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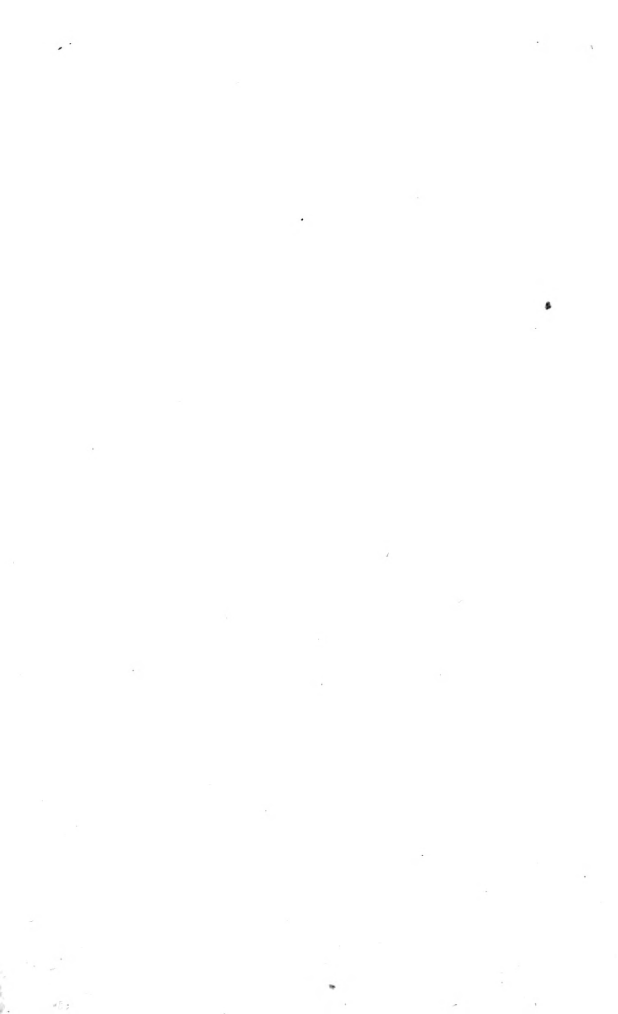
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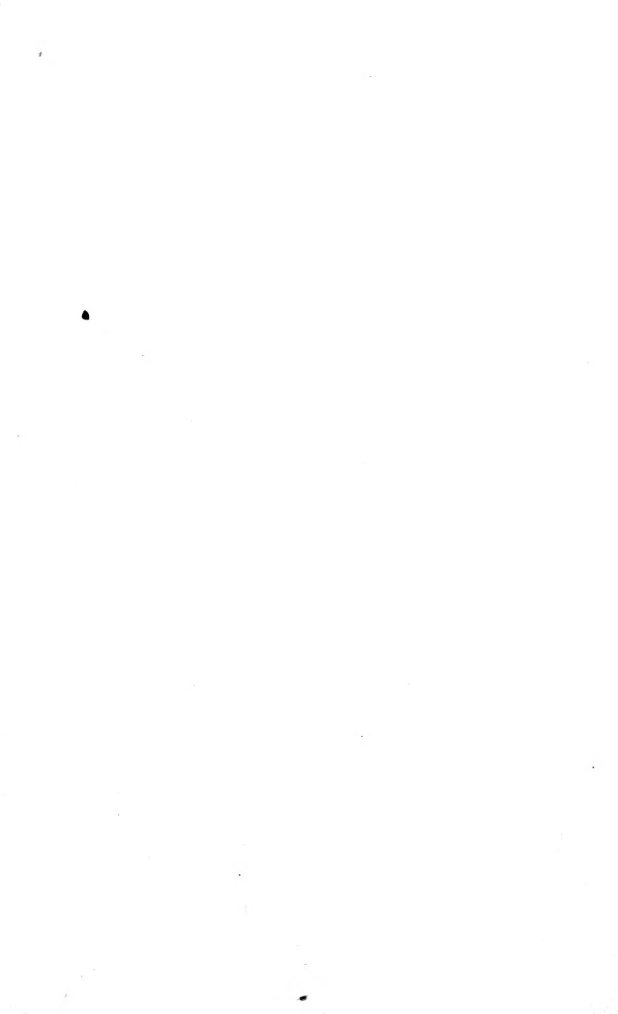


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The Boy
MISSIONARY.



THE

BOY MISSIONARY.



BY

JENNY MARSH PARKER.

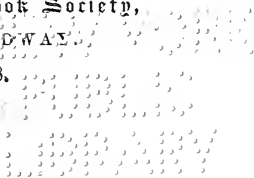


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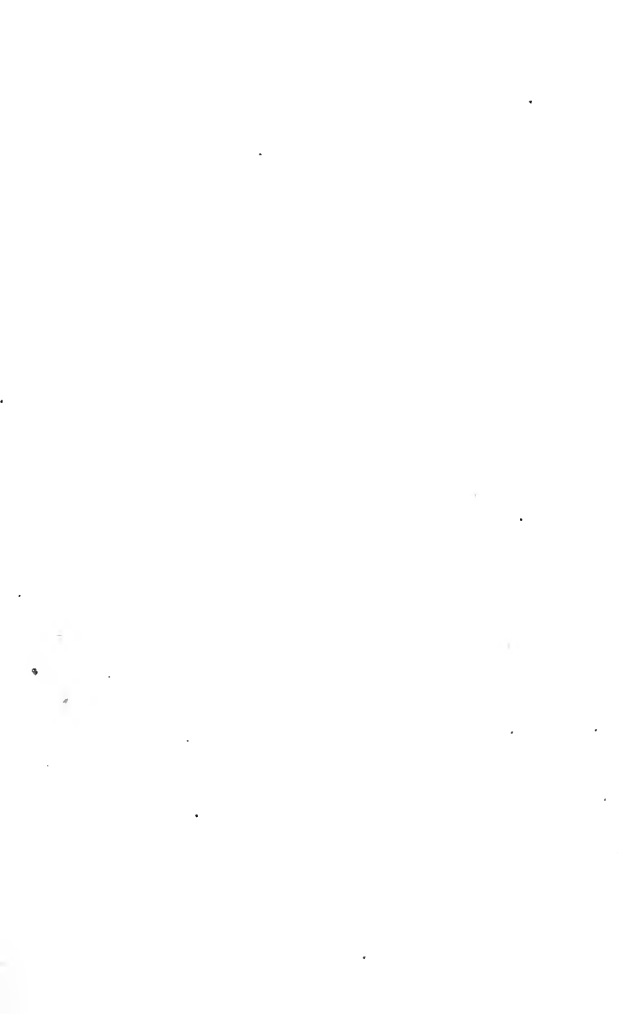
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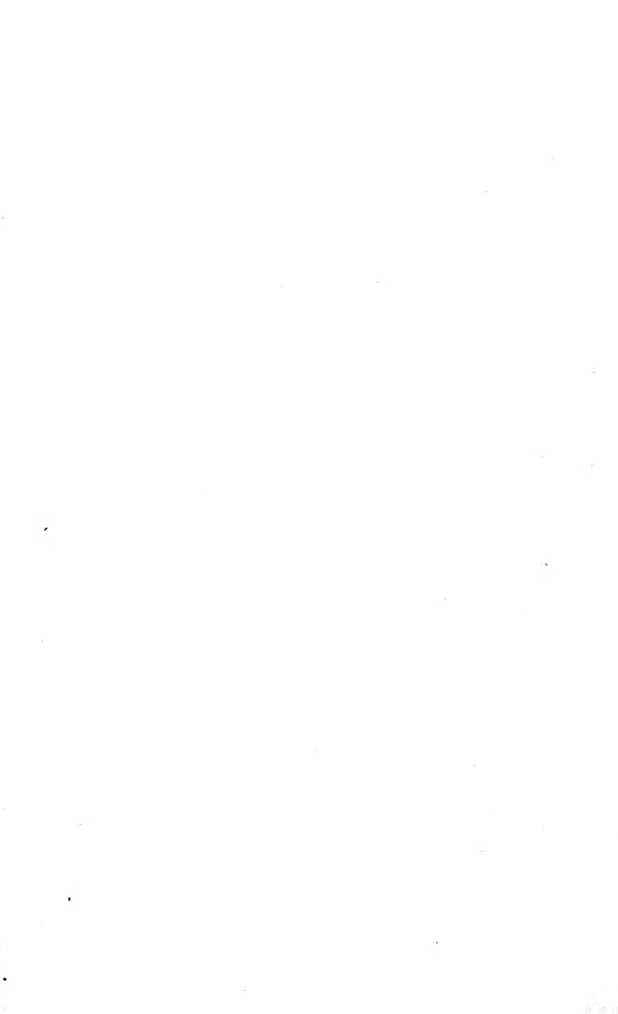
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THE
BOY MISSIONARY.

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Chapter First.

WHAT CAN DAVIE DO?

**D**AVIE HALL went home from Sunday School feeling very badly. More than once on the way—which being through a country village had but few travellers—he sat down and cried, and when his mother saw him coming in the gate with his head so cast down, she laid aside her Bible and went to the door to meet him.

“What is the matter, Davie?” said she, as he sat down on the door-step and covered his face with his hands. “Are you sick? Has any one hurt you? Tell me, what is the matter?”

Davie was a sickly child, and her only one. That morning he had started for Sunday School with a severe headache—no new thing for him who had lived thirteen years and seldom saw a day without pain. His cheeks were thin and pale. You never saw him running through the woods and meadows with the other boys, but you would almost always find him walking or working in his little garden, with Fido his pet dog at his side, or reading on the door-step, if the day was warm and sunny, but oftener being upon his little bed in the cottage corner. When he was about six years old he tried to climb to the top of one of the big cherry-trees that stood thick around the house, and before his mother could check his daring adventure he

had fallen to the ground, and was taken up for dead. Besides breaking a rib, his back was so severely injured as to be the cause of a lifetime of suffering. His mother was a widow, dependent upon her needle for their bread; but she was a Christian, and from his earliest remembrance he had been taught the way of the Lord. He could not have borne all his suffering as patiently as he did, never murmuring at his constant affliction, if the heavenly hand in which he trusted had not been his support.

It was something unusual for him to be so overcome with grief, although he was a boy of a sensitive nature. His mother was troubled as his sobbing continued, and he gave her no answer. She sat down upon the threshold beside him, and he laid his head in her lap.

“Tell me, Davie,” she urged again, “what is the matter with you. Has any one hurt you?”

“No, mother,” said he, wiping away his tears; “nothing like that makes me feel badly. I’ll tell you by-and-by.”

It was some time before he could control himself enough to relate the cause of his sorrow, and then it was only by the soothing words of his mother that he was enabled to proceed. A missionary from one of the far Western States had addressed the Sunday School that morning, telling them of the destitution of his own parish, their scarcity of good books, and their need of a comfortable house of worship. He had spoken impressively of the wide regions surrounding him—the thousands of miles of territory where new settlers were flocking, and where no churches were to be seen, or missionaries preaching the Gospel of Christ. He mentioned county after county, in those far Western wilds, from which came the continual cry for a minister of God to come and preach and labor among them to establish

Sunday Schools wherein their little ones might be taught the way of salvation, and reared to good and holy lives. But their call was only answered by, "We have no one to send to you." The Church had not ministers enough to aid so widely in extending the Master's kingdom, and those broad territories were left unvisited. The missionary had looked over that Sunday School of more than fifty smart, intelligent boys, most of whom were children of God by Baptism, and impressively demanded, if from that number there should not come forth one at least who would enrol himself under his Saviour's banner, and go forth to preach Christ crucified.

By his eloquence and the power of his theme he had interested all the children, and after the school was dismissed nearly every boy was loudly declaiming upon the subject. Some were thoughtful, and so said little; others very talkative, and quickly laid out

their plans for a lifetime; but none were more silent and sad than Davie Hall, the poor, sick boy, whom none ever dreamed of becoming a missionary. Why should he trouble his thoughts about it? He had never been to school—he had only been taught by his mother at home. He was not able to walk a mile at any time, or read more than an hour without bringing on a headache. “You never can be a missionary,” the boys would have told him if he had mentioned it; so he walked silently behind them as far as they went on his way, listening to all they said, and bursting into tears as soon as he left them.

“I shall go to Oregon,” said Willie Scranton, “right among the Indians and bears.”

“I’d rather go to Guinea,” said Tommy Lansing; “and then, if they didn’t pay me enough for preaching, I could dig for myself.”

All laughed but Davie, who did not like to hear Tommy talk so.

“Well, I shall go farther than any of you,” said Freddy Hoyt, the boy who stood at the head of the school for good lessons and deportment, and who had received the first prize for three years in succession. “I shall go to China or the East Indies. Will Scranton needn’t talk about going anywhere, unless he means to study harder than he ever has yet. One has got to go through college before he can preach.”

“Well, may-be my father is as able to send me as yours is,” was Will’s retort.

“That’s nothing to the point,” said Freddy, not very humbly; “you’ve got to know something to get there.”

This made Willie angry, and hard words were exchanged on both sides, and would, perhaps, have led to a sad termination, had not the conversation turned upon another though kindred subject. Each class was to have a sealed box, in which they were to drop their contributions for missions, and the

boxes were to be opened at Christmas time. The present group of boys, Davie included, belonged to the class of Dr. Lane, the pastor, and they were to give for Texas; and, to insure a full purse, they resolved to subscribe each a certain amount, to be punctually paid every Sunday.

“I can give a shilling a week,” said Freddy Hoyt, rather proudly; “that will be six dollars and a half a year.”

“I can give tenpence,” said Willie, rather demurely.

“And I sixpence,” said Tommy Lansing, lower still.

“I don’t believe any of the other boys will give as much as I shall,” said Freddy. Then, seeing Davie, he asked him how much he was going to contribute.

“I can’t tell exactly,” replied Davie, modestly; “but I don’t think it will be more than a penny.”

The boys looked at each other and laughed.



A penny seemed very little to them, who had wealthy fathers; but to Davie, whose poor mother stitched early and late for the little money she had, a penny was a great deal. Just then he reached the street where he was to leave them, and, with their half-subdued laugh in his ears, he burst into tears. He never in all his life felt so unhappy and discouraged.

“Oh, mother,” said he, as he lay there with his head in her lap, she softly stroking his brown curly hair, “I never knew before of what little use I am to any one. I want to do so much, and all for God. I know that if the other boys felt right, they wouldn’t care so much where they were sent as ministers, nor how far off it was, nor how much they were paid, as long as they were working for Christ. Oh, if I could only be a missionary, how happy I would be! But I never can.”

“Yes, my child, you can be,” said his

mother, cheerfully. Davie looked up in her face, wondering what she meant.

“Why, mother, I can never study enough to go through college, and it would kill me to try. If I was healthy I might do it, and would.”

“God requires more than one kind of missionary,” said his mother, “and there are none of his children, no matter how poor or sick they may be, that are not prepared for some field of labor. If every one thought himself called to go to the heathen, what would become of the godless at home? Christ has missionaries in his Church who never wore a surplice or wrote a sermon, and some who can scarce read a chapter in the Bible. A little sick boy like you, whose mother is very poor, can be a missionary.”

Davie did not understand her. She looked so happy and spoke so confidently, that he felt she had a great secret in store for him—one that he would like to know; so he urged

her, half impatiently, to tell him how he could ever be a missionary.

“By the help of God,” said she, “you can begin your mission to-day.”

“What!” and he looked bewildered. “You do not mean for me to try to preach, do you?”

“You forget, Davie, what I told you. God has more than one kind of missionary at work for him. All do not go through college, or to the West, or to heathen lands. Some of them are little boys and girls, younger than you are, who never left their homes.”

