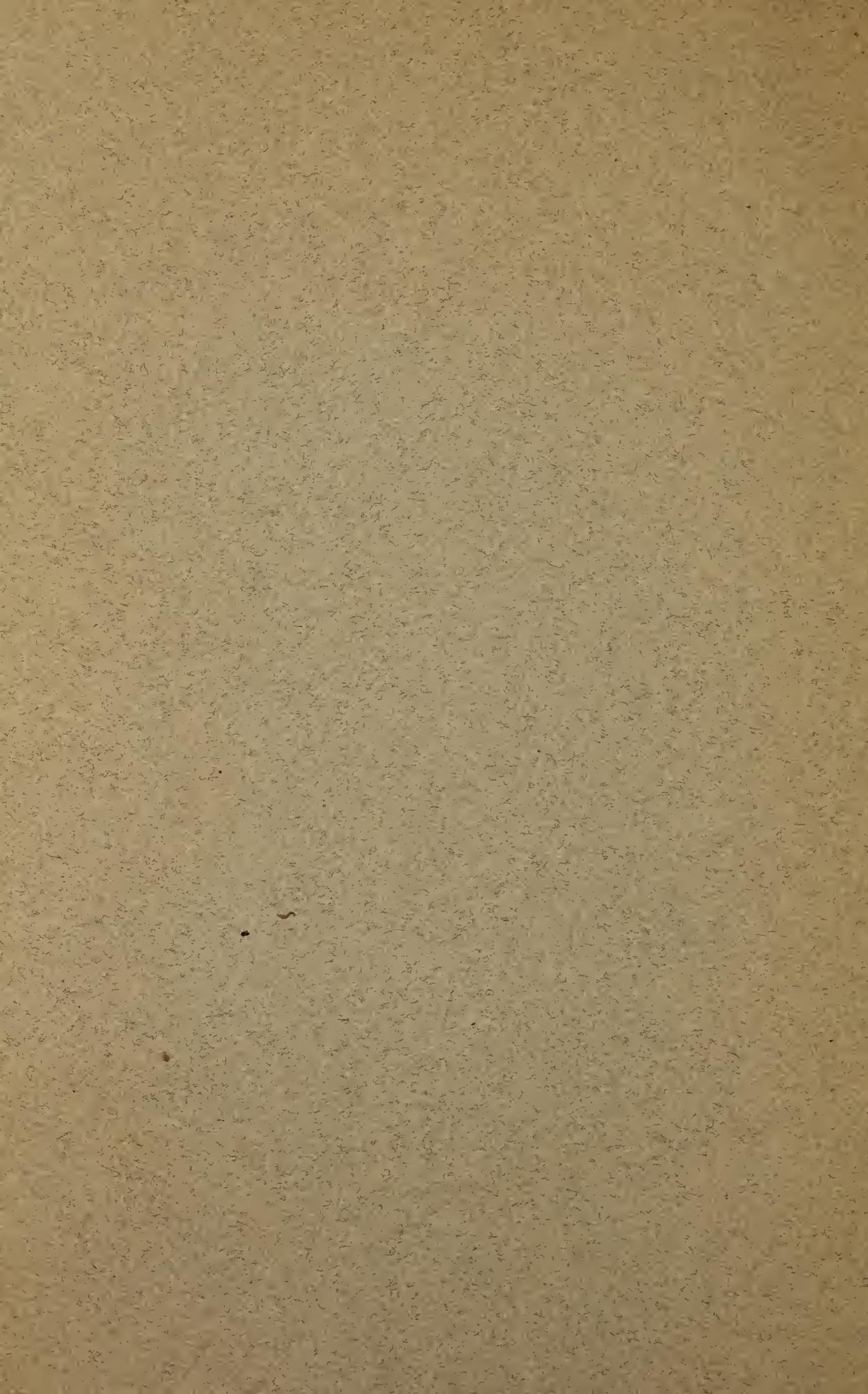


GOLDIE'S INHERITANCE

A Story of the Siege of Atlanta



By LOUISA M. WHITNEY



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By Louisa M. Whitney

"He shall choose our inheritance for us." Ps. 47:4.

FREE PRESS ASSOCIATION
BURLINGTON, VT.
1903

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PREFACE.

Into this story are woven many sacred memories. If the thread of the story is fiction, it yet consists mainly of facts, nearly all the important incidents being taken from real life. For much of the material I am indebted to two of my sisters (now in the Better Land), Miss S. J. Bailey, and Mrs. Cyrena A. Stone. The latter lived in Atlanta. The long waiting, the terrors of the siege, and the rapture of triumph, were experiences in her own life. For description of battle scenes, I am indebted to my cousin, Edward A. Fisk, who was a participant in the great conflict at Gettysburg.

True patriotism consists, not in noisy demonstration, nor even in brave fighting, but in *all* that which tends to make our nation purer and better. God grant this book may help to increase such patriotism, encourage faith, and lead its readers to shun the beginnings of wrongdoing.

L. M. W.

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GOLDIE'S INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

“Hail, Friendship, since the world began,
Heaven’s kindest, noblest boon for man;
All other joys with meteor fire,
Quenched in the mists of time, expire;
But thou, unhurt by fortune’s blast,
Shin’st brightest, clearest at the last!”

—*Halford.*

It was a day of unusual excitement in the family of the Rev. Perrin Hapgood. Evidently some one was expected, for Mrs. Hapgood was arranging a room,—not the spare room used for occasional guests, but one in the back part of the house, with windows overlooking the brook and the meadow. The furniture was plain, and lacked the formal “best” look of that in the front room, but the mother-touches put here and there suggested that the expected guest was a boy, and that he was to be more than a mere visitor. Little eight-year old Goldie watched her mother’s preparations, then flitted out to make improvements in her playhouse, putting down a piece of carpet on the floor, and a snow-white cover on the table.

“I wonder if he’ll remember that table,” she said smilingly to herself, “It was Fred that made it, but maybe he helped him some.” The pronouns were ambiguous, but their meaning was quite clear to Goldie.

She then went through the flower beds to see if she could find any weeds, swept the path, and picked a few pinks, placed them in a tiny vase upon the little table. When the hour for the arrival came, she donned her white apron and perched herself in the grape-vine which

projected in numerous convolutions over the stream flowing near the parsonage. There, hidden from sight, she peered through the leaves, waiting to catch the first glimpse.

Perrin Hapgood's mother had consecrated him to the ministry from his earliest infancy, and in training him she had always kept this in view. From a child he was taught the Scriptures, and pencil and paper were his playthings before he could speak plainly. Later, she gave him a stand with a small drawer in it for his pen-and-ink scraps. When he left home for a term of school, she would always manage, just before he went, to have a few minutes alone with him in prayer. No one, not even Perrin himself, could tell just when childlike obedience to his mother's wishes became merged in a personal consecration on his own part, but certain it is that her hopes were never disappointed.

People wondered why the quiet, studious, embryo minister and the mischievous, fun-loving Benja Hyland should have been such inseparable friends in their boyhood, but the friendship was a wholesome one for both. In college days they were chums, and each year drew them closer together, as ripening manhood deepened their boyish affection, and mutual sorrow sanctified it. On their graduating day they signed a written compact, each pledging to the other (and to his family when such there should be) unfailing friendship through all vicissitudes. Each kept a copy of this compact; and, in token of the solemnity of the vow, they took home a cutting from the great willow tree under whose shadow they had conned their lessons, and planted it by the grave of Benja's sweet sister, Lucy, who had died about the close of their sophomore year. Thus the severed link which might have made them brothers was the hallowed seal of that brotherhood of soul which not even death could sever.

They could no longer walk side by side the pathway of life, but each must prepare for his own life work. Hyland was now a man of earnest purpose; and though his mission was to minister to the bodies of his fellow-men, his work was consecrated to the same Saviour as that of his friend. The willow scion had become a small tree when young Hapgood and Hyland became established in life. Margaret Pomeroy, a neighbor's daughter, had become Mrs. Dr. Hyland. When the Rev. Perrin Hapgood brought his bride to visit his old home, the neighbors said she was the very picture of Lucy Hyland. The young clergyman himself felt that he had found in Mary Ellsworth the realization of his youthful ideal. His life had been ennobled, not spoiled, because God's plan for him had been different from his own.

As the years went by, two boys came to brighten the doctor's home—Arthur and Alfred. Mr. Hapgood had but one child, a daughter whose dark eyes were her father's own, and whose golden ringlets were of that hue which years are sure to ripen into a rich, dark brown. Goldie was by no means a faultless little girl, yet, in her childish way, she was trying to follow the Saviour. Before her seventh birthday she was, at her own request, received into the church of which her father was pastor. When he presented her name, the brethren looked at him in solemn surprise. Deacon Sampson was the first to speak.

"I would like to ask our Pastor a few questions," said he.

"Certainly, ask on."

"Supposing that child should be brought up in some wicked, swearing family, do you think she would hold out in piety?"

"No, she would probably learn to be wicked and swear like the rest."

"But you believe she is a Christian now?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in falling from grace?"

"No."

"Well, how can you reconcile those statements?"

"If she is a Christian now, 'as I believe she is, God will keep her out of that swearing family."

Goldie was about a year younger than Fred Hyland. The children could scarcely remember seeing each other; but the boys, whenever opportunity occurred, liked to send for her playhouse some toy article of furniture which they had made themselves. Dr. Hyland had fitted up a small shop for his boys, giving them from time to time such tools as they could use. He thought it the proper method to make them self-helpful and ingenious.

It was well for them that he did so, for they were early deprived of a father's care. By his devotion to his patients in a time of epidemic he overtaxed his strength, and so exposed himself that it cost his life. Just before his death, he called for a box of private papers, and, with trembling hand, picking out the envelope containing the solemn compact between himself and Perrin Hapgood, he gave it to Margaret, and said,

"Here is a legacy for our children which is better than silver or gold. Our Perrin is a brother."

A faithful brother he proved, though he could not often visit them. Margaret struggled bravely to educate her boys and keep them with

her, until Arthur was eleven, when a new affliction was laid upon her, that of blindness. Then she consented to accept a home for herself and Fred with her brother, Robert Pomeroy, giving Arthur to Mr. Hapgood to be his own son.

It is for this new brother that little Goldie is watching in her grape-vine swing on that bright September day when our story opens. At length the looked-for stage came in sight, bringing Arthur Hyland to his new home. Goldie there in her hiding place, scanned him critically as he stepped out of the stage and entered the house. She was very favorably impressed, and, casting a defiant glance toward the butternut and the apple trees, she said to herself, "They will have to yield up their treasures now." She saw a trunk and a small chest carried into the house, and still sat wondering and soliloquizing while swinging over the water. She wondered if he would have any books with beautiful pictures, and if he would be generous and let her read them; and so her imagination ran on until she heard the jingling of the tea-bell. Then she went into the house very shyly, for it seemed so queer to her that her home was now to be his home.

The children were introduced to each other, and at the tea-table Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood pleasantly drew them into conversation; then, after tea, they all took a stroll through the garden and down to the brook, then to the stable to see dappled Zephyr. The next morning Arthur opened his chest of tools and showed them to the minister, and they both went to work and fitted up a little shop, as nearly as possible like the one which Arthur's father had made for him. This made the boy happy, and he now felt that here was his home indeed. He wrote a letter to his mother, telling her that Mr. Hapgood seemed like his own dear father, that he loved them all, that he loved his new home, and that he had a workshop in the shed. This precious missive brought sunbeams to her heart, and she thanked God.

Arthur soon ingratiated himself into the favor of dappled Zephyr, and was often sent out to East Corners on business matters. This village was nearly three miles distant, and had better stores than were to be found in that part of the parish where the parsonage was situated. There was also a famous spring in the neighborhood of East Corners, and sometimes Zephyr carried the whole family over there. Goldie had many acquaintances in that neighborhood, and she often went with Arthur on his errands; and away down in her little woman's heart she valued these pretty drives more than she did the butternuts and the apples.

CHAPTER II.

SILVER BROOK.

“Oh! the little laughing brooklet,
Like the children at their play,
Acting out a fancied future,
Dreaming happy hours away!
Onward flow to meet the river,
Little streamlet glad and free;
All too soon will come the future
With its work for them and thee.”

—*Mary A. Paine.*

Arthur found much time for his workshop between school hours and the chores; and various little toys and sailboats were constructed for Goldie, who was a constant sharer in his industrial recreations. Arthur's literary proclivities were mostly in the direction of history and works of marine interest, and his boating was incomplete until he had a war vessel. Whenever he had a great battle on hand in his reading, Goldie must share it with him.

“I've come to some splendid battles, Goldie, come down to the grape-vine swing,” he would say; and as they read of war's strife in its utmost horrors, fire and sword, skies blackened with smoke, and waysides heaped with the dead, they interspersed their comments:

“Would you be a soldier, Arthur?”

“I would to save my country, and if they ever have another war, I shall be in it.”

“And what if you should get shot?”

“Why, I wouldn't get shot; I'd dodge the bullets,” and then both laughed and read on.

Again, a paragraph was broken by Arthur's asking, “How would you like to live in a time of war, Goldie? Wouldn't you like to go out on a battle-field and bandage up the wounded and take care of them?”

“I believe I would like it,” she said. “I would give water to the dying, and put on bandages, and make the wounded get well.”

History, with its record of heroic deeds and pathetic scenes, was more attractive to them than fiction. The sad story of Prince Arthur they read over and over,—of that dark night when, as he lay sleeping in the castle by the deep river Seine, his murderers came, and he had to dress himself and go down the winding stairs and into a boat; and how he knelt down in the boat and begged his murderers to spare his life; but, deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him and sank his body in the river with heavy stones. Once Goldie looked down through the tangled vines into the stream below and said,

“Oh! where are his poor little bones? Perhaps they have turned into pearls now. I shall always like your name better after this, Arthur.”

