon as the directresses had fully realized that this woman, notwithstanding her marvellous endowments, had consented to accept the position, they remembered with dismay that the Bethesda lacked many things to fit it properly for the abode of such a distinguished personage. Accordingly, a committee was appointed to ascertain what it would be necessary to supply, explicit instructions being given them to provide everything they believed would contribute to her pleasure or comfort, regardless of expense.

As may naturally be supposed, Miss Marble was the one selected to take the most active part in this work—her innocence of having done anything to make her reluctant to meet the Upstones fitting her so much better for the task than any of the rest. Such was the reasoning adopted by her sister directresses; and that their reasoning was correct was shown by the enthusiasm and joy with which she confided all their plans to the Upstones, and asked their advice; not doubting that, they too, must be delighted to see the new matron provided with conveniences, comforts and pleasures which had been so carefully withheld from themselves.

"We are going to have a new carpet for the Council Room, Mrs. Upstone," said Miss Marble. "You know the old one is getting rather rusty, and we would like to have our new matron, Miss Breezygate, find things nice and comfortable when she comes in. I have a few samples of different patterns of carpet here, Mrs. Upstone, and I wish you would advise me which to take; I really cannot decide."

Mrs. Upstone kindly examined the samples and selected the one she preferred; and Miss Marble, approving her choice, at once ordered a sufficient quantity for the Council Room.

Shortly after this she appeared at the Bethesda, jubilant over a purchase of new dishes and cutlery she had just purchased for the new matron's dining-room.

"You know, Mrs. Upstone, Miss Breezygate is a very superior woman; or, at least, I suppose she is; I have never seen her, but we want to be sure she will find things decent and respectable, when she first comes in, so that she won't leave us in disgust. The ladies said, therefore, that the old things you used on your table are not fit for her; and they told me to get an entire, nice, new outfit, and I assure you I have; I wish you could see it, but of course it will not be well to open the boxes till Miss Breezygate arrives, as some of the dishes might get broken. When the carter brings them in this afternoon, please have him leave the boxes in the corner on the backside of the Council Room. The ladies thought they would be perfectly safe there."

Miss Marble having said this much, and many more things equally edifying to Mrs. Upstone, took her leave. Two or three days afterward, in company with another directress, she came into the school-room.

"Mr. Upstone," she said, "we have come to ask you what new books are needed here. We knew, long ago, that many of the old books were worn out; and we are anxious to get a supply before the new matron and teacher come in; it would not be to our credit to have them find our children with nothing but a lot of worn out books. Miss Breezygate is said to be a lady of marked ability, and one who is very particular; she wants to have everything nice,

and in good order; and we mean to gratify her. Miss Davis, too, the young lady we have engaged for our teacher, is a person of fine tastes; you see, therefore, it is necessary we should bestir ourselves and have all things in proper shape and order when these ladies assume charge. Now, Mr. Upstone, if you will just show us what new books are required, we will write down the list and have them here for Miss Davis in good season."

Now, although these remarks had been as grossly insulting to Mark as had been the remarks of Miss Marble to Mrs. Upstone concerning the things necessary to be done for the pleasure and honor of the new matron, he kindly threw the mantle of charity over Miss Marble, and gave her all the information and assistance he could.

But things were beginning to look very serious to him; what money he had received on salary had been carefully applied to the payment of certain promissory notes he had given; so that now he had the unhappy prospect of being obliged to leave with his family without money, and with no place, even of the most humble kind, to which he could go. Truly, the prospect was by far the most disheartening of any that had ever confronted him.

With gloomy forebodings, and speculations as to what he should do, one day when on St. James street he stepped into the office of Mr. Fleetwood, a lawyer with whom he was acquainted.

He had but little, if any, belief he could receive aid or advice here that would help him in his present dilemma, but from that feeling which sometimes leads us, when in sorrow, to confide in individuals of ability and experience, he told the lawyer the story of his troubles.

"Have you a copy of your contract with the directresses, and the notice the secretary sent of your dismissal, with you?"

"Here is the notice," said Mark, "but I shall have to go to the Bethesda for a copy of the contract."

The lawyer took the notice in the envelope, addressed just as Mark received it, and after looking it over carefully, asked "Have you ever acknowledged to the secretary, or to any of the directresses, that you have received a notice dismissing you from your position?"

"Never," said Mark; "I requested Mrs. Upstone to say to Mrs. Lovelaw, in reply to her enquiry as to whether I received her notice, that I received a notice, but did not think it necessary to acknowledge its receipt. I wrote to the directresses, offering to retire from the Bethesda, if they would pay our salary for the ensuing year. I made no allusion to the notice, but they doubtless inferred from the fact of my writing them, and making such an offer, that I had received it."

"Good," said Mr. Fleetwood; "see that you do not acknowledge to any one that this thing addressed to Z. W. Porter was

intended for you. Of course, I cannot say positively till after I see your contract, but if it is as I imagine, you need give yourself no anxiety with regard to the issue of this matter; I don't think the directresses will get rid of you without paying you enough to get a night's lodging."

Mr. Fleetwood laughed as he said this, giving Mark the impression that he might expect the year's salary if he demanded it, and he left the office in much brighter spirits. But there was something so repugnant to his tastes and feelings in being obliged to seek redress by recourse to law that he almost resolved he would not take a copy of the contract to Mr. Fleetwood to examine, as he had been requested. But what other course was there for him to pursue? He could not leave the city without money enough to pay the travelling expenses of his family to some other place, and if in the attempt of the secretary of the Bethesda to injure him, she had unwittingly committed an error which would throw into his hands the means he so much needed, was it not right to use it? Was it not a striking illustration of the way in which Providence often interposes to thwart the designs of the crafty? Indeed, it was impossible for him otherwise to regard it. "And yet," he continued after a moment's reflection, "I do so hate to have a quarrel with these women. Even now, were they to treat us with any degree of courtesy, and talk candidly with us respecting their reasons for a change, I would accept a very small part of a year's salary. But they will not; they well know they are doing an unjust thing. Even Mrs. Lovelaw, with all her malignant feelings toward us, could but acknowledge an improvement in the children—the very thing for which the directresses—had they any interest in them—should have been most grateful, and wished to retain us. Instead, however, of showing gratitude for any benefit the children may have received, they propose to reward us by turning us into the street."

Mark stepped more quickly and firmly, as the last thought crossed his mind, showing that his indignation was rising; and a moment later he was saying to himself, "I was once fool enough to sign an agreement, altogether different from the one I had actually made with their president and secretary, simply from over-delicacy, and a belief that they would not break a solemn promise. But I trust I shall not be guilty of the same weakness again. If Providence has kindly placed in my hands the means of compensating myself, in part, at least, for the injury they do me, I shall use it, and can do so conscientiously."

In the afternoon of the same day in which Mark first consulted Mr. Fleetwood, he took a copy of his contract with the directresses to that gentleman for examination. After reading it carefully, he addressed Mark with the following question: "And is the letter you showed me this morning, which was addressed to

Porter, the only notice you have received that the directresses expect you to leave?"

"It is," said Mark.

"How do you account for the fact that Mrs. Lovelaw made such a huge mistake in addressing you? Has she ever before made any such mistakes in writing you?"

"The only way in which I can account for it, is, by supposing she had been writing to Porter, or was intending to write him, and that his name, therefore, was in her mind when she addressed the letter designed for me. Had it not also been addressed to the Bethesda, I might have thought the mistake occurred by putting the letter into the wrong envelope, as she has, at least twice before, when addressing me; she once, also, made a mistake precisely like the present one, only she used the name of another man with whom she had been corresponding instead of Porter's. Both he and Porter are men to whom boys from the Bethesda are indentured."

"If that's the way Mrs. Lovelaw does business," said the lawyer, "I should think the ladies had better get a new secretary instead of a superintendent and matron. But, with regard to your own matter, just go on with your business at the Bethesda as if you intended to remain there the rest of your life. They were to give you three month's notice if they wished you to leave, and, inasmuch as they have not done it, you can remain there another year in spite of them, unless they will accept your terms for leaving. Leave the contract and notice with me, and I will write a letter to the president of the Bethesda this evening, requesting her to come and see me. If you will call again in the course of a day or two, I will report the result of our measures."

Mark promised to call, and then departed, not without a feeling of sadness that the obstinacy of his employers should have compelled him to take the step he had, but yet he could not refrain from smiling when his thoughts turned to the excitement there would be among them on learning he had employed a lawyer to obtain his rights.

Miss Forest received Mr. Fleetwood's letter the next morning just before sitting down to breakfast, but, as that lady was not an early riser, the hour was not an unusual one for a letter to arrive, it being now ten o'clock. The effect of the letter on Miss Forest's appetite, however, was so disastrous that instead of the generous slice of steak, two slices of buttered toast, an egg and two cups of coffee—the articles she almost invariably consumed for breakfast—she eat but one half slice of toast and took three sips of coffee, when she drew back from the table, summoned a servant, and ordered him to have her carriage ready immediately.

"What in the world is the matter with you this morning, Lenora? You did not eat any breakfast; I hope you received no bad news in that letter the postman left?"

This remark was made by Clotilda, the elder of Miss Forest's two maiden sisters, who lived with her, and in answer to whom she handed her the letter to which allusion had been made. Taking it while still sitting at her breakfast, she adjusted her gold spectacles, and began to read? She had not more than half finished the letter, when she was constrained by its contents to stop abruptly, and give her sister the following advice:—

"It is just as I suspected, Lenora; that old Bethesda is killing you. If I were you I would just resign and let the other ladies fight their own battles; I have observed for some time that you have been worried; and that you are really getting thin in flesh; that is, I mean comparatively thin."

The last explanatory sentence was doubtless added by the sympathizing lady, because she happened the moment before uttering it to glance at the portly form of her sister, and, realizing that her weight must be approximately two hundred, she wisely concluded that a qualifying word or two was necessary to prevent suspicions of her sanity. The words "comparatively thin," therefore, were very cleverly added; but as there was only one individual to whom Miss Forest, when compared, could reasonably be considered *thin*, we must suppose that Miss Clotilda was thinking of the fat woman she had seen at Barnum's Circus, who was warranted to weigh four hundred and sixty pounds.

But, however this may be, as soon as she had made the remark, she proceeded to finish reading the letter, which was no sooner done than she dropped it in her lap, raised both her hands, as if horror stricken at what she had read, and exclaimed,

"Well, really, if that is not the acme of imprudence and audacity? What do you think, Matilda"—she was now addressing her younger sister, who had been listening attentively, while engaged in the more important work of dispatching her breakfast—"that lawyer, Fleetwood, has presumed to write to Lenora, and ask her to come and see him in relation to Upstone's affairs."

"You don't mean it?" said Matilda, actually holding the piece of steak which was on her fork three inches from her mouth while waiting to learn whether her sister really did mean it or not.

"Read that, if you doubt it," said Clotilda, handing her the letter and immediately seeking balm for her excited nerves in a long draught of coffee.

Matilda, after conveying the mouthful of steak to its destination, dropped her fork, and during the next moment or two gave ample proof that she could at the same time carry on the work of reading and mastication. After reading the letter she sighed, and gave expression to her thoughts as follows:

"I really do not know to what state things in Montreal are coming. I used to think the prestige of the name Forest would

protect us from insult, but here is this man, Upstone, who has the presumption to go and consult a lawyer respecting business of which Lenora is the head, and the lawyer has the still greater presumption to ask her to demean herself by coming to see him. Why, their audacity is unparalleled. If I were Lenora, I would just write to Mr. Fleetwood, and let him know that I regard his letter very impertinent. The idea that Lenora would go to see him is simply shocking."

While the two sisters were thus expressing their feelings with regard to the disrespect shown to their family, Miss Forest had been hurriedly preparing herself for a drive, and, fifteen minutes later, her carriage stopped at the door of Mrs. Lovelaw.

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Forest? You look troubled, and excited."

These were the words with which Mrs. Lovelaw greeted her as soon as she entered.

"Read that," said Miss Forest, handing her Fleetwood's letter, with an air indicating her opinion that Mrs. Lovelaw would regard that sufficient to excite and trouble any woman.

Mrs. Lovelaw seized it with trembling hands, hurriedly perused it, and apparently much relieved, said,

"O pshaw, Miss Forest; why should you care anything about this? What does that fool, Upstone, think he can do, or Fleetwood? Fleetwood needs to have Mr. Hornblower talk to him. My stars, he could scare him out of his boots in two minutes. You just drive up and see Ben; leave the whole thing in his hands; he will see that we are not harmed or troubled in any way. But for my part, I can't see what Upstone expects to do; he says he received the notice, and that is all we wish to know; now, of course, he will have to get out when his year expires; but he is doubtless simple enough to imagine he can frighten us into giving him a hundred dollars or more to leave."

It is only necessary to say that Miss Forest followed Mrs. Lovelaw's advice, and went at once to consult Mr. Hornblower. That gentleman, with the utmost assurance, informed her that the matter was scarcely worth mentioning—that there was no possible chance for Upstone to do anything; however, to please her, and prevent her feeling any anxiety, he would step into Fleetwood's office, and show him how silly and futile it was to take up Upstone's case.

"The truth is, Miss Forest," he said, "Fleetwood knows no more about law than Upstone does, but he doubtless thought he saw a chance to get ten dollars from Upstone for giving him a little advice and writing a letter, and so he would improve it."

Considerably encouraged by these remarks, Miss Forest returned home, but it would be incorrect to say that she was fully

assured of the correctness of Mr. Hornblower's opinion. Her confidence in his legal knowledge had been somewhat shaken during the past year or two, and though she still regarded him as quite a clever lawyer, and a good figurehead for the Bethesda, she was not prepared, like a good many of the directresses, to believe implicitly in the infallibility of his legal knowledge and judgment.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

"Good morning, Mr. Fleetwood," said Mr. Hornblower, "I thought I would just step in on my way to my office to speak to you about that letter you wrote for Upstone to Miss Forest. I am surprised, Fleetwood, that you should have done such a thing. Do you know, that it is just such conduct as yours that has brought our profession into disrepute?"

"Will you please explain your meaning, Mr. Hornblower?"

"I mean, that there are lawyers everywhere—there are scores of them in this city, who, for the sake of getting a fee of five or ten dollars, will take up the most absurd case that is brought to their notice. Here, for instance, Upstone comes along, without the shadow of a claim, or grounds on which to found one, and you pocket your fee, and without shame or remorse encourage the poor, foolish fellow into litigation that will only result in disappointment and sorrow to him."

"The prophecies of the wisest seers sometimes fail, Mr. Hornblower, I suppose you are aware," replied Fleetwood, "but I wish to relieve your mind of the impression that I received a penny from Upstone."

"Oh you took the case 'on spec.', like Messrs. Dodson & Fogg?" said Mr. Hornblower with a satirical smile.

"In whatever way I took it, Mr. Hornblower, I venture the prophecy that you will pay all the legal expenses connected with it."

"Nonsense, Fleetwood; you don't believe that; really now, what chance do you claim there is for Upstone? He was engaged with the understanding that he must leave on receiving three months' notice, which notice he has received. What, therefore, can he do but decamp, as he agreed?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hornblower, he has not received his notice."

"Why, certainly he has received it; Mrs. Lovelaw told me this morning that she sent it to him in good season; and he acknowledges that he received it."

"Let me read something to you, Mr. Hornblower;" and, as Fleetwood said this, he took a letter addressed to "Z. F. Porter, superintendent B. H. C.," from a drawer, and read, address and all, aloud.

Mr. Hornblower listened, apparently much mystified by what he had heard, and, for some moments after Fleetwood ceased reading, he seemed to be silently struggling to comprehend it.

"What does this mean, Fleetwood?" he finally asked. "I don't understand."

"It means that that is the only notice Upstone has received."

It would be impossible for words to portray the expression of astonishment and chagrin on the face of Mr. Hornblower at this announcement. He could do nothing for several seconds but stand and gaze—as if lost in astonishment—at the face of Fleetwood. He at length said "Just let me see that letter, please," and when Fleetwood handed it to him, he read it carefully to himself, placed it in the envelope, examined the address, and as he did so, remarked mentally, "It certainly is in Mrs. Lovelaw's handwriting; no one can deny that."

Returning the letter to Fleetwood, who received it with a satisfied, triumphant smile, he left the office without uttering another word, hailed a cab, and in about a quarter of an hour drew up at the door of Mrs. Lovelaw.

"Well, I have been to see Fleetwood, and a fine mess you have made of it, Nell, in sending Upstone his notice." These were the words that greeted Mrs. Lovelaw, ere she had time to sit down, on meeting Mr. Hornblower.

Mrs. Lovelaw's face first turned red, and then white, as she stammered out the following question:

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The matter is, you never sent Upstone a notice; you wrote a letter to some nameless individual, or, at least, there is no name mentioned in it, and, after writing it, addressed it to 'Z. W. Porter, superintendent B. H. C.'"

"Ben Hornblower; I never!"

"Why, yes you did; I read the letter myself; it is in your handwriting with your signature appended."

Mrs. Lovelaw stood fully a minute without speaking, apparently considering the situation with great anxiety; and then in very emphatic tones exclaimed,

"I won't believe it; I know this is some of your nonsense, Ben, just to frighten me."

"If you will just jump into the cab with me, and go down to Fleetwood's office, I will soon convince you that the only nonsense there is in the matter is in the part you have taken in it."

Mrs. Lovelaw relapsed into silence again, which she broke after a short interval as follows:

"Well, what difference does it make to us if it was addressed to Porter, so long as Upstone acknowledges having received it, and thinks it was intended for him?"

"Ay, but there's the rub; he has not acknowledged having himself received a proper notice of dismissal, nor can you now affirm that you sent him one; hence, you see, he has all the advantage. He was shrewd enough not to notify you of your error until it was too late to correct it; and you can scarcely blame him, Nell, when you could not even write him a short official notice without insulting him."

"How did I insult him?" she asked in surprise.

"By attributing all the good that has been done in the Bethesda to the labors of Mrs. and Miss Upstone. You recollect, Nell, I cautioned you long ago not to allow your jealousy of the Upstones to get you into trouble."

"I don't care, Ben, it's a burning shame that these people should get all the credit for everything that is done at the Bethesda, and that we, who have devoted our whole lives to it, should never be mentioned; and to think, too, that now, just as we were about to get rid of them, they should be favored in this way."

Mrs. Lovelaw's feelings here became so intense, they found relief only in a copious shower of tears, but we are sorry to say that they were tears of vexation and mortification that her cherished plans should have resulted only in her own humiliation instead of the humiliation of the one for whom they were designed. As Mr. Hornblower was well enlightened as to the cause of her tears, his sympathy for her was neither great nor demonstrative.

On the contrary, at the moment when she was weeping the hardest, as he happened to reflect that her disasters had come in great measure from neglecting his advice, he said to himself,

"It is only what she deserves; it will do her good to weep awhile; it is the only way in which some women—especially those who think they understand business better than a professional man —can be taught anything."

Mrs. Lovelaw thus broke the silence, brushing away the tears with her handkerchief as she did so,

"What can we do Ben? Is it not yet possible to get rid of the Upstones?"

"Yes, at the end of another year; provided, when you send him another notice, you don't address it to Porter, the Governor General, or some other individual."

"They shall not remain another year; I would rather see the Bethesda burn to the ground."

"It is not wise of you, Nell, to say what they shall not do, or what they shall do; the winning cards are all in Upstone's hands; and it becomes you now to exercise meekness and patience. If Upstone is as shrewd as I think he is, he will not stir from the Bethesda till he receives every dollar of his next year's salary.

"Oh, that will be awful, Ben," said Mrs. Lovelaw, after a long pause; "I never shall dare meet the ladies again; they will be so angry with me," and the poor lady's tears flowed afresh.

Mr. Hornblower made no reply; he merely scowled, and appeared to be engaged with his own thoughts till Mrs. Lovelaw in pathetic tones again addressed him.

"Ben, I am sure you can do something to help us; Upstone will listen to you, and why can't you see him, and find out on what terms he will leave?"

"That is just what I am thinking of doing," was the reply, "and I might as well go now;" and, as he said this, Mr. Hornblower started up and left the house. Dismissing the cabman, when he arrived at the Bethesda, he entered, met Mrs. Upstone with great politeness and a profusion of smiles, and sat down in the Council Room to await the entrance of Mark. Five minutes afterwards, he entered, and, after Mr. Hornblower had greeted him, as he might a brother after an absence of a decade, he sat down again, saying as he did so,

"Why Upstone, I hear you are going to leave us; I am really very sorry to hear it. How long do you suppose it will be before you will leave?"