Davie thought a moment, and then began to understand her. “Do you mean, mother, that any one who tries to do good is a missionary?”

“Yes, if he does it for Christ’s sake.”

“But how can I do any good?” he asked, despondingly.

“Are there any bad boys in this village?” was his mother’s question.

“Any bad boys in this village? I should think there were. There’s Jack Raymond, who stole Dr. Lane’s saddle, and who breaks into my garden, and Eugene Hart, who is always with him, playing and swearing in the streets, on Sunday more than any other day. And there is Bill Drake, and Hal Spencer, and—”

“You’ve named enough for the present, Davie,” said his mother, smiling. “Are any of these boys in Sunday School?”

“No.”

“Did you ever ask them to go?”

“No.”

“Did you ever try to talk to them about good things?”

“No; they would only laugh at me if I did, and call me hard names.”

“Should a missionary be afraid of being laughed at when he preaches Christ?”

“No,” said Davie, thoughtfully. “Now I see what kind of a missionary you would

have me to be. You mean that I must try and do good among the bad boys of this village."

"It is our duty to do good to all so far as we can," replied Mrs. Hall. "You did wrong, Davie, in thinking yourself unfit to be one of Christ's missionaries. Christians, laid helpless upon their beds for years and years, can, by their patience and resignation, preach the faith. Your sickness renders you peculiarly fitted to do good among your playmates, for it draws them around you in compassion. There is scarcely a boy in the village with a greater influence than yours. Do you still feel discouraged, thinking there is nothing for you to do?"

"No, mother ; but I don't see how I can do any good to those bad boys that swear, fight, and steal. Jack Raymond is the only one that ever tried to hurt me. He threw me down in the mud one day, and then laughed because I was so weak I could

hardly get up. I don't see how I could do him any good."


"Only resolve, Davie, that you will exert yourself in their behalf, and an opportunity will present itself, I have no doubt, for you to make a beginning. You must pray for them, asking God to help you and to give you grace to set a good example, without which you can't do others much good. But I cannot talk with you any longer just now. You must think about this, and you will see what an earnest missionary you can be."

She kissed him, and went into the house to prepare their lunch of bread and milk, leaving him sitting there in the porch. He did not see how his mother's suggestion could be carried out. Her words had made a deep impression, but as yet her scheme seemed more unattainable to him than that of going a missionary to China, or somewhere else as far off. How could he do any good to the bad boys in the village? He

did wish they could be brought into the Sunday School and placed under holy influences; but could he ever help to do that? He never had associated with them, and how he was to commence work as their little missionary he could not foresee.

## Chapter Second.

### THE WAY OPENS.

AVIE got up early the next morning to work in his garden, for the weeds were beginning to thrive among his flowers and vegetables. He did not leave his chamber until he had knelt before God and given himself to him for that day.

Davie was feeling very happy, and as he was going down to the meadow spring, that was but a short distance from the house, to get a drink of the clear, cold water before he began his work, he could not refrain from singing merry songs that blended with the joyous carolling of the birds. The sky was so blue and smiling, the air so bland



and fragrant, and the dewy flowers so profuse of perfume, that Davie forgot his aching head, and thought only of the good God who had made everything so fair and beautiful, and him so happy. And it was in that full tide of happiness that he entered his little garden, hoe in hand, singing so merrily that his mother, who was getting the breakfast, heard him, and stopped to listen and smile. Suddenly his singing ceased. What was the matter?

His pet cherry-tree that stood in the centre of the garden, and which but the night before had been burdened with its luscious black fruit, was nearly stripped, and several fine limbs broken off. The cucumber vines beneath the tree were torn up and trampled upon. Davie uttered a loud exclamation of surprise, and dropping his hoe ran into the house to tell the bad news to his mother.

“Oh, mother! mother!” he cried out sorrowfully, “they have stolen my cherries,

besides spoiling the cucumber vines! Oh, dear! oh, dear!”

His mother quickly followed him back to the garden, and when she saw the extent of the mischief, her face was as sad as Davie's; but she did not betray the impatience and vexation he did. He was saying over and over that he only wished he knew who did it, so as to make them heartily sorry. His mother said but little until she had fully examined the premises, and ascertained, by the footprints in the soft ground, that the thieves were two boys—one barefooted and the other wearing shoes.

“It is too bad, Davie,” said she. “They have done a great deal of harm.”

“I only wish I really knew who it was,” said Davie, with a flushed cheek.

“I have but little doubt who did it, as I saw Eugene Hart and Jack Raymond hanging around the garden fence yesterday afternoon. Yet we must not rely upon our suspicions.”

“I know it was they,” said Davie, vehemently. “Who else could it be? There is no one in the village to do such a mean thing but them. I do wish—”

Davie stopped short and blushed deeply, for he met his mother’s eyes, and in them saw a gentle rebuke that he felt and understood. He remembered the conversation of yesterday.

“What were you wishing?” kindly asked his mother, waiting a moment after his pause.

Davie did not like to answer; he felt ashamed of the spirit he should betray; but he said, with his eyes cast down, “I was going to wish that they could be locked up in jail for six months.”

“Could you do them any good then?”

“No; but I do not wish so now, after thinking about it. But where is Fido? I wonder he didn’t bark last night, for he was out-doors, you know.”

“Sure enough, where is he? He might have barked and not have awakened me, for I was so tired that I slept soundly.”

Davie went to look for his little dog, but after calling him through garden and cottage and he did not come, he gave up, but not at all alarmed, as his absence was nothing uncommon.

“But what shall I do about it?” asked Davie when they were seated at the breakfast-table, and he had been silently thinking of the theft.

“I would have you wait,” his mother replied, “without saying a word to any one but me about it, until, at least, you have better reasons than now for fastening the guilt upon Jack or Eugene. Then you must take some course, regardless of your own interests, that has for its only object their eternal good. To arrest them and throw them into jail would hardly be the first step of a missionary, would it?”

“No; it would make them hate me forever. But it is hard to do them good when they have used me so—only think of my cherries. Why, mother, I’d rather they had taken all the rest we have than any off of that tree.”

At the click of the gate Davie looked up and saw Freddy Hoyt coming hastily towards the house. He wondered what had sent him there so early in the morning. The news he brought was a fresh sorrow to Davie.

Like Davie, Freddy had been at work in his garden early that morning, and while he was trimming a border that was beside the high board fence upon the street, he heard some one talking on the other side, and in rather a quarrelsome mood. He recognized the voices of Eugene and Jack, and discovered their dispute to be about a little dog they had stolen the night before, and that Davie Hall was the person they had robbed. They intended selling Fido to a gentleman

that wanted such a pet, and would pay well for him. With the money they were going to a circus that was to be held in a neighboring town on the morrow. "And now, Davie," said Freddy, after he had told his story, "let me tell you what to do. Go down to Squire Bees's with me, and we'll have them in jail in no time. I know just where they are, and if we wait an hour they will be out of town."

This additional sorrow, together with the excited tone in which it had been related, had affected Davie as such things always did, by bringing on a violent headache. He was very white when he raised his head from the table where it had been resting, and brokenly said:

"Don't speak of this to any one, Freddy. You were good to come and tell me of it, and I thank you. I shall not take them up until I have tried another way."

"Tried another way!" exclaimed Freddy.

“You will be a silly boy, and lose your dog. I want to see those boys get their pay once in a while. What will you do, I’d like to know?”

Davie hesitated to reply. He looked at his mother, who smiled encouragingly, while Freddy seemed growing very angry. At last he said he was going to try to get those very boys to go to Sunday School, and it would not help him to put them in jail.

Freddy laughed outright. “When you get Jack Raymond or Eugene Hart into Sunday School you may think yourself smart.”

“I can try,” said Davie.

“You wouldn’t catch me talking with them; and I’ll tell you beforehand, if you bring them into our class I’ll leave.”

Then Mrs. Hall spoke. “You surely are not unwilling for them to become better instead of worse?”

Freddy could not answer that direct question without contradicting what he had

already said, so he drew himself up very like the proud Pharisees of old, and said that those boys would not go to Sunday School for anybody; they choose and love to be wicked, and if anything made them worse it was letting them run loose when they ought to be in jail. He had thought that Davie loved his dog and would want to get it back again; but if he did not, he must lose him; and thereupon he was bidding them good-morning, when Mrs. Hall detained him by kindly asking him, as Davie had, to say nothing about the affair. He said he would not, and rather angrily left the porch. Davie followed him, and asked him to wait until he could pick a bouquet for his mother. That softened Freddy a little, yet as he was leaving the gate he had to revert to the matter he had come upon.

“Davie, you will be foolish, if you don’t have those boys taken up. You will lose your dog—I know you will.”



“Perhaps I shall for a while,” said Davie; “but I think I shall get him again.”

“Not if you wait to convert Jack Raymond first. Everybody will blame you for acting so, and the whole village would rejoice to see them in jail.”

“I am sorry you don’t feel about it as I do,” said Davie, as Freddy walked away. He went slowly back to the house, with tears in his eyes, for he missed little Fido very much.

This was no slight disappointment to Freddy. It was not his interest in Davie, and a desire to have his dog restored, that sent him on his errand that morning. More than once Eugene and Jack had injured him, but in too trivial a manner to allow him to seek redress by law. They had broken his kites, called him hard names, knocked off his hat, and tormented him in various ways, and he longed for revenge; and when the opportunity presented itself of obtaining it, he could ill brook a disap-

pointment; and it was with no small difficulty that he kept his promise of secrecy in regard to the whole matter. Yet that very morning he had prayed, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." Do you think he felt what he was praying for? Do you suppose that he, the head boy in the Sunday School, who could recite chapter after chapter, and nearly every collect in the Prayer Book, had, after all, as much knowledge of the blessed teachings of Jesus, who said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, *do good* to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you," as poor, sick Davie Hall, who, with his hard study and headaches, could seldom repeat his lessons without making more than one mistake?

Before Davie reached the house he thought what he would do if his mother approved. He would write a letter to Eugene. He fixed upon him, because he was by far the

better boy of the two, and he had learned from Freddy that Fido would be in his care until the morrow, when they would take him to the neighboring town, where the circus was to be, and where the gentleman lived that was to purchase him. His mother was strongly in favor of his doing so; raising but one objection to his writing, and that was his violent headache. But Davie would not admit that as a hindrance; so, getting his writing materials, he sat down to write. He thought a long time before he began, then slowly his thin, white hand moved across the paper. This is what he wrote:

DEAR EUGENE—Will you bring my little dog back to me? I am very lonesome without him. I am a poor, sick boy, and have no one but Fido to play with me. He loves me better than he does any one else in the world, and I know nobody will ever love him as I do. If you will send him back to me I

will forgive you for taking him away, and pray God to do the same. I wish that you knew how wicked it is to do such things, and then, I think, you would not do them. I am not angry with you for stealing Fido, but am sorry you did so. You may wonder how I found you out, and why I don't take you up. I want to try to do you good, and thought this would be the best way. Please send Fido home before night, for I shall not sleep if he does not come. You must excuse the crooked letters I have made, for I have a bad headache this morning.

Your friend,      DAVIE HALL.

How to get the letter to Eugene was the next thing of importance. Davie was not well enough to carry it to his house, and his mother had not time. Yet they did not doubt that some one would soon happen along by whom they could send it. But Davie was growing nervous at the delay,

when he saw Willie Scranton coming on his way to school. He hurried to the gate and made known to him his request.

Willie was surprised when he learned for whom the letter was intended, and was urgent with questionings his curiosity prompted. He was not sure that he should see Eugene, but he thought he should, as he had an errand that way; he would try and deliver it to him, even if he had some trouble to find him; but what was the letter about—wouldn't Davie tell him? Davie, good-naturedly, said he could not; that it was a little secret he must keep.

“Well,” said Willie, as he walked on, “if you are going with such boys, I shan't speak to you any more. My mother wouldn't let me write letters to them, I know.”

“That depends on what you write,” said Davie, a little amused. “Mother has seen this. Won't you call to-day noon, and tell me if you gave it to him?”

Willie said that he would, and if ever his indolent brain was aroused to activity, it was that morning, when walking along and wondering what Davie Hall could write to Eugene Hart about.

And now let me tell you something about Eugene Hart and Jack Raymond, that everybody called the worst boys in the village. They well deserved that name, for there was scarcely a garden they had not robbed, or child they had not tormented in some way. They could be seen prowling around the streets together, using coarse jests and profane words, and mingling freely in dog-fights and street disturbances of every kind. They did not attend school, as they had been expelled with disgrace from the only free one in the place. They never went to church or Sunday School, and fine peach orchards and attractive gardens were especially guarded upon that day from their depredations. They were not the only bad boys in the vil-

lage, for, as is always the case, one such character soon creates his clan, and Jack Raymond had associates besides Eugene Hart.

Jack was the worst boy of the two. He was the ringleader of all the bad boys in the village. He was about fifteen years old, and the son of the tavern-keeper, who was a very wicked and intemperate man. It was in the smoky bar-room of his house, where Jack had been allowed to be ever since he could remember, the most dissolute men of the town congregated, and about the first words that Jack could say, were oaths that his drunken father taught him, and that drunken men laughed to hear him repeat. And his mother—ah, if she had been a good woman, she might, perhaps, with the help of God, have saved that little child from the sin around and before him—was coarse and ignorant, knowing nothing of Christ, except to sneer at those that professed to love him ;

and when not scolding about the house, knocking Jack or his little sister down for some trivial offence, she was smoking a pipe in the chimney corner, or sleeping off the effects of a heavy pot of ale. Do you wonder that Jack Raymond, with such a home, and such a father and mother, should be the worst boy in the village?

It was a little better with Eugene. His father was a very intemperate man, one of the frequenters of the tavern, seldom bestowing any attention upon his children but harsh words and harsher blows. They had grown up to fear and almost hate him—if the heart of a child can turn against his father. He did little or nothing for the support of his family, and his broken-hearted wife, the mother of his six children, of whom Eugene was the eldest, went out washing to earn their daily bread. She had once been a devoted Christian, but bitter sorrow and heavy care had crushed nearly the last spark



of hope from her soul. She labored on, day after day, thinking God had forgotten her, or else so much sorrow would not have fallen upon her. She loved her children, and sometimes feebly attempted to inculcate in their minds holy precepts; but she was absent from home so much, and when there so weary and depressed, that her weak influence could avail but little over that of the father. She saw the course Eugene was taking, and prophesied a sad end; but her remonstrances were in vain, and so she gave him up. She once tried to send her children to the Sunday School, and laid aside a part of her scanty earnings to refit their clothing, and had sat up, until long after midnight, to sew upon them, when she had been washing all day. But the very first Sunday they sallied forth, looking so happy that she felt repaid for her toil, they had come back crying, saying they could not go in, for their father was lying dead drunk upon the side-

walk before the church. She never tried to have them go after that.

Eugene Hart was not naturally a bad boy. If he had had the advantages Freddy Hoyt possessed, he would have promised fair to make an intelligent, useful man. He had an active mind, a frank disposition, and a tender and affectionate heart. But all this, which, if rightly cultivated, would make him a blessing to himself and others, was hidden under the corrupt influence that was making him an evil and a curse. If any noble impulses did awaken in his mind a thought that he would like to become respectable and upright, it was instantly blighted, and thistles sown instead.

Need Davie hope to do him any good? Has not Satan too strongly bound him already?

## Chapter Third.

### THE WORK BEGINS.

**E**UGENE was lazily sitting upon the large stone in front of his house, beating a tattoo with a stick, waiting for Jack Raymond to come along, when Willie Scranton made his appearance. Eugene looked at him saucily, and was about to make an impertinent remark, when he was surprised by his taking a letter from his pocket and handing it to him without a word of explanation.