“Didn't you like my name before?”

“Yes,” she said, “I liked your name, but now it seems—I cannot express it—beyond everything, so beautiful! I wish my name had been Eleanor, poor Arthur's sister.”

“No, no,” returned Arthur, “Goldie is the prettiest name in the world; it seems like a sunbeam, so bright and golden.”

At this juncture her mother called Goldie in, and she found that her Sabbath-school teacher, Miss Barbour, who lived a mile or two distant, had come to see her. Miss Barbour had brought a pretty little present for Mrs. Hapgood, a stand cover of her own artistic work, having a beautiful border of flowers in oil coloring. She invited Goldie to go and pass a week with her and paint something for herself. Goldie's eyes sparkled with delight as she looked to her mother for a response.

Her mother said, “Certainly she may go, for she has a good deal of taste in the direction of art, but no means of cultivating it.”

So the time was fixed upon, and Goldie, all enthusiasm, got her white apron ready to paint; and by the aid of dappled Zephyr and gallant Arthur, the appointed day found her early on the road to West Hill, the home of her teacher.

Arthur said on the way, “See if you can guess what I am going to make, Goldie, while you are gone.”

“A squirrel cage,” she said, “or else a bow and arrow. You'll let me shoot with it, won't you, if it is a bow and arrow?”

“It is neither one,” he answered, “it is a sloop of war with a golden boy on the prow.”

“Oh, have the deck full of soldiers, and I'll paint a flag for it, if Miss Barbour is willing.”

“Will you?” he returned, “then it will be grand! I shall name it Lawrence.”

Miss Barbour met her young visitor cordially, and it was a happy week to Goldie. Her painting was interspersed with frolics with the twins, Joseph and Josephine, Miss Barbour's little curly-headed brother and sister. Their funny speeches and actions kept her laughing half the time. One day Joseph was told that he must not go out to play on account of the rain.

"It don't rain, it only leaks a little," he whined.

Debarred from outdoor pursuits, the twins busied themselves in the woodshed with the kittens, but soon came rushing in in great excitement.

"We can't get the kitty out, she's hung!" exclaimed Joseph.

"Her head's all stuck in the stove!" added Josephine with quivering lip.

Goldie followed as Miss Barbour ran to the rescue. They found that the children had crammed the kitten head first into the back part of an unused stove that was stowed away in a corner of the shed, and then had turned the damper in such a way as to fasten the kitten's head inside. The poor thing was too choked to mew. The rescuers could not pull it up, but finally turned the damper and let it drop into the bottom part of the stove, from whence it was dragged out through the small door in front. The soot-begrimed kitten looked more dead than alive as it blindly emerged from its prison; but it soon ran off to its mother who doubtless wondered (as the mother of the twins often did) what scrape her darlings would get into next.

When evening came, Joseph gravely informed Goldie that he "had a grandpa once, but he went up into the sky and died." Goldie thought little Josephine's prayers were the best of all. Her mother had taught her to ask God as a loving Father for everything that she needed or desired. One evening, as, white-robed for dream-land, she knelt by her mother's side, she first repeated a verse-prayer and then added, "Don't let me have any bad dreams. If you do, I shan't like you. Amen." The mother told the child that she ought not to tell God that she shouldn't like Him. So the next evening she revised her prayer thus,—"Don't let me have any bad dreams. If you do, I shall like you, but I shan't like *it*. Amen."

The apron and the flag were finished, and Goldie carried them in and showed them to Miss Barbour's grandmother. The old lady admired them, but said, "When I was young, we did not paint aprons and flags; we had to knit and learn to spin. No girl was considered marriageable until she had knit her pillow-case of stockings."

"Did she have to have the pillow-case *full*?" asked Goldie.

"Indeed, it must be full," said grandmother; "and our mothers used to tell us that when young gentlemen went a sparking, they would roll their hats under the bed (pretending it was accidental), and if the hat came out all feathers and dust, the owner would give his sweetheart 'the bag' at once, and she would never get married. But the times are changed."

"They used to go up stairs on ladders then, didn't they?" asked Goldie.

"Yes, indeed! I always went up a ladder to bed, when I was of your age."

"Grandma, tell Goldie about that funny window in your house," said Miss Barbour.

The dear old grandmother, who had seen eighty-five years, smiled and said, "Well, we never had a glass window in our house until I was almost five years old. All the light we had came through a sheep-skin scraped very thin and greatly stretched. About that time my father was working for a man who had been building a new house with glass windows. Some of the glass got broken and was thrown aside. Father gathered up the pieces and brought them home. Then he hewed out a square board from a big pine log, and arranged the pieces on it, marking all around them; then he cut those shapes right through the board, and fastened in all the glass pieces, and set the window into the side of the house. That window did look so pretty to me when I used to lie in my trundle-bed and watch the stars through it."

At this juncture dappled Zephyr and gallant Arthur made their appearance at the gate; and, after a polite expression of thanks to her teacher, the young visitor with her precious budget was off for home. They were scarcely out of sight, however, when the budget was opened, for neither of the children could wait until they reached home. In those days a miniature flag was a rare sight. Even on public days they were not seen as now on horses' heads.

Goldie gave a graphic description of old times as the grandmother had told her, especially about the beaux rolling their hats under the beds to see if they would come out all feathers.

"Geewhoppety!" exclaimed Arthur, "I wish I'd lived then. I'd carry my pocket full of feathers, and when she wasn't looking, I'd plaster them on to my hat, then give it a kick under the bed, and when it came out, I'd say, 'Good-by, Katura Ann.'"

"I should say," retorted Goldie, "They were on when you came; I thought you'd been tarred and feathered."

They laughed, and both were doubtless glad that neither had lived in that olden time.

"Make him go fast now, Arthur, for I want Ma to see my apron."

"Yes," showing the whip to Zephyr, "and I want to hoist the flag on my sloop-of-war."

Not happier is the daughter of the millionaire, as she opens her imported casket of gems, than was Goldie as she unfolded her treasures of art to her father and mother. Her pleased father repeated these words:--

"Love the beautiful:

'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,

For thou canst make it smile beside thy door."

CHAPTER III.

ENDOR.

“Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.”

—*J. H. Newman.*

Then followed a period of happy months and years, and the children were gliding into the sweet blossom time of youth. A convention to which Mr. Hapgood was a delegate separated him from his family for a time. During his absence Arthur had several errands to East Corners, and was usually accompanied by Goldie. These pleasant drives had now a new attraction. Her acquaintances in that locality were always delighted to see her, and would often gather around and tell her about the old sorceress who had moved into a small house near by, and about the fortunes that she had told for them. Goldie had been taught that it was very sinful, as well as foolish, to consult such a deceiver, and she had no intention of doing so; still, as she listened, she began to imbibe a desire to hear about her own fortune, or at least to see the strange woman who claimed such supernatural knowledge. “Just seeing her could do no harm,” reasoned Goldie one day; so she urged Arthur to take the way homeward which would lead directly by the woman’s house, hoping to get a glimpse of her. Reluctantly he yielded, and Goldie was soon gratified by seeing the huge cap that her young friends had told her of, bobbing about among the lilac bushes in the door yard.

The woman had heard of these children, and of certain remarks of the minister and his wife concerning herself and her fortune-telling. She was possessed of a shrewd knowledge of human nature, a good memory, and she could use to advantage rhymes which she had learned from Walter Scott and a few other poets which composed her small library. As was her wont, she had possessed herself of considera-

ble information as to the character and tastes of the children, and was prepared to draw them into her net if opportunity should occur. So when she saw their eyes strained toward her as they advanced on the charmed way, she stepped to the gate and, bowing to them, said,

"Come in, pretty young lady, and fill your hands with flowers."

"O Arthur, see them! I wish I had some," Goldie whispered.

"We might jump out and get a few, I suppose," said Arthur.

"Yes, just a few," she answered, while the sorceress urged. They hesitatingly alighted and followed her into the garden. She told them to load their hands full of flowers. They did so, thanked her politely, and were about to return to their carriage, when she urged them to come in and have their fortunes told.

"Oh, no, we have no money to pay you," both said, taking refuge in this as protection against the great temptation.

"No money would I take from you, my dears, for I invited you within. Oh! I would not do such a thing," she returned, at the same time reaching out for the flowers, saying, "I'll tie them for you."

A lingering step or two, and they followed her into the house. She laid the flowers on the table, and then, as if they had already consented, proceeded to tell their fortunes. Spellbound they lingered. She lifted a dingy curtain exposing an ancient-looking chest, and, on a little shelf, a human skull. Then she drew from the till of the chest, a prism, and, looking into it, began muttering half-intelligible sentences. Their consciences trembled, and they would have fled, but dared not.

Taking Goldie's trembling hand in her own, she led the child behind the curtain, and, slowly turning the prism in her hand and gazing upon it, chanted in low guttural tones this medley of rhymes:

"What shall be the maiden's fate?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate?
 Is there a youth in all the land
 May claim a right to this fair hand?
 Beauty can many a suit refuse;
 Seek long and far before thou choose.
 Honor and wealth shall bow to thee;
 Thy lover comes from o'er the sea:
 But come he slow or come he fast,
 It is but death that comes at last."

Then, lifting the curtain, she led Goldie back to where Arthur waited, continuing to chant:

“Gather flowers, my pretty ones, by the way,
Gather flowers, my pretty ones, while ye may.
I see a pool—’tis crimson red!
I hear a storm—a storm of lead!”

Again she put her hand into the till, and drew from it a dark ebony ring. “Take this, my fair boy,” said she, “hold it ever, as it holds your destiny! Lose it, and you lose with it your dearest and best. When it breaks, the silver cord will be broken, too.”

Arthur thanked her, and put it into his pocket. The children left the house but a burden had fallen upon their hearts; a sense of wrongdoing troubled them. There was an unhappy dread of going home. What should they do with those flowers?

“Let’s throw them away,” said Arthur, as soon as they were fairly out of sight of the fortune-teller’s house, “and I’ll stamp them into the ground. Do let me, Goldie. Whoa, whoa, Zephyr.”

“No,” said Goldie, “old Night Cap will find it out, and she makes something dreadful happen to those who offend her. I’ll tell Ma that we got them at East Corners, but not tell her where we got them, and she’ll think the girls gave them to me: don’t you see she will?”

“Well,” he said, “if you can keep the secret, I can.”

Imagining now that they were happy again, Arthur took the ring from his pocket, and viewed the strange treasure; then playfully putting it upon Goldie’s finger, said, “We are engaged now, Goldie!”

Zephyr trotted on until within sight of home, when Arthur replaced the ring in his pocket.

Goldie came in, smiling, with her flowers,—“I’ve brought these from East Corners, Ma.”

“Beautiful! who gave them to you?”

“A woman out there,” she answered.

“Who?”

“Mrs. ——, Mrs. What’s-her-name,” she stammered, starting to go up stairs with the flowers, saying, “I must put them into water in my room.”

“Why not have them here?” asked her mother.

“Oh, I want them up stairs,” she said, hurrying along.

“Sit down a moment; where did you get them? from whose garden?”

Poor girl! Conscience had now chased her smiles away, and her face looked troubled, as she obeyed her mother, but did not answer.

“Well, now, I must know about those flowers. One would think that you had stolen them, by your manner. Where did you get them?”

Still she did not answer, but put up her apron to her face, and began to cry; for she was too conscientious to tell a falsehood, and the slight deception which had seemed so easy and natural in anticipation had proved an utter failure. Just then Arthur came in, and his quick perception took in the situation at once.

"Sit down with us, Arthur," said Mrs. Hapgood, "I want to know where these flowers came from. Goldie is loath to tell me, as though there was something wrong about them. I am sure you will tell me the whole truth."

Arthur hung his head.

"There is something wrong, is there not?"

"Yes, ma'am, we got them at the fortune-teller's. We did not mean to go there, we were only going to drive by the house, but she came out and spoke to us."

"And she told your fortunes, of course," said Mrs. Hapgood. "Oh, I am so sorry! What an example you have set!" She then arose and took down the Bible, saying as she turned the leaves, "In the Bible we may find directions for every footstep in the path of life. We will see what God says about that class of people, and about going by their house." She then read to them about such as have "familiar spirits," and turning to Proverbs, found this:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"Do you now see how you were led into the wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Arthur, "It was by going out of our way, and passing by her house."

"Let this lesson last both of you your lifetime: keep away from the wicked."

The children both felt light-hearted now that their fault was acknowledged and forgiven. The flowers faded as all flowers do; but the ebony ring Arthur kept, putting it into his father's purse, which had little use except for keepsakes.

CHAPTER IV.

CULVER HILL.

“Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God, he knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that shewed so fair!
Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather,
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.
The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.”

—*Jean Ingelow.*

When Mr. Hapgood returned from the convention, he told his wife that he had received a remarkable inspiration from the meeting.

“A Christian paper,” he said, “is the great want of to day, throwing light upon Bible subjects, a medium for uniting church effort, and giving interchange of religious thought. I believe it is a call of duty, and I ought to respond at once.”

“Such a work is needed enough in the Christian world,” she said, “but it will take an ocean of money, nerve strength, and editorial helps. Are you counting the cost?”

“Yes, many of the delegates are deeply interested in the plan, and have promised to help.”

“It will involve our leaving this place, will it not?”

“It will, doubtless, but that must not hinder us when duty calls. Through my paper, I can preach to a congregation a thousand times as large as that which gathers in this little church. Then, too, it will be just the profession in which Arthur can make his mark.”