Now, as Mark knew perfectly well that Mr. Hornblower had come in the interest of the ladies to get out of him all that he could, to further their own ends, he was by no means disposed to fall into raptures at seeing him; in truth he felt insulted that that gentleman should consider him so weak as to be deceived by his protestations of friendship and his expressions of regret at their leaving the Bethesda. He, therefore, received his gushing overtures of friendship very coolly, and replied to his question as follows:

"I am not at all certain I shall leave this year, Mr. Hornblower; it depends altogether on the action of the directresses whether I leave or not."

"Why, I understood," said Mr. Hornblower with well affected surprise, "that the ladies, having determined to save the expense of employing a superintendent in future, had arranged with you to leave—that you had received your notice, and were about to depart with the most amicable feelings."

"Indeed," said Mark, "your informant must have been quite optimistic."

Mr. Hornblower looked much disappointed, but as he had come for a purpose, he was not to be deterred from it by modesty or lack of inquistiveness; so, after a little hesitation, he said,

"Really, though, Mr. Upstone, haven't you received your notice?"

"There has no notice been addressed to me that I am aware of," said Mark.

"That is very singular," replied Mr. Hornblower: "Mrs. Lovelaw says she sent you one several weeks ago; and I understood her that you acknowledged having received it, but she must have misunderstood you, I suppose, eh?"

"Mr. Hornblower, it is useless for you to feign ignorance of this matter; I haven't a doubt that you know as much about it as I do; and all the circumstances connected with it. I shall, therefore, refer you to Mr. Fleetwood, my lawyer, for any further information you may desire."

Mr. Hornblower actually blushed on being told so frankly of his deception, but, concealing his confusion with a laugh, he replied, "You should have been a lawyer, Upstone, you understand the tricks of the trade so well; but I am really sorry you should have been in such haste about taking this trifling thing to Fleetwood. I have no doubt you and I could have settled it in ten minutes. But, do not be foolish enough, my dear fellow, to let Fleetwood persuade you he can make that little error in the notice result in any advantage to you. My opinion is that it will be far better for you to settle the thing with me, now, than it will be to incur the risk of disappointment in the end, and have a bill of costs to pay besides.

"I prefer," said Mark, "that whatever settlement there is to be made should be made with Mr. Fleetwood; I can listen, however, to any proposition you have to make; and, of course, if I am willing to accept it, Fleetwood will not object."

"Oh it is for you to make the proposition, replied Hornblower; "and I can tell you very soon whether we can accept it or not. Just state, please, what you want, that is, on what terms you are willing to leave the Bethesda."

"I wrote to the directresses long ago, telling them I was willing to leave on being paid a year's salary, and I am still ready to do so."

"Oh, my dear sir, do talk reason," implored Mr. Hornblower; "you know the ladies could do nothing like that, even though you had far better grounds for asking it than you have at present. To be frank with you, Upstone, I think you committed a great error by antagonizing all these prominent, influential ladies, as you have; I fear you will regret it sooner or later; I am sure I could not live in Montreal if I had the enmity of all these ladies.

"Since you understand that fact so well then, Mr. Hornblower," said Mark, "of course, you will be wise enough to retain their good opinion."

"That you may be sure I shall endeavour to do, Mr. Upstone, and I wish you might see the advantage of having their friendship, instead of their enmity."

"Well, now, Mr. Hornblower," said Mark, laughing, "will you state one particular advantage it would be to me to have all these forty directresses in love with me?"

Mr. Hornblower seemed staggered by the question, but after a little reflection, said,

"You may be glad to get a good position in the city sometime."

"Very true," said Mark; "I would be glad now to get one; and since you claim so much influence for these ladies, if they will secure me a permanent position at fifteen, or even twelve hundred

a year, I will resign mine here to-morrow and agree to cherish fraternal feelings toward the ladies the rest of my life."

"Oh, but such positions are not to be found, ready at hand, just when one is wanted," said Mr. Hornblower, "but I think it would be wisdom on your part to have their friendship, so that in case a position of that kind turns up, they will be ready to help you."

"There is not the slightest reason, Mr. Hornblower, why I should not have their friendship, but if I have forfeited it in striving conscientiously to do my duty, I suppose I must suffer the consequences, appalling as you regard them."

"Well, you undoubtedly will, Mr. Upstone, if you obstinately disregard good advice, and make no effort to bring about an amicable settlement."

"Mr. Hornblower," said Mark, whose patience was almost exhausted, "I am sorry for your patrons, the ladies, that you are not able to convince me it would be wise to relinquish the only means I have of obtaining even partial justice, and to throw myself penniless into the street. This would be what you would consider an amicable settlement; but should I be simple enough to do it, the ladies, so far from regarding me an extraordinary good fellow, would think me very foolish; and you, most certainly, would pronounce me a fool; and I have not a doubt you would ask the ladies to allow you twenty-five or fifty dollars for having induced me to do a thing so advantageous to them."

Mr. Hornblower looked daggers at Mark while he listened to these plain remarks, and rising with a very displeased countenance, said, "Well, Mr. Upstone, if you are determined not to accept good advice, I can't see that I am to blame;" and as he said this, he abruptly left the Bethesda, feeling the same sort of indignation the boy feels who throws down his fishing rod in disgust, declaring, "the pool is alive with fish, but the fools don't know enough to bite."

He decided that he would say nothing more for several days to Upstone relative to leaving, nor to Fleetwood, hoping by showing indifference to the matter that Mark might become alarmed, and accept such terms as were offered him.

In the meantime, it became known to the directresses that Mark had consulted a lawyer, and that the latter had written a letter to the president of the Bethesda, and the excitement among these ladies, in consequence, might well be compared to that produced in a community by a war bulletin, announcing the first engagement of the war. But the fact that Mrs. Lovelaw had made a gross mistake in the notice was as yet known to none of the directresses, Mrs. Lovelaw and Mr. Hornblower having decided that they might become unduly excited should they learn of it, and thus incur the danger of serious mental or physical disorders, concluded to keep the matter a secret from them as long as possible.

The day following Mr. Hornblower's unsuccessful attempt to persuade the Upstones to leave the Bethesda, Miss Marble visited them with the very firm determination that she would find out when they were going to leave. She had not yet heard that Mark had consulted a lawyer, but had heard a great many expressions of vexation and surprise because the Upstones had told no one when they were going to move; and she conceived it her duty, for the general good of the rest of the directresses, to obtain this information at once. The day became a very important epoch in her history, for it was on this day, while in pursuit of this information, she learned much about the married relation that she had never before known.

"Mrs. Upstone," she said on entering that lady's private sitting-room, "I want you should tell me when you are going to leave; the ladies feel very much annoyed because they can't find out, and it is high time the rooms were made ready for Miss Breezygate."

"I think you will have to ask Mr. Upstone for that information, Miss Marble, for really I do not know when we shall leave," said Mrs. Upstone. Miss Marble looked very much disgusted and vexed at this answer; indeed, her tone and manner seemed to imply that she didn't believe it. After staring at Mrs. Upstone nearly a minute, apparently trying to understand how it was possible her statement could be true, she said,

"Why, that is very strange; isn't he your husband?"

"Yes, certainly he is my husband," replied Mrs. Upstone laughing, "but does it follow that I must know when we are going to move?"

Miss Marble wondered that Mrs. Upstone could see anything in her question to laugh at, and her next was intended to embody so much reason and logic that Mrs. Upstone could not fail to see its force unless she was mentally very weak.

"Why to be sure, Mrs. Upstone," she replied; "don't a wife always know what her husband intends to do?"

To the great surprise and annoyance of Miss Marble, Mrs. Upstone laughed more at this question than she did at the first—the seriousness with which it was propounded being enough to excite the risibility of a stoic. She replied as follows:

"There may be wives, Miss Marble, who are thus fortunate, but I never happened to know one who could always tell what her husband intended to do. When you are married, you will very likely learn that your husband sometimes has plans he never mentions till he begins to put them into execution."

This reply appeared to give Miss Marble so much material for reflection that it was some little time before she attempted to answer, but, having apparently digested it, she said,

"Well, Mrs. Upstone, you may possibly be right, but you are the only married woman I ever heard express such opinions.

There is another opinion, however, Mrs. Upstone, of which I am anxious to disabuse your mind, and that is that I have any intention of ever marrying; I was always opposed to such a step; and I may say that my objections to it have not been weakened by what I have learned from you to-day. But I assure you that in case I ever should marry, I shall try to impress on my husband that it is his duty to tell me all his plans; that I may know as much respecting our affairs as he knows himself. But where is Mr. Upstone? I must learn from him just what day he intends to move."

"He has just excused his pupils and will be here in a moment," replied Mrs. Upstone. She had scarcely uttered the words when Mark entered the room.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Upstone," said Miss Marble; "I want you to tell me when you are going to leave the Bethesda; you see we are very anxious to get the rooms ready for Miss Breezygate."

"Well, Miss Marble," he answered with a placid smile, "it is quite probable that we may not move at all; at least, this year; you see, I have become so attached to the ladies it is very hard to tear myself away."

Miss Marble was nearly paralyzed with astonishment; she looked at Mark in silence some time before she recovered so far as to reply, but at length she said,

"You surely do not mean what you say, Mr. Upstone, about not leaving at all this year. Of course, it is pleasant to know you like the ladies; but even that could not excuse you for remaining now after you have received your notice and we have engaged another matron. We certainly must have the rooms by next Monday; that will give you two days more this week in which to move."

As Miss Marble doubtless thought she had so plainly and positively expressed the wishes of the ladies that Upstone would not presume longer to disregard them, she took her leave. But learning later the same day that Miss Forest had received a letter from a lawyer whom Mark had consulted, her feelings received so great a shock she declared she could not rest till she had again seen Mrs. Upstone to express her great disapprobation of that lady's conduct, especially of the way she had dissembled the last time she saw her, never telling her of the extreme measures her husband had taken against the ladies. The next morning, therefore, she again appeared at the Bethesda, and summoned Mrs. Upstone to the Council Room. After that lady entered and sat down, Miss Marble surveyed her from head to foot for the space of three minutes, with an expression of profound pity on her face, and then, heaving a deep sigh, she thus began:

"Mrs. Upstone, I passed a very unpleasant night last night; I scarcely closed my eyes till after two o'clock."

"Indeed; were you ill, Miss Marble?" asked Mrs. Upstone, with much sympathy.

"No, that is—yes, I may say, I was ill mentally—quite ill."

"I hope you heard no bad news," remarked Mrs. Upstone, wondering greatly at the peculiar way in which Miss Marble announced her troubles.

"Yes, I may say I did hear very bad news." Here Miss Marble paused, sighed deeply again, and then continued, "In truth, Mrs. Upstone, I don't think I ever heard anything that surprised and shocked me more than it did to learn that Mr. Upstone has consulted a lawyer and had him write a letter to our president. But great as were my astonishment and sorrow to learn this, they were trifling compared with what I felt to realize that you had taken part with Mr. Upstone against the ladies, and that you even went so far as to withhold from me, yesterday, all knowledge of the fact that he had done such a thing."

Mrs. Upstone had some little difficulty to keep from laughing outright at the lugubrious view Miss Marble took of the morals of Mark and herself, but she replied,

"I was not aware, Miss Marble, until this moment that you did not know Mr. Upstone had consulted a lawyer, but supposing I had known it, do you think I would have committed an unpardonable sin had I refrained from informing you?"

Miss Marble sighed again, and in solemn, pathetic tones, replied,

"Oh, Mrs. Upstone, I wish you could realize from what a height you have fallen in the estimation of the ladies. We were not so very much astonished at the last act of Mr. Upstone, for we began to suspect when he wrote that letter to the ladies that he was an audacious and desperate man, but we had great respect for you; and now to find that you have turned against us—well, it is a sad disappointment; and Mrs. Upstone, you can never, never stand in the estimation of the ladies where you once stood; never, Mrs. Upstone, never," and having delivered this solemn warning, like Hamlet's ghost, Miss Marble vanished from the room.

That same evening, the young people's club, which we have several times mentioned in the foregoing chapters, once more visited the Bethesda to entertain the children.

Everything passed off to the gratification of all the parties interested. The children, no longer restrained by that diffidence which they experienced when the club first visited them, participated in all the exercises and games, with a zest and hilarity that caused the spectators no little amusement.

When the games had all been finished, and it was supposed the visitors were about to leave, the Upstones were much surprised to have the young gentleman who had acted as leader on the occasion, and who was the editor referred to in a former chapter.

call the house to order, have a chairman elected, and then rise, and bring forward a resolution, strongly approving the Upstones' management of the Bethesda, and condemning the directresses' proposal to dismiss them.

When he introduced the resolution, he supported it by a spirited speech of five minutes' length, in which he made the injustice of the directresses so apparent, there was not a visitor present whose face did not display strong sympathy with the opinion of the speaker, and indignation at the action of the directresses. He was followed by two or three older gentlemen, who spoke to the same effect, and the resolution, being put to vote, was unanimously adopted and followed by much applause.

Two or three more resolutions, somewhat similar in character, and giving much credit to the Upstones for the work they had done in the Bethesda, were then read and adopted. The exercises closed by a short speech from Mark, who cordially thanked the visitors, not only for the way in which they had entertained the children, but for their kind words of sympathy and encouragement for himself and family. He referred to the many pleasant evenings the children and other inmates of the Bethesda had enjoyed through the kindness of the visitors who were now present, and as he spoke with regret of the fact that this was, without doubt, the last time they would ever meet together as they had on the present occasion, the sobbing of several of the older girls of the Bethesda gave a sad close to the events of the evening. Other girls, however, of more spirit, and several boys were heard to declare that if Mr. and Mrs. Upstone left the Bethesda they should do likewise.

After the party broke up and the visitors departed, Mark learned that it was the intention of his friends to publish the resolutions and a report of all that had been said and done that evening in the paper with which the young editor was connected. Mark was considerably startled to hear this, for the thought had not occurred to him that such a thing might be done; and as he could not see that it would result in any particular good to anyone, and he, moreover, had very decided objections to posing in a public journal as a martyr to the mistaken judgment or caprices of a body of lady philanthropists, he determined to repair to the printing office as soon as it was open in the morning, and prevent the publication of the resolutions and speeches.

That he felt very anxious respecting this matter, the reader doubtless will not be inclined to dispute when he reads the account of the dream which occupied Mark's mind after he retired on that eventful night. It is quite probable, too, that his imagination might have become unduly excited by the very high compliments he had received from his friends that evening, and that it was owing in part to this that he soared to such heights and travelled so much

while in dreamland. However this may be, this is what he dreamed.

He went to the printing-office in the morning, as he thought of doing, but, to his great surprise and consternation, the office had long been open, and the morning edition of the paper, comprising many million copies, had been printed; and a large part of the edition had already been dispatched to far off lands. As he drew near the office, he was astonished at the bustle and extraordinary means that were used to convey the newspapers from it. He met carts loaded with bundles of papers till they far overtopped the heads of the tallest pedestrians; wheel-barrows and handbarrows had been pressed into service, and vied with each other in the number and size of the bundles they carried, while a long line of men, boys and girls on foot each carried all the papers that could be encircled by two arms. Somehow, Mark knew these papers contained the very things he had come to the office, specially, to prevent being published; and what was equally remarkable, all the men, boys and girls carrying and loading papers appeared to know that he was the individual chiefly concerned in the published articles, and to feel that the consequences to him would be of so extraordinary a character they could not refrain from turning their heads to obtain a view of him as he passed. He noticed that some of them smiled and spoke to others respecting him, but he did not understand what they said. As he drew near the door, however, a tall, portly policeman stepped up to him and said, "You are just the man I am waiting for; you are my prisoner."

"Prisoner," gasped Mark, scarcely able to articulate the word, so frightened and astonished was he.

"Yes, Mr. Upstone; treason, as you are aware, is a high crime; and when it is coupled with libel it becomes doubly serious, and the man charged with these crimes is lucky if he escapes." The rest of the sentence was finished by pantomime, intended to mean hanging.

"But treason," expostulated Mark, "is plotting against a government; I have not committed treason, nor have I libelled anybody."

"Yes, Mr. Upstone, you have spoken against the government of the Bethesda, which is equivalent to treason; and though you may not have actually libelled any one yourself, the way in which you have aided and abetted your young friend, the editor, to write his libelous articles renders you equally guilty of the crime, for which he has been arrested. We will now go in and see him; and we are ordered, as soon as you are both arrested, to take you to the Bethesda, where you will be tried and sentenced."

As soon as he had thus spoken, the policeman led the way into the office, up a long flight of stairs, across a spacious room, into

a small one, where they found the young editor, handcuffed and guarded by two policemen. Instead of feeling depressed in spirit, however, he was in a most jovial mood, and, under the impression that Mark would be glad to learn the fact, he at once began to congratulate himself on having sent off nearly the whole morning's edition of the paper before its contents were known and he was arrested.

"Had they known it in time," he said, "I could not have sent out a single copy; they would have confiscated the whole edition; but thanks to delay, I was able to load five steamers with papers—the smallest of which carried twelve hundred thousand copies. One of these was bound for Australia, another for London, the third for Paris, fourth for Yokahama, and the fifth for Rio Janeiro. Besides this, there was a freight train of fifteen cars, loaded with papers for Toronto and the West, and another one of two dozen cars bound for the Lower Provinces. So, you see, my dear Mr. Upstone, whatever the punishment they mete out to us, they are too late to stop the march of civilization and progress. Within a few hours from this the report of our resolutions and speeches last night will be read in every foreign land, and in the Islands of the Sea."

As it would do no good now to tell for what purpose he had come to the printing office, Mark kept silent, but he wished his friend had been in the Islands of the Sea instead of being at the Bethesda on the preceding evening.

The two prisoners, handcuffed together, were now placed in a cab, and speedily driven to the Bethesda. Several ladies were there waiting for them, and their trial began at once.

An old volume which one of the directresses said she had found in her grandfather's library was declared to contain such excellent laws for the restraint and punishment of criminals, they had decided to adopt them. She explained to the others that this was a book of very old statutes, commonly known as the "Blue Laws of Connecticut."

The trial and sentence appeared to Mark to be so closely blended that he could not tell where the one was finished and the other began; and he was quite as much in the dark as to which of the ladies acted as Judge on the occasion. But the sentence, which was clearly understood, and made a deep impression on his mind, was as follows:

"The Editor, in consequence of his youth and inexperience, shall receive the lighter punishment; we order, therefore, that he shall be taken immediately from this place to the Harbour, and there be suspended by one leg, head downward, for three weeks on the highest mast that can be found. He shall be obliged also, during this time, to hold in his arms a bundle containing not less than ten thousand copies of the paper he issued this morning; and

the only sustenance that shall be given him meanwhile shall be a pint of Daw's ale, a raw carrot and a broiled codfish, after the lapse of ten days."

Mark listened with trembling limbs and chattering teeth to this fearful sentence, hoping, if his was to be a harder one, they would execute him at once. His young friend, however, was not frightened or disconcerted in the least. Whispering to Mark he said: "Don't fear for me, old fellow; I'll have a jolly good time. I'll bribe the sailors to let me down at dark every night; and you just keep watch of the paper; there'll be an article in it every day that will make these ladies search, not only the Blue Laws of Connecticut, but the Blue Laws of every State, from Maine to Texas, to find balm for their feelings."

Mark was glad to see his friend so sanguine, but he had misgivings that his hopes were not well founded. Little time was given him for thought, however, before the large and stern lady acting as judge turned her fierce, glaring eyes on him and exclaimed:

"And you sir, what excuse have you to offer for your iniquity?"

Her address was so sudden and savage, Mark actually jumped back in affright and shook so, one of the policemen in a loud whisper told the other to catch the pieces. Mark felt angry at the insult, and essayed to speak, but the attempt was useless; all that was heard was a faint whisper and the chattering of his teeth.

"Ha, look at him," exclaimed the heartless judge. "Just as I suspected; he is too guilty to speak. It is the sentence of this court, that, owing to your infamous plotting against the salutary laws of our sacred institution, you shall be carried by one of our directresses, for twenty-four hours, through the principal streets of Montreal, in a basket fastened to the top of a pole, two thousand feet high."

"Oh, she'll let me fall!" shrieked Mark.

"She dare not," said Miss Horner, in a very decided tone. "She would be indicted immediately for manslaughter."

"If she lets him fall, I shall be indicted for womanslaughter." said the editor, in fierce tones, shaking his fist at the judge.

"Silence sir!" said the judge, "or I will add three weeks more to your sentence, for contempt of court."

No time was wasted; the proceedings at this court seemed to be very summary. The editor was dragged off by two policemen to the harbor, while Mark was marched out by another, to an immense basket standing at the foot of the pole, whose top was lost in the clouds.

"I never can get into that basket," whined Mark; and he had very good reason for so thinking, as its top was some two feet above his head.