Eugene was puzzled and excited as to what it could mean, and tearing it open hastily, deciphered the "Dear Eugene" at the top, and "Your friend, Davie Hall," at the bottom, of the sheet. He turned pale,

thinking that the theft had been discovered; yet upon a second thought he deemed it had not, from the fact of Davie's writing to him, and signing himself in that manner. But hearing some one coming, and unwilling that any should know of the letter until he had read it—particularly Jack—he had but time to crush it hastily into his pocket before that boy was beside him; but so absorbed in his own thoughts as not to observe his movement. He looked cautiously around to see if they had listeners, and then said with a coarse laugh:

“Well, my boy, I've got it fixed. I told father that old Mr. Hall wants the black horse and the buggy to-morrow, and that I am to take it to him at nine in the morning. He believed me easy enough, and if he don't happen to see Hall before night, we'll be safe enough; and if he does, we can lie out of it some way. Where's the dog? I guess we can get five dollars for him, if we tell the

old man it is a pure King Charles. He'll believe us, of course."

Eugene laughed rather timidly, and asked if he thought they had been found out. His mind was on the letter in his pocket.

"Found out? No! They may think we stole their cherries, but they can't prove it; and as for the dog, they won't miss him before to-night. Where is he? I asked you once before."

Eugene told him that he was locked up safe and sound in an empty barn that stood alone upon the borders of the woods, and where no one was in the habit of going. He was going up pretty soon to feed him.

"That's right," said Jack; "talk to him till he knows you." Then with dreadful profanity he told how the little creature had bitten him the night before, and how the wound had ached ever since. "But he'll pay his way if we sell him for five dollars,

and then get a good price for the cherries, which, I think, we can to-morrow."

"Ain't you afraid that somebody will see us that knows the cherries?" asked Eugene.

"No, you coward! Widow Hall's folks and circus folks don't meet very often; they're different kinds altogether."

"Where are you going now?" asked Eugene, as Jack turned away. "I thought you was going up to the barn with me."

Jack said he could not, as his father had sent him on an errand that he must do. So charging Eugene to be careful what he did, and be sure and not let any one see him start towards the barn, but to go a roundabout way, and enter from the woods, he sauntered off, giving a shrill whistle, that announced his approach to the loafers on the next corner.

Eugene was more than half glad that he was to go to the barn alone, for he could then read the letter his curiosity was burning to devour. It would take some time for

him to peruse it, even if it were well written, for as he could scarcely write, it was no easy matter for him to read the writing of others. So he went into the house, and gathering up some bones and pieces of dry bread, he started off in the direction Jack had advised, which was more than a mile out of the direct way. Eugene ran most of the distance, thinking more of the letter than the little dog, and alternating between a fear that the theft was discovered and the hope it was not.

Before he reached the barn all signs heralded an approaching storm. The sky was gathering a dense blackness, and the wind blew fierce and wild, then lulled into calms, broken by the sullen muttering of the thunder. The trees swung to and fro so violently that Eugene trembled with fear as he passed beneath them. More than once he was tempted to turn back, but a dread of Jack Raymond drove him on, and the big

drops were beginning to fall, and the lightning to glare fearfully when he crept into the barn, and was greeted by a long, dismal howl from the little dog, that was tied in one corner. Eugene was nearly overcome with fear, and if he could have seen his face, its whiteness would have frightened him the more. The great old barn, only occupied by a few bundles of straw, some broken farming implements, and the howling little Fido, was frightfully gloomy to him. He wished himself safe home again, or that Jack was with him.

At first Fido would not notice his attentions at all; but after much coaxing and petting, Eugene got him in his arms, but he could not prevail upon him to eat. He was hungry enough, no doubt; but he wanted the bowl of bread and milk, and the gentle master that gave it; and if we may impute so much knowledge to little Fido, he looked suspiciously upon Eugene, fully remember-



ing the deeds of the night before. The rain was pouring heavily upon the roof, and through every crevice it could find, and the thunder was rolling loud and deep, when Eugene crept among the bundles of straw, and took Davie's letter from his pocket.

He was a long time spelling it out, and then he could scarcely believe he read it right. So he read it over and over again until he was sure that Davie knew who had stolen his dog, and instead of taking them up for theft, had chosen that singular way. It was very strange to Eugene that Davie should write to him so kindly. There was a tone in the letter that went to his heart, making him feel sad and dissatisfied with himself. The gentle plea for Fido's return, the allusion to his sickness and loneliness, and more than all the wish that he knew how wicked it was to do such things, overcame him, and before he was aware, he was crying bitterly.

Now, if it had not been raining so hard, I think he would, after all, have put the letter into his pocket again and started for home, and meeting with Jack, would have told him about it. Jack would have cursed and laughed over it, and perhaps finished up the affair by killing the dog and throwing it over into Davie's garden; and the powerful influence of that bad boy upon Eugene would have destroyed all the good thoughts the letter might have awakened. But it was storming so wildly that Eugene could not leave the barn, but must sit there alone for an hour or more and think about what Davie wrote.

And he did think. The better impulses of his nature gushed forth, and he questioned with himself as to what made Davie so kind to him, so anxious to do him good. Had he ever done him a kindness? Had he not laughed when Jack Raymond pushed him down in the mud one day, and had he

not robbed his garden more than once, to say nothing of the mischief of the last night? He did not know before that there was any one in the village that would try to keep him out of jail, except his mother and sister Carrie. Why did not Davie put him there? Because he wanted to do him good, to make him a better boy. And why should he not become one? What was he growing up to be? What would become of Jack Raymond if he lived many years more, and went on as he did? Eugene shuddered at the thought. Then he remembered his father, and wondered if he could be good if he should try. Would anybody help him? He thought of the poor sick boy whose dog he had stolen, and wished he was in the barn with him then, to talk just as he had written. If he could write, he thought he would answer that letter; but what should he say? He never wanted to see Jack Raymond again.

The world looked very dark to Eugene—

very dark. He could foresee the end of Jack and himself if they kept in their old paths; but how could he help himself? How could he be good with such a father, and such bad boys around him? Could he ever become like Freddy Hoyt, Willie Scranton, and Davie, for whom, at that moment, he acknowledged a respect, although he had hooted at them on Sundays many a time? Was he not growing up to be like his father? Did he not already love strong drink? And as he had no education nor trade, what was to keep him from hanging idly about the streets?

And the God whom Davie had written about—who and where was he? A heavy peal of thunder broke above his head, and the frightened boy hid his face in the straw, and could hardly breathe from fear.

He resolved to do one thing, regardless of the anger of Jack Raymond: he would take little Fido home. So, when the storm had cleared away, he left the barn with the dog

under his arm, and started off in the direction of Davie Hall's. It was an unfrequented road, and he had little fear of meeting any one except Jack Raymond, so he kept a sharp look-out ahead, determined to hide if he saw him coming. He reached the rear of Davie's garden without having met a single person. Then he dropped Fido, who ran, frisking his shaggy tail, to a hole in the fence, through which he quickly bounded, and it was not many minutes before Eugene heard Davie shouting: "Oh, mother! mother! here is Fido!"

Eugene walked slowly toward home, feeling very unhappy, though glad he had done as he had. He wondered how Jack Raymond would receive the news, yet doubted little but that he would give him hard words and severe blows, for to have his plans of the morrow so completely overthrown, besides a confession made as to who were the thieves, would be too much for his violent temper to bear. Eu-

gene had an "*I don't care feeling*," and thought, as he swaggered lazily along, that it made little difference to him how severely Jack beat him, or what befel him. He was nobody, and never could be anybody if he should try. His meditations in the barn had revealed to him his position in society, and from thinking he could not rise, this surly mood was a natural result.

"Hallo, there!" shouted a voice from across the street. It was Jack Raymond's. Eugene feigned not to hear it, and moved on a little more quickly. The shout was repeated, followed by an oath, and Eugene waited for his companion to overtake him.

"You are smart," said Jack, enraged at the slight provocation, "not to stop when you hear me calling you. Did the dog eat anything?"

"Yes;" and Eugene moved on. He began to tremble, and wished somebody was near to protect him.

“ Can't you wait a minute and tell me about it? Does he know you yet, hey ?”

Then Eugene determined to make a clean breast of it, so he summoned up all his courage and told him of the letter he received that morning, and how he had just carried the dog home again. He had hardly finished speaking, when Jack uttered a most fearful blasphemy, and fell upon him so suddenly that he could not defend himself. Jack threw him upon the ground, and was dealing him the most unmerciful kicks and blows, when a strong hand upon his shoulder compelled him to stop.

It was John Stokes, with whom you shall be made acquainted by-and-by. He took Jack off with him as easily as a fox would carry off a chicken, leaving Eugene senseless in the care of Dr. Lane, before whose house the affair had taken place.

## Chapter Fourth.

### PLANTING THE SEED.

**WHEN** Eugene was restored to consciousness, he found himself lying upon a lounge in the library of the parsonage, and Mr. and Mrs. Lane, and Dr. May, the village doctor, bending over him. How he came there he could not have told. The last he remembered was the descending fist of Jack Raymond and the stunning blow upon his head. He stared wildly around him, and feebly attempted to rise, but the doctor told him he must lie still. A little while after, Mrs. Lane, who had been bathing his head and putting wine to his lips, gently asked him



if he was suffering much. He told her he was, and she said soothingly, "Poor boy! I pity you." Then Mr. Lane asked him where he lived, and if he wished any of his family sent for. Eugene did want his mother, but he did not know where she was that day, and if he had known, he would have been unwilling to call her from her work.

"You are not one of my Sunday School boys—are you?" asked Dr. Lane when Eugene was feeling better, and they had raised him in a sitting posture.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Do you attend Sunday School anywhere?"

"No, sir;" and he blushed slightly.

"That is a sad pity," continued Dr. Lane.

"Did you ever attend one?"

"No, sir."

"What church do your parents attend?"

"They do not go anywhere now; father never did. Mother used to go to yours long before you came here."

Dr. Lane grew more interested. "What is your father's name?" he asked.

"Simeon Hart," was the timid, faltering reply the child was ashamed to give.

"Simeon Hart? Simeon Hart?" repeated he to himself. "I do not know him. What is his occupation?"

Before Eugene could frame an answer to that very difficult question he was released from doing so, for Dr. May whispered something in the pastor's ear, and Eugene caught the one sad word "drunkard." He was oppressed by the short silence that followed. He wished some one would speak. The pastor did so.

"What day school do you attend, Eugene?"

"Not any, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Nearly thirteen, I believe."

"Would you like to go to school?" asked Mrs. Lane with a winning smile. Eugene said that he would.

“And to Sunday School?” she asked, her face growing brighter.

“I don’t know whether I should like to or not,” he replied; “I never was in one.”

“Oh, you would love to go, I am sure,” said Mrs. Lane. “I am sorry you have never been.”

“We will call on your mother and talk with her about it,” said Dr. Lane. “Do you think she would let you go?”

“I know mother would be glad to have us. She used to go to Sunday School, she says.”

Dr. Lane exchanged a sad, significant glance with his wife. He had ordered his carriage to take the sick boy home, and as it then drew up to the door, and Eugene was feeling well enough to go, Dr. Lane said he would ride with him, so as to assist him if necessary, and also to find out where he lived. When Mrs. Lane bade him good-bye, she put a package of cake in his pocket, and

told him not to forget to think about going to Sunday School.

Mr. Lane said but little to him during their ride. He ascertained who his chief companions were, and his usual mode of spending time. Eugene was tempted to tell him the cause of his trouble with Jack, but could not get courage to do so.

There was no one at home but Carrie, his eldest sister, and Kitty and Hetty, the two younger ones. The latter were playing bare-headed and barefooted in the sand hill in front of the house, while Carrie, who was the house-keeper in her mother's absence, and performed her duties well for one so young, was washing. At the sight of the carriage before their door they all looked up with no slight surprise and embarrassment; and when they saw Eugene lifted out of it, his face very pale and his head bound up, the little ones began to cry, and Carrie, trembling, went to the gate to

meet him. Dr. Lane quieted her fears by briefly telling her what was the matter with her brother, and that he would soon recover if kept quiet and undisturbed. She put her arms around him and assisted him into the house.

Dr. Lane left, saying he would call again on the morrow ; and as soon as he was gone, the two little girls came crying out of their hiding-place, and would have climbed upon their brother's bed to sob out their grief, had Carrie allowed them to. She told them that Eugene was not so sick as they thought he was, and if they wanted him to get well they must not come into the room, or make any noise outside. That sent them comforted back to their play in the sand hill. She darkened the room and gave him the medicine the doctor sent, which soon put him to sleep ; and it was late in the afternoon, just as his father came reeling home, that he awoke, his head aching and throbbing more severely than before.

We will leave Eugene lying there in his pain, his father fuming out rage against Jack Raymond, the younger children crying for their mother to come home, and the two boys, Dick and Johnny, hanging around the bed and asking Eugene more questions than he had strength to answer; we will leave them thus, and go and see Davie a little while.

He and his mother sat upon the door-steps in the dusk, and Fido was playing between them. His sudden return was a half-pleasant mystery, for they could not doubt but that Davie's letter brought it to pass. As they sat there, petting the pretty little animal, the sound of a heavy footstep, and a loud and not very sweet voice singing an old Scotch song, announced the approach of John Stokes, and soon his tall, sturdy form, clad in the well-known suit of blue corduroy, was leaning over the gate, his broad red face beaming with its merriest smile. Both Mrs. Hall and Davie urged him to come in, reminding him

that he had not been to see them in a long time. He said that was exactly his intention, as he had about as good a story to tell as they had ever heard.

John Stokes, whom everybody in the village knew and respected for his honest heart and funny jokes and stories, was a rough farmer boy who worked for Squire Bromly, the wealthiest man in the place. He was a near neighbor to widow Hall, and the acquaintance had begun between Davie and himself, in the gardens that adjoined each other, on pleasant mornings when they were both at work. John had given him choice seeds and plants, and Davie in return had written letters to his old mother in England, for John was uneducated and could neither read nor write. He was much older than Davie, and although not a bad man, yet he knew very little of God, and never attended church. The family of Squire Bromly were so completely absorbed in the affairs of this

world, that the religion they professed had no influence upon him, except to make him distrust all church-goers as mere pretenders to godliness, with the exception of Davie and his mother, in whom he was beginning to have full faith.

Whenever John attempted to tell his story he would laugh so as to be unable to proceed, and Davie had to practice patience some time before he heard what John had to say.

“Well,” said he, at last, rubbing his hands gleefully, “I had a good hold of Jack Raymond, and such a settlement as I had with him, enough to pay for a part of the mischief he has done me at one time and another! But the debt isn’t square yet.”

“Why, John,” said Davie rebukingly, his countenance falling, “what did you do?”

“Why, my boy,” said John, surprised at the displeasure Davie manifested, “it is Jack Raymond I am talking about, not Fred Hall, nor Willie Scranton, but Jack Raymond, the



rascally little villain. I've had my eyes on him for more than a year, ever since he robbed the Squire's hen-coop, and he knew it, and kept clean out of my sight, but to-day noon I heard him howling, and made after him, and found him beating the life out of that crony of his."

"Who?" interrupted Davie, breathlessly. "Eugene Hart?"

"Yes, that's the boy, and I owe him a whipping, too." Then John went on in his rough and merry style, telling them how he seized firmly upon Jack, and dragging him down to the canal, everybody that saw them laughing and shouting, dipped him under the water four times, as an equivalent for four chickens stolen not long before, and then taking him upon the bank again and shaking him dry, dismissed him after a chastisement that the lookers-on would have had doubled.