“He is a good boy, and will make his mark somewhere.”

Goldie had laid away her dolls to play with them no more; but she felt that she could never—never—give up the fleet on Silver Brook.

Lawrence was in full sail one day, and Mountain Maid and Jolly Jim and Goldiezelle were gliding over the wavelets in silent pomp.

"There's the stage," said Arthur, "I must go to the post-office."

"Don't be gone long, will you?" said Goldie.

"No," and he hastened away, as ever prompt and faithful in his duties. When he came back, he left the mail at the house, then shouted to Goldie,—

"There's a letter from Granville!"

The boats were moored to the shore, and both went in to hear the news from Uncle Blakemore's. Mrs. Blakemore and Mrs. Hapgood were sisters. As the children entered, the mother looked very sober.

"Is anybody sick, Ma?" asked Goldie.

"Yes, your little cousin, Mervella, is very poorly; and your Auntie and Roswell are about starting on a journey to bring her here. They will remain some time, for Auntie has great faith in our springs, and she knows our physician. They think the long journey may benefit the child, and they will carry her every day to the springs."

"Oh, I am so glad they are coming!" cried Goldie. "I shall ride out to East Corners with her every day perhaps."

"Perhaps Auntie will want to go with her; we'll leave that till they are here," said Mrs. Hapgood.

"How old is Roswell?" Arthur asked.

"He is about your age, and Mervella is a year younger than Goldie."

The days passed by in busy preparation. The cousins were now the only thoughts of Goldie, so Arthur imagined. As her help was needed in the house, her outdoor sports were greatly curtailed, leaving Arthur much alone in his leisure time; and a spirit of lonely discontent began to creep into his mind.

Sometimes Goldie would say to him, "Wont we have grand times when my cousins come?"

"Yes, we will," he would answer, trying to assume the pleasure which he told himself he ought to feel. Struggle as he would to overcome the feeling, still the thought would come again and again, "There is not a drop of their blood in my veins, and wealth is a god; in their coming and going I shall be left out."

The day of the arrival came. Goldie arose with the birds that morning, she was so happy. Arthur was watching the south road with her, when the visitors came in sight, Mrs. Blakemore and Roswell and the little sick girl. The minister's household was now a very happy

one. Goldie's heart overflowed with her new joys. The evenings were bright and social. Still it was evident that Roswell and Arthur were predisposed to incompatibility. Their manner toward each other, anything but cordial, no one attempted the task of analyzing.

Daily the sick child must be given an airing; and daily Roswell's handsome bay was harnessed, and Mervella, snuggled between Roswell and Goldie, was taken for a drive. As time passed, there seemed to be a tacit war going on between the two boys. Arthur's nature was deep and sensitive. Roswell was not malicious, but haughty and aristocratic. He had plenty of spending money, and thought himself of more consequence than the boy who had almost none. Yet, as there was no open hostility, no one thought the matter of serious importance. Goldie's time was much occupied with the invalid cousin; Mrs. Hapgood was wholly absorbed in her increased family cares; and Mr. Hapgood's thoughts were taken up with pastoral duties and plans for the future. Those plans included a college education for the dear boy of his high hopes. If he had only told him so! Arthur felt that there was no soul-communion for him. Longing for sympathy and love, he grew reticent, then sullen and neglectful. His sensitive spirit was grieved by censure, and stung by the haughty contempt of his antagonist. Until now the minister and his wife had exercised unwavering faithfulness toward their adopted, but now they and the boy sadly misunderstood each other.

It seemed an age to Arthur since he and Goldie had taken any drives together. "Perhaps," thought he, "the reason relates partly to the affair of the fortune-teller. I suppose Mrs. Hapgood thinks I got Goldie into that; but I did not; it was her own doings entirely; but little her mother shall ever know that, if I *am* blamed. I suppose I ought to have been cross about it, but who could be cross to that girl? If I should hear a man speak a cross word to her, I'd like to put a sword into him! That isn't the trouble with Lord Granville though, for he's too sweet!"

It was just after this soliloquy, that Mr. Hapgood desired Arthur to drive to Culver Hill. Arthur thought he would ask Goldie to go with him to see if it was so that she cared no more for him, muttering to himself,—“Now I shall know how the case stands: if she does not want to go, it's that fop that has done it. Goldie is nothing but a child, and believes everything. There goes Lord Granville to attend to his horse; now is my chance.”

Seeing Goldie at the window, he beckoned her to come out. She came and he said, “I have got to go out to Culver Hill: won't you

come? We can see where Col. Wellington was shot, the very house where they fired, and where he died; and we shall go right by the old gun-shops, where they repaired the guns."

She smiled and her eyes brightened, as she said, "If Ma is willing; I'll go and ask her;" and away she ran to ask her mother.

Ah, what destinies wait upon this moment!

"No, my dear," said her mother; "you have had one ride to-day: that's enough. You must help me now."

Goldie returned to Arthur with the crushing answer: "She says 'No.'"

"Well," he replied; and she went in, and they were separated.

Oh, that little word, "no!" Who can measure or fathom its power?

Arthur went out to harness, but did not lay his arm over Zephyr's neck and pat him as usual; he only harnessed him, and poor Zephyr knew no reason why. Then Arthur went in to receive his messages and found Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood holding a conversation which ran thus:—

"I am not careless of money, wife; I always remember where I put it."

"Well, I don't believe you do; fifty cents here and twenty-five there, and a shilling somewhere else, no one can remember; and with all the odd-day help that we have, I have no idea that you ever see half of it again."

"You are welcome to all that you find lying around that you think I have forgotten. But here's Arthur waiting."

Mr. Hapgood gave him his errands, and he went alone to Culver Hill, but unhappy thought was busy.

CHAPTER V.

FROGS.

“Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God’s will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame God for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.”

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

“Where is Arthur?” asked Mr. Hapgood of his wife, one afternoon; “The mail has been in a long time, but I’ve seen nothing of him or any mail; and he knows that is his duty.”

“He knows of other duties that he has not attended to,” she replied. “Does Zephyr get anything to eat or drink now?”

“Yes, he takes good care of Zephyr.”

Roswell said, “I will go to the post-office, Uncle.”

So, taking his hat he started off. It was tea time; Roswell had returned with the mail, and all were seated at the table, but no Arthur—his seat was vacant. They thought he would surely come at any moment, but he did not. As Mr. Hapgood arose from the table, he heaved a sigh.

“You have not legally adopted Arthur, have you brother?” said Mrs. Blakemore.

“No, it is only an adoption of love and duty.”

“Shall I go and look him up, Uncle?” said Roswell.

“If you will, Roswell.”

Roswell was gone a long time. At length he returned alone, saying, “I found him over the hill, with a bow and arrow, shooting frogs for his supper. He had a fire on a rock to roast them, and has got six; and he had some salt out there and a tin plate. But he is mad at me for finding him, and we came near having a fight.”

“Oh me! I fear you are going to have trouble with him,” said Roswell’s mother.

"I have trouble already," replied the minister; "he seems to be going the wrong way; I know not what to do; I have loved him and done everything for him that an own father could do."

When evening came, as the family were gathered around the blaze upon the hearth, Arthur crept in at the back door and stealthily made his way to his room. No one met him, as he lifted the latch, and said, "Dear boy, what are you feeling sensitive about? We are missing you—don't you love us any more?" Just these words so easily spoken, and costing nothing, would have brought the love welling up from a grateful heart. But none heard the silent footsteps. It was true—that which his heart whispered when the letter was received from Granville—that there was not a drop of their blood in his veins; and in their fireside gatherings, their "hitherings and thitherings" he was left out. As his head sank upon his pillow, his eyes filled with tears; for he could hear their happy voices, and he felt that he was alone. He did not know how even now their hearts sorrowed for him, any more than they understood the loneliness of the homesick, fatherless boy.

On the day following the supper of frogs, Arthur performed his duties with assiduous attention. This pleased Mr. Hapgood, who hoped now that all would go right. After Arthur's morning work was done, Goldie, having occasion to go up stairs, spied him looking into his trunk. She came up to him, and said, "What are you doing, Arthur?"

"I am taking a look at my watch." This watch was his father's. Within the case was a watch-piece, embroidered by Arthur's mother before she was married. On it were two cupids with purple robes, cuddling together within a wreath, waving a tiny evergreen.

"I shall make one like that, I know I can; I've seen Miss Barbour embroider," said Goldie.

"Whom are you going to make it for? Some fop, I suppose," said Arthur.

"If Roswell should see me making it, he would want it, I presume. Would you want two?"

"Yes," he said, "one from my mother and one from you."

"Then he shall not see me making it, and I'll give it to you. Why weren't you home to tea, last night, Arthur?"

"I have my reasons, but Roswell is your cousin, and you will never know them," he replied.

"Are you not my brother, and won't you tell me the reasons? I would tell you, if anybody was cruel to me."

"There would better not anybody be cruel to you."

Just then "Goldie" is heard, her mother calling, as they are beginning to talk in the brother-and-sister way of other days; "Come now and stay with Mellie, Sister and I are going out for a while."

"Well, when you get it finished, slip it right into this corner of my trunk."

"And you'll keep it always to remember me by, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll keep it forever. Now promise me, sweet sister, that you will think no ill of me."

"No, indeed, Arthur, I never can think ill of you."

"Goldie!" was called out again, and she ran down to her mother.

Mrs. Hapgood and her sister and Roswell had hardly disappeared from sight, when a stranger called on Mr. Hapgood, presenting a letter of introduction from a clerical friend. The visitor, Mr. Van Wade, came to offer personal service to the publishing enterprise, and to suggest locating at Lakeside, a delightful village on the Champlain. Mr. Hapgood took into consideration the question of locality, and regarded the proffered assistance as a boon from Heaven. Very confidentially he expressed to Mr. Van Wade his expectations with regard to his adopted son, saying with pride, "He is no ordinary boy."

The ladies returned, introductions were exchanged, and Mr. Van Wade was urged to stay to tea, but a pre-engagement called him elsewhere.

The happy family gathered around the tea-table, but one seat was vacant. "Where is Arthur?" asked the minister with tenderest anxiety.

"He's probably shooting frogs," said Roswell with a light laugh which no one echoed. The remark gave the minister pain. The heavy moments passed, but Arthur came not. Scarce a word was spoken during the meal, for upon each heart was reflected the shadow of the father's saddened face. When tea was over, he wandered over the hill in quest of the missing son. He called "Arthur!—Arthur!" but only echo answered.

"Night will bring him," said Mrs. Hapgood, "if nothing else."

The minister did not mingle with the family that evening, but remained alone in his study. But little was said by any one. Mrs. Hapgood now and then looked into Arthur's room as the weary hours passed on. Very late Mr. Hapgood came down and inquired if Arthur had come.

"No," said his wife, "and I think there's something wrong."

Saying this she took a lamp and they went to examine his room to see if it would explain matters, which it did to some extent. His purse was gone, and watch and best clothes.

The minister's heart ached that night; and the morning made still other revelations: the tools in Arthur's work-shop were all taken from their places, and packed in his tool-chest; and more—worst of all!—some money that was behind the clock was missing, two half dollars, which Mrs. Hapgood was keeping under surveillance.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE VALLEY.

"It is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, and to catch no slip by the way."

"Christian did here meet Apollyon with whom he also had a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips which he got in his going down the hill."—*Bunyan*.

"Arthur Hyland! is that you?" exclaimed Robert Pomeroy, as he spied his nephew trudging along the dusty road with a parcel under his arm, "Where did you hail from?"

Head down—no answer.

"What's the trouble, Arthur?" he asked, "tell me before you see your mother."

Still no answer.

"Come and sit down here on this rock, and tell me all about it."

So they sat down upon the rock, and Arthur slowly said, with a heavy sigh, "I could not live there any longer."

"Did they send you away?"

"No, sir, but I could not stay there any longer."

"Why, your mother thinks you like there, and we all think so, and you do; you've made a fool of yourself somehow. Did they know you came off?"

"No sir."

"Well, come into the house, and we'll have the worst of it; can't better it any; it'll kill your mother."

They went in. "Here's Arthur, Margaret," said Mr. Pomeroy.

"My boy?" she asked.

"Yes."

She caught her son and folded him in her arms in the intensity of a mother's love; but his silence and sobbing discovered to her that something was wrong, and she tremblingly asked, "Is there any trouble, my son, tell me?"

Arthur was silent.

"You must tell me all; make a clean breast; do not leave out a syllable of the truth."

He began, "Roswell hates me, and his mother looks at me as though she thought I was not related to them and had no right there; and they all appear to feel so. I think I am odious to them;" and with a sigh he added, "I wanted to come home."

"Home, my son!" and she thought with a sharp pang that she had no home of her own. "Did Mr. Hapgood ever censure you unjustly?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did any of the Hapgood family ever offer you any harshness or injustice?"

"No, ma'am, but Roswell and his mother—"

"We have nothing to do with Roswell or his mother, or with anybody else. They have nothing to do with us. That is your beautiful home, provided for you by your father before he left us. But oh, my son! my heart trembles for fear you have forfeited that dear home. Tell me all the circumstances of your leaving; keep nothing back."

Arthur gave a deep sigh which told her that the gall of her cup of sorrow was not yet tasted. After a most oppressive silence, he said "I took some money."

She spoke not, but buried her face in her hands and moaned as though her heart would break. Choking down a sob, he made haste to say, "Mother, I didn't take it to use, and I didn't use it. I only took it to fall back upon, if necessary. It had been a long time behind the clock, no one using it, and I thought I could get it back before it would be missed. I didn't take it to keep, mother. I have not tasted a mouthful to-day so as not to break it. I didn't think it was wrong at first as I do now. My only thought was to get away. Those relatives are prejudiced against me, and I think they have turned the family against me."