"I'll help you," said the policeman, grasping him by the leg,

and tossing him in head first over the top. The next instant, by some mechanical contrivance he did not fully understand, Mark found himself shooting upward at rapid speed, till he reached the top. He was then conscious of being carried along the street, at the ordinary speed of a pedestrian, but the warmth of the sunbeams, together with his position, was altogether so comfortable, he soon fell asleep. How long, or where he had been carried, he was unable to determine, but he was at length awakened by the loud voices of people in altercation, at the foot of his elevated perch, and the next moment he shot rapidly downward in his basket to the solid earth. The basket was rudely tipped over, he rolled out, and was instantly collared by a policeman and led into the Council Room of the Bethesda. There, in the judge's chair, grim and terrible in her fury, sat Miss Whitemore, who was absent at the former trial, and near her sat several more ladies, who had also just arrived. But what most astonished Mark was, to see Miss Marble and Miss Blowhard trembling and weeping from fright, and, like himself, prisoners. He now, also, for the first time, understood that the former of these ladies was the one who before had acted as judge, and sentenced him to the punishment from which he had just for awhile been released.

"Never," said Miss Whitemore in a voice tremulous with anger, "during the two centuries I have resided in Montreal have I seen so great a miscarriage of justice. You two ladies," she continued addressing Miss Marble and Miss Blowhard, "instead of awarding to this man, Upstone, such punishment as his crime deserves, have been toting him about in the clouds, above the sight of everybody, as if you were entertaining some Royal visitor, or perchance giving some distinguished scientist the most favorable opportunity possible for making atmospheric or electrical observations in the higher regions. All this perversion of justice and waste of valuable time by directresses, old enough in all conscience to know better, deserves severe punishment. It is the sentence of this court, therefore, that you three prisoners shall be placed in baskets of a size that will leave the heads and chests well exposed to public view, and these baskets shall be suspended on poles not over fifty feet in height, and be carried, for twenty-four hours, through the principal streets of this city. Officer, see that this sentence is executed to the letter."

The last order was addressed to the policeman, and amid the applause which followed this sentence the prisoners were marched out, and a few minutes later the three were being carried at the height and in the manner ordered by the judge, Mark being located between the two ladies. He soon learned that his present situation was in striking contrast to his former one; the size of the basket would not permit them to sit down; and they were not at so great a height as to prevent recognition by all their acquaint-

ances. All the urchins and street vagabonds also began to collect and follow them, the crowd increasing rapidly as time elapsed. They were jeered, hooted at, and many missiles were thrown at them, but fortunately, owing to the height of the prisoners, none of them were struck. Mark felt the humiliation of his position keenly, as was evident by the hue of his face.

"Look at him blush, between them two women," yelled a street Arab. "His face would make a good headlight for an engine,"

"Yes," yelled another, "they'd better stick him up to luminate the harbor."

Mark would gladly have "luminated" the young rascals, could he have reached them, but, as this was impossible, his anger availed little. The crowd finally became so great as to impede the progress of both carriages and pedestrians, and at this juncture the party carrying the prisoners were commanded to halt, by the Mayor, who was followed by a company of soldiers.

"I command you to release that man immediately," he said, "Mrs. Upstone, his wife, has applied to me, and says she will no longer permit her husband to be disgraced in this manner. She will bring an action for damage against the managers of the Bethesda, and I shall aid her in her efforts to obtain justice."

In obedience to his order, the individual who bore the pole which sustained Mark prepared to let the basket down, but its occupant was so elated at his rescue that he jumped before it was half way to the ground. Instead of landing on the pavement of St. James street, however, as he had anticipated, he landed on the floor of his sleeping apartment, striking his nose so violently in his bound as to set it bleeding. The rumpus naturally awakened his wife, who demanded in alarm to know what in the world was the matter. His outburst of laughter at the recollection of his dream assured her that nothing very serious was the matter; and as he struck a light, staunched the blood, and washed his face, he regaled her with an account of his dream. It was now three o'clock in the morning, but it was four ere they had ceased laughing and were again asleep.

Repairing to the printing-office, as soon as he had swallowed his breakfast, Mark found things very quiet there, and very unlike what he had seen in his dream. Nothing as yet had been done towards publishing an account of the resolutions and speeches which had been the cause of his exciting dream, and his friend assured him that he had no intention of publishing them without first consulting him.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE kindly feeling towards Arthur Langdon, and the confidence in him awakened in the bosom of Ben Fogg by the confession of Pete Larocque, was not of long duration, nor did it induce him to so alter his manner that Arthur's lot was in any degree improved.

We should, perhaps, qualify this statement; for, during the period of a week following that confession by which Fogg learned how carefully Arthur had guarded his interest, protected his property, and how truthful he had been, even under strong temptation, Fogg was a little less arbitrary when telling him to do anything than he had been; and manifested a little more patience, when instructing him to do work with which he was not familiar.

But this was immediately after Arthur's virtues had been revealed to him; and he had come to the conclusion, as stated in a former chapter, that when he obtained Arthur he had secured a prize. But Fogg was getting well advanced in years, he was nervous, worried about a great many things, and like most such men, those that did not seriously affect him were soon forgotten. It was but a few days, therefore, after the event mentioned, ere he had resumed his accustomed habit of fretting, snarling and prophesying trouble and disaster.

Fogg was not pleased to have Arthur strike up a friendship with Aunt Kitty and her son Tom. Living so near Fogg's as they did, it was very natural that they should soon become acquainted with Arthur; and as Aunt Kitty took a great liking to him, not only from what she had seen of him, but from what she had learned of him through her friends, the Dawsons, she embraced the first opportunity to invite him to her house.

Arthur's first call there was one evening soon after his first visit at the minister's; and, as he was pleased with Aunt Kitty's hospitality, and enjoyed, moreover, listening to her quaint speeches and tales of pioneer life, it was a temptation to him to drop into her humble cottage whenever he found opportunity. Tom Gordon also was so much more intelligent than the other young men he had met in Dexter, that it was a pleasure to chat with him.

But Fogg was not pleased with this intimacy between Arthur and the Gordons; and, although he did not forbid him to visit them he showed by various hints and disparaging remarks of them that he did not approve of his visits. In justice to Aunt Kitty, we must say that, notwithstanding her great dislike of Fogg, she carefully avoided showing it in the presence of Arthur.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson from Dexter was the

cause of much sorrow to Arthur. Although he did not meet them often, save on the Sabbath, they were so much more like the people with whom he had been accustomed to associate that he soon formed a strong attachment for them. He had more than once sought their advice concerning matters about which he was to a greater or less extent troubled, and a feeling towards them thus sprang up in his bosom somewhat akin to filial affection.

It may easily be believed, therefore, that when they left, he experienced a keen sense of loneliness; and for some days following that event he was so sad, and the future looked so gloomy, it seemed almost impossible that he could remain longer in Dexter. It was at this time his only enjoyment was found at the house of Aunt Kitty. She and Tom had so long been on friendly terms with John and May that their feelings at their loss were very similar to those of Arthur. It is not surprising, therefore, that their sympathy for each other in this new sorrow rendered their friendship the stronger.

It was not many weeks after this event before Arthur's conscientiousness once more gave offence to Fogg. The latter had employed a young married man, who was neighbor and also debtor to him, to plow for him by the day. The piece to be plowed was green sward, rough and stony; and the man had not been at work more than an hour or two, when Fogg, coming into the field, was much enraged because the plowing had not been done as he desired. He fumed and said many provoking things to the young man, but the latter made no reply, except that it was impossible to plow that land as one would plow a piece level and free from stone. Fogg still grumbling retired from the field, but about two hours later he returned to investigate. As the man, in his opinion, had made no improvement in his work, he was more angry than before. An altercation ensued; the laborer, no longer able to restrain his anger at Fogg's taunts, made so insulting a reply that Fogg struck him, when the man immediately knocked him down. As a consequence, the work was stopped, and although the laborer ought to have been satisfied with the revenge he had already taken, he went to a magistrate and obtained a warrant against Fogg for assault.

Arthur, who had been digging potatoes but a short distance from the scene of the quarrel, had heard and seen all that transpired; consequently, he was subpoenaed by the prosecutor.

The trial was to take place in the evening of the same day the assault was committed; and as Fogg's rage and shame on account of his badly swollen black eye did not permit him to reason as clearly and act as prudently as he might had a longer time been given for his anger to cool and his judgment to resume its normal condition, he did not reflect that there was no chance for him to escape punishment. But he went to trial with the firm determina-

tion that he would convince the justice that he was the one who had been assaulted—that the laborer, therefore, should pay all the costs of the present trial, while being liable to arrest and punishment, whenever it pleased Fogg to make complaint against him. As the prosecutor in the present case bore no marks as the result of Fogg's blow, Fogg thought his own black eye would be sufficient corroborative evidence to convince the magistrate of the truth of his statements.

We must not suppose that Fogg really contemplated committing perjury, or doing anything he believed to be criminal or very wicked; he regarded his own case as one of equity; and like many other men who would not deliberately plan and execute a wicked deed, he could see no wrong in using a little deception to swerve the scale toward the side of justice. The man he had engaged to plow owed him, and he had employed him to do this work to help him, but more especially because he thought he would lose the debt unless he did so. The man, however, instead of feeling grateful for the chance given him, or so it appeared to Fogg, took no pains with his work, and, in fact, performed it so slovenly, it would have been better had it not been done at all.

"And when I tried to show him," continued Fogg to himself, "not only for my benefit, but for his too, he got mad, and called me an old skinflint and a thief. I wonder who wouldn't 'ev struck at him. But I didn't hurt him, just brushed his hair, and, of course, if the magistrate knows anything, he won't call that an assault, but will let me off, and throw the costs on that skunk, that knocked me down."

The reader will doubtless admit that Fogg so presented his case to his own view that it appeared quite just and plausible, but it will doubtless also be imagined that Fogg was somewhat prejudiced in the case; hence, partial in his statement of it. We can affirm that in one particular his review of his actions during the altercation was far from correct; for, instead of the blow he aimed at the plowman being a light one, it was very heavy; and as Fogg was still a muscular man, had not his blow been partially parried, in would have instantly felled his opponent, and, no doubt, would otherwise have seriously injured him.

Yes, Fogg was so angry that he, the Reeve of Dexter, should have a black eye, and so intent on obtaining satisfaction for the wrong and disgrace he had suffered that he forgot all about considering what good or harm Arthur's evidence might do him till a short time previous to the hour for the trial. This was to take place at eight o'clock p.m., at the usual place for holding courts —the village tavern.

Arthur had been wretchedly unhappy ever since he had received the subpoena. He had never been a witness at a trial or law case of any kind, but he knew well that his duty as a witness

required him to tell all he knew relative to the case to be tried, under a solemn oath. He knew also that what he had to tell would be of no benefit to Fogg, and it was the knowledge of this fact that made him unhappy.

John, the hired man, who was temporarily absent from the field at the time the trouble between Fogg and the plowman occurred, had since been working with Arthur, and the two had discussed the subject in all its phases. John told Arthur how angry Fogg would be with him if he testified in court to the facts, as he related them to him in the field; and although Arthur was before aware of this, it tended to increase his fears and his reluctance to appear as a witness.

"Is there not some way I can avoid going?" he asked John.

"Not now, unless Fogg should confess judgment, and pay the costs without letting the case go to trial," replied John; "but, of course, he will not do that."

Oh how Arthur wished that Fogg would do it; but he knew that he would fly into a furious passion should anyone suggest to him the propriety of doing such a thing. He, therefore, awaited with dread and unhappy forebodings the appointed hour.

He went to his room after supper, changed his clothes, prayed for strength and wisdom to say and do only what was right in discharging his duty that evening, and then went down and joined the rest of the family. As he did so, Fogg for the first time spoke to him in relation to the trouble.

"Did you see or hear anything of what was going on there, this morning between me and that fool that was plowing?"

Fogg asked the question quite casually, as if it mattered little to him what the answer might be, but Arthur was determined to show him in season that his evidence would be of no service to him, and replied frankly.

"Yes, sir, I saw and heard everything that was done and said."

"Well, there's no need of your saying that when you are called on to-night to tell what you know. You was diggin' taters; that was your business; and you didn't know nor see nothin' else. That's what you want ter tell 'em when they begin ter question ye; tell 'em you don't know nothin' 'bout the fuss."

Fogg gave Arthur these instructions as coolly and as indifferently as he might have instructed him about feeding his horses.

"But Mr. Fogg ————"

Arthur's reply was interrupted at this point by a loud rap at the door, and a cattle dealer whom Fogg had been expecting for some days now entered.

As it was now half past seven, and Fogg was very busy with his visitor up to the time he had to repair to the tavern, Arthur, to his great disappointment and sorrow, had no opportunity to tell

him that he could not feign ignorance respecting a subject with which he was fully acquainted, and thus virtually commit perjury. He felt displeased that Fogg should expect him to do so disgraceful and wicked a thing. His feelings were very similar to what they were a few months before, when Fogg insisted on his working in the sugar-bush on the Sabbath; but Fogg's sin in the present instance appeared much greater to Arthur than it did in the former, there being now nothing like the sensible reason he had before to palliate it.

Fortunate would it have been for Fogg had he possessed the same clear views of right and wrong that Arthur possessed and had he always been prompted in his actions by a conscience like Arthur's. Like most selfish men with a seared or sluggish conscience, he was not given to moralizing; consequently, never considered the moral effect of his actions. In his present trouble it seemed to him so trifling a thing for Arthur to dissemble, to claim that he knew nothing about the quarrel, it would be such great aid to himself if he would only do it, that after expressing his desire to him, he had no doubt he would comply with it. Any reluctance or neglect to do so would have appeared, as it really did appear to him an hour or two later, the perversity of a self-willed, ungrateful, foolish boy. He did not reflect that, what he wanted Arthur to do was a sin in the sight of God and man—a crime for which he could be punished. Nor did he consider the baneful effect the yielding to evil temptation might have on Arthur's future life. He had forgotten, too, how a few weeks before, on hearing Larocque's confession, he had admired Arthur's love of truth and his firm adherence to it. But circumstances were different now; if Arthur told the truth, it would injure Fogg; if he used a little "harmless deception," as Fogg expressed it, benefit would result to that gentleman; selfishness, therefore, constrained Fogg to hope he would do the latter.

When the trial began, the complainant was called, and deposed that he was plowing to the best of his ability when Fogg came into the field, found much fault with his work, and said many provoking things to him. He then went off, but returned later, repeated his abuse, and then struck him; in self-defence, therefore, he had returned the blow. The justice asked him a few questions, insisting on knowing the language Fogg used, and what names he had called him. His answers caused quite a laugh among the numerous spectators, and Fogg's face turned very red.

Fogg managed his own case, and tried to make the witness acknowledge that the blow he said Fogg gave him was nothing more than a gesture he made with his hand when talking excitedly, but in this he was unsuccessful.

Arthur was then called, and this was no sooner done than Fogg, to remind him of his previous instructions to him and what

he expected him to say, remarked in a loud tone as if addressing the magistrate,

"Oh, he don't know nothin' about the matter; he was diggin' taters; tendin' to his own business, like any good boy."

"Don't interfere with the witness, if you please Mr. Fogg. It is for him to say what he knows about it," said the magistrate, an Englishman who was quite conscious of the dignity of his office, and always demanded respect himself, and good order in the court-room.

Arthur came forward, trembling, and evidently much excited.

"Did you see and hear what occurred in the field this morning?" asked the justice.

"I did sir," Arthur replied after some hesitation, and looking towards Fogg, whose eyes now expanded, and his jaws worked more vigorously at the quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"Go on, and tell us then what you saw of this quarrel," said the magistrate.

Arthur appeared so nervous, and hesitated so long, the justice, to aid him, began to ask questions relative to the statements made by the first witness, and in this manner his testimony was all taken, and it proved strongly confirmatory of everything to which the first witness had sworn.

Fogg, who had been growing more excited all the while, was now hardly able to restrain his anger. He began to cross-question Arthur in the most furious manner; tried to make him deny some of the statements he had made, and even went so far as to tell him he was a fool, and did not know what he was saying; but Arthur, though pale and trembling, adhered to his statements; and was encouraged by the magistrate, who reproved Fogg for his violence and rough usage of the witness.

When Arthur was released, judgment was at once given, Fogg being fined two dollars and costs. He rose in a passion, saying,

"It is no more 'n what I might expect; I've always hearn there's two things Providence can't foretell: that is, what the decision of a petit jury or a country justice will be.

"Clerk," said the magistrate, "enter another fine of two dollars against Mr. Fogg for contempt of court. He may insult me at other times, but not in court." Fogg concluded by this time that it would be discreet in him to say no more. He paid his fines and costs, amounting in all to twelve dollars, and immediately went home.

It was two days before he again spoke to Arthur, and then it was only to give some order in a gruff voice and in anything but a kindly manner.

It was but a week also, after the trial, before he positively forbade Arthur to call any more at Aunt Kitty's, or to have anything to say to her son, Tom. The cause of this new freak was

this. Tom was at the trial when the justice gave his decision, and Fogg overheard him speaking of it to another man, and declaring that it was a just one; and that nearly everybody would be pleased with it. Fogg's hatred of Tom and his mother was so much increased by this incident, he would no longer permit Arthur to show any outward sign of friendship for them; and he judged rightly also in thinking that the order would give pain to Arthur, and he would thus punish him for disobeying his instructions, when giving his testimony at the trial. It was indeed a severe punishment to Arthur to be deprived of the privilege of spending an hour or two in Aunt Kitty's cottage, occasionally, in the evening; and as he knew the order was given from no good motive, but was rather the outcropping of Fogg's malicious spirit, he was strongly tempted to disobey. But he did not, deciding after reflection that it would be wrong to do so.

"I have disobeyed him twice," he said to himself, "but that was only when it would have been wicked to obey. I shall try hard to please him, so that, when my time here has expired, he cannot say—or at least truthfully—to the ladies of the Bethesda that I have ever been disobedient, but the next moment he added "except in two instances, which I don't think he will be likely to mention to them."

It will be observed that Arthur was also careful to interject the adverb, truthfully, into his remarks, which awakens a suspicion that he might have learned something which led him to regard this qualifying word quite necessary when speaking of Fogg. But however this may be, he adhered to his resolution to respect Fogg's order, although this did not prevent his seeing and talking with Aunt Kitty before and after service on the Sabbath, as he also did sometimes with Tom. He also occasionally spoke with the latter when they chanced to meet on the street.

As Arthur had not called on them for a good while, Aunt Kitty asked him one Sabbath after service if Fogg had not forbidden him to do so, when Arthur admitted that he had. As Tom knew that Fogg had overheard his remarks at the trial, and he had acquainted his mother with the fact, they were not at a loss, of course, to know to what this fresh evidence of Fogg's hostility, should be attributed. Aunt Kitty said but little to Arthur when he gave his reason for not visiting her beyond expressing her regret and congratulating him on the fact that he had not many years to spend with Fogg. She assured him that the period of his indenture would soon slip away, and by that time he would be a strong, young man, able to get a position in any place.

Time went on without showing any improvement in the temper and manners of Fogg. It was at this period he sustained the loss of a hundred dollars by an absconding debtor, which, added to the many things of less importance that worried him, kept him the

greater part of the time in a chronic state of grumbling and snarling. But his nervous system was becoming weaker from age; frequent dyspeptic attacks rendered him low spirited and suspicious; and altogether it must be confessed that there were some pretty good reasons why he should be, as his hired man, John, aptly expressed it, "so much like a hedgehog nobody could have anything to do with him."

, It would be unfair, however, to say that Fogg was always in a fretful, fault-finding, or sullen mood, for, as many as three or four times during that fall and winter, when someone dropped into his house of an evening, he doffed his disagreeable manner, donned a more genial one, asked Arthur to entertain them with his flute, laughed, joked, and made no ill remarks of any one during the time.

Like other hard tasks, that of sugar-making was finished; plowing and planting followed; and the latter work was well advanced when Fogg, having to visit a locality about twenty miles distant, ordered Arthur one morning to feed a certain young horse, harness, and hitch him to the buggy, immediately after breakfast.

Arthur, as usual, promptly obeyed the instructions, and Fogg was just ready to start when, happening to think of a certain writing he had forgotten to put in his pocket, he got out of the buggy, and gave Arthur the reins, while he returned to get the article forgotten.

The horse was a spirited animal, easily frightened, and, on two occasions at least some time before, had run away.

Now, although newspapers were not very common articles either in Fogg's residence or on his premises, it happened that half of one was lying in the door yard, a few feet in front of the horse. The morning was dry and pleasant, with an occasional light breeze, and just as Fogg returned with a whip in his hand, which he brought from the kitchen, the newspaper was suddenly raised by the wind, and blown directly into the animal's face. So quickly did he spring, that Arthur, who was standing on the ground, had no time for thought or action; the reins were jerked from his hands, and the horse dashed off at full speed.