When John had gone, Davie asked his

mother if she was not afraid that the return of Fido had something to do with this trouble between Eugene and Jack. She said that she was, and was also fearful, from John's imperfect account and her knowledge of Jack's violent temper, that Eugene was severely hurt. She hoped John had made the matter no worse, and hardly thought he had, but rather that it would put Jack in subjection, and restrain him from any further outrage upon Eugene or Davie.

The psalms and lessons were read, and fervent prayers sent up to heaven. Davie kissed his mother good-night and went to bed, thinking he would go and see Eugene in the morning.

## Chapter Fifth.

### THE FIRST FROST.

EARLY the next morning Davie was in the garden picking the prettiest flowers and arranging them in a tasteful bouquet. He was hiding violets thick among the green leaves, wondering if Eugene would find out what smelled so sweetly, when he heard some one call his name. Looking up he saw Freddy Hoyt, who was going to Squire Bromly's on an errand for his father.

“Have you heard the news, Davie?”

“No;” and he hardly lifted his eyes from his pretty work; “what news?”

“Something that will teach you to put rogues in jail another time when you have

the chance. Jack Raymond nearly beat the brains out of Eugene Hart yesterday."

"I heard they had a fight," said Davie, looking sad, "but I did not know that Eugene was hurt very badly."

"Well, he is," and Freddy was inflated with an air of importance; "and if you had done as *I* wanted you to, it would not have happened."

"Do they think he will die?"

"No such good hopes as that," said Freddy, laughing. "Jack beat him until John Stokes came along;" and here Freddy branched into a full rehearsal of the story John told the night before, laughing almost as heartily as John did. Davie interrupted him by saying he had heard all that, and wanted to know about Eugene.

"He didn't know anything when they picked him up and carried him into Dr. Lane's, where he was for an hour or two, and then Dr. Lane took him home. They say he

is very sick, and I should think Jack would be after what he got."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Davie.

"Why should you feel bad about it?" asked Freddy. "I don't know who would cry at their funeral if they both should die to-night."

"How can you talk so, Freddy? Wouldn't you feel badly if they should die as wicked as they are now?"

"Yes," he replied, half unwillingly; "but they could be good if they would try."

"We don't know that," said Davie. "I don't believe I should be if I was in Jack Raymond's place, unless somebody that was good would help to make me so."

"No one can ever make them good," said Freddy, going on his way; and as he walked slowly along he took out his little pocket Testament to learn a verse or two of his next Sunday's lesson, thinking more about getting the first prize than the true meaning of the words he repeated; and before he was out of

sight of Davie Hall, who was still hanging on the gate, his heart full of sadness and his eyes full of tears, he had read and committed these verses of his lesson :

“ If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar ; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen ?

“ And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also.”

Davie Hall had studied upon those two verses all of the yesterday afternoon ; studied until his head and back pained him very much, and he had been obliged to lay aside his Testament and go to his bed, yet he could not at that moment have recited them half so well as Freddy Hoyt, who had only read them over a few times as he walked along. But by which, think you, my reader, that holy lesson of love was known the better and felt the more ?

Soon after breakfast, Davie started to go and see Eugene. He called at Dr. Lane's, and found that he was not so ill as Freddy had represented. Davie walked much sprightlier than was his wont, and besides the beautiful bouquet, he carried a basket full of luscious black cherries. He met the school children with their books, and heard their passing remarks about their tasks and play, without one sigh of regret at his own misfortune. He smiled upon everybody he met, and everybody smiled upon him; and even old Uncle Jake, one of the crossdest men living, who growled around his own fireside on rainy days, and around the streets on sunny ones, gave him a "good-morning, my lad," and hobbled to the next corner without grumbling.

When Davie came within sight of the humble and deserted-looking house of Eugene his courage began to fail him, and he slackened his pace more and more as he

drew near the gate. What should he say? What if they should abuse him? His heart beat faster and faster, and he was growing more weak and afraid when he saw Mr. Hart come out of the door, cursing at some one within. Then Davie was for retreating, but looking behind him he saw Jack Raymond, whose sudden appearance frightened him so, that, forgetting aught else, he ran into the gate, and was standing breathless and pale in the open door before he scarcely knew what he had done. He was met by Eugene's mother.

“I have come to see Eugene,” he said. His excitement had brought on a headache that was almost blinding him, and he grew so faint that ere he could say more concerning his errand and who he was, he staggered to the chair she offered him. She, seeing how white he was turning, left him in Carrie's charge while she ran for a glass of water.



He did not quite faint, and as soon as he felt better he explained his sudden illness. He told them he was a poor, sick boy, and little used to walking so far, and besides, he received a great fright just before reaching the gate. He would not tell what frightened him.

Mr. Hart had seen Jack Raymond, and unheeding the pale little boy that ran so suddenly into his gate, went cursing after him; but the nimble-footed rogue was all too fleet for him, so he went down to the tavern to vent his rage upon the father, who, instead of abusing him in return, joined in his invective oaths against Jack, and promised him a good beating when he could catch him, and finally put Mr. Hart in the very best humor by giving him a glass of whisky and a pipe of tobacco, which so totally obliterated the insult that he forgot it with his sick son, and was content to lounge in the bar-room the rest of the day.

While Davie was recovering from his faintness, and talking with Mrs. Hart about Eugene, Carrie went into the bed-room and told her brother that a little boy with a basket of cherries and a beautiful bunch of flowers had come to see him.

“Who is it?” asked Eugene; and the color flushed to his face, for he almost knew who his visitor was.

Carrie said she did not know his name, but she had seen him in the street many times with a lady dressed in black, and she thought he lived up by Squire Bromly’s, in the little house with the cherry trees and the pretty garden. “He is a sick boy,” she said, “and nearly fainted away when he first got here. Shall I let him see you?”

“Yes,” said Eugene drawing the bed-clothes over his face, and only peeping out when Davie entered the room, and said in a feeble voice :

“I heard you were sick, Eugene, and so I

have come to see you. I am sorry to find you so bad. Does your head ache now?"

"Yes," was the low reply from under the bed-clothes.

"I have brought you some flowers and some cherries;" and Davie set his basket upon the stand at the head of the bed, while Carrie, who had brought in a broken pitcher, took the flowers and put them in it, and holding them up for her brother to see, asked him if they were not very pretty, and if he was not glad to get such a beautiful present.

Eugene said yes, but he did not look at the flowers or the fruit; he could not. Once he felt like telling Davie to go home and mind his business, and not come there to insult him; but when he saw that thin, pale face, so radiant with its interest for him, and heard him speak so tenderly, the feelings he had in the barn returned to him, and for grief he could not have spoken if he would.

Mrs. Hart and Carrie were surprised and

embarrassed by Eugene's seeming impoliteness, and endeavored to make Davie feel that his kindness was appreciated by praising his fruit and flowers, thanking him over and over for them, and saying that Eugene's pain kept him from talking. That they supposed to be the truth, for they knew of no other reason why he should lie there so still, with his face covered, when so kind a visitor had come to see him.

Davie felt more and more unhappy. He asked Eugene several questions, but only received the briefest replies. He had not expected this. He had thought Eugene would talk with him, thank him for his presents, and give him a chance of saying how freely he forgave him for stealing his little dog, and how glad he was he sent him home again; and that when he got better he wanted him to come and see him often, and not play with Jack Raymond and other bad boys any more. And Davie had thought

that Eugene would promise to do as he told him, perhaps half consent to go to Sunday School, and he should return home happier than before, his missionary scheme in full success. But he was repulsed and discouraged. For the first time it flashed upon his mind that perhaps Eugene did not steal Fido—that the dog had only run away; and, if so, the letter could but have offended him. He wanted to ask him if that was the case, and, if so, implore his forgiveness for accusing him so wrongfully; but Mrs. Hart and Carrie were in the room, and he would not speak of it before them.

He was just making up his mind to go home, though fearful lest he should meet with Jack Raymond again, when Dr. Lane's carriage stopped before the gate, and the pastor alighted. Davie felt relieved of a burden. Mrs. Hart and Carrie went into the other room to meet him, and Davie lingered behind to speak alone with Eugene.

Putting his face close down to the pillow, he said in a gentle voice :

“Eugene, if you did not take my little dog, I am very sorry I wrote that letter.

“I did take him,” said Eugene, throwing back the clothes from his face ; “but, didn’t you get him again? I took him home.”

“Yes, I did, and I am glad you were so good;” but he could not say more, for Dr. Lane and Mrs. Hart were then in the room. He whispered, “May I come again and see you,” and Eugene answered, “Yes, if you want to.”

Dr. Lane seated himself by the bed to talk with the sick boy, and Davie, whose head was aching, went out into the fresh air. He sat down on a pile of uncut wood, and, as he looked at the cottage, and the uncultivated garden, he could not but contrast that home with his own. The house was larger and better; but it did not look half as well, for it was getting out of repair. There was a dead

rose-tree on each side of the door, a few straggling currant and gooseberry bushes ranged along the fence, and a barren plum and peach tree stood in opposite angles of the garden, while the pile of uncut wood on which he sat, and the sand heap where Hetty and Kitty played, and the geese and chickens gathered about the door, gave the place a most uninviting aspect. Davie was thinking how neatly it all might be made to look, and wondering why Eugene did not put it in order instead of idly running the streets, when Dr. Lane came out and asked him to ride back with him. Davie acknowledged that he had been waiting for that purpose, as he felt unable to walk so far.

Davie was unhappy. During the ride he scarcely said a word, and Dr. Lane, thinking it was his illness that made him so silent, and that it was best for him so to be, said but little to him. The little missionary had not found his task as pleasant as he expected,

nor was the result so encouraging. The few words he had with Eugene had made him more hopeful, but the brightness of the scheme—the brightness that shone upon it when he gathered the fruit and flowers had faded out, and when they met Freddy Hoyt, who removed his cap and made a most dignified bow to his pastor, the remark made by Dr. Lane was a heaviness to poor Davie.

“Freddy is a bright boy, and promises much for the future. His father tells me that he is so urgent in his desires to become a minister, that he has resolved to educate him for one. He is going to the Rev. Mr. B——’s boarding-school before long.”

Davie made no reply. His thoughts were not very wise ones; for he silently called himself a poor silly boy that had done a silly thing in trying to be a missionary; that Freddy Hoyt could do some good in the world, for he had talents, riches, and learning; while, as for him, he never could be



anybody or do anything; there was no use in trying. He was thus desponding, when, just after Dr. Lane had left him at the gate, with a kind word for his mother, and was walking slowly towards the house, a stone whirred by him, just escaping his face. He could not see whence it came—there was no one in sight—and fearing lest another should follow, he hurried into the house.

## Chapter Sixth.

### POOR JACK.

**T**HE morning that Davie went to see Eugene was a grievous one to Jack Raymond. He had gone home the night before, aching from the blows John Stokes had given him, dripping wet, and so humiliated that he was glad to steal off to bed unobserved by his mother, who was smoking her pipe in the kitchen, or his father, who was carousing in the bar-room as usual. But his sleep was feverish and broken. His bones ached severely, and a hot pain throbbed through his temples. He had seldom been so ill, and as he tossed upon his bed, thirsting for water, yet unable to go for any, he thought of other

boys who had a mother to soothe and care for them when they were sick, and the contrast with his situation made him more wretched. Then he thought, "What if I should die here to-night—die here all alone—die—and *what then?*" The poor boy shuddered at the thought; it was all too dark, too fearful, too unknown for him. To his ignorant mind, death could carry him no farther than the grave in the churchyard: and to be buried away from the light and air—oh! it was terrible to think of.

Jack knew of no heaven—no blessed life to come. He knew nothing of God or Christ. Do you wonder that he was afraid to die?

His pain grew so intense, and his mind so active, that he could endure it no longer, and rapping upon the wall as loudly as he could, he awoke the servant-girl, who slept in the next room with his little sister Hattie. Both were soon beside him to know what was the matter, and were alarmed to find him so ill,

and thought they had better call his mother. But he begged of them not to, for he knew she would not comfort him in any way, but only complain at the disturbance.

Bridget acted the nurse as well as she knew how. She was surprised at his docility and readiness to do whatever she told him, and when he was tucked up in his bed again to take the "good sweat" she prescribed, he insisted on Hattie's lying down beside him until he fell asleep. Poor boy! he did not dare to be alone with those frightful thoughts again.

Hattie cheerfully consented to do as he wished, and she had not lain there long before she was sure he was sound asleep; but she did not leave him until the dawn was peeping in, then laying her hand upon his forehead, she found that his fever was nearly gone.

When Jack awoke it was broad day, and though he felt weak and oppressed by a headache, and there were sore pains in his

bones, the scenes of the past night were more like a dream than a reality, and he shook them from his remembrance as hateful. He thought of John Stokes, muttered a curse upon him, and he went out that bright, glad morning with all the venom in his heart that Satan could plant there.

He repulsed the kind inquiries of Hattie and Bridget, and, after eating a light breakfast, he took to the streets as usual, without having seen his father or mother. It was the day of the circus, and all his plans for attending it had been overthrown. As he walked along, he muttered his rage against Eugene, and smiled malignantly at the remembrance of the beating he gave him. Though he had lost the dog, yet the cherries were still in his possession; but what to do with them he did not know. To sell them in the village would be unsafe. He would go to Hal Spencer and see what bargain they could make.

While he was gone, his father, who fully believed the falsehood Jack had told him about Deacon Hall's wanting the black horse that morning, harnessed him, and not finding his son, drove him up to the Deacon's himself, and was thrown into a most violent passion when informed that the horse was not wanted, and had not been ordered. The old man had but just returned, and was overcome with rage as he replaced the animal in the stable, when Jack, unsuspecting such a termination of that affair, sneaked in with Hal Spencer, saying it was time to take the horse up to Deacon Hall; but no sooner did Mr. Raymond see him, than he flew towards him with the ferocity of a tiger, seized him firmly, and began to beat him unmercifully. Jack, sick and weak as he was, was almost fainting beneath the blows. His mother, who heard his cries, rushed in and compelled the father to desist. Hal fled at the first outburst of the storm, and Jack, when his parents

were sufficiently engaged in a quarrel of their own to forget him, slipped out of the barn and ran as fast as he was able, until he felt sure of his safety. Dizzy, weak, and trembling, he sat down upon a stone by the road-side. The terrors of death were lost to him in the wretchedness of the moment, and he wished from the bottom of his heart that he was dead—dead and buried forever.

“Oh, dear!” he sighed, hiding his face in his hands, and groaning from pain; “I am so sick, so sick, and where shall I go? I believe I am going to die. I hope I shall.” The deep feelings he had the night before were coming back to him, and at that moment, more than at any other of his life, Jack might have been swayed by a holy influence, and the tide of his heart turned in a new direction. But how will it be? Will Davie, the little missionary, come, and with sympathy and kind words raise a new hope in that sin-fallen boy. Here is Freddy Hoyt, the

head boy in the Sunday School, who talks of preaching Christ before many more years, and let us see what he will do. Jack saw him coming, and thought to himself, "I wish I was loved as he is. I wish my father and mother were like his, then I could go to Sunday School and day school and be somebody. He is going to be a parson, they say. Well, I was never made to be thought anything of."

"What are you doing there?" was roughly shouted at him from the high stone porch before Mr. Lane's door. It was Freddy's voice. Jack had not observed until then that he was sitting before their premises, and under the shade of a large apple-tree that branched widely into the street. "You needn't plot any longer how to fill your pockets with those apples, unless you want to sleep in jail to-night, where you ought to have been six months ago. Come, off with you! unless you want to be locked up."