His story was told so simply, so pathetically that her mother-heart melted to forgiveness and tenderness; for she could see plainly his mental suffering and the petty oppression to which he had been subjected by those haughty relatives.

She then brought forward a letter received but a few days since from Mr. Hapgood, laying before her his plans for Arthur's higher education, asking her wish in regard to a college very near to her, the writer doubtless anticipating for him a happy surprise.

"O my son," she said, "think of that precious love for you."

He sobbed aloud.

His Aunt Pomeroy had now a good warm meal prepared for him; and while he was partaking of it, his grieving mother retired to pray. When she returned to him she said, "My son, we must go at once and beg forgiveness, and from this time remember these words: 'There are no times in life when opportunity, the chance to be and do, gathers so richly about the soul as when it has to suffer.'"

That very night they made preparations to start early in the morning.

We will precede the mother and son who are now on their sorrowful journey to the abandoned home. Adverse influences are busy there. All is being talked over by the minister's family and the relatives. The so-called theft and the clandestine departure are expatiated upon. Even the visit to the fortune-teller's is unearthed, Arthur being wholly blamed for it.

"Sister," said Mrs. Blakemore, "be thankful that he has taken himself away, that such a pernicious influence over your daughter is broken; and as you cherish her future, never take him back."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hapgood, "I feel that it is best that he should go; for what baseness can compare with ingratitude?"

As to the minister, these revelations coming upon the hopes and plans of the last few days nearly broke his heart.

Poor Goldie! her dark, beautiful eyes were often filled with tears; but she kept her promise that she would think no ill of Arthur. Child that she was, she did not comprehend the fact that he was, in any degree, being blamed for her fault. She had heard some of the conversation about him and some she had not heard; for every available spare moment had been spent alone in her room at work upon the promised bit of embroidery. It came near being spoiled by tears, as she realized that it was to be a farewell present; but, after several failures, it was finally finished to her satisfaction, and placed in Arthur's trunk.

"Uncle, the stage is coming up to the house," said Roswell, as he stood looking out of the window.

So it was, bringing Arthur and his blind mother. Tenderly he led her in, her head bowed low with grief. Going directly to Mr. Hapgood, Arthur restored the two half dollars, and made a humble confession for his wrong. He spoke with manly frankness, only his pale face telling what it cost him to make this acknowledgment, not only to his benefactors, but in the presence of Mrs. Blakemore and Roswell and Goldie. Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood both spoke words of forgiveness, and then tried their best to make Mrs. Hyland comfortable; but there

was a marked constraint upon all efforts at conversation, and all felt relieved when the hour for retiring came.

After breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Hyland had a private interview with the minister with reference to her son's remaining. He told her that the subject had been seriously deliberated upon by the family in the light of a probable confession; and that they had decided against his being a member of the family any longer.

"His confession," he said, "was sincere and affecting, and we all forgive and love him; but I consider it my duty, involving, as it must, the most vital and critical interests, to abide by the decision. May God grant him Christian guardianship, and life's best blessings."

Meekly bowing in submission to the divine will, she said, "My more than friend, may we have your prayers?"

"You will always have my prayers," he answered, "and promise me that, if you are ever in need, you will inform me as a brother."

"I will," she answered, "and may God bless you in your work."

He arose and took her hand, and said, "Margaret, friend of my youth, you will never know this side the grave what severing of heart-strings transpires to-day. Farewell."

He then started off upon his pastoral duties. Arthur was standing outside by the door; and as Mr. Hapgood passed, he said to Arthur, "My son, we may never meet again in this world. Give your heart to God and trust Him and He will take care of you. Farewell."

Arthur watched him until out of sight with eyes brimming with tears. Soon the stage came up the road, his trunk was lashed on, and his chest of tools. He led his mother out amid expressions of tenderness and sympathy from Mrs. Hapgood. The good-byes were exchanged, and Arthur and his mother took leave never to return.

As the stage rolled away, Arthur gave a sad, lingering look at the house—the grape-vine swing—the merry brook where the miniature boats were wont to dance—the trees where the little apron used to be spread to catch the cherries—the meadow where many a gay winter hour had been spent coasting on "the crust." Arthur was indeed in the Valley of Humiliation now, and he felt that Roswell had gained a complete triumph over him. Oh! he would have given worlds to blot out the record of the past few days! But his mother, with her clearer inner sight, saw that her boy, in trying to amend his wrong, had won a greater victory than his haughty, careless-hearted antagonist, a victory over the Apollyon of Pride. And from that valley (in different order from Bunyan's pilgrim), he found his way to the Wicket-Gate and the Cross.

CHAPTER VII.

SHADOWS.

“Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.”

—*Tennyson.*

“I wish something would stir and make a noise, it is so still!” said Goldie plaintively, as she sat by the window. Autumn had come and the Blakemores had gone home, with Mervella plump and rosy.

“Have you no good books to read?” said Mrs. Hapgood, “and has nature no pleasant voices to make you happy? no birds, no rippling brook talking to you?”

“I hate birds and books and brooks, and all their babbling!”

“What kind of talk is that?” said her mother; “God made these things to make us happy, and they do make good people happy.”

Goldie took up her kitten and went out. In the shed she paused and peeped through the door-latch into Arthur’s shop, then slowly lifted the latch and with sorrowful face went in. There were the ships in a row on the shelf: the beautiful Lawrence, and next to it Goldizelle, named by him for her. She remembered how he coined the pretty name: he was singing,

“I’ll bind a gazelle with silver feet,
And bring thee for a playmate sweet.”

There were the shelves where he had kept his tools,—all empty now! Her heart felt sick and sad, and she went away sighing and muttering,

“I hate everything: it was Auntie’s influence, I know, that sent Arthur away. Poor Arthur! I wonder if I shall ever see him again. He has the flag that I made, and before this he has found the little watch-piece of cupids and purple robes that I made and put away down in the corner of his trunk where he told me to put it; and I shall keep Goldizelle if I live a hundred years.”

She went in and asked if she might go beech-nutting. Her mother quickly said "Yes," glad to have the child take an interest in anything.

Goldie took a pail, and calling her kitten, started for the beech woods. She talked to her little mute friend on the way:—"Kitty dear, you are all the friend I have now!"

Kitty drew closer to her side, and purred cat-words of comfort and affection. Arrived at the beech grove, there was an ugly fence to climb, from which Goldie fell to the ground. She felt hurt all over, but the worst pain was in a sprained ankle. She sat moaning on the ground for some time before she could walk. Kitty saw her crying, and comforted her as best she could. Finally, feeling better, and thinking she was not much hurt, Goldie went to work and filled her pail and returned home. She said nothing of her accident until, at the table, her parents noticed a deathly pallor on her face and asked the cause. Scarcely tasting any food, she was willing to be helped to bed, a pale, spiritless, sick girl. A physician was called, who pronounced her case critical. He said no bones were broken, but her system had received a shock that might prove very serious. Weeks passed with no convalescence, but only days of pain and nights of weariness.

The locality for the publishing business had been fixed at Lakeside, and both the minister and his wife were busy with preparations for the removal. There was no lack of friends ready to help in the work of packing, or in caring for the sufferer; and the room where she lay so white and thin was carefully guarded from all noise and excitement. But one day the doctor said,

"Mr. Hapgood, you must try to get Goldie's thoughts on something besides herself. No medicine can save her; she has too little interest in life. Can't you get her to help in some little way in the packing or some other work?"

Mr. Hapgood thought it over, and then began to talk with his daughter about his plans for editorial work, telling her that he needed her help.

Her pale face brightened as she answered, "O Pa, how I should like to help you! Bring me something to do to-day, please."

He went to his study and brought down some clippings for her to arrange. Another day he let her cut out from papers selections that he had marked. Then he improvised a lap-table and set her to copying some short article. Again her advice was asked in affairs of packing. Care was taken that she should do but little at a time, and it was not many days before her parents were gratified to see indications of returning health. The day appointed for the removal was now close at

hand, and the most difficult problem was how to get the sick girl to the landing. This plan and that were suggested, but she liked her father's way best, which was that she should ride on her lounge under a canopy consisting of a quilt spread over a frame of barrel hoops fastened to the sides of the lounge. Deacon Sampson was a careful driver and would take the lounge with its precious freight in his easy wagon.

Mary Barbour came and brought the twins for a farewell call. Goldie's rocking lounge was moved into the parlor and Joseph thought it rare fun to rock her. He told her that he had a colt and when she got well and his colt was big, he should come to Lakeside and carry her out riding. Goldie was pleased, and said she hoped she would be well by the time the colt was big, and asked him to tell her all about their horses and chickens and everything.

Joseph quickly said, "We've got some little pigs. The great pig is a wicked pig: it went and got nine little pigs Sabbath day. Isn't it wicked, Goldie?"

"No," said Josephine, answering his question for Goldie, "it isn't wicked, it doesn't know any better. But Goldie, our cat helped the hen hatch out her eggs, and they were kittens!"

This remarkable zoological fact brought a peal of merriment from Mary and Goldie; and Mrs. Hapgood came in with a smile on her face to hear her child laugh once more. Then Mary had to explain about the cat, which, by the way, was the same one that had lost one of its "nine lives" in the soot of the old stove. Its mother having come to an untimely end, this cat had, from its kittenhood up, eaten with, and associated with the hens; and it was an actual fact that Joseph had found the cat and a sitting hen with four kittens and as many eggs, all cozily occupying one nest in a barrel together.

Then they began to talk of other matters. "I cannot see how Goldie is to be moved such a distance," said Miss Barbour. Mrs. Hapgood explained the method contemplated, but the subject of removal brought a look of sadness to the mother's face, while Goldie's brightened with radiant hope.

"The change may cure Goldie," said Mary.

"I hope it will benefit her," replied Mrs. Hapgood; "it seemed, at first, a great risk, but she is gaining every day, I believe, from anticipation."

"Miss Barbour," said Goldie, "I want you to make Ma take something for her cold: she says she hasn't any time for dosing."

"Indeed, she must take time for dosing," replied Mary, "it is so easy for a cold to become obstinate."

"Well, I don't know how I took it," said Mrs. Hapgood.

"Colds sometimes come without taking, but we must take care of them," said Mary. "What hour will you start, Mrs. Hapgood?"

"The men have been notified to be here precisely at ten, Tuesday."

"Then I shall be down at the corner to say good-by to you as you pass, and I know mother will want to come."

"May I come?" asked Joseph.

"May I come?" echoed Josephine.

"Oh, I presume we shall all come, but now, children, it is time we were starting for home." So the friends parted with sorrowing hearts.

Other callers came and went with tears. The sound of the hammer nailing box after box jarred upon heart-strings, for the people loved their pastor.

The farewell sermon was preached, and the day appointed brought the sure event. The teamsters came and took the goods first; then dappled Zephyr was driven up to the door for Mrs. Hapgood, and Deacon Sampson was on hand with his easy wagon ready for its precious freight. Goldie's heart thrilled, for, in her young life, it was a romantic event. Her mother's eyes filled with tears, but Goldie said, "Don't cry, Mother dear; I shall get well, and you too; and I shall never cry to leave Silver Brook,—always babbling so sadly."

Good Mrs. Chamberlain and other neighbors were there to help them off. When all was ready, Goldie, on her lounge, was carefully lifted into her wagon, and the great green quilt snugly settled around her; the doors of the parsonage were closed, and, amid the tears of those left behind, they started.

They came to Gale Corner, where the Barbour family were already waiting to wave their adieus. Joseph and Josephine were there to see Goldie go by, but she could not see them. Others were there to see their pastor for the last time. Windows and doors were filled, and tears were shed, and handkerchiefs were waved in mute farewell, until the minister and his family had passed from sight of their beloved home and beloved people.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW HOME.

“Scenes will vary, friends grow strange:
But the Changeless can not change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.”

—*McDuff.*

From the window of her new home, Goldie fancied that she looked out upon a new world. It was a lovely “Indian summer” morning, in late autumn, fresh and mild and bright, the sky a cloudless, sunny blue, the lake a mirror in which was seen another heaven.

“Dear Mā,” she said, “I shall sit up ever so much to-day, and you’ll see that I’m a spangle new girl.”

The tears came into her mother’s eyes as she replied, “Well, we shall be thankful, if we ever see you on your feet again.”

Her father came in, and seeing her beaming face, said, “You are better to-day, daughter.”

“Yes, I am indeed, and please tell me more about our place.”

“We will carry you out some day over the grounds,” he replied, “and you can see the fruit trees and the terrace on the shore, which you will like in the summer time.”

While they were talking about it, Mr. Van Wade came in, and proposed that she be wrapped up warmly now and be carried down to the water’s edge.

Goldie was delighted; “Take me,” she said, “where I can see our little wash-house and steps down to the water.”

So she was warmly wrapped, and her father and Mr. Van Wade carried her over the grounds and down to the lake. They felt well paid when they saw how she was exhilarated by the picturesque scenes before her—the expanse of silvery waves on which floated numerous skiffs and sloops—a great flock of wild geese flying over, seeking now their home in a summer clime—the opposite shore with the mountains

rising blue and grand in the distance—all these things thrilled her young heart with pleasure.

"How beautiful everything is!" she exclaimed. "Can it be that I ever was well, and could go around everywhere?"

"Can it be that you ever jumped fences?" said her mother.

"In the summer," said Mr. Van Wade, "you must take a sail around the point and see the Devil's compartments, his den and sliding place."