Fogg had not noticed the cause of the horse's fright; he only saw his escape; and, realizing that he was likely to sustain a serious loss, like other irascible men in similar circumstances, he was furious; and without waiting to ask or hear a word of explanation, he attributed the animal's escape entirely to Arthur's carelessness; and hissing between his set teeth, the words, "You young devil," he struck Arthur a violent blow with his whip. This article consisted of a strong, walnut handle, to which was attached a long, heavy, cowhide lash; and the end of the latter striking Arthur across the cheek, raised a prominent, livid mark. No sooner had Fogg struck the blow than he would have given his right hand to recall the act; but now that it was done, he would neither

acknowledge the error nor confess his sorrow, but he instantly started after his horse. The animal, after dashing through the gateway into the road, did not run a hundred yards before meeting a young man on foot, who bravely rushed up, caught the reins and stopped him. He had scarcely done so when Fogg approached, and seeing that neither horse nor waggon had sustained any injury, he thanked the young man, jumped into his waggon and drove off, glad to place as long a distance as possible between himself and the object of his cowardly assault.

But what of the latter? the reader will anxiously ask. Poor boy! He stood for at least three minutes in the very spot where he had received the greatest humiliation of his life, thus far, dazed and motionless, save when he touched with a finger tip the smarting, stinging ridge across his cheek. Slowly the mists that obscured his mental vision cleared away, and he realized what had happened; he had been struck like a dog, and without the slightest cause. His face grew white, and for a moment his eyes blazed with a light which showed that he was almost beside himself with fury.

Aunt Becky and her daughter stood in the open door to watch the departure of the husband and father, and both uttered exclamations of terror when they saw the fright and escape of the horse. But the alarm and sorrow they felt at this scene were as nothing compared with the horror they felt at seeing Fogg strike Arthur. As in the first instance, they expressed their alarm together, so now they simultaneously uttered a groan of anguish; and, as if anticipating further violence, of which they wished to escape all sight and sound, instantly entered the house and closed the door. They regarded the disgrace which Fogg had brought on himself and them also irreparable.

When Arthur left the spot where he had been standing, his step indicated a determination nothing could shake. He entered the house, and without looking to the right hand or to the left, went directly to his room, and at once commenced packing his trunk. Selecting those things he might soonest need, he put them into his valise, strapped it, and then donned his best suit, leaving the old, well worn one he took off as a memento of his stay at Fogg's. After he had done this he took from his pocket a letter which he had received a few days before from Lizzie Maynes, sat down and read it.

He then restored it to his pocket, saying to himself as he did so, "She wonders when we shall meet again; if I know myself, it will be sooner than either of us has anticipated."

Taking his valise in his hand, he went down to the kitchen, where Aunt Becky and Jane—their eyes still red from weeping—had just begun to remove the breakfast dishes from the table. When they first entered the house, after the occurrence we have recorded, Jane from a window saw her father get into his buggy

and drive off, a fact of which she informed her mother. But since that scarcely a word had passed between them, both being too sorrow striken and too much chagrined at Fogg's mad action to allude to it.

They looked up as Arthur entered, and stood almost paralyzed with fresh grief and astonishment on seeing him arrayed in his best clothes and carrying his valise. Setting this down, he crossed the floor and extended his hand, saying in a trembling voice, "Good-bye, Aunt Becky; I am going away; I am very sorry to leave you, for you have been very kind to me, and I shall remember you as long as I live."

She seized his hand and continued to hold and press it affectionately, but averted her eyes on noticing the cruel mark on his cheek. Her tears burst forth anew, and it was with dificulty she replied,

"It will break my heart and Jane's too if you leave us, my dear boy, but I have long known that this is not a fit place for you. I think you would do far better in a city than in a back country place like this. But have you money enough to take you to Montreal, or where you wish to go? And will you leave your trunk here?

"I have five dollars," said Arthur; I think that will be all I shall need; my trunk I have decided to leave at Aunt Kitty's. If Tom is at home, I will get him to come up with me soon after it."

"Well, when you come after it, I shall give you something, so do not fail to come. But you must understand Arthur that I could not allow you to leave in this way if I had not a great deal of confidence in you, and believe you will be able, through the help of your friends, to find a place more suitable for you than this. But, of course, you will never let Mr. Fogg know what I am now saying to you."

Arthur assured her she need have no fear on this point, and then telling Jane, who was crying bitterly, he would not bid her good-bye till he came for his trunk, he departed.

It may seem very strange that Aunt Becky neither tried to dissuade Arthur from his purpose of leaving nor exert her authority to this end—conduct so at variance with the custom of loyal wives when left in charge of their husband's affairs. But Aunt Becky, with all her devotion to her husband, was truly conscientious and unselfish, and it was these qualities that had influenced her on this occasion. What she had said to Arthur was true—she believed his abilities fitted him for a different scene of action from what he found here, and each month he had been here she had wondered more and more at the mistaken judgment which consented to his coming to such a place. In addition to these reasons, she had for some time viewed with fear and anxiety Fogg's growing impatience, fretfulness and frequent outbursts of passion, and uncertainty as

to what he might do at such times made her glad than otherwise to have Arthur removed from his society.

Aunt Kitty and Tom had just completed their customary devotions after breakfast when Arthur rapped. Tom opened the door, and when they saw that it was Arthur, who for so many months had not been allowed to visit them; moreover, that he was dressed in his best, and carried a valise, their astonishment was so great that for a moment they could do nothing but stare at him. Aunt Kitty soon found her voice, however, and as she rushed forward to grasp him by the hand, she exclaimed,

"Weel, weel, chiel, how's this, wi'yer best claes on, an' a valise in yer han? Hae ye an the old gentleman dissolved partnersheep, or are ye runnnin' awa?"

Aunt Kitty asked these questions in jesting mood, but when she had approached Arthur, and saw the serious expression on his face, before he had time to answer, she again commenced her interrogatories.

"Why what's the matter wi ye laddie? ye look ill; and what's this?" pointing to the long mark across his cheek—"How hae ye hurted yourself like this?"

Arthur colored deeply, and the tears which had gathered in his eyes now rolled down his face. Tom, who stood near, regarding him with a look of wonder and inquiry, observing his emotion, and that he did not answer, now said,

"He's had trouble with Fogg, I'll warrant."

As if the remark suggested the question to her mind, Aunt Kitty touched the mark on Arthur's cheek and asked,

"Did Fogg do this, laddie?"

Arthur still hesitated, dropped his head, and then murmured a faint and reluctant "yes."

"The villain!" exclaimed Aunt Kitty with flashing eyes.

"Where is he? asked Tom, seizing his hat; "I'll thrash him within an inch of his life;" and with an expression of countenance which showed that his threat was not an idle one, he strove to pass them and go outside.

"Na', Na', Tom," exclaimed Aunt Kitty, catching him by the coat, and holding him back, "ye'll do nae sic a thing, though I know he deserves it; and I'm sorry to say I'm wicked eneuch to be glad if 'twas done. But that's not reet Tom; it's not the speerit of the Maister that gives sic feelings; and it's for us to let Him deal wi the puir, wicked man as He sees fit."

Arthur being too proud to have a scene on his account, therefore, wishing to help Aunt Kitty restrain Tom, now told him that Fogg was away from home, and doubtless would not return till late that evening.

Arthur was induced to sit down, and by questioning him, full particulars of his trouble that morning were obtained. He was

frequently interrupted in the recital of them by expressions of indignation from both Aunt Kitty and Tom; and it was with difficulty that Tom was persuaded to give up his intention of thrashing Fogg when he chanced to meet him. By degrees, however, as his anger cooled, and reason resumed her sway, he saw that it would be little credit to him to assault and beat a man so much older than himself, besides all the sin and disgrace of fighting. But much as he and his mother deplored the loss of Arthur's society, they were very glad to know he was going to leave Fogg; and they both expressed the opinion that it would be greatly to Arthur's advantage to do so, while it would be a just punishment to Fogg.

"It's mooch langer ye hae been wi' him than I said ye would when ye first came," said Aunt Kitty, "but will ye gang back to Montreal now?"

"No," said Arthur, "but I prefer that everybody in Dexter except yourselves should think I have gone there. I will tell you in confidence that I am going to Brownfield to see Mr. Dawson. If I cannot get a situation there, I believe he can help me get one in Toronto."

His auditors regarded his plan a wise one, more especially as Fogg, who would doubtless make every effort to get him back, would never think of looking for him at Brownfield or Toronto. But, as Arthur was anxious to get as far on his journey as possible before Fogg's return, he asked Tom to go with him at once for his trunk.

Aunt Kitty with her usual promptness in kind deeds declared that Tom should harness the horse as soon as they returned, and take Arthur, his trunk and valise, to the nearest railway station. She then went into her bedroom, and came back with a five dollar banknote in her hand, which she presented to Arthur, telling him that was to pay his fare to Brownfield. Arthur declined the generous donation, telling her that he had that sum of money in his pocket. She insisted, however, that he should take it, telling him he would doubtless need it before securing a situation; but, if it would please him better, he might regard it as a loan, to be paid when he should be in circumstances to pay it. On these terms it was accepted.

When they arrived at Fogg's, Aunt Becky, taking Arthur into a private room, astonished him by handing him another five dollar bill and insisting, notwithstanding his reluctance, on his accepting it.

"I assure you, Aunt Becky," he said, "I do not need it, for Aunt Kitty just forced me to accept five dollars, but I would accept it only as a loan that I can repay at my convenience."

"Well, I shall insist that you take this as a present, a token of my regard for you. I shall feel much hurt if you do not accept it.

But I must ask that you will never let Mr. Fogg know I have given you money, though I really believe that in time he will be pleased to know it. But I want you to promise me, Arthur, that you will forgive him for what he did this morning. I know he was sorry for his act the moment after he did it; he likes you, and it will nearly break his heart when he finds you have left, but I hope it may prove a lesson to the poor man he will never forget."

Aunt Becky's last words were accompanied by copious tears, and so deeply was Arthur affected, and so much did his conscience begin to upbraid him for running away, now that his anger began in a measure to subside, that, had Aunt Becky tried to dissuade him from his purpose, he would have remained. But the fact that she rather counselled him to go than otherwise he regarded a sufficient palliation of his act, for he reasoned that her interest in him and authority over him were quite equal to Fogg's. He, therefore, promised faithfully to observe her requests, left a kind message for Fogg and John—the latter being at work in a distant field—bade Aunt Becky and Jane an affectionate farewell, and departed, bearing one end of his trunk, while Tom bore the other.

Aunt Kitty encouraged him with bright pictures of the future, exhorted him to pray often and with faith, and then kissing him and adding her blessing, she hastened him and Tom away.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE Rev. John Dawson had just left his study, after two hours' hard work at his sermon for the ensuing Sabbath, and was now enjoying a pleasant *tete-a-tete* in the sitting-room with his wife, who sat in an easy chair, rocking a fine baby boy a month old. Like all such little strangers, sent to fill an aching void in parents' hearts and revivify emotions, withered by the frosts of sorrow, this one, at first, was regarded, especially by the father, somewhat in the light of an usurper, unable to command the homage due the one whose place he had usurped. But like them, also, he had already shown himself as skilled as a veteran in the campaigns of babyhood, in seizing strategic points and improving every advantage gained, in subduing the hearts to which he laid siege. Already, he had effected large breaches in the ramparts surrounding the paternal heart, and it would not require another month's bombardment from baby's batteries to secure an unqualified capitulation.

But John and May had learned as many other parents learn, who are chastened by the same sorrow, to regard their present treasure, not as one to which their right "to have and to hold" was forever, but one they held only by a tenure of indefinite duration.

May was still an invalid, having sat up only an hour or two on each of the two days preceding the present one, and she was now anxious to know where she could obtain a servant. Her nurse had left a week previous, and the girl who had been with her for the past six months was intending to leave at the expiration of the next two weeks. It is little wonder, therefore, that in her present physical condition she felt solicitous as to the way and time in which she was to obtain another servant. After talking awhile of other matters, she said,

"John, what shall I do if I cannot get another girl before Mary leaves?"

"Do not worry about the matter, my dear; you will get one," he replied.

"I cannot understand, John," she said, "how you can be so sanguine; you say you have been to every house in Brownfield, where you would be likely to find one, besides inquiring of many ladies in the place without hearing of one and yet you are sure we shall get one. Will you please state the reason of your courage to make so positive an assertion?"

"I will, my dear; it is because I trust in the Lord. He knows we are in need of a servant; when we do all we can, without success, if we trust in him to provide one, He will do so. There is one means

yet I have not tried, which is to advertise, and that I mean to do to-morrow; I will send an ad. to one of the Toronto papers by mail in the morning."

"If you attend the Ministerial Convention in Montreal next week, is it not possible you may find such a girl as we need before you return?" May asked, after a moment's reflection.

"Yes, it is possible," John replied.

"Oh John, how I wish I could get that girl at the Bethesda Arthur Langdon told me so much about last summer. She is so intelligent, I know I should like to have her with us; she would be as much companion as servant. I read one of her letters enclosed with one Arthur's sister wrote him; and I liked it so much, I have ever since taken great interest in her."

"But is she not too young for your purpose?" asked John.

"Not at all," replied May. "Arthur said she was nearly fifteen at the time he was speaking of her to me; so she must be nearly sixteen now; and he said also that she is tall and strong. She surely must be old and strong enough to do all that we shall require of her, inasmuch as we engage a woman specially to do the washing and all the other heavy household work."

"Well, in case we do not get a girl before that time, it will do no harm to go to the Bethesda when I am in Montreal, but I have no idea that the girl you speak of is there now.

"I fear she is not," May replied, "but you might find another there you would fancy; if we could only be as fortunate in obtaining a girl as Fogg was in obtaining Arthur—but stay, I wonder I did did not think of it before. Why couldn't we get Arthur's sister Annie?"

Just at this moment the door-bell rang, and John promptly answered the summons. The next moment May heard the exclamation,

"Mercy on us; what is this?" Then all was still for a second or two, while John pressed his visitor's hand and requested him to refrain from speaking loud, that he might the better surprise his wife.

"Who do you suppose is here May?" John asked opening the door, leaving the visitor in the hall.

"I cannot imagine," she replied, after thinking of a score of old friends any one of whom might possibly have visited them.

"Have you forgotten the old saying, that the one of whom you have been speaking is sure to appear. Of whom were we just now speaking?"

"Let me think," said May, "why, it was of Arthur Langdon's sister, Annie, and Lizzie, that other girl—I have forgotten her last name—but it certainly can be neither of them.

"No," said John, "but can you think of no other person whose name was mentioned more than once while we were talking before the bell rang?"

May once more tried to think of all the parties named during their chat, but she at last said,

"It is useless, John; I cannot think of another person, save Arthur Langdon, and, of course, it is not he."

John now threw open the door, beckoned the visitor, and Arthur Langdon walked in. It is unnecessary to repeat the expressions of surprise and joy with which May greeted him. We shall say, however, that after Arthur's journey and experience among strangers, the kind greeting he now met caused his bosom to heave with tender and grateful emotions, and when May affectionately kissed him, it was with no little difficulty he forced back the tears.

During his journey to Toronto, Arthur had become acquainted through some mutual civilities with a gentleman who, attracted by the lad's frank face, and suspecting, doubtless, that he might be in need of a situation, informed him that his brother, a manufacturer in Lockport, New York, was in need of a boy. Arthur, anxious of course to obtain work, eagerly inquired the manufacturer's address, obtained it, and as his acquaintance offered to pay his fare from Toronto to Lockport, Arthur accepted the offer, and on reaching Toronto, took the first boat to Lockport; but, on arriving at the manufacturer's he found to his great disappointment, the place was already secured by another. It being necessary to remain in the town overnight, he spent his evening writing to Mark Upstone, and posted the letter before returning to Canada the next day, and continuing his journey to Brownfield.

After salutations between May and Arthur had been exchanged, John led him to a comfortable seat and said,

"Now Arthur, sit down here and tell us your story. We are amazed, of course, to see you here, and are naturally very anxious to know under what circumstances you come; whether Fogg in a generous mood has given you ten dollars, and told you to take a couple of weeks for holidays, whether he sent you adrift in one of his fits of anger, or whether you left without giving him due notice of your intentions. But in whatever way you come, my dear boy, we are very glad to see you, and hope for your peace of mind that you have done nothing wrong."

The hope expressed in the last sentence was suggested to John's mind by Arthur's sad, troubled countenance; and John's knowledge of the fact, that if he had been tempted to do wrong, he would feel keen sorrow for it.

Just as Arthur was about to reply to these questions, May asked,

"How in the world, Arthur, did you get that long, black and blue mark across your cheek? The swollen ridge had vanished, leaving the dark mark May had described. As Arthur hesitated, and colored deeply, John's suspicion was aroused, and he immediately asked,

"Did Fogg strike you there?" at the same moment, exchanging a look of strong indignation with May. Instead of answering John's last question, directly—Arthur said,

"I fear I may have done wrong, Mr. Dawson, but if you think I have, on hearing my story, I shall be glad to do whatever you advise by way of making amends; but if you think I have done right, I shall be very glad to know it."

"Well, my boy, I will hear your story and will advise you to the best of my judgment," John replied. Arthur now began an account of what had occurred at Fogg's the morning he left; how the horse was frightened and ran away, how Fogg immediately addressed, and then struck him, without knowing whether he was at all to blame for the accident; how he felt so insulted and angry at being thus treated, he decided to leave at once. He also related all that Aunt Becky had said to him, and admitted that had it not been for her encouragement to him to leave, he might have returned with Tom Gordon; so wrong did it seem to him, before he reached the railway station, to desert Fogg's service as he had.

At the first pause in the story, May, who had been listening with deep attention, not unmingled with indignation, said,

"I think you did perfectly right, Arthur. Don't you think he did, John?"

John did not reply immediately, as he apparently was considering the question; but he presently said,

"Inasmuch as Aunt Becky gave him so much encouragement to leave, I think he was justified in so doing; had it not been for that, I should hesitate to say he had sufficient provocation to run away, especially if, as Aunt Becky prophesied, Fogg was sorry for his rash, cruel act." Then addressing Arthur he said,

"You told me of the trouble you had with Fogg, relative to working in the sugar-bush on the Sabbath; has he since that time ever tried to make you work on the Sabbath or do anything your conscience has compelled you to refuse to do?"

"Only once," said Arthur; "that was last fall, when I was a witness for a man who arrested him for assault."

"Tell us all about it," said John.

Thus entreated, Arthur gave a full account of the altercation in the field with the plowman, the assault, the trial, Fogg's rage at the result, and his order that Arthur should no more visit Aunt Kitty and Tom.

During his account of these incidents, sundry expressions of countenance and movements observable in his two auditors showed that their emotions were not altogether the most pleasurable that could be enjoyed; but rather, that they were stirred by deep and just indignation.

"But did Fogg never afterward acknowledge to you that he was wrong or sorry for the way he treated you in the matter?" asked John.

"Never," replied Arthur.

"Well," said John, "notwithstanding the many things I have seen and known Fogg to do, which destroyed in great measure my respect both for his judgment and character, I could not have believed him base enough to attempt to compel a boy he has promised to rear and instruct in the principles of honesty and right living to commit perjury. Yes," he continued, "Aunt Becky was right in wanting you to leave; she knows Fogg better than any one else, and we ought to respect her opinion in the matter. At all events, I shall so far respect it as to do all I can to prevent your going back there; and if Mr. Fogg is too savage and determined in his efforts to secure your return, he may provoke us to a line of defence very humiliating to him to say the least. I imagine he would much dislike to have the ladies of the Bethesda learn that, besides treating a boy they committed to his charge in a rough, unkind manner generally, he has been angry with him for refusing to work on the Sbbath and actually ill-treated him because he would not commit perjury at his bidding. No, no, Mr. Fogg, you had better keep quiet."

"I certainly hope he will keep quiet for Aunt Becky's sake," said Arthur, "and I believe her influence will prevent his making very strong efforts to get me back. Although I did not tell them I was going to Montreal, Aunt Becky and Jane thought I was going there, and I am glad they did, for I believe Mr. Fogg would be shy about going there for me, fearing the report I might give the ladies and Mr. Upstone of my stay with him. He will doubtless write either to Mrs. Lovelaw or to Mr. Upstone, thinking they will send me back to him in the care of an officer. If he writes to the secretary, the ladies will feel in duty bound to search for me; but if he writes only to Mr. Upstone, it will be all right, for he will never let the ladies know I have left Fogg's. I wrote him a long letter last night in Lockport, and mailed it early this morning, so he must certainly get it before a letter from Fogg could reach him."

"But suppose Fogg takes the trouble to drive to the railway station in Dexter to make inquiries?" said John, "if he goes within a day or two, there are not so many buying tickets there but what the agent would be likely to remember you; also, that he sold you a ticket for Toronto."

"I thought of that contingency," said Arthur, "and provided against it by letting Tom get my ticket and get my baggage checked. I kept away from the station myself till it was time for the train to start."