Anger and vengeance awoke again in the breast of Jack Raymond, nerving him with a momentary strength. Grasping a stone, he started to his feet, and hurled it at Freddy with all his might. It narrowly passed him, and broke one of the large lights of the conservatory. Then bursting into a volley of oaths and bitter words Jack left the spot; but not until he had vowed many things that made Freddy tremble.

And it was in this dreadful mood that he found himself near Davie Hall's just as Dr. Lane brought him home. He knew where Davie had been, for you remember he saw him just before he reached Mr. Hart's, and a feeling of jealous anger impelled him to throw the stone that came so near striking its innocent object.

But his pain was growing more and more intense, and he looked around for some place where he might lie down. John Stokes' cornfield invited him, so, creeping slyly

through the fence, he went to a hidden and shaded corner, and there he threw himself upon the soft grass. A heavy sleep came over him, from which he passed into a stupid delirium. He awoke where he little expected to be.

Where was he? He was so bewildered he could not tell. It was not in the corn-field where he lay down, upon his last recollection, nor in his own bed-room. It was a barn; but not his father's, or one that he knew. It was night, and a light was dimly burning in a lantern that hung from one of the rafters. He tried to get up, and the rustling of the hay awoke some one that was lying not far from him, and who was instantly upon his feet and beside him, asking him in a rough but pleasant voice what he was going to do. It was big John Stokes, and he was in Squire Bromly's barn.

“How did I get in here?” asked Jack rather crossly, looking around as if for a

crevice large enough for him to creep through.

“Oh, you are feeling better, I see,” said John. “You begin to talk like yourself.”

“How did I get in here?” again asked Jack, more gruffly than before.

“I found you asleep down in the corn-field,” said John, “and when I woke you up you were crazy as a loon, and burning with a fever; so I carried you in here and have been taking care of you ever since.”

Jack was touched by his kindness, and tried to stammer out his thanks; but John interrupted him, telling him to lie down and sleep until morning, so as to be well enough to go home then.”

“I don’t want to go home,” said Jack.

“But you don’t want to lie there in the hay forever, do you?”

“I don’t care,” was the gruff answer.

“Oh, yes, you do, my lad. There’s lots of fun in the world.” Then seeing that Jack

was restless, and looking uneasily towards the door, he told him he must not think of going before morning, as he was not well enough, and that he would give him a breakfast, and they would part good friends. Jack lay back upon the hay again, but only because he was unable to sit up. He told John not to stay there with him any longer, as he was well enough to take care of himself; but John, who had an interest in his master's harness and other property in the barn, as well as in Jack, persisted in finishing his night's rest upon the hay.

At daybreak Jack was much worse again; and John, who knew it would be of no use to apply to any of Squire Bromly's family to administer to him, went over to widow Hall's. Both Davie and she were surprised at what he told them; and Mrs. Hall went immediately back with him. She thought it not best for Davie to go, although he desired it very much.

She prescribed for him as well and wisely as she could, and furnished the medicine and nourishment. He said but little to her or John, and that crossly, except when they mentioned his parents, and that it was best to send for them. Then he begged them so earnestly not to do so that they consented to wait for a while at least.

Mrs. Hall went home and made some porridge for Jack, and told Davie he might carry it to him. Davie's eyes sparkled with delight at his errand, and he started off as happy as he was the morning before when he went on his mission to Eugene.

Jack was looking very ill when Davie entered the barn and timidly stole to the corner where he lay, moaning from his pain. Though weak and longing for something to eat, Jack refused the porridge gruffly, and would not have eaten of it had not John Stokes commanded him. Davie tried in vain to call forth a pleasant word by giving him

many tender and consoling ones ; but the more he said, it seemed but to increase Jack's annoyance, who would probably have said some very harsh things had not John Stokes been standing by.

“ Good-bye,” said Davie, taking up the empty bowl which Jack put down ; “ I hope you will be better by night, so that you can go home.”

Jack growled a reply between his teeth that Davie did not perfectly hear, and, without thanking him for his kindness, suffered him to depart. And as the little missionary walked slowly home across the meadow, the bright sunshine all around him, the carol of happy birds never ceasing in the air, his hope did go down again, though he tried not to let it. He almost began to think, with Freddy Hoyt, that there was no use in trying to do anything for those bad boys, and he did not entertain the deepest feeling of forbearance and love for Jack, now that he

had treated him so badly. He thought he would not carry him another bowl of porridge, nor give him the basket of cherries he had spoken to his mother about. She knew by his looks, when she saw him climbing over the fence, that he had been coldly repulsed and discouraged by the reception she had anticipated for him; but she did not mention the subject nor appear to notice his sad abstractions all that day, until about noon, when he came and lay down beside her as she sat at work in the porch, and despondingly asked if she thought anybody or anything could make Jack Raymond a good boy.

I will not repeat to you their conversation; but it was such as encouraged him in his well-doing, teaching him not to let his hopes grow so large at the beginning of every adventure, that a failure should sink him in discouragement, showing him wherein he had sinned in not bearing more patiently

with Jack, and bidding him to be more earnest in praying for him.

When dinner was over, Davie went to the barn with another bowl of porridge for Jack. He found him much improved, and in better humor than he was that morning. Although he said but very little, and doubtless would have liked Davie's absence more than his presence, yet when Davie arose to go, with many kind words as before, Jack gave a gruff Thank you, with the remark that he wished folks would not take so much trouble with him, who was not worth caring for.

“Oh, yes, you are,” said Davie. “You are the very one that we love to help most of all.”

“Yes, so as to throw it in my face some day,” said Jack.

“Oh, no! we want to do you all the good we can.” He would have said more, but just then John and Squire Bromly came into the barn, so he bade Jack good-bye,



and went away. His mother, who was watching from the window for his return, knew that something had planted a fresh hope, when she saw him hastening through the long grass so light and happy. And he was sitting on the door-step the next morning, thinking of what he would say to Jack when he went to see him that day—yes, and full of hope of what Jack would say to him, and the good things that would come to pass—the entry into Church and Sunday School being the most brilliant, when he saw John Stokes returning from the village with a countenance indicative of news.

Jack had been much better the night before; so much so that John lost most of his anxiety, and being very weary, besides having been broken of his rest, slept so soundly that Jack arose without waking him, and crept out of the barn, and was off no one knew where. He could not be found in all the village, and John had inquired for

him at his father's, but they knew nothing of him; and while he was making his inquiries at the tavern, old Mr. Raymond discovered that the bar-till had been broken open that night and robbed of all it contained, and he instantly fastened his suspicions upon Jack, vowing vengeance upon him, as usual.

“Well,” said John, “the boy has got the money, no doubt, but as for the old man's ever seeing him again, he never will. He's off for sea most likely, and it's to be hoped he'll never come back. I think we village folks ought to have a day of rejoicing.”

Feeling assured that Jack Raymond had left the country for some time at least, John found himself relieved of a great burden of uneasiness, as he stopped on his way home and leaned upon the fence of his master's garden, and long surveyed the fine melons that were growing therein.

## Chapter Seventh.

### THE SIGNS OF THE HARVEST.

**A**NY of Davie's fresh hopes were blighted by the news John brought, and it was not with the lightest heart and steps he set off to see Eugene. He carried with him "The Shadow of the Cross," an interesting book, which he was very fond of reading himself, and one or two tracts, of which Davie always kept a stock on hand, to give away where he thought they would be of service. And this reminds me to say that you must not think Davie tried to do good only in the particular instance I am telling you of—he did it in many instances; but to speak of them all would spread my

story out too much; and, besides, it will be more interesting if I keep to one, for so I can give you more particulars.

He was within sight of the house when he met Freddy Hoyt and Willie Scranton on their way to school. He saw them laugh and whisper to each other before they reached him, and his cheeks flushed in anticipation of what they would say.

“Going up to Eugene Hart’s?” asked Willie.

“Yes,” said Davie, hardly stopping.

“Rather hard drove for some one to play with, ain’t you,” continued Willie.

Davie made no reply, and would have gone on without saying more; but Freddy, who was just then impressed with his future profession, said with emphasis :

“Evil communications corrupt good manners.”

“I know it,” said Davie turning full about; “and we are also told: ‘Love your enemies,

bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.' ”

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted Willie, “if this isn't street ranting in good earnest. Better take the stump, Davie.”

“I heard him tell Dr. Lane once that he couldn't learn verses in the Testament. I wonder how he got that off so well!” said Freddy.

Davie went on with a heavy heart, and big tears ready to gush from his eyes; but he manfully kept them back by thinking over all the encouraging words his dear mother had read to him from the Bible, and all she had said the day before when he felt so sad and discouraged. He was beginning to feel brave and strong again when he came in sight of Eugene's home, and saw him sitting upon the porch surrounded by a number of bad boys, among whom were Hal Spencer and Bill Drake. He learned, from

what he heard of their conversation as he approached them unobserved, that they were talking of the circus that was coming to the village the next day, and of Jack Raymond, who they foolishly prophesied would appear among the actors. Davie shrank from meeting with such a class of boys, and was sorry to see Eugene among them. He thought of going by and deferring his visit until after they were gone, but he feared lest Eugene should go away with them, or perhaps they would stay all day.

At the sound of the gate latch the whole group turned around and faced him. Hal Spencer assailed him with:

“Got any cherries to give away this morning? If so, you will please walk up while I help myself.”

This called forth a storm of coarse laughter from the other boys, and they gathered about Davie, with the exception of Eugene, who remained sitting upon the door-step, and

who did not join in the rudeness of his visitors; yet he did nothing to check them. Davie kindly said that he had come to see Eugene, and going up to him wished him good-morning, and asked if his head was any better. Eugene said that it was, and could scarcely say more before Bill Drake interrupted him.

“His head will be as well as ever by to-morrow, and then if we find Jack Raymond and don’t pay him off, I’ll miss my guess.”

“You’ll never see Jack Raymond again,” said a dirty-faced red-haired boy. “He’s gone off to sea. Who knows but he’ll be a pirate.”

“He owes me a quarter,” said Bill.

“Yes, and me a shilling, besides my red breast pin,” said Hal. “If he don’t send that back he’ll be sorry, if I ever find him.”

“What if we should see him on the tight-rope to-morrow?” said Bill, who always dealt in the marvellous.

“No danger of that,” said Hal. “His

head is spinning yet with the dance his father taught him. Isn't it fun to think of the old man's driving up to Deacon Hale's! That was a good joke."

The boys discoursed upon that subject so loud and long that Davie, who was standing near Eugene, despaired of getting a chance to speak with him, and Eugene seemed so wholly absorbed in the other boys as to have forgotten him.

When they were all listening to a marvelous story Bill Drake was relating from his own experience, Davie went and sat down by Eugene, and offering him a book told him it was a very pretty story; one that he had always loved to read, and he was sure he would like it. Eugene thanked him sincerely, and was turning over the pages and looking at the pictures, which Davie explained, when Bill finished his story, and the attention of the group was again fastened upon them.



“What book have you got there?” and Hal looked over and read the title. “Oh, it’s one of the pious sort—all about getting killed on Sunday for going hunting and the like, I suppose. You don’t catch me reading such books, when I can get better ones.”

“They are going to convert Eugene,” said Bill. “I saw the parson stop here the other day, and all Davie Hall has come for this morning is to coax him off to Sunday School. I know, for they have been after me in the same way.”

“Don’t you read that book,” said the red-haired boy, looking maliciously at Davie. “I’ve got one that’s ten times better, and bigger, too. It’s all about pirates and sea fights. You may take it if you want to.”

Then a loud clamor arose. All who had not read the book were pleading for it, or demanding it on the right of some former favor from them, while those that knew its contents were repeating with vehement

gestures the most exciting scenes. Davie took this opportunity to ask Eugene to read his book and let the other alone, but he received no reply, and soon Hal broke in with :

“Before I’d be coaxed into reading their pious books! I expect by next Sunday to see Eugene Hart dressed up in some of Fred Hoyt’s old clothes, and marching into Sunday School with a face as long as the church steeple. Say, Dave, won’t you try to convert me? I’ll be good!”

This was said in a most provoking manner, and Davie was tempted to a bitter reply, but he said nothing; and as he saw no signs of the boys’ leaving before he did, and knowing his mother expected him by that time, he bade Eugene good-bye, and arose to go. Hal and Bill made insulting remarks as he passed them, and the red-haired boy asked if Jack Shepherd was in their Sunday School Library. Davie took no notice of them, and was shutting the gate behind him

when he saw Eugene following him. Davie waited.

“Won’t you come and see me again?” asked Eugene, his eyes upon the ground.

“Yes,” said Davie; “but I don’t like to meet all these boys, and I wish you wouldn’t play with them. Won’t you come and see me to-morrow, if you are well enough? I have a great many play-things that you will like; besides, the garden is very pleasant just now. Will you come?”

Eugene said that he would; and when they exchanged their good-bye the other boys were close beside them; and as Davie walked away, he heard them laughing at Eugene, and asking when the parson was coming again, and when he was going to join the church. All this made Davie feel very badly, for he could not see how Eugene would ever become a better boy with so many evil influences around him, or how the little he might do could make any impres-

sion where there were so many wicked hands to wipe it out.

But God was on his side.

The next morning Davie arose very happy, and after spending more than his usual time in devotion, hurried down stairs to make ready for his expected guest of that day. He had his kite to mend, and his water-wheel to put in order, besides weeding a flower-bed that was his greatest pride. He wanted to make everything pleasant and attractive for Eugene, so that he would enjoy himself and come again. After breakfast, his mother made some little pies and cakes, and promised to set the tea-table on the garden lawn. Davie was very busy until about ten o'clock, the time he thought his visitor would come, and then he went down to the gate to watch for him. But he waited and watched on, until he grew very weary. Then he went into the house and found it was nearly noon, and concluded that Eugene

would not be there to take dinner with them and have some of the juicy cherry pie. Yet Davie did not give up his coming that day, and after dinner he went back to the gate again.

He had about lost all hope of his coming, and was growing quite sad, when he saw John Stokes approaching, dressed in his best suit. Davie was a little surprised, as it was a busy time among the farmers; he asked him where he had been.

“To the circus,” said John, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. Then it occurred to Davie that perhaps Eugene had gone there instead of keeping his promise with him, and anxiously he asked Stokes if he had seen him there.

“To be sure I did,” said John; “he was hanging around, as usual, with the young rogues of his clan, and came very near getting into a scrape, for a gentleman near them lost his pocket-book; and if it had not been

found again, the whole would have been taken up, for it looked mightily as if some of them had robbed the old man, but fearing a discovery, dropped the wallet near me, knowing that if I found it I'd return it."

"So you found it, did you?" asked Davie.

"Yes," said John; "and it was well filled, too, I should guess. The old man said that it had more than a hundred in it. That was pretty well for them, I think."

"If they stole it," added Davie.

"Nobody doubts that," said John, winking his eyes wisely; "only they can't prove it. Hal Spencer was seen very near the old man just before the pocket-book was missing."

Davie was glad the suspicions did not rest strongly upon Eugene; but his disappointment was so hard to bear, he wept many tears before the day was over. He did not wholly give up the visit; for when his mother spread the cloth for supper, and brought out the pies and cakes, Davie asked her to save them

until the morrow, for then, perhaps, Eugene would come.

The next day was Saturday, and with it came such a headache for Davie that he could scarce rise from his pillow. And this brought more than one sad disappointment. All that week he had had so much upon his mind, and so many turns of sickness, that his Sunday School lesson was yet unlearned, although he had several times taken his Testament and Prayer Book and studied hard to commit it. Before he went to sleep the last night he had thought about it, and resolved to get up early the next morning and do nothing until the lesson was learned. But there was his headache, blinding him with intense pain. He must lie still and be patient.