"Is it possible that his Satanic Majesty has grounds so near us?" said Mrs. Hapgood.

"Oh, yes, 'Satan came also' has no local exceptions."

"He holds the priority in real estate," said Mr. Hapgood.

When they returned to the house, Mr. Hapgood said, "Now rest, daughter, and this exertion will do you good." The gentlemen went to their office, and Mrs. Hapgood took her sewing and sat down in the rocking chair near Goldie, hoping she would soon be asleep; but no! tears were trickling down the pale cheek and falling upon the pillow. Goldie's thoughts were roaming in sad retrospect; for she found that in leaving Silver Brook, she had not left memory behind.

Just then Mrs. Hapgood had a coughing spell, and Goldie said, "Dear Ma, do take something for that cough: as I am getting well, I don't want you to be getting ill."

"Now, I have wakened you, my child!"

"I have not been asleep," she answered. Then her mother discovered that she had been weeping.

"What is the matter, darling? I thought you were perfectly happy to-day."

"I was happy, and I am happy, but the happier I am, the keener seems the sorrow that keeps coming back."

"Can't you confide to your mother any thing that troubles you?"

"Well, I ought to, and I want to tell you something that has troubled me a long time. It has been heavy on my mind ever since poor Arthur came back and confessed—." And then she was silent and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Poor child, what is it that you have been worried over, and have kept from your mother?"

"It was an offense just like Arthur's two years ago. You sent me to the store for something, and told me how much it would cost and gave me the exact change. It was three cents less, and with the balance I bought some raisins, and never told you. I said to myself at the time that it would not be stealing, because you got all you expected, but I have always been sorry since; though I didn't think so

much about it, until Arthur made that confession. I felt dreadfully then, and I went and put three cents into your purse when you didn't know it, and asked God to forgive me; but still the thought of it has kept coming back. I don't see how I ever could do what I did, Mother; can you forgive me and love me just the same?"

"Yes, darling, you are already forgiven, and a mother's love can never change."

"There's another thing," said Goldie, "that I have been thinking about, while I had nothing else to do but to lie still and think. I don't know, but I'm afraid that Arthur was blamed more than he deserved about going to the fortune-teller's; though I don't suppose that had anything to do with his going away. It was all my fault driving around that way, for he tried to persuade me not to go, offering to carry me to see the bullet holes in Mr. Cunningvove's old house; but go I would, and of course he carried me, though I didn't mean to go in and have my fortune told any more than he did."

"Well," said her mother, "I'm glad you told me that; for I did suppose that he was the one to blame, though I never said so to him, and, of course, as you say, that was not what he went away for. But, my dear child, you will get so excited that you will be worse, if you keep on talking about these things. You must just rest in forgiving love, and not worry any more."

"Will Father need to know how wicked I was?"

"No, I don't see any need of it. He felt badly enough about Arthur, and I don't want to give him unnecessary pain. It shall be a secret between us two, and we will bury it in an everlasting grave."

Strange that the light of experience should illumine only the path already passed over!

Winter came with all his train, fanciful in dazzling white, and savage in tumultuous storm. To Goldie, all nature had awakened from a dream. The lake was frozen over, and covered with a vast sheet of snow. Almost daily Zephyr was harnessed to give the invalid an airing. One day as her father was out driving with her, he just touched the rein, and Zephyr, as though he was in the plot, left the road and cantered off upon the ice, away out upon the trackless waste of snow. Goldie was startled, and almost uttered a scream from the sudden surprise, but she knew her father and Zephyr too well to be much frightened, and she enjoyed the ride exceedingly, and came in with a glow upon her cheek very like the hue of health.

As Goldie's friends saw with delight her returning health, they noted with pain the decline of her mother. Spring and summer have

come and gone, and autumn is here again. Time, alas! is bringing us to the shadow-land where Nature's voice, "Dust to dust," severs every heart-string. Goldie used often to sit on a low stool by her mother's knee, while the pale fingers twined her beautiful hair; for those dear fingers could do little besides this for their darling now, and even this but little longer. Mrs. Hapgood could go out no more, and all she could see of nature was from her window, the leaves red and golden floating ever downward—downward!

Her sister came to visit her once more with Roswell. Tears were shed when the sisters met, and Mrs. Blakemore saw the great change which had come, and the shadow that was hovering so near.

Goldie and Roswell were a surprise to each other, each had so much grown and improved, having assumed the grace and beauty of youth. Roswell was pleased with their home on the lake, and its picturesque surroundings; and daily, when the sun was shining brightly, the cousins would clamber together over the grottoed rocks of the beautiful shore, gathering autumn beauties; or they would wander off to the "Devil's sliding-place" in quest of imaginary pots of money or dead men's bones. They little knew the plans that the mothers were devising for poor Goldie when there should be no sunshine in her home!

One morning when Goldie entered her mother's room, the invalid exclaimed with fervor, "I believe I am going to get well; I feel very much better."

Her eyes were so luminous with a glad light that Goldie said, "Oh, I know you are better, dear Mother, you look better!"

As Mrs. Blakemore came in, and one and another of the family, each was greeted with, "I am very much better."

The poor girl was happy that day, for she knew not that this brightness was only the gold and purple of life's sunset. The next morning, before the break of day, she heard hurried footsteps, doors opening and shutting, and wondered why it was. Hastily dressing herself and going down, she met her father looking deathly pale.

"Are you sick, Father?" she asked.

"No, Daughter, but your Mother is a great deal worse."

Hastening into her mother's room, the first glance brought the terrible revelation that her mother was really passing away from earth. As Goldie stooped to kiss the pallid cheek, the dying mother fixed her eyes upon her, and asked,

"Will he be back to breakfast?"

"Who, dear Mother?"

"Arthur, Arthur, will he be back to breakfast?"

Then the mother closed her eyes and sank into unconsciousness, which soon ended in the silent sleep of death.

CHAPTER IX.

ECHOES.

"It is one thing to see that a line is crooked, and another thing to be able to draw a straight one."—*Sharp*.

After much persuasion from Auntie and Roswell, and advice from her father and the family physician, Goldie consented to go with her aunt to remain for a time. The parting with her father was extremely sad. As the steamboat neared the wharf Goldie threw her arms about his neck and in a voice choked with sobs, said,

"Promise me, dear Father, that you will send for me, whenever I am needed."

"Yes, Daughter, you shall come home when you are needed," he promised.

Then she kissed him good-by, and went with her aunt on board. Passing through the cabin she came out to the side of the boat and waited. As the stern swung around in leaving the wharf, Goldie reached over the rail for one more quick grasp of her father's hand, then was soon out of sight of him and home.

New scenes, without a care, were just the tonic for her. Time passed most pleasantly, save for the sad memories ever recurring. In her uncle's family she was very much beloved, her every want being anticipated and supplied; and, gratefully receiving their bountiful love, she did much to enhance the pleasures of their home. Yet often and often when something new or particularly pleasant occurred, Goldie's first instinctive thought would be of telling Mother, and of what Mother would say about it; then would come the crushing realization that she could never tell Mother anything more, unless it might be in that world which seemed so far away. It is hard indeed to learn to live without a mother!

Goldie was soon able to enter the Granville Academy, an institution deservedly popular, and she made rapid progress in her studies. Three years sped on, still she continued in Granville, her uncle and

aunt urging her to stay and keep right on with her education. Mr. Hapgood made occasional visits to Granville, and once Goldie had spent a vacation with him at Lakeside.

At school she had formed the acquaintance of Amy Allen, a young lady whom she greatly admired and loved. Every event present, past and anticipatory was shared between them; for like David and Jonathan, their young hearts were knit together in most endearing friendship. Amy Allen was engaged to be married to Egbert Fay, a young lawyer who had lately gone South, and established himself there in the domain of slavery. That seemed dreadful to Goldie at first, but, participating as she did in all of Amy's interests, the bitterness of her prejudice was at length considerably toned down.

Miss Hapgood received a note one Saturday morning from her friend, Miss Allen. It read—"Will you take a ride with me, Goldie, this afternoon? Old Balky wants exercise, and I have an important missive from the sunny land, and need advice; will be at the gate at three P. M." Old Balky gave these young ladies on Saturday afternoons a great deal of pleasure and considerable annoyance.

At three o'clock sharp, in good style and trim, a handsome milk-white horse and covered carriage stood at the gate. No one would conjecture by a glance at the amiable looking beast, that he could deserve from the young ladies such an opprobrious soubriquet, but some "things [especially horses] are not what they seem." The friends were soon on the road toward Echo-Ledge. As soon as they were fairly out of the village, Goldie remarked,

"I am impatient to hear the latest."

"To give the advice that I am solicitous for?" asked Amy; "well, what if this horse should balk right on this bridge?"—

"There's the young doctor coming this way, keep up a good trot before his medical exquisitiship," said Goldie.

"O you minister's daughter, don't get me laughing right in his face!"

The doctor came up, politely bowed, and passed.

"The doctor's horse has a failing as bad as Balky's; he is weak in the knees," said Goldie.

Amy gave her a droll look and asked, "How do you know anything about his horse's knees?"

Then they went on chatting awhile about horses, as if both were not all the time thinking about that advice that was to be asked and given.

"Now I am impatient to hear from that missive of the heavenly text 'Love,' " said Goldie at last.

"Well, it's a texture from several texts," said Amy, "love, slavery and conscience." She read the letter, the substance of which was this: Through his professional services, Mr. Fay had made the acquaintance of an old lady, a religious woman who was setting her house in order for her final departure, extreme old age admonishing her that the end could not be far away. She owned three slaves for whose welfare she was very solicitous. Her property had dwindled down until the earnings of the two slaves, Will and Martin, were all her living, while Nora, Will's wife, was her faithful nurse. She held the northern gentleman in very high esteem, and told him that she could die most peacefully, could she see her slaves his property before her death. She said to him that she had watched over and guarded them from their infancy, and it gave her great pain to think that, when she was gone, they would be sold into the hands of strangers, perhaps separated, with none to love them or care for their souls; and she besought him to buy them. The price would be remarkably low, for she would have little further need of this world's wealth.

"Now, Goldie," said Amy, "Egbert has left the question of their purchase entirely to me. And the beauty of it is, we had a conversation about slavery before he left, and we resolved to keep our hands clean of it forever,—never to own a slave, come what would. Now look at it!—so soon!" The great rocks echoed, "So soon!"

Goldie stared at her for a moment, then laughed, and said, "Amy, if I could think of anything to say, I would." Back came the echo, "Say, I would."

"Goldie," said her friend, "this is no laughing matter;" then laughing herself, she said, "If the dilemma were yours, what should you do? I might ask our minister or some other sage adviser, but, between us alone, their advice would be a concoction of Northern prejudice, having no element of sympathy. Now you are my priestess. what shall I do?" Faintly, but with added pathos, came back the question, "What shall I do?"

"The honor you confer upon me as priestess," said Goldie, "is too responsible; but I will say after my fashion that I should do the most natural thing in the world, take a missionary view of it: you could do those slaves a great deal of good."

"Yes," said Amy, "I could give them religious instruction just as she has, and then she can die happy."

Goldie laughed again, and said, "It looks right to me; but it's queer, Amy, isn't it? I would have said this morning that it was impossible to make you a slave-holder."

The girls had been talking too earnestly to mind much about the echoes; but now, as old Balky was trotting along away from the ledge, the great rocks called out the terrible word, "Slave-holder!" and just at this point, from an answering rock on the other side, the south wind wailed after them with plaintive resonance,—“Slave-holder!” Poor Amy laid her head upon Goldie's shoulder and wept, and as Goldie put her arms about her friend, tears of sympathy came to her own eyes. She soon brushed them away, and said,

"Don't you cry any more, or hesitate about it. I have got some news to tell you."

Amy wiped her eyes and said, "Goldie, I shall surely have you come and stay with me months and years—as long as I can keep you."

"Oh, I never could leave poor father," answered Goldie. "He has promised to come on next summer, if I will stay at school, and take me to Dartmouth Commencement. And what if I should see Arthur! Everybody goes to Commencement, and he would be as likely to go as anybody else."

"Would you know him?"

"Yes, in any crowd. He did not look like any one else."

"What did Arthur do with that black ring, Goldie?"

"I don't know. He pocketed it at the time as though it held his soul, but I think, when dear mother talked so to us, he probably threw it into the brook to the fishes, though he may have it yet. Father thought all the world of him before Auntie and Roswell came there, and so did dear mother."

"I wish you could see him again."

"I have not told you, Roswell is going to Commencement next week."

"Roswell?"

"Yes, his uncle who teaches in a western Institute came last night; he is an alumnus of Dartmouth; his class meets this year, and he wants Roswell to accompany him. I wish I was going this summer, but not with him."

"You and Roswell are good friends?"

"Yes, we are good friends, better friends than Mervella and I are. She would like to be a little tyrannical over me, if she were older, and had me in her power in any way, but she knows that I am perfectly independent of her. Roswell likes me, but he hates Arthur. They

ought to have had a free fight when they were together. If it was to transpire again, I would throw down my gage and challenge their championship."

"I wish you might have a chance to throw down your glove to them, but you would have to coin your heart for the championship medal."

"It would be a safe venture," was Goldie's rejoinder.

"I don't know," said Amy, "Roswell thinks he is an Ajax."

"Well, Arthur knows that he is himself. I would like to hear him say 'Geewhoppity!' once more."

"Was that his by-word?"

"That was his standard. Amy, see that sun!"

"But little sun to see, and we are a good way from home. Now which of these roads shall we take, Quaker or turnpike?"

"I should take the shorter, for it will soon be dark," she answered.