"Good," said John, laughing and slapping him on the shoulder; "you are not quite so young and verdant as you look. But my goodness, May, here we have kept this boy over an hour, just from our selfish curiosity, without once thinking he may have had nothing to eat for two days."

"Please give yourselves no trouble," said Arthur, "for I took dinner before leaving Toronto."

"Mary is getting tea and it will soon be ready," said May, "so, John, you had better show Arthur his room. But before you go, Arthur, I wish to ask if your sister, Annie, is still at the Bethesda."

"No, she was indentured a few weeks ago to a clergyman in Montreal," Arthur replied.

"And where is that friend of yours, whose letter you showed me, last summer, Lizzie—?"

"Lizzie Maynes," said Arthur, his eye brightening at the same moment; "she is still there; and I have another letter in my pocket I received from her a few days ago." May's eyes now sparkled from the pleasure afforded her by this intelligence, and she quickly asked,

"Will she also be indentured?"

"Not by the ladies of the Bethesda," said Arthur. "She is under the control of an aunt who placed her in the Home. She intended taking Lizzie herself, but allowed her to remain, and help in the Home, at the request of the ladies."

"Well, do you suppose she would be willing to come and live with me, if her aunt should consent?"

May was watching Arthur's face closely, when she asked this question, desiring to read therein the fate of the hope with which his words had inspired her, of obtaining Lizzie; and when she saw the blood mount to his cheek and the light kindle in his eye, she knew that in her present purpose she had in him a stronger ally than she had imagined. With a strong effort to appear no more desirous of the arrangement than his profound respect and warm friendship for Mrs. Dawson demanded, he replied,

"If her aunt has made no arrangement to prevent her coming, I am quite sure Lizzie will be glad to come."

"You know it is because of her intelligence that I prefer her to some other girl I might get; she would be a companion for me; her work would be very light, for our heavy work is all done by a woman I engage by the day."

Arthur was much pleased to hear this explanation from Mrs. Dawson; for, like all proud-spirited youths, whether of his age or much older, he greatly preferred to have the choice of his heart regarded as a companion rather than a servant, when circumstances rendered one or the other title a necessity. As he was turning away to be conducted to his room May again asked,

"Will you write her, Arthur, stating my desire, so that she will have time to consider the matter and discuss it with her aunt before John goes to Montreal?"

"I will with pleasure," he replied, and then followed John, who had taken his valise and gone upstairs. He was shown into a good sized, neatly furnished bedroom, where John left him after saying,

"We will walk to the station soon after tea, and get a carter to bring over your trunk; and I wish to take you to see Mr. Hogan before we come back. It is not more than a week since I heard him say he wished he could find an honest clever boy to help in his office, and perhaps you can fill the bill." John laughed as he said this, but he hurried away without giving Arthur time to reply. His words, however, caused the boy's heart to give a joyous bound. Could it be that he would be thus blessed? Would the Lord give him a situation where he could earn his own livelihood so soon, and here in this large village, among intelligent people, and near his friends? The thought was a happy one, and coming as it did when he was already elated with the kind reception given him by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, as well as by the prospect of writing to Lizzie the message of Mrs. Dawson, it filled him with grateful emotions.

It was just after dusk that he and John started out for the purpose the latter had mentioned to him before tea; and after finding a carter whom John knew, and giving him the check for Arthur's trunk, with orders to take it immediately to the parsonage, they repaired to the residence of Mr. Hogan. As that gentleman was about to sit down to his tea, on learning from the servant that Mr. Dawson with a boy had called to see him, he told her to ask if their business was urgent, and in case it was not, to show them into the library, and say he would soon join them.

Mr. Hogan had a large, fine library, besides many rare and costly paintings, and knowing how much John enjoyed looking at the latter, as well as at the books, he rightly concluded that this would be the place where he could the most pleasantly await his coming.

Arthur was soon so engrossed with the books and other things to which John called his attention that he forgot the object for which they came, till reminded of it by the entrance of Mr. Hogan. He remembered with what pleasure he used to visit the public libraries and book stores in Montreal, in company with his father and afterwards with Mr. Upstone; and how he had thought of the time when he would be a man and own a large library. And now he thought how few books he had seen since living in Dexter; and of the lonely winter he had spent at Fogg's, and then of the wonderful contrast there must be between the mind of Fogg and that of Mr. Hogan. Quickly indeed did these thoughts pass through his mind; otherwise, he would not have heard and understood all that John said to him during the twenty minutes they were alone.

He was listening with rapt attention to an historical account of one of the finest paintings in the room, when Mr. Hogan entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Dawson," he said, extending his hand; "I hope my unusually good appetite to-night has not exhausted your patience."

"By no means," said John; "nor would you have exhausted it had you not come for an hour, so long as we had your library for entertainment. My business, though important, is not so urgent as to demand instant attention. I heard you express the wish, a few days since, that you could get a good boy to help in your office. Have you yet obtained one?"

"No, I have not," said Mr. Hogan, casting an inquiring glance toward Arthur.

"Well," said John, "I think I have brought you one who will answer your description. You recollect the story I told you of the orphan boy that was indentured to Fogg?"

"Very well, indeed," Mr. Hogan replied, "and I have often since recalled the story."

"Well allow me to introduce him; Arthur Langdon—Mr. Hogan."

The latter shook hands with Arthur warmly, and expressed much pleasure at meeting him.

"Now that I think of it," said John, "since you have heard of Fogg's peculiarities, and know how he treated Donald Fraser, I will show you another sample of his conduct;" and he pointed to the mark on Arthur's cheek. Arthur blushed, and would much rather Mr. Dawson had not mentioned this.

"Did Fogg strike him there?" asked Mr. Hogan.

"Yes, said John," and if you knew the circumstances, and that he did it without the slightest provocation, you would feel that the boy was justified in leaving him, especially after enduring his tyrannical treatment for more than a year. He once even punished him for refusing to commit perjury at his command."

"He must indeed be a very ill-tempered man," said Mr. Hogan, "to strike a boy in the face, like that, even if he had strong reasons for correcting him."

"I can confidently affirm," said John, "that he had no reason whatever. Arthur is not a boy who ever deserves coporeal punishment, and he is a stranger to it. But, if you are really in want of a boy, I can conscientiously recommend him as one who will give you satisfaction in every particular, mentally, morally and physically."

"If I recollect rightly," said Mr. Hogan, "Mr. Dawson told me you are a good scholar. How long is it since you were at school?"

"About fifteen months," Arthur replied.

"I suppose you are familiar with all the simple rules of arithmetic?"

"I trust that I am," said Arthur. "I was studying high school arithmetic and algebra when I left."

"Oh, well then, I think your knowledge of figures is sufficient for my purpose. I would like to see a specimen of your hand

writing. Will you just sit down at this desk, please, and write a promissory note payable to Mr. Dawson, the 15th of September next, for twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. I scarcely expect you to write it in proper form; it is more to see your penmanship and figures, I ask you to write it."

Mr. Hogan placed pen, ink and paper before him and then turned away to speak with John. In much less time than he supposed it would take him to write it, Arthur rose and gave him the note. After carefully examining it, he said,

"Well, my boy, there's not a bank clerk nor a bank manager in the country that can write a note more correctly than you have this; and I doubt whether there is one that can do it more neatly; he certainly could not to my taste."

As Mr. Hogan said this, he handed the note to John, who took it, but merely glanced at it, saying,

"Oh I knew well what he could do; I have seen his work before," and addressing Arthur, he said,

"Couldn't you tell us what the proceeds of this note would be, suppose I should take it to the bank to-morrow, and they should discount it eight per cent.?"

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, taking the note Mr. Dawson extended to him, and again sitting down at the desk.

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Hogan, "you have given him a problem many business men couldn't solve."

"It makes no difference; he'll solve it," said John; and then, while Arthur worked, John related some of the lad's experiences at Fogg's, among them that resulting from the trial for assault. The men were talking busily, when it was noticed that Arthur had completed his task, and John asked him to explain his solution. Arthur modestly complied with the request, and, after listening to the explanation, both examined the work, wrought neatly, and pronounced it perfectly correct.

"This will do," said Mr. Hogan; "we don't want you to work all night. There is only one thing more I wish to mention, and I consider that almost unnecessary, for your face tells me you can be trusted, and I have learned enough about you from Mr. Dawson to inspire me with perfect confidence in your honesty. But the work I wish a boy to do requires that he shall not only be honest, but possess tact and discretion, that he may know by whom he is accosted or with whom he associates. He will frequently have to carry money to and from the bank, and sometimes the sums are quite large; however, we can speak of this hereafter. What salary do you expect?"

"Whatever you think I am worth," replied Arthur.

"I certainly cannot object to that," replied Mr. Hogan, "but I shall give you all I can afford to give. The first year I shall give you twenty-five dollars a month; and if you are faithful, as I have

no doubt you will be, I shall increase the salary liberally after that. My bookkeeper who is getting old and infirm, in all probability will not be able to do the work of the position more than a year or two longer. I have been paying him fifteen hundred a year, and lately have been thinking that I would like to have a young man to assist him a little, and gradually work into the business, so as to take the old man's place when he gives up. If, therefore, you give me the satisfaction I hope you will, it is not impossible that you may in time become his successor. Have you any knowledge of bookkeeping?"

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, "I have a good knowledge of single entry, and know something of double entry bookkeeping."

"Well, this is a matter we need not discuss to-night. When would you like to begin work?"

"At any time you wish," answered Arthur.

"Let me see; this is Wednesday. Of course, you will not care to begin this week."

"No," said John, "I want him to remain with me at least a few days."

"Shall we say Monday, then?" asked Mr. Hogan.

"Yes, sir, if you wish me to begin then," said Arthur.

"All right then, we will say Monday," Mr. Hogan replied.

For the last few minutes Arthur had been in Beulah land. So great seemed the salary offered, that at first he thought Mr. Hogan was merely joking; but when he realized that he was in earnest, he was so excited he could scarcely keep from throwing his arms around him and shouting for joy. Great tears of gratitude stood in his eyes, and it was with no little difficulty he controlled the tremor of his voice so as to conceal his emotion. He had seen boys of fifteen in Dexter, larger than himself, delighted when they could get a chance to work for five or six dollars a month; and he would have thought himself fortunate to be able to earn ten, even in a city; no wonder that the assurance he was to get twice as much seemed at first a huge joke.

"Well," said Mr. Hogan to John, "I have been fortunate enough to-night to have my mind relieved of one matter which has engaged my thoughts for some time; and now, if I am as successful in another thing of which I have been thinking, I shall be quite happy."

"What is that, pray?" asked John.

"I have long wanted to have a good newspaper published in Brownfield; but never could find enough men to second my efforts to make the enterprise a success. Last week, however, by the failure and absconding of a printer, who owed me quite a sum, I came into possession of a good printing press, stock of type, and everything necessary for starting a paper. If I can now find a thorough wide awake man, clever enough to edit and manage a

paper, I will give him the whole thing, with a hundred dollars in money to start and publish a good paper here."

"Well," said John, "it seems as if with such encouragement you ought to have no difficulty in finding a man."

"I know of no man now," said Mr. Hogan, "but thought it possible you might."

"No," said John, "I can think of no one now, but as I am myself much interested in the enterprise, I shall bear the subject in mind, and make inquiries whenever I have opportunity. I intend to go to Montreal next week to attend the Ministerial Convention, and if I have time will look about a little for a man while there."

John and Arthur, soon after this, bade Mr. Hogan good-night, and started for home. As soon as they were in the street, John said,

"I trust you now see, Arthur, that it was not to shorten your visit with us I started so soon after your arrival to secure you a place. I dare not delay a moment after knowing you desired a situation, lest the one you now have should be obtained by some other boy; indeed, I was so anxious you should secure it, I was very nervous till we had seen Mr. Hogan. But now, that you have been fortunate enough to obtain it, I want you to be in no haste about leaving us. I certainly hope you will stay till after I return from Montreal; and unless you would find the distance from your work too great, I think Mrs. Dawson would like to have you for a permanent boarder."

"You certainly are very kind to me," said Arthur, "and I hope I may yet be able to repay you; I had thought before you mentioned it, what pleasure it would give me to board with you, but feared it would give Mrs. Dawson too much trouble. I do not mind the distance; indeed I think it would be much better for me to take the long walk every day than it would to board near my work."

At any time Arthur would have preferred boarding with the Dawsons to boarding at any other place in Brownfield; but we may safely conjecture that his preference for the former place was stronger just at present, because of a hope that a certain young lady in Montreal would also be a boarder at the Dawson's.

May retired before John and Arthur returned, but before going to sleep, she heard of the success of their mission to Mr. Hogan's; and could Arthur have known the degree of joy the news gave her he would have felt that in her he had a friend in whom there was no guile. She and John, also, before falling asleep, discussed the question of boarding him, and it was decided that, if they secured a servant, they would board him after the next ten or twelve days, during which he was to remain as their guest.

As for Arthur, so excited were his nerves from the wonderful change that had occurred so suddenly in his prospects, it was three o'clock the following morning ere he fell asleep.

Soon after returning from Mr. Hogan's, remembering his promise to Mrs. Dawson, he sat down in John's study and wrote to Lizzie. In his first paragraph he cautioned her against letting any one—even Annie—know that he had written her, or that she had any knowledge of the fact that he had left Fogg. He then gave her his reason for leaving, and a history of his experience since that event—not omitting his engagement to Mr. Hogan; and finally announced the surprising news that Mrs. Dawson desired to have her come and live with her. He had long before acquainted her with the kindness and virtues of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, and now did not fail to expatiate on her good fortune in having an opportunity to live with such people. It should be added, also, that when writing of his own success in securing a position, he had mentioned, incidentally, the probability of his boarding at Mr. Dawson's—reasoning, with the logic of an older lover, that after she had received this information her decision relative to coming to Brownfield would in a measure show his influence with her.

The remaining days of that week he spent very pleasantly visiting with the Dawsons, and taking long walks, sometimes with John and sometimes alone, during which he became acquainted with the different streets of Brownfield, as well as with a number of its citizens.

On Saturday, towards evening, he was somewhat startled at rceiving the following letter from Mr. Upstone.

"Bethesda," Montreal, 18th May, 18...

"My Dear Arthur,

"Your letter from Lockport, N.Y., was duly received; and so far from feeling that you did wrong in leaving Fogg, I quite approve your action; and had I known the facts you gave me in your letter, I would have advised you long ago to leave him. It seems that the estimate I formed of him—and with which I acquainted Miss Forest—when he came for you to the Bethesda—was a very correct one. But as the directresses, of course, would not accept my opinions, and indentured you, I thought it wiser not to tell you what I thought of Mr. Fogg, and thus perhaps prejudice you against him. I must say that it was quite characteristic of yourself to remain as long as you did in that semi-barbarous place, enduring so much that was truly unjust and revolting to your sense of refinement—without complaint. Such conduct shows that you are deserving of a better place—one such as I hope and believe Providence has in store for you.

"But I must hasten to tell you the news. The day after I received your letter, Mrs. Lovelaw came to the Bethesda saying she had just received a letter from Fogg telling her you had run

away, and asking the ladies to return you (duly labelled and ticketed I suppose) to him. He evidently thought you were here.

"As Mrs. Lovelaw has not spoken to me for some time, except when obliged to do so relative to business, she addressed her enquiries on this occasion to Mrs. Upstone; but, as I was near enough to overhear, I promptly answered, assuring her that you had not yet reached Montreal, and that I had the day before received a letter from you, dated from Lockport, N.Y. You see, now, how providential your trip to the American side was, in spite of your disappointment in not obtaining the desired position—for you may be sure I did not mention to Mrs. Lovelaw your intention of returning to Canada. She said she had had serious thoughts of advertising you, and of compelling your return to Fogg; but when I told her of receiving your letter; and showed her the first two pages—which fortunately contained nothing about your intention of going to Brownfield, she evidently decided to change her tactics. In order to prevent Fogg making any further demand on the ladies, she will doubtless now write him a furious letter, threatening him with dire punishment for the way he treated you, and at the same time inform him you are in the States. All this will probably give Fogg a quietus; and if you exercise the proper caution, it is not likely you will be disturbed, even if you find employment on this side of the line. I do not expect to remain in the Bethesda many days more, but hope to be here till you are well settled somewhere, and the directresses and Fogg, believing you are in the States, make no further enquiries after you.

"I saw Annie yesterday; she is quite well, and I think comparatively happy.

"I hope that when I next write you, I shall have some definite plans for my own future, and know where I am going to locate. At present I am uncertain where I shall go, or what I shall do.

"Trusting that you found your old friends Mr. and Mrs. Dawson happy and glad to see you, and that you are enjoying your stay with them, I remain,

"Your sincere friend,

"MARK UPSTONE."

"P.S.—I came near forgetting to say that Mrs. and Miss Upstone send love and many kind wishes."

After Arthur had read the letter he gave it to John to read; and having perused it, the latter said,

"Do you realize, Arthur, how very fortunate it was you went to Lockport? I have not a doubt that the kind Providence who guards and guides you led you to go there; and while there to

write to Mr. Upstone, in order that those who were seeking you might be thrown off your track. Mr. Upstone evidently is a very warm friend of yours; and if, as he says, you are now cautious, it is not likely you will be molested here. It is very improbable that Fogg or any one in Dexter who knows you will ever come here, and it is still more improbable that any one from Montreal will recognize and report you to the directresses."

"I certainly believe what you say," said Arthur, "and you may be sure I shall strive to be cautious. But since receiving this letter another thought has occurred to me. Do you remember what Mr. Hogan said about wanting a man to establish a paper here?"

"I do," said Mr. Dawson.

"Well, Mr. Upstone is the very man for the place," said Arthur. "You notice he says in his letter that he is going to leave the Bethesda, and has no place in view. I hope you will not fail to speak to him about the matter, when you are in Montreal."

"I am very glad you mentioned the matter," said John, "and judging from what you told me of Mr. Upstone when you were at Fogg's, I certainly am inclined to endorse your statement, and believe that if he gets sufficient encouragement, he will publish a paper that will be a credit to our place. At all events, I am so much interested in the project that I want you to go with me to talk with Mr. Hogan respecting it immediately after supper."

"I shall be very glad to go," replied Arthur, "for if he and his family and Lizzie Maynes come, nearly all my friends will be in Brownfield."

"In less than an hour after this, the two friends were talking with Mr. Hogan, who entered most cordially into their scheme of getting Upstone to come to Brownfield. As soon as he learned that Mark formerly published "The Loontown Advocate," he said, "Why, I was a subscriber for that paper nearly all the time he published it, and I always read his editorials with interest. Holmes, who runs the engine in one of our shops, is from Loontown and is well acquainted with Upstone, and has more than once talked with me about him. From all I can gather from what he has told me, I infer that Upstone is an industrious and honest man, but has been unfortunate financially. At all events, tell him I think he will be more at home here with us at his old business than he has been at his work in Montreal. You know I said before, I would give a hundred dollars to any competent man who would start the publication of a paper here, but, knowing what I do of Mr. Upstone, I shall give you a check for $200 to hand him as soon as he promises to come here within a month; and he shall have $100 more as soon as he is well settled here, besides the free use of press, type, etc., for an indefinite period."

Delighted with the success of their visit to Mr. Hogan, our two friends now returned.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

On the Monday following the events that occurred at the Bethesda, described in one of our last chapters, Miss Breezygate arrived in the city, and became the guest of her old friend, Miss Whitemore. The two friends had not met for several years; consequently, the present was a very joyful meeting, and they naturally had a great many things to tell each other—the most important revelation of Miss Whitemore being the sad state of the Bethesda under the Upstones' management, and the great impatience of the ladies to have Miss Breezygate assume charge, to put things in proper condition.

Not one of the directresses save Miss Whitemore, had ever seen Miss Breezygate; and as soon as it was known she had arrived, a few of them decided that, as she was a lady of so much refinement and so punctilious in matters of etiquette, they ought to hasten to show their high respect for her, and their pleasure at her arrival. Accordingly, in the evening Miss Forest, as she had before promised these ladies, called with her carriage for Miss Marble and Miss Horner, and bade her coachman drive to the residence of Miss Whitemore. It had been her intention to have Mrs. Lovelaw of the party, but since that lady had learned of her woful mistake in sending Mark the notice, she had been in mortal fear of meeting any of the directresses, lest they should call her to account for her unbusinesslike methods. When her servant, therefore, told her Miss Forest had called, she promptly slipped out of the back door, and told the servant to say she was out.

"I wish," said Miss Marble, when the three ladies were fairly on their way to Miss Whitemore's, "I had had a little more time to complete my toilet; you came rather sooner, Miss Forest, than I expected. I have so exalted an opinion of Miss Breezygate from Miss Whitemore's description of her, I confess I feel rather nervous about meeting her.