And if Eugene should come, and he could not play, nor talk with him, oh! how hard it would be. It seemed strange to him that it all should happen so, but he tried to believe it was all for the best.

It was eleven o'clock, and he was lying there on his bed, glad to feel his headache leaving him, when he heard the shutting of the gate, and then a timid voice at the door asking for him. It was Eugene. Davie wanted to get up immediately, but his mother thought he had better lie still a little longer; so she brought Eugene to his bedside. He said he was very sorry to find Davie sick, and perhaps he had better not stay; but neither Mrs. Hall nor Davie would hear of his leaving, for they both thought that in a little while his headache would be better. Eugene was looking quite well, with the exception of a bad scar on his forehead, and he said he was feeling almost as well as ever. Davie did not mention his disappointment of yesterday, neither did Eugene allude to it.

They were talking about various things interesting to boys when Fido came frisking into the room, and, instead of barking



sharply at Eugene, as he often saucily did to strangers, he walked around him wagging his tail and blinking his eyes, very much as if he had met with an old acquaintance. His entrance was an embarrassment to Eugene, and also to Davie, and there was a short silence, in which the face of the former was burning scarlet, while the latter was wishing he could say something to take their thoughts away from the same unpleasant subject. At last Davie asked him if he had read yet in the book he lent him. Eugene said that he had, and, although he did not quite understand it, he thought it a pretty story. Carrie was delighted with it, and wished she had more such books to read.

“She must come to Sunday School, where she can get them,” said Davie, smiling.

“She does want to go, sometimes,” said Eugene, “but then she has nothing nice to wear.”

“Oh, if that is all that keeps her away, I

know some of the ladies of the parish will fit her out. Mrs. Lane gave me my Sunday coat, and old Mrs. Neal my pants and shoes. I don't know what I would have done if she hadn't, for my old ones were worn out, and mother was too poor to buy me any new ones. Do you think Carrie will come if Mrs. Lane will see that she has good clothes?" and Davie's hopes made his eyes brighter.

"I don't know but she would; but there are other things that keep her from going. Mother did get us all ready, and we started once."

"When was that?" asked Davie.

"Oh, a long time ago."

"Why didn't you come?"

Eugene blushed and looked down to the floor. "I don't want to tell you the reason," he said.

"Well, wouldn't you like to come now?"

"No," very decidedly.

"Why?" asked Davie.

Eugene hesitated a moment, then said, "Because I won't run after Fred Hoyt and Will Scranton, who think they can insult me whenever they get a chance."

"It is not going to Sunday School that makes them do so," said Davie. "They are taught better there. Dr. Lane would feel badly if he knew what they say and do sometimes. Has he said anything to you about coming?"

"Yes," said Eugene, "and mother promised that she would go to church next Sunday."

"And won't you come with her? Do, and sit with me."

"No, I don't want to go."

"Why not?" persisted Davie.

"Because Hal and the other boys will only laugh and make fun of me."

"And what do you care for them?" said Davie. "Will you do wrong, just because they will laugh if you don't?"

Eugene said nothing, but he thought seriously. Mrs. Hall then came in, and seeing Davie looking so well and cheerful, thought he might safely go out into the garden, if he would not play too hard. The boys were delighted, and Davie called Fido, and getting the wagon, they went on the lawn back of the house, where they had a merry time until dinner was ready. Davie quite lost his headache, and Eugene his shyness, and they laughed and talked together as if they had been friends all their days.

After dinner it was so warm that Mrs. Hall thought they had better stay in the house awhile. Davie got the big Bible, and they sat down in the porch, one on each side of Mrs. Hall, who soon had them deeply interested in the stories she told about the pictures. Eugene had never heard any of them before, and so delighted was he in the story of Joseph, that he wanted to know where it was in the Bible, so that he could

read it again when he got home. Mrs. Hall gave him a little Bible with a mark at the place, and he promised never to part with it, but to keep it always as a remembrance of that happy day. She asked him to come and see them often, and she would tell him other stories just as interesting. He was not backward to promise he would.

They had played to their heart's content. Eugene had been to the very top of every cherry-tree, and picked a large basketfull to carry home. They were both tired, and then it was sundown, and Eugene was going home.

“How would you like to come and see Davie every morning?” asked Mrs. Hall, who followed him to the door and put a large paper of cakes upon his basket of cherries; “that is his time for study, when he is well enough. Would you like to come and read and cipher with him?”

Eugene's eyes glistened with joy at the thought. He could not say a word.

“Oh, yes, won’t you come?” earnestly importuned Davie. “I shall like to read ever so much better if there is some one to read with me. Then it would be almost like going to school. Say, won’t you come?”

Eugene said yes, but the tears were filling his eyes so fast he hurried out. Davie saw them, and followed him, almost crying too.

“I know what makes you cry,” he said, “but never mind that any more. Only come and study with me, and that will keep you out of bad company.”

“I haven’t any books, and father won’t get me any,” said Eugene.

“You can use mine just as well as not,” said Davie. “Only think how nice it will be! and then, perhaps, you can learn a trade some day, and be as smart as anybody.”

Eugene was looking into his future as well as Davie, and now it began to look brighter than ever before. Yes, he would come, he would be there early Monday morning. Se

cretly he wished that there was to be no Sunday, so he could be with Davie on the morrow. Davie was thinking of the morrow too, and as Eugene was shutting the gate, he asked him to promise him one thing.

“What is it?” said Eugene. “I’ll do just what you want me to.”

“Will you?” and Davie’s pale face grew radiant. “Then do not go off with Hal Spencer and those boys to-morrow, but stay at home and read the Bible mother gave you, and my little book.”

“I will,” said Eugene, with a sincerity that Davie could not doubt.

And as Eugene walked along he heard and saw nothing, for his heart was full to overflowing of feelings he had never known before, or so imperfectly they left no mark. A new life was breathed within him; a new world was open before him. Henceforth he would be another boy. He thought of his past life and his former playmates, as a

prisoner might think of his dungeon and chains, and the coming days were the liberty sweet and unlooked for.

Ah, Davie Hall! boy missionary! God bless you for that!



## Chapter Eighth.

IT LOOKS LIKE A STORM.

**E**UGENE did not appear down stairs very early the next morning, as he did not fall asleep until late, owing to the new thoughts born into his mind. And when he did fall asleep it was but to re-arrange those thoughts in troubled dreamings, sometimes pleasant, sometimes frightful. At daybreak he fell into a sound slumber, and it was past nine before he awoke.

His father, irritable and cross as drunkards usually are before their morning dram, was smoking a dirty clay pipe in the doorway, and spitting plentifully upon the floor that Carrie had scoured so hard the day be-

fore. His mother, sad, weary, and patient as ever, was trying to wash the two little girls, and to dress them in their clean clothes, but they were so opposed to the movement, she seemed not likely to succeed. Carrie was clearing away the breakfast, having left something for Eugene, while Johnny and Dick were getting ready to go down to the canal for their bath.

Eugene arose with the resolution to keep his promise with Davie that day. He had told his mother and Carrie that he was to study with him every morning, and they were as delighted with the idea as he was. They were going to brush and mend up his old clothes that day, so that he might look as tidy as possible.

“Hal Spencer and Bill Drake have been here to see you this morning,” said Dickie.

Eugene made no answer, but sat down to the table. Dickie went on:

“They’re going down to the pond fishing,

and want you to go along. They said they'd be back after you in about an hour."

"I am not going," said Eugene, firmly; "and you may tell them so when they come."

"Why ain't you going?" growled Mr. Hart, angrily. "Are you too lazy to fish your supper once in a while?"

Eugene saw that a storm was rising, and so kept still. His mother, who was glad he did not want to go, interceded mildly in his behalf, and said she could not well spare him, as she was going to brush up his clothes a little; but Dick broke in by saying that Eugene could wear his jacket, and that there was an old pair of pantaloons in the chamber that were good enough to fish in.

"Never mind, Dickie," said his mother, softly; "you go and bathe."

"But we want some fish for supper," whined Johnny.

"Yes; and the boy is going after them, too," burst in Mr. Hart, looking furiously at

Eugene. "He needn't think to play the lazy always. Say, sir, are you going?" and he stood over the boy with his uplifted arm.

"Yes," replied Eugene, trembling. He thought to himself he would go all alone, and take Davie's book and the little Bible with him.

That somewhat appeased Mr. Hart, and he replaced his pipe in his mouth, and growled out something about Eugene's being old enough to work if he would. Eugene scarcely finished his breakfast, so fearful was he that Hal would come. He was off with his fishing-tackle before any but his mother knew it; and when he told her he did not want to go with those boys any more if he could help it, she smiled brighter than was her wont.

He had not been gone long before Hal and his companions made their appearance; and when Mrs. Hart told them that Eugene was

not at home, they went away feeling quite angry, as they had taken the trouble to invite and call for him. Hal said he knew what was the matter; Eugene had gone off with those pious boys, and felt above speaking to them any more. Their whole conversation, as they walked on, showed a bitter jealousy of their former companion, if aught had raised him above their low condition.

Eugene went to a spot where he felt almost sure they would not find him; and so great was his success that he was not long in getting as fine a string of fish as he ever carried home, and in a much shorter time than usual. Then he stretched himself upon the shady bank, and taking the little Bible from his pocket, found the story of Joseph, and was reading it, when he heard voices approaching, which he soon recognized as those of Bill Drake and the boys he had wished to avoid. He had but time to pick up his fish and hide in the thick underbrush, before they

had seated themselves in the very spot where he had been reading. He could hear distinctly all they said, and see a part of the group. They were talking earnestly about something before they stopped there, and Eugene heard only part of their conversation.

“How do you know they are ripe?” asked Bill Drake.

“Because I’ve had a good share of them already,” was Hal’s reply; “and it’s just the easiest thing in the world to get them, if one isn’t afraid of the dark.”

“We ain’t,” responded the whole group.

“They’ve got a dog,” said another boy.

“Yes; but he’s nothing,” said Hal. “They say he sleeps in the house with Davie; besides, it would be easy to stop his yelping.”

“Ain’t you afraid they’ll lay it to us?” said a cowardly voice.

“No!” replied Hal, laughing coarsely, and with an oath. “I’ve laid my plot for that corner. You see Eugene Hart was at our

house the other day, and we went in swimming, and he lost that old red neck-tie that he sports so much. Well, I found it this morning, and we'll drop it on the ground under the cherry-tree, and then they'll think he isn't so easy to convert after all. They'll know that old handkerchief, I'm sure."

The plan raised the wildest merriment among them, and the red-haired boy jumped up and down upon the grass for joy. They sat there a long time—that seemed twice as long to poor Eugene, cramped up in the bushes, afraid to stir—talking about the adventure, and discussing the many questions that arose upon it. They were to meet at their usual rendezvous, the four corners, at eleven o'clock, and afterwards to carry their cherries to Hal Spencer's barn; and the next day they were to collect there secretly and have an equal distribution.

When they had gone, Eugene crept out cautiously and started off for home in an op-

posite direction from that they had taken. He reached there hot and breathless, and put his father in good humor by the sight of his string of fish ; then telling his mother he was going up to Davie Hall's a little while, she brushed his hair and made him look as neatly as she could.

He found Mrs. Hall talking to Davie, with the big Bible open upon her lap. They were glad, though surprised, to see him, and gave him a cordial welcome ; but he was so impatient to relieve his mind of its burden, that he could say little else until his story was told. Mrs. Hall expressed much joy and thankfulness that the plot had been discovered, "for," said she, "it would have been painful to believe, as I fear we should have done, that you could treat us so badly. I hardly know what to do. I suppose John Stokes would really enjoy watching for them in the garden to-night."

"Oh, let me write Hal a letter!" exclaimed



Davie. Then turning to Eugene, he asked: "Don't you think that would be a good way?"

"I don't know but it would;" and Eugene hung his head. "They won't come if they know you expect them."

"Davie has great faith in his letters, now," said Mrs. Hall.

"Perhaps I can make them feel kind towards me, at least," said Davie; and getting his mother's approval, he went up stairs to write the letter. Eugene talked a little while with Mrs. Hall, and then unwillingly took his leave. It was hard to go from that happy home to the desolate old house by the canal.

This is what Davie wrote, in a large, open hand, so that Hal, who was a poor scholar, could easily read it:

DEAR HAL—Do not come to-night and steal our cherries; not because we think so much of them, but because it will be very wicked for you to do so. I know that you

were not coming alone, but who were coming with you, and all that you were going to do about Eugene. I shall tell nobody of it, if you will not do such wicked things any more. I do hope you will yet be a good boy. If you and the other boys will come here to-morrow morning I will give you all the cherries you want; and don't you think, Hal, that they would make you happier then than if you came in the night and stole them?

Your friend,      DAVIE HALL.

Mrs. Hall went with Davie to carry the letter. Before they reached Hal's house they found him on the corner of the street, surrounded, as usual, by a half dozen or more of his associates. Most of them were regaling themselves upon stumps of cigars, picked up before the tavern or elsewhere; and when they saw Mrs. Hall and Davie approaching, they put on a most impertinent air, and blew the disgusting smoke into their faces.

Mrs. Hall thought best to leave the letter at Hal's house, for to deliver it to him there would be but a sure method of subjecting themselves to insult. The boys watched them after they passed, and were startled to see them stop where they did. All were in an instant suspicious that their plot had been detected; and when Mrs. Hall and Davie returned, the corner was deserted, and they caught Bill Drake peeping at them from over a high fence.

Hal, with the whole group at his heels, hurried to the house to demand Mrs. Hall's errand. Even if she had complained to his mother of their intended theft, Hal had no fear of punishment from her, for she was a very wicked woman, and encouraged him in such things.

She gave Hal the letter, that she had broken open and tried to read, and he sat down to decipher it, with the whole troop looking over his shoulders; and it took the skill and learning of them all to give Davie's neat and plainly-

written letter an imperfect translation. When they had read it through, they tried hard to laugh and talk as if they thought it all a trivial affair; but they waxed warm in their remarks, as suspicions were cast, first upon one, then another, as having revealed to Davie their intentions, for they could not imagine how he had heard of it, unless one of their own number had turned traitor. From harsh, angry words they were proceeding to blows; but Mrs. Spencer terminated the confusion by turning the boys into the street, with the exception of Hal, whom she ordered up stairs to bed; and her commands being accompanied, as they were obliged to be when she would put them in force, by a heavy cowhide, he angrily consented. The other boys skulked off to their homes, thinking naught of the spirit of Davie's letter, and the kindness he showed them, but inflaming their minds with suspicions ill founded as to who was the traitor, and promising him

severe vengeance when discovered. The general opinion was, that some of their number had told Eugene, and he had carried the news to Davie Hall; and so they thought it would not be amiss to give him a taste of their displeasure the next opportunity that offered.

Hal, in the solitude of his chamber, had no better thoughts. He threw himself wearily upon his bed, cursing his mother for separating him so early from his companions. He had left Davie's letter down stairs, or perhaps he would have read it over again, and then who knows but even his hard heart might have yielded, as Eugene's did in the old barn, to the loving spirit it breathed. May-be he would have been led to think seriously of himself, *where* he was going, and to have breathed a yearning for something higher and purer in life than he had yet known, and thus have fallen asleep, happy, at least, in a good resolution.