The shorter road was termed the Quaker road, as it led to the village through the Quaker settlement. It was gloomy, however, and comparatively unfrequented. The turnpike was much the longer way, and very much traveled. So when they came to the fork, their courser was reigned toward Quaker settlement, and urged in his speed. After driving some distance, they reached one of the most dismal spots imaginable. By daylight, the only interesting feature of the scenery was the grotesque stump fences, constructed of the upturned stumps and roots of trees. Seen by the dim twilight, these huge, sprangling roots assumed strange, fantastic shapes, and might be imagined to be an escaped menagerie, or a procession of dark shades just emerged from Tartarus. And just there the horse drew up and stood stock still! The terrified young ladies coaxed and urged him, but stir he would not.

The sun had gone down, the gold and purple had faded from the sky, and it did not look as though the sun had ever shone in that dreary place. The shadows were deepening, and still the horse moved not.

"This is one of his genuine freaks," said Amy, "and see where we are!" She then gave Goldie the reins, and got out of the carriage, and patted him and called him, "Good Balky, good Balky!" till Goldie laughed.

Finally a bright thought struck them both simultaneously,—to let him stand awhile as though they did not want him to go, and then to start him up suddenly. So they were perfectly silent for some time, until, just as Amy was thinking that she would climb in and see if he

would be ready to go, his balkship suddenly had a bright idea of his own and started off.

Amy said, "I dare not stop him to get in;" so she kept up with the horse, running along by the side of the carriage. "I must climb in at the back end," she said at length, and, no sooner spoken than done, she made a bound up into the back of the carriage. But just as she was squatted all up in a heap, half in and half out, who should come riding over the hill but Roswell and the young doctor!

"Oh Goldie!" "Amy, see those men!" was all that could be said before they were face to face. The predicament was soon explained, and mirth and badinage found no restraint.

Now the recreant horse travels on gaily in such dashing company as Roswell's bay and the doctor's dappled Acthe; the happy riders chatting and jesting of such subjects as give pleasure in the days of youth.

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER.

“Is not the whole of life made up of infinitesimally small things? and in its strange and solemn mosaic, the full pattern of which we never see clearly till looking back on it from far away, dare we say of anything which the hand of Eternal Wisdom has put together, that it is too common or too small?”—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

After nearly a week of absence, Roswell and his uncle returned from Commencement, arriving just at the tea hour. Pompous Roswell was his mother's idol, and when he went or came, there was great demonstration. He improved the first opportunity to whisper in Goldie's ear that he was impatient to tell her “something thrilling!”

“Something thrilling!’ what can it be?” were thoughts that revolved in her mind, as she now and then met his meaning glance across the table. She knew him so well, however, that she knew there must be some sharp management to get the news after all; so she changed her tactics and feigned indifference. After tea he had opportunity to communicate any news that he wished, but pretended to be busy entertaining his uncle. She appeared to be absorbed in anything but the fretting wonderment that had taken possession of every thought. It was after sunset, her impatience intensifying with every moment, when at last she said to him,

“I am going over to Amy's now, and you must tell me some of the thrilling times you have had, for she will inquire how you enjoyed yourself.”

This *coup d'etat* caught him. “Ah,” said he, “The thrilling element points to you. Whom do you think I saw?”

“I don't know a mortal there; how could it have reference to me? I suppose you saw the President and hundreds of other people.”

“Yes, but you'll have to guess again.”

“Well, the burial of old Mathematics, or— the prize speaking. I should have liked that as well as anything.”

"No doubt you would have liked it, especially when the prize was awarded to Arthur Hyland!"

"O Roswell!" was all she could say as her eyes filled with tears.

"Well, now dry up those crocodiles, and I'll tell you all about it. The speakers were called by number, and I was studying one face, feeling sure that I had seen it before, all the time that he was firing one of Wendell Phillips' speeches at us in a way that Wendell himself might have envied. You see my seat was toward the rear, and—well, I was not looking for him in just that kind of a place. While we were waiting for the judges to bring in their decision, I heard a gentleman behind me remark,

"That last speaker is Arthur Hyland, son of a classmate of mine. He worked his way through the preparatory course doing farm work for his board, walked two miles to school and kept at the head of his class. Then one day he saw a frightened horse dashing down the street. A woman held the lines, but was too weak or scared to have any control of the horse. Hyland rushed to the rescue, and caught the horse by the head just before it reached a dangerous turn in the road."

"The lady who was listening to this story admired the hero, of course, as all ladies do, and said she hoped he got reward enough to free him from that dreadful farm drudgery. Her informant went on to say that the husband of the rescued woman was a rich New York merchant, that he offered Hyland a big sum of money, but the heroic dunce wouldn't take a cent of it. Excuse me, Cousin, the gentleman didn't call your hero that exactly, but I do, not to take a good thing when he had a fair chance at it. All he got out of it was a job in a store for a year with good wages, and then the merchant got him some sort of a place to work and earn his way through college. That was all that I heard, for just then the judges came in and announced the prizes,—first prize to Arthur Hyland. That is all I have to tell; isn't it thrilling?"

Goldie gave a suppressed sigh as she tied on her jaunty straw hat, and said, "I am glad to hear something about Arthur. Good-by for a little while."

"Yes, your little whiles! Good-by."

A wave of the hand, and she was off. Roswell sat watching her accelerating steps as she approached Amy's house. At length he muttered, "They are under the apple tree now, their trysting place; and she's telling all she knows about that hero, and that's little."

They were there indeed, sitting on a bench under the apple tree. The grass and daisies at their feet were silvered by the moonlight; and Goldie was telling her friend every word about Arthur. Then Amy gave her some advice:

"Write to your father, and tell him about Arthur. The fact that he has struggled his way up to college speaks well for his strength and energy of character. And you might just delicately mention that great intimacy with Roswell and his mother has made you feel that the cause of Arthur's misdemeanor made his fault excusable in great measure, though not, of course, justifiable. You might ask if it is not due to his previous faithfulness to offer him the love and confidence of former days."

"Oh Amy," said Goldie, "what a help you are to me! How can I ever have you go off so far?"

"Goldie, darling, I am going sooner than you think. A letter came this morning saying that I must come soon, that Egbert has bought those slaves and bought a house, that the slaves want a good mistress, and he wants me to come and make his new house a home. He will be here for me in a few weeks."

"Amy, what shall I do without you?"

"Time will fly, Goldie, and before you are aware it will be summer again, and you will be going to Commencement with your father, and there is no knowing what will transpire then and there. Be sure you write the letter, if you look at it in the light that I do. I think that such love between your families, and such bonds instituted by God's providence are a precious inheritance that should not, cannot be broken."

Amy then proceeded to tell her plans for the great event which was so near. By and by they heard a whistle.

"That's Roswell's whistle," said Goldie, "see! the doctor is with him, and they are coming here; they know just where we are."

"Yes, they are coming, now this conversation will be postponed."

"Ha! ha! here you are," said Roswell.

"Pardon our intrusion," said the doctor.

"This trysting tree might relate, doubtless, some interesting chapters," remarked Roswell.

"This tree is a Freemason," answered Goldie.

"It is evidently a Knight Templar," said the doctor.

Roswell proposed a walk, and they all went strolling off under the silver moon, chatting sense and nonsense, interesting to none but themselves, and to them only for a brief day.

After thinking the matter over, Goldie wrote the letter proposed by Amy. She told her father all that Roswell had told her about Arthur; then referring to the past, she mentioned the antagonism of Roswell and Arthur toward each other, jealousies in the germ. "In vain," she said, "I try to forget his last happy words prior to his great temptation: 'Your father wishes me to go out to Culver Hill; won't you come? and we can see where Col. Wellington was shot.' Away I ran to ask dear Mother, but she answered, 'You have had one ride to-day [with Roswell] and you must help me now.' From that hour he never smiled again in our sweet home. Very humbly he asked our forgiveness. Can you not, dear father, grant him the assurance of restored favor? that there

'Shall be no cloud o'er that fairyland,
Where all a-row our sweet years stand.'

Roswell frequently took his cousin out to the farm, where the doctor was very apt to appear "by chance." The farm, owned by Mr. Blakemore, was carried on by a rough oddity named Enoch Grim. His nose looked as though his olfactory organs were bottom side up; and he was always sniffing at something, somewhere. A day or two after writing the letter to her father, Goldie and Roswell were driving out to the farm, and he took occasion to tell her about some of Enoch's queer freaks.

"Enoch," he said, "is a church member, to the grief of some, while others apologize for peculiarities by saying 'It's his way.' He has grieved the church out there where he is a member, by swearing. One time the deacons took him to task for this, and he answered meekly, 'I didn't mean nothin' when I swore, any more'n I do when I'm prayin.'"

"The deacons admonished him to control himself in the future, and so let him off. The next temptation he resisted bravely. It was about one of his sheep that would get into a neighbor's pasture. After several ineffectual threats of vengeance, the neighbor one morning killed the sheep and brought it over on a wheelbarrow to Enoch, expecting to hear some uproarious swearing. Instead of that, Enoch puckered up his nose and sniffed, and then said, 'Won't you help me skin it?' The neighbor took hold and helped him skin the sheep, and then Enoch said, 'Take home a quarter.'"

"I wonder if I shall have a letter to-night," said Goldie on the way home, as they came in sight of the village.

"You will hear some news to-night, whether you get a letter or not," said Roswell.

"News! tell me now, if you know."

"I knew you would say those very words, but we have got home, and Mother's going to tell you."

"Well, what is it about?"

"I knew you would say that, too."

"I shall find out this minute," said Goldie, as she sprang from the buggy and went in.

Roswell smiled as he drove around to the stable. The news proved to be that Mervella was going to Europe with a party who were to sail in about two weeks. Her uncle had proposed this plan during his late visit to Granville, and urged it for the sake of the benefit to her in higher education, art-culture and world-seeing. With her uncle and aunt she would have the best of care, yet it had cost a hard struggle for the fond parents to consent to the long separation. Roswell had been in the secret, but Mervella herself had not been told until that very day. She was wild with delight at the romantic prospect before her.

All was now astir in the family sewing room. All thought and action pointed in one direction, the day of Mervella's departure. Goldie was busy and helpful, but while she worked and planned day after day, there was a great longing to hear from her father, which increased each time the mail came, bringing her nothing but disappointment. Still this anxiety was borne in silence, and when at last the petted daughter had gone from home, it was Goldie who cheered them all, and who kept her aunt from giving way to the heart-break of parting.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LETTER ANSWERED.

“Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for!”

—*E. B. Browning.*

Roswell handed his father a telegram. Opening it, he said in a low, sad voice, “Dreadful news for Goldie!” They both went to the house. As Mrs. Blakemore looked up in surprise to see them come at that hour, her husband announced the startling news, “Goldie’s father is dead!”

“Dear, dear! Oh, who can break it to her?” she exclaimed. “She is over at Amy’s helping her get ready. Roswell, you must go over and get her home.”

He started on his sad errand. The girls were up stairs in Amy’s sewing room. Mrs. Allen called Amy down first, to whom Roswell told the news, saying that she must tell Goldie, then come over with her. Amy went back up stairs, hiding, as best she could, her perturbed feelings. Taking up her sewing as though nothing had happened, she said,

“Goldie, how happy your mother must be in Heaven! You can’t wish her back?”

“No, indeed! I often imagine those scenes where she lives; and I would not, if I could, bring her back to work and suffer.”

“If your father should die, you would have the same feelings about him.”

Goldie looked up. “Amy you look strange! What did you go down stairs for?”

Then Amy clasped her friend to her bosom and said, “Darling, your father is dead!”

The poor girl moaned, “Oh, my sorrow is greater than I can bear!”

“Think, darling, of your mother coming to meet him, and leading him through the shining gate into the beautiful city to be forever well and happy with the Lord.”

Still Goldie moaned, “Oh, my sorrow is greater than I can bear!”

When she came over to her uncle's, weak and trembling, and leaning upon Amy, she found them busy making preparations to go and attend the last rites of affection for her father. Amy came again in the morning to see them off. She folded poor Goldie to her warm heart, and they kissed each other a long good-by; for when Goldie should return, Amy would be away on her bridal tour.

Thus it is in life,—

“Some at the bridal, some at the tomb!”

Mr. Hapgood had been ailing for several days, but had not thought his illness of importance enough to require a doctor. When at length he had consented to call medical aid, God's silent messenger called him and he was gone in a moment.

Goldie sat alone with her dead, still crushed in spirit by this great, sudden sorrow. Gazing upon the still, cold form there came to her mind a text from which those now silent lips had long ago preached a funeral sermon: “Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.” Then she remembered how he had said, “Sorrowing friends, why bear your burdens alone, when a strong One stands ready to take them and carry them for you? ‘Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.’ ‘Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.’ ‘Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.’” Silently the tears trickled down her cheeks as text after text of the precious Word came to her mind. She felt the presence of Him who had borne the cross for her, and she was comforted.

After the dead had been laid in his final resting place, Mr. and Mrs. Blakemore said to their niece, “Return with us, and make it your home with us always.” She gave her grateful consent. It now remained for her to pick up and pack everything she wished to keep, disposing of other property as best she could. She was assisted by her uncle and aunt, Roswell having returned home directly after the funeral. With a heavy heart she went through the rooms. Safe in the niche where she had placed it long ago, she found Goldizelle, the ship that Arthur had made and named for her. This she packed very privately, not wishing her relatives to know anything about it.

She entered her father's study; and on his writing table she found some letters. Her own letter respecting Arthur was there, and with it a letter just begun, bearing only these words in her father's handwriting:

“Arthur Hyland,
Beloved Son.”

There were also two sheets bearing different dates and on one only the words which had been so precious to her,

“Beloved Daughter.”