"Do you know how long it is since she and Miss Whitemore have met?" asked Miss Forest.

"It is twenty-five years, I believe," Miss Marble replied.

"Oh, well, she has doubtless changed a good deal in that time," said Miss Horner. "She could have been but twenty-five then, for I understand she is now fifty; so, it is not at all likely she is as particular about her language and dress as she was then. But I hear she is a person of great learning and can read the works of Homer and Virgil readily in the original."

"Do you know where she was educated?" Miss Forest asked.

Neither of the companions knew, but Miss Marble was under

the impression that she was once preceptress of a Young Ladies' Seminary somewhere in the West.

But the three ladies were soon in the parlor of Miss Whitemore and presented to the august Miss Breezygate. Though this lady had a freckled face and hair of firey red, she was tall, of a good figure and was by no means a bad looking woman, but the air of self-importance betrayed in every motion before she had spoken, was not calculated to awaken the admiration of her visitors. It was noticed also that she was dressed in a very extravagant, showy style, wearing a profuse quantity of cheap jewelry, both of which things afforded ample proof of her want of refined taste.

When the ceremony of introduction was over, Miss Whitemore said,

"I have just been telling Miss Breezygate what a set the Upstones are; and I advise her not to let one of the family come inside the door to see the children after she is there." The three ladies at once cast an inquiring glance toward their new matron to see what she thought of this summary way of showing the Upstones their company was not desired. Evidently pleased with such an opportunity to show them what a champion of their rights they had secured in her, she immediately drew herself up to her full height, and glancing proudly at them as if sure of their unqualified admiration, exclaimed,

"I'd like to see Upstone stick his head in there; I'd kick him out in two seconds. When I was matron in a Home out in Chicago, a big loafer one day give me some of his lip, and I put a head on him that made him keep out of sight for more'n a week."

The scene produced by this remark, as accurately as we can describe it was as follows:

Miss Horner had just dropped on the sofa, but the first sentence of this short speech had so great an effect on her that she sprang to her feet again, and when the last word was uttered she stood staring at the speaker with eyes expanded to the utmost limit, while her hands hung down in front, her fingers locked together precisely, as if she were trying to crush some hard shell nut.

Miss Marble, who had been in the act of using her pocket handkerchief, now stood with bowed head, her face buried in her handkerchief; perfectly motionless, she might have been lost in reverie, or trying to allay an attack of nosebleed.

Miss Forest, almost at the first utterance of Miss Breezygate, sank on the sofa with a groan of anguish, and was now, like Miss Horner, staring at the speaker with eyes distended and mouth agape.

Miss Whitemore, who stood near the speaker, and was the only one of the party except her who gave evidence of life, broke into a short laugh, and said "Didn't I tell you, ladies, we would have some one that would straighten things out?"

Not a word was uttered in reply, and the only movement on the part of the three visitors was that of Miss Horner, who now slowly sat down beside Miss Forest, her eyes still fixed on Miss Breezygate.

This lady, evidently under the impression that the three visitors were so astonished at her manifestations of energy and fearlessness, they were unable to express their feelings, was in high spirits, but Miss Whitemore, regarding them with a look of surprise, immediately asked,

"What is the matter with you, ladies? Are you all dumb?"

"I do not feel at all well, Miss Whitemore," said Miss Forest.

"Would you like a little camphor?" asked Miss Whitemore.

"Yes, I think I will try some, thank you," she answered.

While Miss Whitemore proceeded to get the camphor, Miss Marble, who had now raised her head, approached Miss Breezygate, and with great politeness asked,

"Did I understand, Miss Breezygate, that you were once principal of a Young Ladies' Seminary?"

"Young Ladies' Seminary!" exclaimed Miss Breezygate, starting back in surprise.

"Yes," said Miss Marble. "I was so informed."

"Well, I'd like to know who told that stuff. All the young ladies, or old ones either, I ever had charge of, was in a lunatic asylum out in Chicago."

"Strange," said Miss Marble, "how such a mistake should have occurred."

As the few remarks that were made after this were of no special interest we shall not take the trouble to repeat them. Suffice to say, that as soon as was compatible with decency, the three ladies, on the plea of Miss Forest's illness, excused themselves and returned to the carriage.

As soon as they had done so, Miss Forest, who had recovered in a surprisingly short time, said,

"Poor old Miss Whitemore. I have long known she is in her dotage, and I wonder we should have been so stupid as to allow her to engage a woman for our matron of whom we knew positively nothing. In making this change in the Bethesda we have literally jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"It will certainly never do," said Miss Horner," to allow that woman to enter the Bethesda as matron."

"I don't understand her," said Miss Marble, "her expressions are so peculiar. Don't you think, ladies, her language is very figurative?"

"I think it is," said Miss Forest bursting into laughter.

"For instance," continued Miss Marble, "she spoke of kicking and putting a head on a man. I confess I don't understand. How in the world could she put a head on a man?"

"My dear," exclaimed Miss Forest, in a vexed and impatient tone, "don't you know that is merely slang of a very low character?"

"Is it indeed?" said Miss Marble. "We certainly ought not to have a matron that will use slang. And then she spoke of kicking Mr. Upstone in some shocking way. I don't know how you feel about it, but bad as he is, I certainly would object to having him seriously hurt. Don't you think it would be highly improper for her to kick him?"

"No, I don't think it would," said Miss Horner, "I think he richly deserves it."

"Pshaw what nonsense, Miss Horner," said Miss Forest. "But in our present circumstances, ladies, I cannot see we can do otherwise than accept Miss Breezygate for our matron. It is very certain, however, we shall soon have to make another change."

"She has two qualities that commend her to me," said Miss Horner, "those are strength and ability to keep good order. If she only understands how to drill the children, so that they will march properly on the street, I think she will answer our purpose very well for awhile at least."

"I dare say she will understand drilling them very well if she has had a position in a lunatic asylum," said Miss Marble, "for I have always heard they take great pains with the patients in those asylums, and very likely they drill them in marching."

The carriage now having arrived at Miss Marble's residence, that lady left her companions, and, as the rest of their conversation is of no interest to the reader, we shall now leave them.

The day following, Miss Forest again called on Mr. Hornblower to ask what progress he had made toward inducing the Upstones to vacate the Bethesda. This gentleman informed her that, owing to a slight error of technicality in the notice sent Mr. Upstone, he feared the latter had the advantage, in consequence of which it would perhaps be necessary to allow him some slight compensation for leaving.

A very blank expression settled on the face of Miss Forest, but after a little thought she asked,

"How much do you suppose it will require?"

"Oh I presume," said Mr. Hornblower, "twenty-five or thirty dollars will be sufficient. You know that will appear quite a sum to him."

"Well, I hope it will be no more than that," she replied, "but I trust you will attend to it at once, Mr. Hornblower, for the new matron has arrived and is anxious to assume charge."

Having heard Mr. Hornblower's promise that he would observe her request, Miss Forest with these few words departed.

Two or three hours later Mr. Hornblower was again in Fleetwood's office.

"Well, Fleetwood," he said, "I have been at the Bethesda since I saw you. I talked very kindly to those people, but I suppose under present circumstances we shall have to allow them some little compensation for leaving. We parted on very good terms, and I feel assured Upstone will be satisfied with twenty-five dollars."

"When did you last see him?" asked Mr. Fleetwood.

"Three or four days ago," was the reply.

"He must have changed his mind materially then since that, for he was here this morning, and gave me to understand he would not leave without the payment of a year's salary."

"Oh, how absurd," said Mr. Hornblower; "I'll give thirty dollars."

"It is useless to make any such trifling offer, Mr. Hornblower."

"Well, I'll say forty then."

"You are only wasting time," replied Fleetwood. "You have heard what I said, and when you accept the terms I have mentioned he will leave and not otherwise."

Mr. Hornblower looked much crestfallen, and after giving himself a few minutes to silent thought, left the office without further remark.

The remainder of the week passed without anything occurring to break the monotony of the Upstone's lives, save the arrival of Arthur Langdon's letter, and the visit of Mrs. Lovelaw to announce the receipt of a letter from Fogg—things with which the reader is already acquainted. In the early part of the week following, it was announced to Mark that a gentleman was waiting his presence in the parlor. On going thither, he was much pleased to meet the Rev. Mr. Dawson, from Brownfield, Ont. After a few moments' conversation, Mr. Dawson presented him a letter which he had brought from Arthur, and which was devoted chiefly to the offer made by Mr. Hogan, relative to the establishment of a newspaper in Brownfield, no mention, however, being made in it of the $200.

At the request of Mr. Dawson, Mark read the letter at once, and the question of his accepting the offer thus being introduced, the two men discussed it earnestly for the next half hour. Mark asked many questions respecting Brownfield—its population, general intelligence of the people, wealth, etc., the answers to which were such as to give him a decided inclination to accept the offer.

Mr. Dawson having thus awakened Mark's interest in the project said, "If you are prepared to promise me that you will accept Mr. Hogan's offer of $100 and the free use of the press and type, I have a check for $200 with me, which Mr. Hogan authorized me to present you at once, on condition that you will agree to begin work within a month."

Mark was so astonished he could do nothing for the next minute but stare at his visitor in utter amazement. Seeing and understanding his condition, John explained more in detail the reason

of Mr. Hogan's interest in the enterprise, and especially why he was so desirous of securing him as editor of the newspaper. It was not until Mark had promised to go to Brownfield in a few days, and had received the two hundred dollar check, that he could persuade himself that this piece of good fortune was a reality.

He then went upstairs and first handed Arthur's letter to Mrs. Upstone. After she had read it with evident pleasure, and expressed the hope that there might be a good opening for him in the way of business in Brownfield, and her joy at Arthur's good fortune in that place, Mark gradually unfolded to her the rest of the good news brought to him by Mr. Dawson. Like Mark himself but a short time before, she could scarcely credit the story and exclaimed, "Why Mark, you don't mean to tell me that this is true?" "Certainly, my dear, and in proof of it here is the check." She merely glanced at it and then womanlike gave vent to her gratitude in copious tears. A moment later she ran downstairs to tell the glad tidings to his niece who was in the school-room teaching, while Mark returned to the parlor.

In about half an hour after leaving the parlor he returned, and learned that Mr. Dawson had, with very little effort, prevailed on Lizzie to go with him to Brownfield. She said, however, before deciding positively to do so, she wished to consult her aunt; and for this purpose went to see her that afternoon. Her aunt made very little objection to the proposed arrangement, especially after learning that Mr. Dawson was a clergyman, and hearing Lizzie's description of his kind and genial manner.

A little later in the day Mark went to Mr. Fleetwood's office and there, unexpectedly, met Mr. Hornblower. The latter at once expressed pleasure in meeting him, and said he trusted the matter between them would be settled before they left the office. "I came down expressly" said Mark, "to have Mr. Fleetwood inform you that if you pay what little cost has been made in the case, it will then be settled."

Mr. Hornblower stared for some seconds at Mark, as if unable to comprehend the import of his words and then said, "If I accept your terms, when will you vacate the Bethesda?" "To-morrow, before ten o'clock." Mr. Hornblower then signifying to Fleetwood that he wished to speak with him in private, the two entered another apartment. They returned in a few minutes when Mr. Fleetwood wrote a receipt in full for what costs had been made in the case, and after showing it to Mark gave it to Hornblower. The latter then said, "Now, I suppose Mr. Upstone, we can depend on your leaving the Bethesda by ten to-morrow." "You can," said Mark, and you could have had it long before had the corporation you represent displayed the slightest desire to obtain it in a just and amicable manner rather than in the mediæval style of "might over right."

So anxious was he to keep his agreement with Mr. Hornblower, that he nor his wife obtained any rest that night, their time being wholly occupied in preparing for their removal. It was eight o'clock in the morning, however, before this work was accomplished; and then, to his dismay, he found he could not secure the services of an expressman to remove their goods to the station till late in the afternoon.

Although he knew that the delay of a few hours would make no difference with the directresses, he also knew that it would be quite characteristic of them to seize upon this violation of his promise as another proof of his rascality; he was not mistaken. Miss Forest was the first of the directresses to call; Mark was out, and Miss Upstone was the only one of the family present to receive her.

"How is this?" she demanded with a very imperious air, on finding the Upstones still here. "Mr. Upstone agreed to be away by ten o'clock, and here it is nearly eleven."

"I assure you he could do no more to get away than he has done," replied Miss Upstone. "He could not possibly get an expressman to remove our goods before four o'clock this afternoon."

"That is not our business," said Miss Forest, "he agreed to get out and should have done so."

"I hope you would not have him throw our things into the street," said Miss Upstone.

"It is immaterial to us where he threw them, he should have got out according to his agreement," and thus saying, this high toned, Christian lady betook herself to the street.

Soon after this Mark returned; he had scarcely done so when the door-bell rang, and in answering the summons, he met Mrs. Lovelaw and her friend Miss Whitemore. Finding him still here, Mrs. Lovelaw thus began in almost the exact words of Miss Forest.

"How is this Mr. Upstone? I thought you agreed to be out of this by ten o'clock."

"I did," replied Mark, "and I tried my best to do so, but it was impossible. I could find no one who would agree to remove our things till this afternoon."

"That makes no difference to us," said Mrs. Lovelaw, "you agreed to go, and you had better get out."

As the lady uttered this, she moved away with long and rapid strides, so that she was so far distant Mark concluded to forego a reply.

He had arranged to remain a day or two at an hotel with his family, so as to accompany Mr. Dawson and Lizzie Maynes to Brownfield. In the meantime, he visited Annie Langdon, told her Arthur had left Dexter, and that he now had a good position. He

also informed her that in future, for reasons which he explained, she would not hear from Arthur except through himself. But he promised to write her frequently.

The hours of this eventful day finally passed; four o'clock arrived, and with it the express wagons that were to convey the Upstones' goods to the station.

Miss Davis, the new teacher that had been engaged, a young lady of genial manner and prepossessing appearance, had that day taken charge of the pupils. Fred Burdick and Ned Hope, who had rendered much assistance to Mark in going on messages and packing his goods, insisted on remaining with him during his stay, and accompanied him to and from the station.

It is needless to say that the final parting with the children was a sad one. Mark was the last of his family to bid them goodbye. He had kindly been given permission by the teacher to enter the school-room for this purpose, and when he came out it was with tear-stained face, and all the pupils from the youngest to the oldest were crying.

But the most touching incident of this sad occasion occurred a few moments later. The baby, whom we have before mentioned, and who had become very dear to Mark, had strolled away from the servant who had her in charge, and was in the parlor as Mark passed the door. "No papa now! no mamma now!" she was singing in a loud, yet plaintive voice, to shut out the sound of which Mark hurriedly closed the door and moved away.

Though the new teacher was allowed, as we have seen, to begin her duties at the Bethesda before the Upstones left, for some reason the ladies would not permit the new matron to do so, nor even visit the institution as long as there was a possibility that one of the Upstone family might enter it, and thus meet her. There was much speculation naturally on the part of our friends as to the cause of this objection to their seeing her. They were uncertain whether the ladies regarded her an object too refined to endure the gaze of vulgar eyes; whether they feared that a short acquaintance might result in the disclosure of secrets that should be kept inviolate, or whether, owing to the pugnacious character of Miss Breezygate, they feared the consequences of her meeting them.

On the last day he was in the city, however, Mark chanced to meet Ned Hope, who informed him that the children were greatly surprised that morning to find Miss Breezygate in the Bethesda; and as a very plausible solution of the mystery of her arrival, he said: "Mrs. Lovelaw and Miss Whitemore probably run her in some time in the night."

He also ventured the belief that if her gait continued as breezy as it had begun, there would be trouble before three months. Mark also learned on meeting his family after this interview

that his niece had just returned from the Bethesda, where she had been to enquire for any mail that might have arrived there, and unexpectedly met the distinguished Miss Breezygate.

When the niece rang the bell, a girl came to the door, but the new matron, having learned that one of the Upstone family had called, deemed it her duty to see her and acquaint her with the regulations under the new regime. She arrived at the door just in time to hear her ask the girl if the postman had left any mail.

"There is no mail here for you," Miss Breezygate replied.

Miss Upstone was rather surprised at her tone and coarse manner, yet, she ventured to express a hope that the children were all well.

"The children are all well without any of your enquiries; and I want you to tell your folks they need not have any mail sent here, nor come here to see the young ones, nor for nothin' else; I'm boss here myself, now."

Now, Miss Upstone was not a timid young lady easily frightened by an assumption of authority and power; she, therefore, said, "You make an admirable one; I do not wonder the ladies had to import you from a distance; I hope women are not common in this section, who will engage to insult people they never met before because they are ordered to do so.

With these words she turned to depart, as she did so, hearing from the new matron the following reply,

"You'd better be careful young woman or I'll let you know who you are talking to."

Saturday night found Mark Upstone and family, as well as Lizzie Maynes, safe and happy in Brownfield. There was a small but neat and partly furnished cottage belonging to Mr. Hogan, with a large garden attached, which he generously offered to Mark for the first year, free of rent. As Mark had telegraphed him that he was coming, the cottage had been put in readiness, so that our friends spent in it their first night in the place.

Arthur had spent his first week in the employ of Mr. Hogan very much to that gentleman's satisfaction, and when he returned to Mr. Dawson's at the close of his day's work that Saturday night he was delighted, of course, to meet his old friend Lizzie Maynes. The meeting between them was very formal and dignified; yet Mrs. Dawson, who was present, knew from the color that mounted to the cheeks of this young couple, and the light beaming in their eyes, that their joy was far greater than their manner indicated.

After getting well settled and his garden planted, Mark's first work was to visit the business men of the place, to see what encouragement they would give by way of advertising in the columns of his new paper; and having succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, he next spent a fortnight in canvassing to increase the list of his subscribers. Mr. Hogan and John also assisted him

materially in the latter work, so that he secured the number he desired sooner than he had anticipated. But when he supposed everything was in readiness, he was disappointed by the non-arrival of one of the printers he had engaged to assist him. It was to see another whom he knew, as well as to do a little other business, that he now visited Montreal. He was obliged to remain there a few days, during which he chanced one day to pass through a street which bordered part of the grounds of the Bethesda. He had no expectation of seeing any of the children, but on drawing near, he was surprised to find the large gates wide open, and a number of the children in front of the new building which had been erected in rear of the institution. They immediately recognized him as he came along the street, and rushed out pell mell, each striving to be the first to greet him with a kiss. He had but a few minutes to talk with them, as he was in haste himself, and the bell soon rang to call them in. It happened that soon after this Miss Breezygate, hearing the children very earnestly talking about something in which Mr. Upstone's name was mentioned, sternly demanded to know of what they were speaking, when one of the girls informed her they had had a short visit with Mr. Upstone when they were out. So enraged was their kind-hearted matron with this intelligence, she promptly informed those who had seen him they would have no more recess for three days; and as for Upstone himself, he had furnished positive proof, by taking that sly way to see them, that he was a coward and a sneak.

Scarcely had Mark gone a dozen blocks, after leaving the children, when he met an old friend, secretary of a Commercial Travellers' Association. After a cordial greeting, his friend said,

"It has been a long time since I have seen you, and I now wish to enquire what kind of people those are by whom you are employed at the Bethesda?"

"I am not there now," replied Mark; "but why do you ask?" "Because," he replied, "I wished to see you in relation to a certain matter, and sent a boy there with a message asking you to come to my office. When he came back he asked if it was a lunatic asylum to which I sent him, for he met two or three women there, and after abusing him awhile for asking for you, they told him to go to the jail and enquire, as he would probably find you there. Supposing his story all nonsense, I went to the Home myself, and I thought from the reception I met from a woman who came to the door, that the boy was right, and they had changed the Bethesda into a lunatic asylum."

Mark laughed, and informed him he had not been connected with it for a month, and of course explained the cause of the ungracious reception he had met.

The same day that this exciting incident occurred, toward evening, Mark learned the most important facts from Fred Burdick, whom he chanced to meet when Fred was out to deliver a message.

He told Mark the ladies had forbidden the children to write to any of the Upstones, or to answer any letters they might receive from that family, adding that he had been severely scolded and threatened because he had positively refused to observe this order. In addition to this, Fred also informed him that a farmer from a distance had applied to the ladies for a boy, and he knew it was their intention soon to indenture him. Mark was very glad to learn the latter fact so seasonably, and, on returning to his hotel, wrote a letter to Fred's uncle in the Townships, telling him that if he wished to save the boy from a dreary exile among strangers, he should come and get him at once. As a result of this letter, the uncle came for Fred immediately, and took him home with him.

Mark, having hired the printer that he came to see, and finished his other business, took a train that evening for Brownfield.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

In the present chapter the reader is invited to take a long journey with us to the far off city of Buenos Ayres, located on the broad river La Plata, in South America. A very cosmopolitan city is this, its population being composed of people of almost every grade and nation on the globe; but, as our time and space forbid a description of any, save the few individuals connected with our story, we shall proceed at once to introduce them.