## Chapter Ninth.

### IT CLEARS AWAY.

**E**ARLY the next morning Eugene and Davie sat down together at their lessons. Eugene was ashamed of his ignorance and backwardness, and would have been discouraged in the beginning had not Mrs. Hall and Davie encouraged him by all the kind words they could. His writing looked very much like that in the copy-books of boys six or seven years old, and he could not read a page of simple matter without making sad mistakes, while in arithmetic he had never taken a step. Davie was very patient with him, although it seemed almost impossible sometimes to make him remember an easy

thing. It was half-past eleven long before they expected, and that was the time Mrs. Hall was to hear them recite. Eugene did very well indeed. She gave him the praise he merited, and renewed his fainting hopes by promises of his success if he would but persevere.

Eugene carried home a reading-book, and a slate with a copy on it, to engage his time that afternoon; and Carrie, who was full of joy at the new course he was pursuing, did everything in her power to encourage him. That afternoon, after he had cut and carried in his wood, and that without a cross word—for he had seen Davie Hall do the same thing without grumbling—he went up stairs and began to write the copy Mrs. Hall had set for him. He tried and tried to make the capital B's, but rubbed them out as fast as he made them because they looked so badly. He was about to throw down the slate and cry in despair when Carrie came up. He

told her his trouble, and she, who had never written a word in her life, sat down to help him. She took the pencil, and soon Eugene, instead of crying, was laughing at the funny things she made for B's. He was sure he could beat them, he said, and so he did; and before long his line was a fair imitation of the one Mrs. Hall had written.

“Oh, I get along so much better, Carrie, when you are here, I wish you would stay,” said he, when she was about leaving him.

That made Carrie's eyes sparkle; and after running down stairs to get her sewing, and to tell Dickie to take care of the children, she sat beside her brother and listened with interest to what he read, never laughing, unless he did, at the queer blunders he made.

He had read his lesson through several times, every time better than before, and had written over the slate, and sat talking with Carrie, widely expanding his new hopes in telling what a good scholar he was going



to be, when his mother came home, and they hurried down stairs to tell her what had been done that day. Eugene could not remember of ever seeing her look so happy as she did when he read her his lesson, and showed his crooked writing on the slate.

Now to tell you of every day that Eugene passed with Davie, and just how they advanced with their studies, and how many times Eugene was disappointed, discouraged, and sadly tempted to go back to his old associates, who sometimes fawned upon him, and sometimes misused him, and, most of all, how Davie would take every chance of gently instilling into his friend's mind a knowledge and love of Divine things, would make a book larger than any of you would read. Let me tell you what was accomplished within the next three months, as that will bring us to an important time in the life of Eugene Hart.

Davie was not long in persuading Eugene

to go to Sunday School with him; and the cordiality with which Dr. Lane welcomed him to his class, overcame the rudeness that Willie and Freddy greeted him with, and who, for their unchristian conduct, were rebuked before the whole school. Carrie went with him neatly dressed in garments Mrs. Lane had given her. It was not long before Eugene, who generally got his lessons with Mrs. Hall and Davie, and then went home to assist Carrie, rivalled Freddy Hoyt in perfectness of recitation, and soon surpassed Willie Scranton. And it was thought that when Freddy left the village, as he was about to do, there was a fair chance of Eugene's standing at the head of the school.

A great change had taken place in Eugene Hart, and every one who knew him observed it, from little Hetty, who was glad he was not cross any more, to Hal Spencer, who thought it put boys up so wonderfully in everybody's estimation to go to Sunday

School, he was tempted to go himself, and went to visit with Eugene one afternoon to talk with him about it. Eugene, who had been instructed to treat his old associates with kindness, and do all in his power to draw them after him, urged Hal to go, promising to call for him the next Sunday. Although Hal's motive was at the first a purely selfish one, yet it was productive of great good to him and others. He went with Eugene, and soon became interested in the school, and not long after was prevailed upon by Dr. Lane to attend the day school. Thus a powerful restraint was thrown upon his headlong race to ruin. Both Eugene and Davie tried to persuade the other boys to follow his example, but they only replied with insult and revilings, and lost no opportunity of shouting their derision upon those that had once belonged to them.

Eugene advanced rapidly in his studies; he was industrious and persevering. He

soon outstripped little Davie, whose aching head could not keep up with him, and Eugene, instead of asking his assistance any longer, offered him his. Davie had a powerful influence over him, and it was happy to see his character slowly becoming so beautiful and so holy. But there was still a great burden, a great drawback upon Eugene, threatening sometimes to blight all the hopes fastened upon him. It was his father's example and influence. How could Eugene surmount that? How could he keep 'holy the Lord's day when compelled oftentimes to do what would most profane it? How could he refrain from using sinful words when his father scarcely addressed him without them? Why should he strive to be anything in life? Was he not the son of a drunkard, and would that stain ever be forgotten?

But nevertheless he plodded along with Davie to help and cheer him, and every

week-day morning, be the weather ever so stormy, found him at Mrs. Hall's over his books, and every Sunday morning at church and Sunday School, unless, as sadly happened oftentimes, his father prevented him. Dr. Lane, who had taken a great interest in him, and encouraged him by presents of books and other aids to learning, had become a frequent visitor at his home, and so awakened the mother to a sense of her duty that she was again a communicant in the Church of which she had been so long as a withered branch. Hetty and Kitty had been baptized, and Dickie and Johnny had entered the Sunday School.

When Mr. Hart discovered that Eugene had capabilities which industrious study was making of great worth, he resolved to turn them immediately to his own benefit. He was an uneducated man, and looked upon learning with a jealous contempt, prophesying that if his son filled his head with "book

stuff," as he termed it, he would soon feel above his parents, besides being unfit for work. So he resolved to wrest him immediately from his fond employment, and place him in a situation which, for moral danger, was well nigh the gate of hell. He had contracted a heavy debt at the tavern, and Mr. Raymond was growing more and more urgent for his pay, and besides denying him his drams threatened him with a legal process. Mr. Raymond was in need of a bartender, and offered the situation to Eugene, to liquidate the debt. Mr. Hart, glad to release himself from his present trouble, though at the sacrifice of his son, agreed to the arrangement, well knowing it would meet with a stern opposition from Eugene and the rest of the family.

Eugene will never forget the day his father made known to him his intentions. It was like the blotting out of the sun in the full noon-time to him.

He had staid longer than usual with Davie that day, so as to finish reading a "Child's History of the United States" that Dr. Lane had given them. They were closing the book, delighted with the profitable entertainment it had yielded them, when Dr. Lane, who chanced to be riding by, stopped to exchange a word with them. To encourage them in their studies he offered a gold dollar to the one that would write him the best sketch of George Washington. This was an exciting idea to the boys, not so much for the money's worth—for that they would divide between them—as for the commendation they might win from their pastor. Eugene carried his history home that afternoon, also a "Life of Washington" that Dr. Lane lent him, so as to begin the task immediately. He had a glowing imagination, and his brain was full of patriotic though boyish praise for his country's defender. He ran into the house, flushed with his rapid walk, and was

telling Carrie the good news when he was interrupted by the gruff voice of his father, who was as usual making the room dark with the smoke of his dirty pipe.

“My lad,” said he, “you may expect to set yourself at work to-morrow, or the next day, in a place I have got for you.”

Eugene looked up, pale with surprise. Carrie dropped her work. Neither said a word, but Dickie, who was whittling the door-step, asked where it was.

“Down to Raymond’s,” was the reply, with a sharp, sidelong glance at Eugene, who flushed very red, then turned white again; “he wants some one to tend bar, and I have agreed for Eugene to go.”

“Oh, father!” sobbed Carrie, “don’t send him there.”

With a loud oath, her father advanced towards her, and she, fearing his drunken rage, said no more, but looked sadly after Eugene, who left the room and went out into



the yard, where he might vent his feelings unseen. She did not dare go to him, until her father became engaged with one of his associates, who stopped to chat awhile with him, then she hurried to her brother's side.

“Don't cry, Eugene—don't cry,” said she, tenderly. “It will all come out right yet, I know. Go and tell Dr. Lane about it; he will never let you go there.”

“Father will make me,” sobbed Eugene; “and what will Davie do? Oh, Carrie! I will run away to-night; I will never, never go there.”

Carrie feared from the first that Eugene would take that course; and for a moment she wished it, if he would only keep her informed of his whereabouts. But she did not want him to be too hasty in taking such a step. He must first see Dr. Lane.

“What can he do?” said Eugene, despondingly; “he has nothing for me; and where, in the village, is there a place I can have?”

If father would wait until I could write and cipher a little better, I think old Mr. Granger would take me. But he won't now."

Mr. Hart's company having gone, he saw Carrie and Eugene and harshly commanded them into the house, ordering Carrie to get his dinner as quickly as possible, and Eugene to saw some wood without further whining. Eugene did as he was bidden, but he worked very slowly, his heart was so heavy. He could not hope, as Carrie always did. He knew his father so well, that he did not doubt his persisting in placing him behind the tavern bar, even if a better situation were offered him, as thus he could feed his debased appetite, besides debarring his son from the company of the "pious church folks," as he sneeringly called them.

Before appealing to Dr. Lane, Eugene went to Davie with his sorrow. The shadow fell blackly upon that tender heart; and the two boys sat down under the cherry-trees and

condoled together. Mrs. Hall was also deeply grieved, yet bade them still to hope, and not give up too soon. She would make an immediate effort to do something for him, by calling on some of the neighboring farmers, and see if she could not find among them a situation as satisfactory to Mr. Hart as the one at the tavern. She urgently advised him to go to Dr. Lane, and Davie was to apply to John Stokes. Something must be done before night, and it was well for them to be busy.

John Stokes was indignant at the course Mr. Hart was about to take, and threatened grievous things before it should go into practice. He would burn down the tavern; he would hold up Raymond and Hart before the community in the disgraceful light they deserved. Finally, he would give the besotted father three drams a day, if that would prevent him from binding his son to that place, or any other without his free consent. There

was nothing on Squire Bromly's farm for Eugene to do, or he should have a situation there.

Mrs. Hall was not any more successful, though every one manifested a deep interest in Eugene, and was indignant at his father's intentions. Dr. Lane, who was instantly aroused at the danger the boy was in, and felt it his stern duty to rescue him if possible, no matter what the sacrifice to himself might be, offered him a situation as gardener and hostler—though Eugene knew nothing of either occupation—at a good salary, besides making him a member of his household. He did not need his services, and it was no overplus of funds that led him to do so much.

Eugene placed his only hope on that offer, and so much did he rest upon it, that he was contented enough to think about his sketch again as he walked towards home. Carrie had told her mother of the sad affair, causing her to weep. She was stitching away, her tears dropping fast upon her

work, when Eugene came in. Mr. Hart had just returned from the tavern, inflamed with strong drink, and was dealing furious threats upon them all. It required the utmost skill and courage of Eugene to present to him Dr. Lane's generous offer.

But Mr. Hart would not hear him through. "You shall do no such thing," he wrathfully exclaimed. "What business is it to those pious crones what becomes of you? You've moped around them long enough, and they think they can do what they please with you. Tell Parson Lane to mind his own affairs, and I'll take care of mine."

The secret of Mr. Hart's cruel obstinacy was this. There was a clause in the yet verbal arrangement between him and Mr. Raymond whereby he should be furnished with a stated number of drams per day, provided he also granted the services of his son. Under any other circumstances he would be little better off for procuring grog than he

was then. Eugene dared not mention the offer of John Stokes, as Mrs. Hart would not give him of her earnings, and Raymond would trust him no more. Well may you tremble for Eugene, who is but just awakened to his duty, when his enemy comes up in the gigantic form of his father's fierce appetite.

And whence came the rescue? It was late in the evening, and Carrie and Eugene were sitting side by side, alone, in the dark, in Eugene's little chamber. They had talked the matter over and over in their childish way—Eugene crying, and Carrie, too, though she comforted him all she could. Neither of those children had ever knelt to God in prayer alone. They had repeated many collects in Sunday School, had knelt down in church, but they felt that they had never prayed with their whole heart. Eugene knew that Davie did, for Davie had often talked with him about it, telling him what a

comfort it is to go to Christ with all that makes us either glad or sorry. And Eugene had thought he would pray some time, he did not know when. It was hard for either Carrie or him to begin.

But that night, as they sat there alone in the dark crying together, and wondering what they should do, and if he had not better start off before morning and run away, though his mother had begged of him not to do so, a long silence came between them. It was broken by Eugene, who laid his head on Carrie's shoulder and said, very softly :

“Let us tell God about it. Davie says that God always helps him out of trouble.”

“Then do pray, Eugene,” whispered Carrie, earnestly ; and kneeling there together, with their arms around each other, Eugene asked of their Father in heaven, in the most simple language of his heart, to help him out of that dark place, and never let him go to

Mr. Raymond's. His prayer was short, but laden with faith and hope that brought him peace. It was the first time he ever spoke in earnest to God. He knew that he had done a solemn thing.

“I am happier now; are you, Carrie?”

“Yes; don't you remember Dr. Lane said that talking with God would make us so? I wonder where God was to hear you?”

“Up in heaven, and here, too. Davie says he can be everywhere at the same time, and nobody see him.”

“Then He is in this room,” whispered Carrie, solemnly.

“Yes,” said Eugene, taking her hand and holding it tight; “and I wonder what He will do for me? Perhaps He will let me go to Mr. Raymond's, and then take me away again, just for a trial, as Mrs. Hall said.”

“I hope He won't do so,” said Carrie.

They heard a slow rumbling of wheels approach the house and stop before it; then a




heavy knock, and a scream from their mother, followed by a strange confusion. Breathless they hurried below, and were in time to see their father brought crushed and bloody into the house, and to hear one of the men that bore him say to their mother :

“He is quite dead !”

## Chapter Tenth.

### REAPING TIME.

ND by so heavy a blow did God deliver Eugene from the brink of the abyss in which he seemed so likely to fall. It was the first time death had entered that home, and it came with all the terrors it could well put on.

Mr. Hart had drunk more than his usual portion at the tavern that night, and was reeling home, when he fell in the road, and was so stupefied he could not get up again. He lay there in a beastly slumber, when a spirited pair of horses, that had taken fright, trampled over him, killing him instantly. He was soon after discovered and carried to his home, a bloody, mangled corpse

And thus he went to meet his God. But that death cast a great light upon the path of Eugene. He was entirely free from Mr. Raymond, who was not content with the manner in which Providence had shaped his affairs. He menaced the widow with the most cruel threats if her husband's debts were not paid; but as she possessed little or nothing, his threats were unavailing. God, true to his promise, forsook not the widow and the fatherless, but tenderly were they cared for; and the death of that husband and father was the lifting of a heavy burden from them.

Through Davie's influence upon John Stokes, and John Stokes' favor with Squire Bromly, Dickie Hart, a smart, good-natured boy, about ten years old, was adopted into the Squire's family as an errand-boy, with the privilege of going to school. Old Mrs. Barrow, one of the most benevolent and kind-hearted ladies of the parish, took little Kitty

to her home as her own child; and as Eugene went to Dr. Lane's, there were none dependent on the earnings of Mrs. Hart but Carrie, John, and Hetty. As Carrie had begun to take in plain sewing, and was very neat and expert with her needle, the labor of their mother was far lighter than it had been, and her home made pleasant by little comforts that it had not known for years.