What thoughts had stirred his heart, or what interruption had prevented their being put upon paper, she might never know. The other letter bearing date the day of his death, was this:

“My dear little girl,—

I promised to send for you whenever you were needed—I want—I promised,—come home—come h—come—”

The words ended in an unintelligible scrawl, but what a story they told of the father's longing for his child! and of the struggle of the departing soul to still retain its control of the hand. The housekeeper told how she had heard him fall and had run in and found him lying lifeless on the floor. He was carried to another part of the house and she closed the room and kept it just as he had left it. Goldie folded the three letters and kept them as precious last words are always treasured. “Beloved Son,” these words gave her comfort, and the blank page seemed full of the forgiveness and love, which neither the hand or the lips now lying still in the grave could ever utter.

Mr. Hapgood's business affairs were easily settled, for Mr. Van Wade was a faithful manager of practical ability. Foreseeing the future success of the enterprise, he took the paper and its obligations upon himself, subsequently removing it to New York.

When the boxes were ready for shipping, Goldie bade farewell to Lakeside. The rocky shore with its caves and mossy dells, the lake with sails flecking the silver waves, the steps, shadowed by locust and ivy, winding down to the water's edge,—all these beautiful scenes could be her home never again.

The weeks and months that followed were full of varied events. Mervella had gone to remain away a long time, and Goldie filled the void making them all happy. Her uncle told her to continue her studies as long as she desired at his expense, of which privilege she gratefully availed herself. There was almost nothing in the shape of money left her from her father's property, but a condition of dependence was not a sore trial, while she was treated like a daughter.

At school Goldie made many friends, but never found another Amy Allen. Amy did not forget her, however, but wrote frequently from her sunny home.

Goldie's voice was ever sweet and her taste helpful in household affairs. Mervella was kept informed of all the news: everything of note that transpired in the youthful circles, or in the town, being com-

municated by Goldie's graphic pen. Of course the others wrote too, when they felt like it, but Goldie's letters were most relied upon for home news and for conscientious regularity. Goldie and Mervella were cousinly friends, but there was not much affinity between them. Sometimes in seasons of solitude and reflection, Goldie would cast a thought beyond, to the time when Mervella would return and assume her right as queen of hearts. But such thoughts she would chide, as birds of evil wing, and in her heart's sunshine they found no harbor.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

“Let me rise and rejoice in thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome thy twilight and thy night,
And wait for thy dawn anew!”

—*Lucy Larcom.*

One morning, as Goldie was going through the wicket, on her way to school, she spied Roswell and Dr. Butterworth engaged in earnest conversation and she began to wonder what new scheme they were devising. Just then, Susie Wilkins, her class-mate, came along and noticed the interested glance in the direction of the young gentlemen. She instantly picked some buttercups, and, holding them under Goldie's chin, asked,

“How much is butter worth?”

“I don't know, have you an idea of investing?” was Goldie's quick retort. Then, seizing a buttercup from the hand of her friend, and holding it under *her* chin, she asked, “Do you love butter? Ah, you do love butter, however much it is worth!”

Goldie soon learned what Roswell had been having a medical consultation about. It was nothing less than an excursion to Mt. Whiteface, to take place as soon as the term of school had closed which would be in a few days. Goldie had finished the usual studies of the Academy, but was still keeping on with higher branches under the tuition of the principal, a thoroughly educated man who always delighted in a special class.

Goldie was pleased with the excursion plan, and in due time they started off, a merry party of eight, including Susie Wilkins, her brother (a theological student), and her cousin, David Kidder. David was a favorite among the young people, not because of wealth or brilliancy, but for his ever kind, unselfish heart. He, too, had had dreams of a classical education and professional life, but they “needed him at home,” and his going to college had been postponed year after year until now he was nearing thirty.

The first day took our excursionists to the house of Dr. Butterworth's Aunt Jane, where he proposed to stop. The rest of the party demurred, and wanted to push on to the hotel, but the doctor said,

"Aunt Jane has a big house, and it's made of rubber anyway; and she would never forgive us if we should go by."

"But not all of us; you might stop with your load, and let the rest of us go on."

"Well, we will all call at the door and then see about it," said the doctor.

They called, and found that the good lady was appraised of their coming, and so delighted to receive such a company that she almost made them think they had done her a favor in coming.

Early in the morning they started for the hotel at Wilmington, and there found a guide just setting out with a knapsack of provisions, for his lonely tent on the mountain. His services were at once engaged, also those of a couple of boys to go with them and bring the teams back to the hotel. Three miles from the top of the mountain, the path was too steep for horses, and the boys were dismissed with the charge to be there precisely at ten to-morrow. Then begins the ascent on foot. Following the winding path, they come suddenly to the foot of a beautiful cascade whose sparkling waters, pouring in an unbroken sheet from the smooth rock above, are almost dissolved in spray as they touch the rocky bottom.

"A bridal veil," exclaims Susie Wilkins.

"A little Niagara!" says Goldie.

Another turn in the climbing pathway brings our party up to where they can step across the "little Niagara." Thus onward and upward the pathway leads, until, with tired limbs and keen appetites, they begin to think about resting.

"Isn't it about time to lighten that luncheon basket, Caleb?" says Roswell to the guide.

"Yes, it's dreadful heavy," is the stolid answer.

They sit down upon some rocks, and, while disposing of the lunch, amuse themselves by drawing what information they can from Caleb. Among other things they question him about the sunset as seen from the summit.

"The sun doesn't set till after dark up there," is the sober statement with which he convulses the whole party.

"I mean it doesn't go down till after sunset," he explains, seeing they are laughing at him.

The steepest part of the way is yet to be climbed, and all are glad when at last they reach the tents, where they take a longer rest and eat supper. But the summit, still almost a mile distant, must be reached before sunset. The cloudy sky, what can be seen of it, looks threatening, and with slightly dampened spirits, they plod on, still shut in by the vast forest. But when the great trees give place to scattered shrubbery and then to barren rocks, the glorious scene which bursts upon the view far excels the wildest revelings of imagination. Who cares for weariness now? The feet are light, when the soul is lifted up by such a view as this. The path is still rugged and steep, as it leads along a narrow ridge, where they look down an almost perpendicular wall a thousand feet or more.

The topmost rock is gained at last; and the soul may enter upon God's rich banquet of beauty and magnificance. Goldie's eye at once seeks the lovely lake, around which hover so many tender memories of home. There it lies, mapped out upon the far-reaching hazy landscape. Again she looks, and it is gone—she sees only the land meeting the cloudy sky.

"Susie, have you spirited away the beautiful Champlain? I saw it a moment ago, and now I cannot find it."

"Why, no, there it is looking just as it does in the Geography."

"Oh, I see it now," answers Goldie, "its pale sisters, the clouds have caught it in their embrace, and I mistook it for one of them."

The Green Mountains, beyond the lake, melt away into the far-off ether until the beholder wonders where earth ends and sky begins, or whether both alike belong to some shadowy unknown fairy-land! Still more ethereal is the strip of hazy dimness which the guide tells them is the St. Lawrence. After much explanation and discussion, they are still in doubt if all are looking at the same object, until a fire lighted upon the farther shore shows it to be a reality, and gives a definite landmark to aid the doubtful search.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," murmurs Goldie, gazing reverently upon the enduring emblems of God's strength.

"What mountain is that away south?" asks Dr. Butterworth of the guide.

"Marcy," is the laconic reply.

"Oh yes, Marcy, the prince of all the mountains of the State. The Indians well named it *Tahawus*, Cloud-splitter."

"Is that Lake Placid down at the foot of this mountain?" asks David.

"Yes."

"Oh, see the path we should have had to climb if we had come that way!" exclaims Susie.

"I almost wish we had," says her brother; "what a romantic sail we might have had across that placid water!"

"We might have caught some fish for our supper," says Roswell.

"You prosaic being! to think of eating now!" exclaims Goldie.

"What lakes are those in the west?"

"The Saranacs," answers the guide.

The setting sun now absorbs their attention, as other things are hidden away in the gathering darkness. The mountains, instead of their accustomed blue, all wear a strange dark green which deepens and blackens as night draws on. The sun has already set in a cloud to the people in the valleys below, and the few last rays falling upon the cold mountain-tops are powerless to drive back the fierce army of shadows which climb with long grasping fingers from crag to crag. The red, glowing sun now emerges from the cloud into clear sky, then sinks from sight behind the dark horizon, flinging back to heaven untold wealth of glory and beauty.

"You were right, Caleb, about that astronomical theory that you advanced," said the doctor.

"That's so!" said the others in chorus, while Caleb looked so bewildered that they had another laugh at his expense.

"The bears in the woods may be prosaic enough to think of eating if we don't get down to the tents before long," remarked Roswell. So the whole party descended over the rocky ridge, stumbled through the rough, muddy woods, and gathered at last around the stove within the canvas walls of the ladies' tent. The evening passed pleasantly in conversation, song and story-telling; then with a hymn of praise and a prayer to Him who made the everlasting hills, they retired to rest upon beds of evergreen and pillows of moss.

They were again at the summit in time to see a glorious sunrise.

"See that light, airy thing half way down to the earth!" said Susie, "what is it?"

"It looks like an angel basking in the fresh, morning light," said Goldie, "how I wish it would come up here!"

As she spoke the word, on it came upon the wings of the wind, and with it other white forms, a multiplying host; but as they swept over the mountain-top, and their damp, chilling breath was felt, their true nature was revealed. The rising sun struggled awhile with the gathering mist, but yielded the day at length to the clouds. This was

an experience never to be forgotten by our excursionists—earth and sky blotted out, they stood alone upon this rocky islet in a white, boundless ocean of nothingness. They clambered down some rocks to drink from a spring in a charming cave; then, returning, used every device to resist the damp, chilling wind and pass away the time, waiting for the curtain to lift.

They gave it up at last, and returned to the tents with keen appetites for breakfast; but fastidious Roswell would not eat any potatoes for fear that Caleb had not washed them clean. Then gathering a few mementoes, they began the descent. The boys were waiting at the appointed place, and all were soon loaded into the wagons. No span could make a finer appearance on the smooth turnpike than the Blake-more bays, but this mountain road with its rocks and stones, its corduroy bridges, mud holes and jutting roots, was not at all to their liking. All Roswell's skill as a driver had been needed the preceding day, but the descent was still more difficult. A narrow place, the nigh wheel drops into a gully, a wrench and crash, and the wagon comes to a sudden standstill, while the frightened horses plunge and struggle for freedom. Susie utters a scream, but Goldie shuts her mouth tight, and the doctor is at the horses' heads in an instant helping Roswell to quiet them. Examination reveals a broken whiffletree.

"Here's a fractured limb for you, doctor," said Roswell, trying to get a little fun out of the mishap.

"If it was one of your own limbs, I could make a neat job mending it, but I don't remember anything in our lecture course about broken whiffletrees," replied Dr. Butterworth.

"Couldn't we sew it together?" said Susie to Goldie, "we have our needles and thread.

"No, I believe fractures have to be knit, don't they, Doctor? and I haven't my knitting needles with me."

"Well, really," said Roswell with lengthening face, "I guess the only way to mend this thing is to buy a new one. Here comes David with his load. Hallo! David, here's a case that the doctor has given up. If we can manage to get your team by, I don't see but we shall have to wait here while you drive to Wilmington, and send us up a new whiffletree."

David jumped out, examined the situation, then went into the woods, and with his jack-knife cut a young sapling to the required length, and bound it firmly to the broken whiffletree with birch withes.

"Splints and bandages!" exclaimed the doctor in admiration, "and all ready for use without waiting for the parts to knit together."

After descending the mountain, they came to a place where berries were growing thick beside the road, and the gentlemen let their horses breathe while they went out and picked the tempting wild fruit. Presently Roswell came back with his *hat* laden with berries, which he offered to the ladies.

"Oh, what a jewel of consistency!" exclaimed Goldie.

"I wish Caleb were here," said Susie, "he would be avenged for the slight put upon his potatoes."

But the berries were too tempting, and the girls, while laughing at the donor, partook of his berries, being careful, however, to take only those on top.

They reached their journey's end late the next night. When nearly home they passed through a dense piece of woods, whose rare beauty, varying with the seasons, had often been a source of delight to Goldie, as seen by daylight. Now it seemed like passing through a deep sea of thick darkness parted by two walls, like the Red Sea of old. Nothing could be seen in the impenetrable blackness on all sides; only by looking up, that faint line of light showed the direction of the road. Goldie often thought of this, when, in the dark pathway of after life, she could see light nowhere but above.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

“May this best volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life’s last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage.”

—*Benjamin Baddome.*

Mervella had been long absent from home. For months before her expected return the family were busy with planning and preparation for her coming. Her room was to be fitted up anew—should it be a green room or a blue room? Carpet samples and styles of furniture were discussed; also pictures and frames for the pictures which Mervella herself had painted and sent home.

Everything was at last in readiness for her coming. Her room was blue. Her pictures had come and were in their frames; some of them hanging in her room, and some in the parlors. A pretty what-not stood in the corner, holding some new books and a choice vase. On the mantel-piece were vases and busts. Every nook and niche indicated wealth and fondest love.

Mr. Blakemore had gone to meet the incoming steamer and bring the daughter home, and a telegram had brought the information that they were on their way.

The morning when they were expected was bright and golden. The blue room was ready and the parlors were thrown open. Goldie had filled all the vases with fresh, sweet flowers; Mrs. Blakemore was in happy expectation, and Roswell strode about looking as proud as though kingdoms were proffering their wealth to him.