In a quarter of the city remote from that generally occupied by Europeans, and noted for the low and desperate character of its citizens, at the time of which we write stood a building of larger size and more respectable appearance than those adjacent to it; this was a public house bearing the historic name, "Columbus." On the second floor of this building in a commodious room, plainly furnished, lay a woman, whose pallid face and attenuated form gave ample proof that she was an invalid. If further proof of this was required, it would be provided by the table at her bedside, on which were numerous bottles of various shapes and dimensions. The invalid was doubtless under forty years of age, but sickness and dissipation had given her the appearance of a woman of fifty; yet, her face still retained evidence that in her younger days it was attractive. Its expression as we now behold it, especially the fire emitted by those large, dark eyes, assures us that we have seen it before; yes, we need no other evidence to convince us that this is the face of Maggie, whom we saw with Diedrich and Herrick in Toronto, on the eve of the tragic death of the latter. A few years have elapsed since that event, and a sad and sinful life has been that she has led with Diedrich, her paramour, of which her present condition gives abundant proof.

A short, stout girl is sitting listlessly in a chair near the bed evidently awaiting her order, which, several months' attendance, has taught the girl to expect at short intervals, and to be delivered with more or less impatience.

"What time is it, Quinita?" asked the invalid, turning nervously in her bed, and glancing toward the window.

"Five o'clock, Senora."

"And what time did they tell you Pedro would be at home?"

"His wife said he would surely be at home by four," answered the girl.

"And yet he has not come here," said the invalid, in a disappointed tone, and a few moments later she again said,

"Quinita, I want you to go again to Pedro's house, and if he has returned, tell him to come and see me at once; if he has not

come back, wait there till he does. See to it, Quinita, that there is no delay."

The girl seized her hat and quickly departed. Nearly an hour elapsed before another person entered the room, during which time the sick woman tossed uneasily on her bed, now and then listening intently for approaching footsteps, and again impatiently watching through a window the declining sun.

Finally the girl returned, accompanied by a dark skinned man of middle age and medium height, whom we have heard the invalid call Pedro. He was a married man living but a short distance from "The Columbus," and, during the many months Diedrich and the woman had boarded there, Pedro had officiated as their servant, becoming more fully trusted, and consequently learning more and more of their secrets as time went on. Owing to the fact that Diedrich, when half drunk, was often very unreasonable and abusive in his language to him, Pedro liked the Senora, as he always called her, much better than he did the Senor, and took more pains to do her bidding.

"You have been a long time, Pedro," said the invalid. "Have you brought back the parcel I gave you?"

"I have, Senora," he said, going forward and placing it on the table, and, at the same time handing her a letter. "I know I was away longer than I expected to be," he continued, "but I assure the Senora I came back as soon as I could."

Without another word the woman took the letter, quickly opened it and ran her eyes over its contents. That it was not a long letter was evident from the short time it took her to read it, but the effect it produced on her was startling. The pallor of her face was instantly succeeded by a hot flush, while her eyes seemed ablaze with the fire of insanity. A fearful oath broke from her lips, and as she turned on her side, she brought her uplifted hand down on the bed covering, as if some hated object was to be crushed by the blow.

"I'll do it," she exclaimed, "if I am to be burnt to cinders for it the next minute," and then assuming a calmer air she said,

"You may go below now, Quinita; Pedro will tell you when to come up."

As soon as the girl left the room the invalid requested Pedro to sit down at the bedside, and when he had done so, she asked,

"Did you find him, Pedro?"

"I did, Senora," he said.

"And was he in the company of the Senorita?"

"He was, Senora; I saw them riding together yesterday and this afternoon."

At this reply the woman fell back on the pillow with a groan. But presently she raised her head again and said,

"Pedro, you know the hotel called "The Lion," in the English quarter?"

"Oh very well Senora," he replied.

"Well, Pedro, I want you to go there immediately, ask for a man named John Henry Fulton, and tell him to come and see me at once. Be very careful that no one hears or learns your message. Tell him my business is very important; therefore, it will be to his interest to attend to it.

Pedro started off at once to obey this command, and while he is thus engaged, we will precede him to "The Lion." This was a large and imposing stone structure, located near a fine plaza, and under the proprietorship of a portly Englishman, a thorough, representative John Bull. Though generally patronized by British travellers, there was always among its guests a large sprinkling of Americans, French, Swiss and other European nationalities. It was also the resort of those men who had been successful in sheep and cattle ranching on the pampas of the adjacent country, and of the number of these now staying here Mr. Fulton had been specially successful.

It will be remembered that he is mentioned in one of the early chapters of this story by Mrs. Arthur Langdon as an uncle of hers who had long before gone to Australia, and from whom they had received no tidings for some years. Like many other Englishmen who visited that distant land in search of wealth and adventure, the longer he remained there the fewer became the letters he sent to his friends, and, having never received an answer to the last one he wrote, for the very good reason that it was lost in transit, he did not write again.

The first year or two of his experience in mining did not bring him the success he had hoped, but soon after his fortune changed, and at the end of five years more, between mining and selling claims, he had amassed the sum of fifty thousand dollars. About this time, however, glowing accounts having reached him of the pleasure and wealth obtained by ranchmen on the South American pampas, his English love for pastoral life induced him to come hither. Having witnessed many sad failures, as a result of men's investing their entire capital in business of which they had no previous knowledge, he wisely deposited the greater part of his money in a bank, and began the life of a ranchman with a very modest capital. Remarkably successful in this vocation, he had an interest in three ranches at the end of a few years, and on the day of which we write he had effected a sale of this interest to another Englishman, receiving therefor checks to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was intending to return to England at the end of a month, and it was with regard to the pleasure of seeing his friends and the motherland once more that he was talking with a fellow countryman, when a waiter informed him a man in the office had a message for him. He was very much surprised on visiting the office to meet Pedro, whom

to his knowledge he had never before seen, and his surprise increased when the man requested to speak to him in private. Robbery was of very frequent occurrence in Buenos' Ayres, and Mr. Fulton at once thought of the valuable checks he had received, and which he still carried, but, like most Englishmen, he was not a timid man, and, like most men of wealth in that country, he always carried a revolver. He, therefore, after taking a careful survey of the stranger, conducted him to his room, and, as soon as they had entered, fixed his eyes watchfully on him, telling him he was ready to hear his message.

Pedro's manner was very modest, and he was usually laconic in his expressions; hence, he wasted no time in assuring Mr. Fulton that a woman, very ill, in a public house in a distant part of the city, must see him immediately. The only further information he could give was that she was an English woman, married, her name was Brock (an alias of Diedrich), and that the business was very important to Fulton himself. As great secrecy was enjoined, Mr. Fulton naturally suspected a trap, but after a little reflection he dismissed Pedro, with the assurance that he would soon see his mistress. He had decided, however, that he would not venture to go without first taking the proprietor of "The Lion" into his confidence, and asking his advice. But when he saw that gentleman he strongly opposed his design of answering the message, expressing the opinion that it was merely a trap to rob him, as the house to which he was to go was of a most disreputable character, and in a part of the city where murder and robbery were events of almost nightly occurrence.

After a little further conversation, it was decided that the landlord and one of his guests, noted for strength and courage, should go with Fulton, falling behind a little when they neared the building, yet keeping it in view.

Half an hour later the three, well armed, set out together, two of them remaining about fifty yards behind as Fulton entered the house. In reaching the stairs, which led to the sick woman's apartment, he passed an open door through which he obtained a glimpse of several, fierce, ruffianly looking men, seated at a long table, on which glasses, cards and small piles of money showed that they were gambling. When Quinita, who had been watching for Fulton and had led him thus far, reached the door of her mistress's apartment, she opened it, bade him enter, and herself retired to another room.

The invalid, who was watching for him, requested him to take a seat at her bedside, and then said,

"Your name, I suppose, is Fulton."

"It is, madam," he said, "but I do not recollect ever having seen you before."

"No, you have not, to know me," she replied; "yet, you were

pointed out to me by my husband, who knew you in England, and I have since seen you more than once in this city. My husband also told me, a few days ago, you were staying at The Lion."

"What is your husband's name madam?" he asked.

"The name by which you knew him in London was Carl Diedrich, but he is known here by the name of Brock."

It was some minutes before our friend could recall the name, Diedrich, but he then with some hesitation asked her if she had ever heard her husband mention a man named Arthur Langdon.

"I have," she replied, "and it is a name that I have reason too well to remember. I suppose you have heard that Langdon is dead?"

"Dead!" he exclaimed with surprise, "I certainly had not; and had lately been thinking much about him, as I expect soon to return to England."

The woman now groaned, cast down her eyes, and for a moment did not speak, apparently trying to steel herself to the ordeal before her. She then said,

"I must hasten to tell you why I sent for you. I know you will despise me, after hearing the confession I have to make; it matters little to me, for I have but a short time to live. I am a wicked woman, and have committed many sins and crimes, but the one for which I have felt the most sorrow is that I was made an agent in the murder of your nephew, Arthur Langdon."

"Murdered!" exclaimed Fulton, rising and shrinking from the woman, as if she were pollution; "Arthur Langdon, my nephew, murdered!"

"Do not leave me Mr. Fulton; listen, and it will be in your power to avenge his foul murder," she said.

Hoping that this might be true, he again seated himself, and listened with feelings of excitement, not unmingled with horror. She continued, "When Diedrich fled from London he went to New York, where I first met him. After living there some years, teaching German and Spanish at times, and at other times living by gambling and crime, he was obliged to flee to Montreal, taking me with him. He there followed the same life he did in New York; and we had not been there a year, when we learned that Arthur Langdon had come with his wife and two children to live in the city. Diedrich still hated him, although I had no idea he intended doing him any injury. Langdon supported himself and family by painting, and one evening when Diedrich and I were out together, we chanced to learn that Langdon was on business in the same part of the city. Diedrich prevailed on me alone to accost him, and on the pretence that I wanted my portrait painted lead him into a vacant building, where Diedrich was concealed, as I supposed, to rob him. But to my horror he first felled him senseless with a blow, robbed, then dragged him to the canal near by, ended his life with a shot, and threw him into the water.

I was very angry that Diedrich so deceived me, but I know that in allowing myself to be used as a decoy to rob poor Langdon, I was not much better than Diedrich himself. We had before this decided soon to leave Montreal, and through the influence of one of Diedrich's friends named Herrick we then went to Toronto. We lived there only a few months, but in that time, Diedrich, Herrick and one of their comrades committed three or four successful robberies. In one, however, that Diedrich and Herrick attempted, Herrick was killed by lightning, and Diedrich, thinking the country was too much aroused to make it safe for us to remain there longer, we went to Chicago for a while, and then to New Orleans. In that city Diedrich met an old friend he had known in New York, and was induced to come with him to Buenos Ayres, where we have since lived."

"But madam," said Fulton, interrupting her, "do you know what became of Arthur Langdon's family?"

"Diedrich told me when we lived in Toronto," she replied, "he heard that Mrs. Langdon died soon after her husband was murdered, and that their children were placed in one of the charity schools of Montreal."

"And do you suppose they are there now?" he instantly asked with great earnestness.

"I cannot say," she replied; "I have heard nothing about them since."

"Go on," he said with some impatience, and she once more began.

"Although I have been a wicked woman, and helped him in his dishonest course of life, he has been very cruel to me, and has more than once beaten me. Since I have been growing old, and more ugly looking than I once was, he has more pleasure in the society of other women than he has in mine, and has left me alone much of the time since I have been sick. Within the last year he has become acquainted with a rich Spanish girl, who owns a villa about two miles outside of the city, and he is there much of his time. I had our servant, Pedro, watch him, and he returned to-day telling me he saw them riding together yesterday and to-day, but this is not the worst of his conduct. The doctor told me some time since that I could not live two months, but it seems Diedrich feared my death would not occur soon enough for his purposes. Lately I began to suspect that my medicine was different from what it had been, and my suspicions became so strong I sent that bottle you see on the table to a chemist, with the request that he would tell me whether it contained any dangerous substance, and Pedro to-night brought back the bottle with this note." As she said this, she handed the note to Fulton, requesting him to read it, and he read the following:

"This bottle contains arsenic enough, if taken according to directions, to kill the strongest man in ten days."

"On receiving this," she continued, "I determined I would no longer screen his villainy, although I know he will kill me if he can the moment he discovers I have betrayed him."

"I shall endeavor to see that you are protected, madam," said Fulton, "but understand, I shall take immediate steps for your husband's arrest, and from what you tell me nothing will save him from the gallows."

"I know it," she replied, "and know that he has long deserved it, as well as myself. But I can say before Heaven, that I have never committed murder, nor aided, when I knew it was to be committed, still I feel that I am too hardened and wicked a woman to be forgiven, either in this world or the next."

"Though your sins be as scarlet; they shall be as white as snow—you know this is what the Lord promises the vilest sinner," said Fulton, "so, there must still be hope for you, my poor woman."

"I could once have believed that," she replied; "but after leading a life of wickedness so many years I cannot think the Lord will forgive me. But I have not told all I intended. You know there have been several robberies in this city within the last year; with most of these Diedrich has been connected."

You remember the great Alva robbery that occurred about three months ago, where the old man and woman were left bound, and their mansion robbed of a large amount of plate, jewelry, and money?"

"I do," said Fulton, "and that the family and government both offered a large reward for the apprehension of the criminals, to be largely increased for the return of the jewels and plate."

"Well," she said, "that robbery was planned by Diedrich, and carried out by him and two comrades who board in this house. It is quite possible they are now below, as their nights are usually spent here in gambling and carousals."

"Will you describe them, and give me their names?" said Fulton.

"One," she said, "who is a tall, dark man of European birth, is called Hopson. The other, a short, stout man with bushy whiskers, is a Mestizo. I do not know his real name, but he is known around here as 'Shadrach'."

"But how is it, madam, that you dare ask me to this place, when your husband is liable to come in at any moment?"

"It is because I do not expect him to-night," she replied. "In order to deceive me, he told me when he left he was going to Rosario, and would not return for a week, but, believing that he had no such intention, I at once charged him with falsehood, and told him he was only going to see his Senorita, so that to prevent my suspicious, I feel sure he will not return for two days."

"Have you anything more to tell me, madam?" he now asked, as she remained silent.

"Yes," she replied, "I can tell you very near, but not the exact spot, where the plate and jewels stolen in the Alva robbery are concealed."

"Is it far from here?" he asked.

"About three miles outside of the city," she replied, "on the Hospital road. Have you ever been on the road?"

"I have, often," he replied.

"Do you remember a ledge of peculiar formation, a little to the right of the road?"

"I do," he said, "for I have often observed it, and wondered at the peculiarity of its form."

"Well," she said, "I know the treasures are buried somewhere between that and a sand dune, a few yards to the east of it."

Diedrich told me that much the day after the robbery was committed. I know from what I learned by their conversation two weeks ago, that it had not then been disturbed. I would like very much to have you find it, and obtain the reward that has been offered, to take to the children of Arthur Langdon. It will be a satisfaction to me to do at least this much toward helping the poor things that were made orphans partly through my wickedness."

"Well, madam," he said, "I think the first thing to be done is to provide for your safety, and this must be done at once, so do not be surprised if you see or hear from me again within a few hours."

Saying which Mr. Fulton left the room and rejoined his friends, who were just then discussing the propriety of going after him. As they returned to The Lion by tramway, he did not acquaint them with the substance of his interview until they had reached the hotel, and were safely closeted in a private apartment. His friends were naturally greatly astonished at what he told them, and were keenly alive to the importance of arresting the desperadoes before their object was known.

On deciding as to their *modus operandi*, the first thing was to learn the whereabouts of Diedrich, and arrest him at, or about the same time his two comrades were arrested, and, as Fulton feared that even an hour's delay might prove dangerous to the success of his plan, it was decided to place detectives on the track of the criminals at once. The landlord of The Lion knew almost every detective and policeman in the city, and, in half an hour after hearing Fulton's story, he had the chief of the detective force, with two of his most trusty men, at his house, listening to the facts which we have already recorded.

All present were pleased to learn from one of the detectives that he saw Diedrich on a tram car not twenty minutes before, going in the direction of The Columbus; hence, they believed that the three criminals might now be found there together.

It was decided, therefore, that the detectives should repair to

The Columbus immediately, but as they would in all probability meet with stout resistance, they offered no objection to the company of Fulton and his two friends.

But while these plans for his arrest were maturing, Diedrich, all unconscious of them, returned to the Columbus. Fulton had not been gone an hour when the murderer entered the apartment occupied by the gamblers. The few years that have elapsed since we last saw him have not made the sad havoc in his appearance they have in those of his mistress. The ugly scar still disfigures his cheek, and the only difference to be discerned is in the more bloated appearance of his countenance—the result of deep and frequent potations.

He had scarcely entered the room, when the tall individual known as Hopson, taking him aside, said,

"I'm devilish glad you've come, Brock, I've been anxious for the last hour. You remember that Englishman you pointed out to me the other day that is now staying at The Lion?"

"Yes," said Diedrich, "what of him?"

"He's been here to-night, and was upstairs with your wife for some time."

"You lie," said Diedrich, glaring at him savagely.

"It's a fact," replied Hopson. "Ask Quinita; she met him at the door and showed him up."

Diedrich stayed to hear no more. With a fierce oath, he rushed from the room, ascended the stairs with long strides, and dashed into the sick woman's room.

"Well, Mag, you've had company, I hear," he said struggling to suppress his rage, as he approached the bed. She was too much astonished and frightened by his sudden appearance to make an immediate reply; she only stared at him, with bloodless face and dilated eyes.

"Have you been having clandestine meetings with Fulton in my absence?" he asked, but before she had made any reply, he caught sight of the note lying on the table, and, taking it up, said,

"Ah, what have we here? A love letter?"

Having recovered a little from her first alarm, the woman watched him narrowly, as he read the lines revealing his attempt to murder her. It must be confessed that, hardened criminal though he was, he could not read this proof of his villainy there in the presence of the woman who had been rescued from it by her timely discovery, without being stunned. He stood for some minutes apparently reading and rereading the note, as if unable to comprehend its meaning.

The fact was, however, he felt too deeply convicted of his crime to meet the eyes which he knew were fastened on him. Knowing well his feelings, and having regained her self-possession, she said,

"You should have taken something that would have had a quicker effect, Carl. Ten days is a good while to wait when a man is struck as badly as you are with that Spanish beauty."

"What in—do you mean?" he fiercely demanded, dashing the note on the floor, and stepping toward her, as if by terrorizing her he would soonest relieve himself from his awkward position. But at this moment a loud crash and cries below startled both, and absorbed their attention for the present. The clamor continued, and, before two minutes had expired, a man belonging to the house dashed into the room and informed Diedrich the officers had arrested his friends below and were coming for him.

The words had no more than fallen from his lips than the Chief of the detectives appeared and Fulton behind him.

The open window afforded the only means of escape, and Diedrich, on seeing Fulton, having no doubt that the woman had betrayed him, determined, even though death confronted him, to have revenge. He, therefore, drew his revolver discharged it at her head, and then dashed toward the window. It was a dangerous leap, but he was willing to risk the consequences rather than those which he knew would follow his capture. Almost miraculously he escaped injury, and as the detective reached the window, he saw Diedrich picking up his revolver, which in his haste he had thrown to the ground before him.

The officer fired at him twice before leaving the window, but neither of the shots took effect, and the time taken by the officer and Fulton to descend the stairs was used by Diedrich to good purpose. So successfully did he elude his pursuers that no trace was obtained of him that night although many engaged in the search.

The officers came on the criminals they first arrested so suddenly, little chance was given them for resistance. Hopson, however, had time to draw a knife, but he was knocked senseless with the butt of a revolver before he could use it, and was immediately handcuffed. The detectives also found another criminal at the hotel, for whom they had long been looking, and who was now arrested with the others.

Fortunately, the shot fired at the woman by Diedrich only grazed her scalp sufficiently to draw blood, and she was immediately removed to "The Lion," in care of policemen summoned for the purpose. Fulton, who was nearly frantic at Diedrich's escape, offered at once two hundred dollars from his own pocket for his capture. It was already known that the criminal who had escaped was one of those engaged in the Alva robbery, and so anxious were they to obtain the large reward, besides that offered by Fulton, that before two hours nearly half the policeman in the city were on the *qui vive* to find him.

Soon after daybreak, the Chief of the detectives and Fulton,

who had prosecuted the search together, learned that the fugitive, not half an hour before, had engaged a fleet horse at a livery stable, and rode away northward on horseback, on the road running along the bank of the great river on which the city is situated.

Without a moment's delay they repaired to another stable, where fleet horses were to be obtained, and both, mounted, were soon in pursuit. It was two hours, however, before they descried the fugitive, although by inquiries they knew they were on his track. They were still half a mile behind, when he chanced to espy them, and now the race for life began in earnest.