Now that Eugene was in Dr. Lane's family, and under the direct influence of that holy man, and was advancing each day, not only in his studies, but in genuine Christian character, and that his family, which but a year before had been far from the path of righteousness, were beginning to walk therein, do you not think that Davie was very happy, and overflowing with gratitude to God for the good seed put into his little hand to plant—the good seed which, watered by prayer, had brought in so rich a harvest? He was very happy and thankful; and instead of

resting there, thinking he had done good enough to lie still and enjoy the sweet profits, he toiled on more zealously than before; and though often discouraged—often laughed at by the wicked and proud—often cursed when he had blessed—yet he toiled on, humbly, to be sure; and slowly, slowly his harvest came in. There were few to praise him for what he did, for he worked so quietly, that while many wondered how this and that good thing were brought to pass—how this and that bad boy were brought into the Sunday School, or what led John Stokes to come to church—Davie was unknown, unthought of. All that knew him loved him; and he was often spoken of as a poor, sick boy, that might do a great deal of good if he were only well.

The months and the years went by, and the little missionary struggled on. His health was failing him, and it grew more and more seldom that, pale and weak, he walked into

the little church on Sundays, leaning on his mother's arm. He always tried to be there at Communion, and it was more than a dark or unpleasant day that could keep him at home.

And what did Freddy Hoyt, with his wealth and talents, accomplish within those few years? In the future, ever in the *future*, was his great field of labor; and the thought of all he would do incited him to unremitting study; and so closely did he apply himself at school and college, winning the highest honors that scholarship could attain, that his health gave way, and he sank into an early grave, his work unfinished, aye, not begun. And that was the end of his brilliant dream of missions afar off among the heathen, bringing no stars to his eternal crown—no honor to his earthly name. He would have scorned to be the missionary Davie was; and scorning that field, none was given him.

And Willie Scranton, like too many boys

that do not love to go to Sunday School, and only go because their parents make them, grew up as such boys generally do, an irreligious, godless man, never attending church, and indifferent to the blessed truths that were taught him when a child. The hearts of such are apt to become very hard. Take care and pray God that yours may never become so.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let twenty years go by; much may be done in twenty years, you know. Here we are in Davie's native village again, and in the place he loved most of all to frequent—the little gray stone church. It looks much as it did then, only more time-hallowed. You cannot see the same faces in the pews, except here and there one, and they, how changed!

Do you know the face of the minister who has preached so impressive a sermon, bringing tears to the eyes of his hearers? It is not Dr. Lane, for he has been sleeping in the church-yard many a year. It is a mission-

ary from the West: one that is doing a great work in his Master's vineyard. He has come to visit his old home once more, and to show his wife and little ones where he was born and brought up, where his best friends lived, where Davie's house and garden were, and where Davie lay buried.

Oh, it is Eugene Hart, that very Eugene Hart who when a boy ran around these streets with Jack Raymond, plundering gardens and doing all sorts of mischief. Everybody said he would come to a bad end, as, perhaps, he would long ago, had not Davie Hall, a poor little sick boy, led him, with a kind word and gentle hand, to the better, the holier path, that reached where he now stands, yes, and stretches beyond to the courts of heaven.

Ay, the drunkard's boy! There he stands, a preacher of Christ crucified—to win at last, we hope, the crown of those who turn many to righteousness.



Was Davie Hall's mission a very little, a very humble one, after all? Was it more than lies at the hands of every Christian child? Are you all sick and poor like him? Or do you look far *ahead*, as Freddy Hoyt did, to mark the place where you are to begin? Let me ask you, my child, what Davie's mother asked of him, Are there any bad boys in your village or neighborhood?

It is Communion Sunday, and see who kneels at the chancel receiving, with tearful gratitude, the body and blood of Christ! There is John Stokes—almost an old man—his hair is growing white! He was a long time in coming to his Saviour; but a child helped to lead him at last. There is Hatty Raymond—Jack's sister. Her parents are dead, and she has not heard from her brother since he ran away. There is Hal Spencer, a successful merchant of the village, honored for his honesty and integrity. And there is

she that was Carrie Hart ; now the wife of a nephew of Dr. Lane.

But where is Davie, from whose heart sprang the holy love that fills so many of these—the poor, sick boy that once went crying home from Sunday School because he thought he could never work for God—the little missionary, whose life was one of poverty and pain ?

It is well with him. “Blessed are they that keep my commandments, for they shall have right to the tree of life.” And Davie has gone to his reward. You will never find his name in the lives of the great missionaries of the Gospel, but it is written in the Lamb’s Book of Life.

Eugene remained in his native village several weeks, and while there a sad thing took place that it will interest you to know. He was sitting in Harry Spencer’s parlor one evening, listening to his wife singing at the piano, when he was summond to the alms-

house by a messenger in great haste. A poor man was dying, and begging to see Mr. Hart. It was a dark and stormy night, and the rough road was a very unpleasant one, and Eugene had but little time to question his companion about the person he was to meet. He learned that he arrived at the alms-house a fortnight or more before, in a most deplorable condition, as he was scarcely covered by his rags, and was broken down with excessive drinking. He had not seemed to be in his right mind any of the time he had been there; but from his incoherent talk they had concluded him to be a former resident of the village who had long been on the sea, and exposed to hardship and privation. That day some one chanced to say in his hearing that Eugene Hart was in the village, and so urgently had he begged of them to bring him to his bedside, they had finally consented to do so.

The matron met them at the door. "He

is dead," said she; "and it is a pity to have troubled you so for nothing."

"Will you let me see the corpse?" asked Eugene. "May-be it is really some one that formerly knew me."

They led him up into the little chamber where the dead man was. His hair was thin and gray, and his bloated face wrinkled and brown. It was a fearful sight, so awful was the expression upon that dead face—so full of horror and distress. Eugene went close to the bed and looked earnestly upon it. Twenty years, and such as that face had met, could not baffle his recognition. It was Jack Raymond.

And such was the end of his life. And as Eugene tarried by his bed, memory bore him back to the time when he stood side by side with Jack, walking in the same wicked path, even towards this dreadful end. And looking back, he saw the kind hand that was held out to them both, and wept bitterly for him who, in his blindness, flung it scornfully away.

# LIFE OF BISHOP GRISWOLD.

BY THE REV. J. N. NORTON.

With a Beautiful Steel Portrait.



## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The author has succeeded in sketching the prominent features of Bishop Griswold's character in an interesting manner, and the impression left upon the youthful mind of that sainted prelate is as attractive as it is truthful.

The other lives in this series are each worthy of the same commendation.—*Church Review.*

This charming morceau of biography is intended for children, who will read it with eagerness and delight. It is a gem of its kind—a very ideal of biography—just long enough, full of life and incident, and bringing out in rapid succession the salient points of Bishop Griswold's character.—*Louisville Journal.*

The style is simple, clear, direct, and interesting; the tone fervent, spiritual, and fully appreciative of the lead-

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

ing points of character in the venerable Bishop ; and the general impression left upon the mind is just such as every good Churchman would desire.—*Church Journal*.

We are glad to see this little volume added to the Sunday-School Union's Library. Good old Bishop Griswold is a most edifying subject, and Mr. Norton's name the best security for its able handling.—*Churchman's Monthly Magazine*.

Mr. Norton has done a good deal for our juvenile brethren. He seems to have a happy knack of teaching children in the right spot. He does not attempt to work upon them or to show off before them, but uses great simplicity and directness of manner with them, and talks to them with a quiet, genial, guileless warmth, that can hardly fail of finding the way to their minds and hearts. Mr. Norton appreciates Bishop Griswold rightly, and tells the story of his life with a modest and artless felicity well suited to the subject.—*American Church Monthly*.

The author has given a just and most attractive delineation of the excellent Bishop. The style and spirit are aptly suited to such a work.—*Banner of the Cross*.

# Lives of the Bishops.

BY THE REV. J. N. NORTON.

18MO. EACH VOLUME EMBELLISHED WITH A STEEL PORTRAIT.



## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Church Book Society adds four more to the list of *Lives of the Bishops* of the Church of America, prepared by the Rev. John N. Norton, of Kentucky. They are those of Seabury, Moore of Virginia, Hobart, and Philander Chase. In all these Mr. Norton's vigorous and racy style of writing is strongly marked. He has a cordial sympathy with the best points in each one of these noble Bishops, and brings it forward in the way most certain to win the love of the young and tender-hearted reader. He never compromises the true principles of the Church, and never gives them such undue or offensive prominence as would be likely to provoke opposition; but, on the contrary, gathers about them the kindest associations with names honored for other reasons in the Church. There is no *partyism* soiling these pages. The divisions of party, which more or less obscured, in these Bishops, the beauty of their character, while the walls of their life were in building, have long since been brushed away by the hand of death. Standing at our present distance from the brethren who have gone before, we can see the beautiful unity in which

their labors were really blended, much better, perhaps, than they themselves when on earth. It is in this admirable spirit that Mr. Norton has worked. Whether, with Seabury, receiving the apostolate on that cold, misty November morning in an upper room at Aberdeen, and laying the apostolic foundation in Connecticut and at our General Convention; or with Moore, in his marked conversion, and his powerful preaching, turning the hearts of hundreds to God, at St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's, and in the length and breadth of the Old Dominion, building up once more into life what had well-nigh crumbled into the dust of death; or with Hobart, fighting the controversial battles of the Church, and, like a wise master-builder, laying the foundations of the General Theological Seminary, the Church Book Society, and enlisting the power of the periodical press, guiding the great parish of Trinity Church, and building up his vast diocese during his episcopate of nineteen years to more than *five times* its size when he was consecrated, leaving everywhere the indelible stamp of his own noble character; or with Philander Chase at the North and the South and the East and the far West—in Connecticut, New York, New Orleans, Ohio, Illinois, England, everywhere begging, preaching, building, and leaving monuments of his pioneer labors that shall last to all time, especially as the founder—who else can say the same?—of two *Church Colleges*, both on a firm basis, and both going on from strength to strength; with all these Mr. Norton is equally in love, equally at home, equally interesting to his readers. He has wisely preserved in his pages many of the *piquant* personal anecdotes and pithy sayings, and many of the touches of humor, that warmed the converse of those noble Bishops, and which will endear them still more to the human



instincts of all. These lives of the Bishops should be *household books* in the families of all Churchmen everywhere throughout the land.

Each volume is handsomely gotten up, with very nice firm paper, neat colored binding, and a very fine and delicately executed steel engraving. The portraits alone are well worth the whole price of the books.

Another pleasing fact concerning these books, is, that they are published without any expense to the Society for the stereotypes and engravings. The Life of Seabury is given by the Sunday School of St. Paul's Church, New Haven; that of Moore by the Sunday Schools of St. Andrew's, Staten Island (of which he was for 20 years rector), and St. John's, Waterbury, Conn.; that of Hobart, by the Sunday Schools of Trinity Parish, New York; and that of Chase, by the liberality of a "Missionary at the West."—*Church Journal*.

The author has done an important work for the Church in these volumes, and done it with great attractions of style and great fidelity to truth.—*Banner of the Cross*.

The peculiarities of the author's style, his extreme conciseness, combined with the most remarkable clearness and purity, seem to be just adapted to the work he has taken in hand. Besides, he manifests a delicate appreciation of the leading points in the character of each one of the eminent men whom he has portrayed. The result is a series of biographies which for brevity, point, completeness, and vigor, are unsurpassed in the language. They will doubtless retain a permanent place in English literature.—*Louisville Journal*.

# BIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. HENRY MARTYN.

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THIS is a very pleasant, pithy, practical little volume, showing how much mischief that short excuse does in the world, when people *might* find "a minute to spare" in which to do a good deed for their neighbors, if they only chose to take the trouble. It shows also the cases to which that phrase, *Not a minute to spare*, does apply, but where, with similar perverseness, people generally give it no heed whatever. It is a plainly but *well* written little book, and very shrewdly hits many a nail precisely on the head.

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THE author of this little book of instruction is the accomplished lady of a clergyman of Brooklyn. We have examined it carefully, and think it to be as useful a thing of its kind as is published. We commend it heartily to all Sunday Schools and Christian parents.

We may say the same also of "*Questions on the Common Prayer*," by The Rev. Mr. Glennie.—*Chicago Record*.

Lives of the Bishops.

BY THE REV. J. N. NORTON.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Committee of the Church Book Society, we can not but think, made a most judicious choice in the selection of Mr. Norton to write these biographies, since he had shown, in several most successful Church works which had already appeared from his hand, how well he was qualified for such a task. Nor can he, we are sure, have disappointed the Committee in the slightest degree. These several lives are not only portrayed with great discrimination and great fidelity, but are written in a style so simple, so lucid, yet so forcible, as can scarcely fail to make them both attractive and impressive reading to the young persons, especially, for whose use they are intended.—*Churchman*.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

for the stories of men who have actually toiled and suffered and triumphed in this naughty world, instead of imaginary heroes and heroines, whether of the church or of the world.—*American Church Monthly*.

These works, while they are valuable as biographies, abound in interesting incidents in the lives of the good men, and we have no doubt will be eagerly read by the young.—*Gospel Messenger*.

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LIFE OF THE
RT. REV. THEODORE DEHON, D.D.,

BISHOP OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY REV. JOHN N. NORTON, A. M.,

Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Ky.

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In the volumes before us, the writer has used his materials to very excellent advantage, and presented us with faithful and life-like sketches of the two Bishops. He has also given somewhat extended notices of Bishops Smith and Bowen, which add much to the value of the books.

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Southern Episcopalian.

LIVES OF THE BISHOPS.

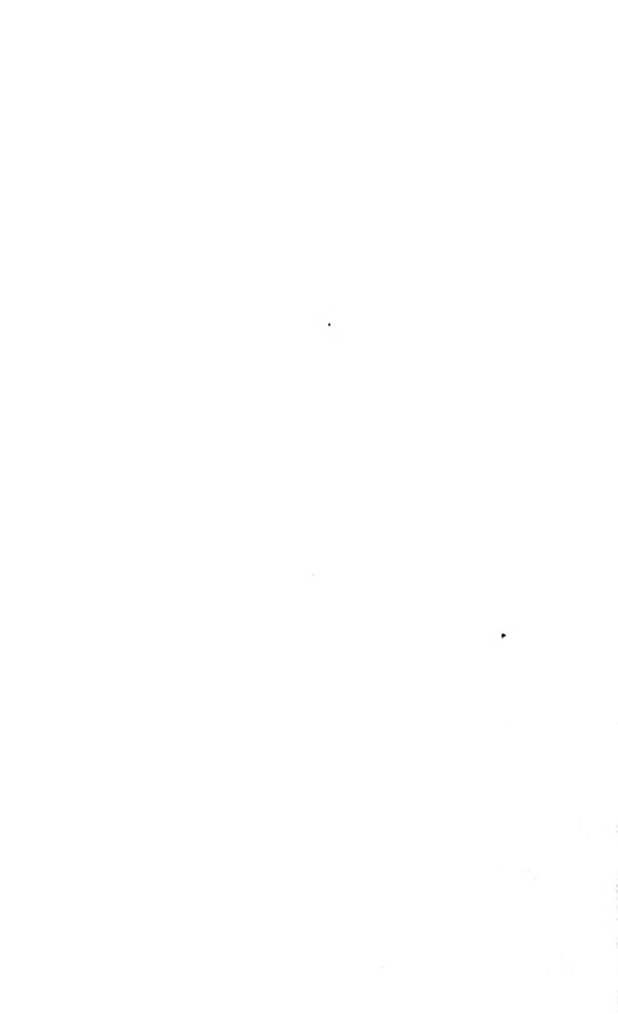
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Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Frankfort, Kentucky.

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The life of Bishop Gadsden contains a touching notice of the late Rev. John B. Gallagher, who was some time a presbyter in South Carolina. The people of Louisville will long remember with affection and gratitude the man whose soundness in the faith, and exemplary life, and lovely character, so illustrated and advanced the cause of virtue and religion in our city.—*Louisville Journal.*









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