Over hill and through valley, the pursurers plied whip and spur, and thus more than twenty miles were traversed, when it was obvious they had lost ground, as the criminal was now out of sight. Conscious that it was useless to attempt to overhaul him with their jaded steeds, they stopped at the home of a retired ranchman who gladly supplied them with two good horses. In less then half an hour after this, they came up with Diedrich's jaded animal saddled and brided, but riderless; it was evident that Diedrich had left the road. Wheeling at once, and trotting liesurely back, watching narrowly both sides of the road, they soon came to a small river, a tributary of the larger stream, sluggish, but deep and dark, with clumps of bushes here and there on its banks. Casting their eyes up the stream, they beheld in the distance a man stealthily creeping along the bank, as if looking for some place of concealment, and, sure that he was the object of their pursuit, they leaped the low hedge with the hope of soon overtaking him. But to their dismay, they found the ground so soft that their horses were in danger of being mired, and it was with some difficulty that they again reached the highway. Here they hitched the animals, and started in pursuit on foot.

In the meantime, the fugitive had been rapidly increasing the distance between himself and his enemies, so that, when they arrived at the spot where he was last seen he was nearly half a mile beyond them, at a spot where the stream widened rapidly into a small lake. The bushes and weeds which grew on its shores were of ranker growth than those along the river, offering a better place for concealment. Fulton and the Chief pushed on, and, after reaching the lake, noticed that the bushes and weeds were quite thick for a distance of about two hundred yards, and then the bank was clear of them again for twice that distance. They felt sure, therefore, that Diedrich must be concealed near them. The strip of bushes, though dense, was not wide, and they proceeded cautiously along its landward edge, approaching nearer wherever there appeared to be a clump thick enough to conceal him. The fugitive, however, had the advantage in point of ground, as there was a muddy beach three or four feet in width, and by walking along this, in a bent position, he was able, most of the time, to keep

the others in view without himself being seen. But he was now drawing near the upper end of the bushes, and here he determined to await their coming, with the hope that by a lucky shot he could dispose of one of them. His revolver was already cocked, and kneeling and bowing as closely to the ground as possible, he anxiously watched their approaching footsteps. But there was an enemy in his rear, on whom he had not recokned. Only a few feet beyond him, a miniature peninsula jutted out into the water; and on this lay a giant of the saurian family, his body half out of the water, basking in the sun. With eyes as keen and watchful as those with which Diedrich observed his foes, he noticed the tempting meal so near him; and with one spring, he had the criminal in his jaws. A shriek that neither of the men forgot suddenly broke on their ears, and at the same time the report of a revolver, which exploded in the air. Running with cocked revolvers to the open space, they saw a sight too horrible for human eyes. The despairing countenance of the victim and the frantic waving of his arms were seen but for an instant ere the monster bore him beneath the bloody waters and he was seen no more.

Stunned and sickened by the horrid sight, the men turned from the spot, even pitying the wretch whose life but a few moments before they were eager to obtain.

It is only necessary to say that the three criminals who were arrested at The Columbus on the previous day were tried, convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Induced by hope of a lighter sentence, they conducted the officers to the spot where the property stolen in the Alva robbery was buried, and all save quite a sum of money was found, and returned to the owners.

Fulton generously declined to accept the reward that was offered for its return, but the aged lady to whom it belonged, having heard the story connected with the murder of Langdon, insisted on sending a check for two thousand dollars to his two children.

Before leaving the city, Fulton made ample provision for the care and support of the woman, who had so long been associated in crime with Diedrich. Surrounded by Christian influences, she gave evidence of deep repentance for her sins, and died not long subsequently.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

A YEAR had elapsed since Mark Upstone engaged in his new enterprise at Brownfield, and he had no reason to be dissatisfied with its success.

His family, free from the annoyances they had experienced during the last few years, greatly enjoyed their present situation, and contributed no little help in his editorial labor.

Arthur Langdon also had rapidly gained the confidence and esteem of his employer, besides so improving his leisure time as to make good progress in his studies.

One incident, however, had occurred since he came here, which, we must admit, excited within him a slight feeling of displeasure. Like most youths of his romantic nature, he could not forbear, now and then, building castles in the air, though we may say that in his case they were not at all of extravagant proportions. He often looked forward to the time, when possessed of a competency, he could offer Lizzie a home with comforts and luxuries which would afford her ample enjoyment. He was glad, therefore, that she was poor, for otherwise he would have been denied this pleasure. It was not, consequently, an agreeable surprise to him when Mr. Dawson called his attention to the following article in his evening paper copied from one of the Montreal dailies:

"It is with pleasure we publish the following facts respecting the good fortune that has come to a family of our city named Maynes. It seems that in the early part of the century an officer of the British service, Colonel Maynes, and his valet, named Horner, when traveling, were waylaid by outlaws in the Pyrenees, robbed and murdered. The Colonel, at his death, had quite a sum of money in the Bank of England; but his only heir was a son who some years before had run away with the son of his valet, who was also an only child.

The last heard of the young adventurers, they were in the West Indies, but no trace of them could be obtained after the death of their fathers, who were their only surviving parents; recently, however, through the enterprise of an English lawyer, it was learned that the young men married, and settled in Canada.

Young Maynes left three children—two daughters and a son. The two former, maiden sisters, now live in this city; their brother, who died a few years since, soon after the death of his wife, left one child, a daughter, who, we understand, is now living in the family of a clergyman in Brownfield, Ont.

The sum of money left by Colonel Maynes, with its accumulation of interest, now amounts to five thousand pounds—quite a respectable windfall for the Misses Maynes and their niece.

It seems something of a coincidence also that the only living descendants of the valet are two grandchildren and a great granddaughter, the two former being Mr. Joseph Horner, our well-known merchant, and his sister, Miss Horner, a lady well known in philanthropic circles, and the latter the only child of Mr. Horner."

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked John, after Arthur had read the article.

"I am too much astonished," he replied, "to tell what I think. But I am sure of one thing, and that is, that Miss Horner never would have had such an article published had she known it!"

"Oh, it was doubtless inserted," said John, "by some reporter, who was ignorant of the fact that it might give offence to any one."

At this moment Lizzie entered the sitting-room, where John and Arthur were talking.

"I have just been showing Arthur the article," said the former, smiling, "which tells us that our Lizzie is an heiress."

Lizzie blushed and replied,

"I shall believe it when I see the money."

She did not have long to wait, however, before learning that the news which had thus strangely reached her was true. The next day she received a letter from her aunt in Montreal, whose special charge she had been, telling her that the statement in the paper was true. She had been expecting the legacy for some months, but had kept the matter a secret until recently. The letter also informed her that the two aunts had taken a house on Sherbrooke street, and requested her return. Lizzie, however, had become greatly attached to her new home, and she at once wrote so strong an appeal to her aunt to allow her to remain, at least a few months longer, that her petition was granted.

Poor Arthur, however, was the only one in Mr. Dawson's household who was not delighted with Lizzie's good fortune. He was too generous not to be glad for Lizzie's sake; it was only on his own account he experienced sorrow, as he seemed to be robbed of one of the chief pleasures he had anticipated. Lizzie appeared suddenly to have been lifted above him, into a sphere of life which he could not enter. He saw her in the near future surrounded by luxuries and courted by gay admirers, and the prospect gave him pain. So deeply was he affected by these feelings, that for some weeks his manner to Lizzie, unconsciously to himself, became so cold and distant she in turn was pained, feeling that his friendship for her was not what she had hoped. By degrees, however, he returned to his former condition, and as he did so their former happy relations were again established.

Early in June, little more than a year after our friends left the Bethesda, a stout intelligent looking gentleman, and a bright faced girl about fourteen years of age, called at the house of Mark Upstone.

Mrs. Upstone answered the ring of the door-bell, and great was her astonishment to find that the girl was Annie Langdon. The gentleman Annie introduced as her uncle, the one whom we last saw in Buenos Ayres. He went from that city to London, and after many inquiries learned that part at least of the story he had heard from the woman in Buenos Ayres was true: his nephew Arthur had a few years before removed with his family to Montreal. Mr. Fulton soon took a steamer for the Canadian metropolis, and here again, after patient inquiry, another part of the woman's story was corroborated. His nephew had been murdered, and his wife was dead. These facts he learned from the Chief of Police, who was unable for some time to recall the name, but when he did recollect it, all the unhappy circumstances connected with the murder came to his mind. This official also knew that Langdon's two children were sent to some charitable institution in the city, but which, he was unable to say. Mr. Fulton, therefore, began visiting the different institutions of that kind, and, fortunately, the third one visited was the Bethesda, where he learned the whereabouts of his niece Annie. The reader can well imagine that the meeting between him and Annie was a joyful one, she having heard her parents speak so often of him.

The Rev. Mr. Hatchpole and his wife, however, were not well pleased at the thought of losing their amiable little servant, and Mrs. Hatchpole especially was inclined to refuse to give her up. Soon, however, believing from the way Mr. Fulton spoke of sending Arthur to College and of educating Annie that he was a man of wealth, her feelings changed; her opposition to his designs became less decided, and died out entirely when Mr. Fulton generously presented to her husband a hundred dollars.

Annie could not tell her uncle where Arthur was living, but she showed him the letters received from Mr. Upstone, and he decided that the shortest way of finding the boy would be to visit Brownfield.

The Upstones, naturally, were delighted to see Annie, and the niece immediately went to Mr. Hogan's office and obtained a furlough for Arthur for the remainder of the day. It is needless to say Mr. Hogan extended the furlough indefinitely when he met Mr. Fulton and learned his intentions toward Arthur.

The latter, however, would not leave his employer until he had obtained another boy to take his place.

Mr. Fulton remained in Brownfield a month as Mark's guest, his account of the woman's confession and Diedrich's tragic death furnishing an exciting tale for the local paper the same week he arrived. This, of course, recalled the attempted robbery when Herrick was killed in the thunderstorm, and, until the publication of this article, John nor any one else in Canada knew that Diedrich was the confederate of the ill-starred Herrick. John naturally felt

that he had additional reason to be grateful for his escape that night, on learning that the robber who held the revolver at his head and the murderer of Arthur Langdon were identical.

Arthur took many excursions with his uncle in the surrounding country, and one day it occurred to him that he would like greatly, now in his altered circumstances, to visit his old friends in Dexter. He had given his uncle a history of his experience there, and Mr. Fulton, glad to make the trip, heartily approved his design. He and Arthur, therefore, set out, going by train till they reached the railway station nearest Dexter, and the rest of the way in a carriage, which they there engaged for the purpose. Arthur wrote to aunt Kitty and Tom soon after he found employment with Mr. Hogan, not neglecting in his first letter to return the five dollars which Aunt Kitty had loaned him. He had also since corresponded with them, but his whereabouts had been kept a profound secret by his two friends.

Aunt Kitty stood in the open door when the carriage drove up, and when Arthur alighted she exclaimed,

"Weel, weel, laddie! Is it yer ain sel?"

And meeting him half way, she embraced and kissed him again and again, while tears of joy streamed down her cheeks. So much engaged was Arthur in asking and answering questions that for some moments he forgot to introduce his uncle, who sat in the carriage enjoying the hearty reception given his nephew.

As soon as the two visitors were in the house and seated, Aunt Kitty took the long dinner horn from the wall, and blew a blast which speedily brought Tom from his work in a distant field.

"You'll not be leaving us for a day or two, I suppose," said Aunt Kitty, as she replaced the horn.

"No," said Arthur, "I think we shall stay as long as you wish to have us."

"That's reet; that's reet, laddie. I suppose you'll visit Aunt Becky?"

"Oh, certainly," said Arthur, "I hope she and Mr. Fogg are well."

"Oh, I think they are both weel eneuch, but do you know laddie, I think that your leaving the way you did wrought a gret change in the puir mon for the better. For weeks after you went away he lookit like his ain ghaist. I'm sure he'll be o'erjoyed to see you, laddie."

Tom arrived, and after the greetings and he had cared for the horse, Arthur decided to run over to Fogg's for a few moments, while Aunt Kitty prepared tea.

Fogg happened to be coming from the barn, and met Arthur at the door of the house. When seeing him, he stopped short, and stared as if some supernatural vision had confronted him. It was only for a moment, however. As soon as he recognized Arthur,

he sprang forward, grasped him by the hand, and burst into tears, saying,

"Thank God, my boy! Oh if you had known what I would have given to see you, you'd have come before this."

Hearing voices at the door, at this moment Jane came hither, and calling,

"Mother, mother! It's Arthur!" he was met and nearly smothered with kisses, there on the doorstep, before he could get into the house.

We shall not attempt to repeat all that was said during this short visit. It is sufficient to say that never did a man make more humble acknowledgments than did Fogg to Arthur or crave another's forgiveness with more sincerity. He told him that he had cursed himself a thousand times for allowing his anger to rise as it did whenever he had ill-treated him. He added also that Arthur's running away had been a lesson to him, and he knew that he had since tried to be more patient. We must say, too, that Fogg was not less pleased than his wife and daughter to hear of Arthur's good fortune. He said, however, that it deprived him of one pleasure he had decided to enjoy, which was to send Arthur a hundred dollars in case he ever found where he was.

"But when I thought of doing this," he said, "I s'posed you would be poor and in need of it. But I can tell you I'm as glad as any one to know that you are not in want of money."

During the two days Arthur and his uncle remained in Dexter, Aunt Becky informed Arthur that she had never known Ben to be so affected by anything as he was by his departure. At first he labored under much fear that the ladies of the Bethesda would cause him trouble, but since that a change had come over him which was at least very gratifying to herself and Jane.

It is perhaps needless to say that the stay of our two friends in Dexter was a very enjoyable one for themselves and the two families they visited and when they departed Arthur had promised to write to Aunt Becky and Fogg as well as to Aunt Kitty and Tom.

Soon after returning to Brownfield it was debated whether Arthur and Annie should return to Montreal to complete their education or be sent to Toronto, but from the fact that their friends the Upstones and Dawsons were so much nearer the latter place, it was the young people's choice to go to Toronto. By this arrangement John and Mark occasionally saw them when they went to this city, and the vacation of the two students was always spent at Brownfield.

Mr. Fulton also took up his abode in Toronto, where he remained for a year, at the end of which time his desire for a more active life led him to purchase a large tract of land and engage in farming on an extensive scale in the Northwest.

Lizzie Maynes, whom we have for a time neglected, returned to Montreal late in the summer, and during the next three years attended a ladies' Seminary. Many letters passed between Arthur and herself during this period, and in one of his vacations, while pursuing his University course, he visited her, and we strongly suspect that their devotion to each other was made known on this occasion.

Six years from the day on which Mr. Fulton and Annie came to Brownfield, and soon after Arthur has accepted a Professorship in an American college, our friends are again in this place to attend a quiet wedding in the parsonage. June sunshine falls upon the masses of roses that everywhere decorate the parlor, lights the noble face of Arthur Langdon, and touches to a brighter glow the golden head of Lizzie Maynes, as they stand before John, and repeat the words which make them one. It falls too on the kindly face of Aunt Kitty, and reveals the happy tears that stand in the true, old eyes as she glances from friend to friend. Here are Annie, Mr. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Hogan, Tom and others, who are most deeply interested in these two bright young lives. Even Ben Fogg, with all his past, long ago forgiven and forgotten, is present, with Aunt Becky and Jane.

In the background stands May, a little expression of wistfulness on her face as she recalls another June wedding which took place, she tells herself, "so long ago." But in spite of the seven years of the handsome son at her side, her face is little less youthful than it was on that auspicious day, when she and John took their wedding Journey to Greenvale. And her proud, fond glance at her husband shows that the romance of that happy time is still glowing brightly in her heart.

Though nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the occurrence of the happy event last recorded, we are pleased to assure our readers that most of the characters who have figured in this story are still alive.

Arthur Langdon still holds a Professorship in an American University, and in addition is a regular contributor to one of the leading magazines. His children, who are three in number, inherit a goodly share of their parents' sterling qualities.

Annie, who resides in the same city with her brother, has long been married to a clergyman, and is the happy mother of two bright daughters.

John remained many years in Brownfield, declining tempting offers from large city churches, until advancing years induced him to accept the pastorate of a church in a small, but beautiful Canadian village, near the St. Lawrence. Years have but added to the brightness of May's winning personality, and, if possible, to her deeper life consecration. She still renders noble assistance to John in his pastoral labors, and both are to-day engaged as faithfully

for the Master as when they performed missionary work in Greenvale.

Fred, their only child, who was a baby when Arthur Langdon first went to Brownfield, graduated at one of our universities with the brightest honors, and is now the earnest and popular minister of a church in one of our Canadian cities.

Mark Upstone, induced by the earnest solicitations of Mr. Fulton, sold out his paper in Brownfield after a few years, and settled on a large farm in the Northwest. He had always had a liking for agricultural life, and found here, among his broad acres and extensive herds, the enjoyment for which he had long hoped. Though at present too infirm to labor actively himself, his farm is properly cared for and managed by his children, who are settled happily around him.

Aunt Kitty, Ben Fogg and his wife all passed away some years ago, and it may be somewhat surprising to our readers to know that Tom Gordon, married to Jane Fogg, is now proprietor, not only of his own little farm, but also of the large estate once owned by Fogg.

We learn that the managers of the Bethesda, unable to agree as to the size and style of the new building they were to erect, sold the lot they had purchased, and their organization from that time ceased to exist, many of the members becoming connected with other charitable associations.

END.

THE OLDEST MEDICINE IN AMERICA.

# BROWN'S DROPS




The old Peacham, Vt., Remedy first Compounded by a great Physician in Scotland during the early days of the 18th century.

## BEST KIDNEY AND LAME BACK REMEDY KNOWN

And the Best General Family Medicine for both INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.

**A few things which "Brown's Drops," the famous old Scotch-American Remedy, will do for you:—**

Strengthen your Nerves, Insure Sound Sleep, Cure that Lame Back, Regulate quickly all Urinary Troubles. Cures Fits in Children or Adults. Best Cure for Lameness, Piles, Cramps, Rheumatism, Bowel Complaint, etc. It gives quickest and surest Relief for Painful Bruises, Cuts, Burns of all kinds, Frost Bites, etc. For Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, and as a preventive against PNEUMONIA it has no equal.

*Prices:* 50c. *and* $1. *Trial Bottle* 25c. *at dealers, or postpaid. Sample Bottle Free.*

**The Brown's Drops Medicine Co.** SUTTON, QUE, and RICHFORD, VT.

# F. W. Mitchell

PROPRIETOR OF

MITCHELL'S

**Balm for the Lungs**

A REMEDY FOR

All Lung Diseases

DRUGS and_____.

PATENT MEDICINES

Books

Stationery

ETC., ETC.

RICHFORD, VT.

# The Wheeler Studio

Commercial, Landscape and Interior Photography.

## F. W. Wheeler & Son,

## PHOTOGRAPHERS,

Dealers in Picture Mouldings and Frames, Kodaks,
Amateur Supplies,
Developing and Printing for Amateurs,
Artists' Materials, Talking Machines and Records.

Established 30 Years. - **RICHFORD, VERMONT.**

## E. R. SEARLES,

## Watchmaker, Jeweler and Engraver.

GRADUATE OPTICIAN.

Eyes Examined Free of Charge. - Correction Guaranteed.

**Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewelry & Silverware.**

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

—o—

RICHFORD, VERMONT.

## In selecting a Life Assurance Company

**Select one that is Prosperous and Progressive.**

Several years ago **The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada** adopted as its Motto the words "PROSPEROUS AND PROGRESSIVE."

Let others speak of the applicability of the Motto.

### Prosperous

(From "The Insurance Press," New York)

"The income of the Sun Life of Canada has increased more than 300 per cent. in ten years. The growth of its assets in the same period has been about 400 per cent. The amount of its policies outstanding has multiplied almost three times since 1892."

### Progressive

"The American Exchange and Review" of Philadelphia recently said: "The Sun Life of Canada though conservatively managed is eminently progressive. It issues all kinds of policies within the limits of safety. It pays its claims promptly, and regards the interests of its policyholders as a sacred trust."

**Head Office: MONTREAL.**

R. MACAULAY, President. S. H. EWING, Vice-President.

T. B. MACAULAY, F.I.A., Secretary and Actuary

# Dr. H. F. Hamilton

## DENTIST

**Long and favourably known as the Leading Dentist for a large section of country.**

**Crown and Bridge Work at $3.50 per Tooth**

**And all Gold Crowns at the same Price.**

Office at Residence: **RICHFORD. VT.**

RESERVÉ

71349

Ce document doit être rendu à la dernière date indiquée ci-dessous.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

06.90.549-2 (02-87)

Ville de Montréal

RESERVE

BAnQ
000 575 964