Goldie shared in the expectant joy of the family. If sometimes a vague dread came into her mind, thinking of the proud, beautiful heiress by whom she was likely to be eclipsed, her heart sent up a swift prayer, “O Father, help me to do my best to make *her* happy and never to give just cause for estrangement.”

Roswell and his mother drove over to the depot to meet the train, leaving Goldie waiting at home. When at length they arrived, the

cousins met and kissed, with mutual admiration and surprise, for each had grown more beautiful with the added years since they parted.

There was a flutter of expectation among the young people, Mervella being readily acknowledged as the reigning belle. Rides and parties were given in honor of her return. Homage and admiration she accepted as her right, with but little thought for the feelings of others. As time passed on she began to assume toward her cousin haughty airs which bore no dubious interpretation. Sometimes it was a cutting remark about "dependent relatives," sometimes only a persistent ignoring or thwarting of her cousin's wishes.

Mervella talked much of her horse-back riding while abroad, and her brother thought, if anything could add to his happiness, it would be to see his pretty sister cantering on a horse, and to be himself riding by her side; and so there was much talk about buying a trained horse for her. Then the mail brought letters about horses; and horses came to the door to be looked at. And the family frequently took drives out to the farm to consult with Enoch upon the all-important subject. Goldie had little to say about it, for experience had shown her that the less advice she gave her cousin the less friction there would be. The horse was at length purchased, a handsome, dark bay of noble blood. Next, a saddle was the family talk. It must be a stylish saddle with a little slipper, and must be bought in New York; so the order was sent.

Dr. Butterworth told Goldie one day that he was expecting an aunt and a cousin from Concord—"a dear young lady cousin," he added, "and I hope I shall early have the honor of introducing her to you and Miss Blakemore."

"Thank you," she said, "we shall early avail ourselves of the pleasure of their acquaintance. How soon will you look for them, Doctor?"

"In about a week," said he.

Goldie made mention of the doctor's friends to the family, and while they were chatting about them, the door bell rang, and the expressman was at the door with the new saddle, and the whole house was astir to see it.

After tea, Mervella emerged from her blue room genteelly equipped for a horse-back ride. She was dressed in a long, velvet riding habit which, fitting closely, set off her graceful form with most pleasing effect. Her hat was black, trimmed with a long, black ostrich feather, in charming contrast with her golden hair. She was accompanied to the veranda by her mother and Goldie. There stood Roswell, and the

groom with the horses. Roswell looked at his beautiful sister with pride.

Mrs. Blakemore and Goldie lingered watching them till they were out of sight. "My precious jewels!" uttered the fond mother, seeming to have forgotten Goldie's presence; then, with beaming face, glided into the family room. Goldie felt that her aunt was scarcely conscious of her existence; and she silently tip-toed away to her room with a lonely home-sick feeling.

After a little, she arose and said, "I will conquer myself; I will go down and talk with my dear Auntie, and make her talk. Of course she loves her children best, and I am only a niece and cousin; but she has given me a home with every imaginable comfort. I will nip in the bud any unpleasantness, and ignore every neglect."

So, taking her little basket of work, she went down and chatted with her aunt, drawing her into agreeable conversation. They talked over incidents of the past—of Goldie's home by the Champlain—of her father and mother when they were young. Mrs. Blakemore told of the pretty hat which Goldie's mother used to wear when she was a young lady and sat in the singers' seats, where she was seen and loved at first sight by the young minister who came to preach one Sabbath.

"Did you ever hear, Goldie, how your mother used to sing to the honey bees?"

"No, Auntie, tell me about it."

"She used to go out and lay her head down on the bench by the hive and sing, and the bees would come and cover her head all over. They seemed to love her and her pretty songs, and would never sting her. Did you ever read over your father's sermons and papers, Goldie?"

"No, Auntie, I never have opened the box."

"Why, child, you should. I packed up various things in that sermon box. I remember one little parcel, how nicely it was wrapped up; it looked like something precious, and I meant to have told you where I packed it. I should read the sermons all over; you will not feel that your father is dead, but that you hear him talking to his people."

"I will go now and open the box," said Goldie, "and I will read his precious sermons."

Saying this she started away to her chamber, and took out the box from the closet where it had long been kept undisturbed, and opened it. Her aunt then came up to assist in looking over the papers.

"There it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Blakemore, seeing the package of which she had spoken, and taking it up. "See how it is folded; see

this tape wound around it; it is something nice that a cord would injure."

A strange thrill possessed Goldie's heart, as her aunt cut the tape and took off the papers. Beneath the outer one was a soft white tissue wrapping. She took this off, and found a very beautiful Bible, gilt and purple; the most beautiful Bible that Goldie had ever seen. They turned to the fly-leaf, and found this inscription,

"From Rev. Perrin Hapgood,
to his beloved daughter,
GOLDIE HAPGOOD."

Goldie's eyes dimmed with tears as she whispered, "My dear, dear Father!"

"There is a great deal more written here, let's read it," said her aunt. They read:

"First: This is a great treasure. Psalm CXIX:111.

It is all that I can give. Acts III:6.

It is all that you need. Psalm CXIX:14.

It will secure everything else. John XV:7.

Second: I hope you will make good use of it.

Keep it always by you. Psalm CXIX:30.

Search it daily. Acts XVII:11.

Let it be your adorning. I Peter III:3, 4.

Your companion and counselor. Psalm CXIX:24.

Third: It will bring you these blessings:

A good name. Psalm CXIX:6.

Protection. Psalm CXXI:3.

Prosperity. Psalm CXXVIII:2.

It will fit you for Heaven. John XVII:17.

It will convey you there. Col. I:13."

After reading this, they began to look up the passages together. "Your father has left you a precious inheritance," said Mrs. Blakemore.

Looking into the box again, Goldie found a journal of her father's college life. "What a feast you will have over that!" said her aunt.

"Yes, indeed! I have found a mine of precious things."

Just then voices were heard below. "The children have come," said Mrs. Blakemore, "come down, and bring your Bible."

Goldie took it in her hand, and went down with her aunt to receive the equestrians who had returned with spirits sparkling and effervescing with enjoyment.

The first thing from Mervella,—“Mother, we met the doctor, horseback, and he wheeled right around and rode with us; so I had a champion on each side.”

“You must not tell that! He is Goldie's beau,” said Roswell.

“Oh, no, Mervella, I have no claim there.”

“The doctor's friends are coming to-morrow, Mother,” said Mervella.

“Well, we shall be glad to see them.”

“Did I tell you, Mervella, the compliment he paid to us?” said Goldie; “he said he hoped early to have the honor of introducing his cousin to us.”

“Yes, and he told me so himself this evening; and he says Alice is a beautiful rider.”

“The children” chattered on in their exuberant gaiety. Evidently this was no time for Goldie to show her treasure, and she felt in no mood for joining in their talk. So she clasped her Bible tightly, and slipped away to her own room and made that her companion.

CHAPTER XIV.

CARDS AND RICARDS.

“The little worries that we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way;
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Nearer each day, O Lord, our God, to thee.”

The advent of the doctor's friends, the Ricards, was postponed for some time. In the meantime, Mervella, either carelessly or with purpose, made her cousin feel in many little ways the difference in their positions. Mrs. Blakemore told her daughter one day of the treasure which Goldie had found, and asked her to bring down the Bible and show it. Goldie obeyed, though with an effort, for she saw what the fond mother did not, the half scornful smile playing upon the young beauty's lips. Mervella condescendingly took the Bible, glanced carelessly at the inscription, and then praised the binding and told what it probably cost.

“Could it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee?
Oh, what is woman?—what her smile,
Her lips of love, her eyes of light?
What is she if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus?”

One afternoon later on, they were talking about the Ricards. Goldie easily participated in the topic, wishing they might make a long stay in the place. Then they fell to chatting about getting some pearl cases for visiting cards.

“They have some at Rideout's,” said Mervella, “great beauties.” (Rideout was the Tiffany of Granville.)

“Smith showed me a pretty one the other day,” said Goldie.

“Smith's cases can't be much,” replied Mervella with a curl of the lip.

“I don't think he keeps them,” said Goldie, “this one was a private affair, ordered from New York for some one. In Amy's last letter

she asked me what she should send me for my birth-day. Now that is just what I would like."

"What do *you* want of a pearl case?" was the cruel retort of her cousin.

"Excuse me from answering you," was the sorrowful and measured reply.

Mrs. Blakemore, smiling apologetically, arose from her seat, looked out of the window, and made some remark about the weather, as if to waive the unpleasantness without censuring the spoiled child. Goldie, seconding her aunt's motion for peace, arose and glided leisurely to the piano, touched the keys and played a soft, sweet tune. She was learning patience and self-control, though losing her natural vivacity and reckless humor.

The Blakemores were a happy family, bound up in each other. Mervella was a bird in her sweet home. Every note of her voice was music in the ear of love. Her brother was noble and handsome and very popular; but the charmer who could win him from his mother and sister and cousin had not yet appeared. Mervella's education was not as thorough in the deeper studies as Goldie's, but had been carried farther in the line of art and accomplishment.

The Ricards finally came in February. One day soon after their arrival, Goldie saw Mervella placing some cards in the new pearl cases. "Ah!" she thought, "why were they purchased surreptitiously, without being shown to me? It is pleasant this afternoon—just the time for a call upon the Ricards. It is all planned, and I am left out. But I must not take umbrage at anything." Though wounded at heart, she appeared not to have noticed the pearl cases, and went along to the door of the conservatory to see the new camellias which were in bloom that day.

"Two, four, six," she counted, "why Mervella, six new ones! There never were so many before." The canary was swinging and singing above the flowers. "Birdie," she said, "give us a new tune that we have never heard before. We must have a mocking bird!"

"What do *you* care? What is it to *you*?" said Mervella.

The tone in which these cruel words were spoken could not be ignored, and Goldie could only flee to her room. She sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, and moaned, thinking bitterly of the changes which time had made. Her wealth of dark brown curls flowed over neck and shoulders, as when caressed by a mother's loving hand. She was beautiful and accomplished, and would fain devote every charm to enhancing the joys of this home, as if she were indeed

one of the family circle. Was it then nothing to her what was done in that home?

Presently the outside door shut heavily. "Oh, they *would not* go and leave me," she said, going to the window, "yes, there they are!" and straining her eyes to follow them down the street, "I can see them turning into the hotel—they have gone to call upon the Ricards! When they return the call, my name will not be mentioned." Again leaning her head upon her hands, she faintly repeated,

"My mother, no soft hand comes now
To smooth the dark hair o'er my brow;
I hear no voice—sweet, low and mild,
Breathing—Darling, my own loved child."

"But I am weak and foolish. Have I no inheritance? have I not a father's legacy? hath it no potency for my protection?" Taking up her new Bible, she opened to the fly leaf, and read again those last words of her father to her,

"It is all that I can give.
It is all that you need.
It will secure everything else."

The references were already familiar, but she turned to Psalm CXIX:14 and John XV:7. The first, "I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches." "Well," she thought, "my father has left me the key to this way and to the joy 'as in all riches;' it is in the next reference—'Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Oh, what a new world is opened to me! I will ask God to give me something to do. I am not in my legitimate place. My duty here is finished. I have served these dear relatives, being a daughter and sister during the long period of Mervella's absence, and filling the void with love and cheerfulness. They have been faithful to me; they satisfied my poor heart's hungering, when all I loved best were taken from me. The true heir has now come into possession of her royal rights. This Bible is my heritage. In the way of His testimonies I shall find my joy."

Then she knelt, and bowed her head low in prayer. She prayed that God would bring her by His good providence into her fit place, that He would give her a work to do, which would engage her heart and hands, a work whose fruits should be found in the great hereafter.

Fancying she heard a footstep, she arose to go to the door.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams."

As Goldie opened the door, a letter dropped at her feet.

"I thought you were out, Miss Goldie," said the girl, Julia, looking up from the bottom stair. "I brought up the letter for you. Mr. Roswell brought it in, but he thought you were out making calls with his mother and Miss Mervella."

"Thank you, Julia."

"From Amy—precious angel!" exclaimed Goldie rapturously as she returned and sat down, holding the letter before her to prolong its enjoyment by anticipation. "I cannot read it at once, it is too precious. How did you know my trouble, Amy dear, that you came to sympathize with me to-day? [Ah! she did not know, but there was One who did, and He has said, "Before they call I will answer."] Roswell thought I was gone with them; that shows that he had no part in this cruel abnegation, and I will love him for this. It is a drop of comfort in my bitter cup—not bitter now, for faith has changed the gall to sweetness."

She opened the letter and read—then exclaimed, "Oh, this is not real! Can it be for me, sad me?" The pent-up tears gushed forth, and, sobbing and weeping, she paced the room, then flew down stairs into the sitting room, still in tears.

Roswell rose up off from the sofa—"What's the matter, Cousin pet? Who's dead?"

"Oh!" she turned, startled at his voice, "are you here? I thought I was alone!"

Putting his arm gently around her, he asked again, "What is the matter?"

"It is joy, Roswell! no one is dead, it is joy! See that check for eighty dollars! I am invited to go to New York to stay four weeks, thence to Georgia to teach, and good salary. Now do not blame my tears. I thought I was alone; and it seemed, when I read that letter, as if the portals of Heaven were opened to me."

"Come and sit down, Cousin pet. These circumstances amaze me. Why, I have pitied the saints in Heaven, that they were not so happy as we. But it appears that my premises were false, that you have been cold and hungry. I did not suppose the pots of Captain Kidd could have added to your comfort. And withal, as a social favorite you have been exceptional." Roswell leaned his head on his hand in a "brown study."

"Roswell," said Goldie, "you do not understand me. Let me keep this secret, I have kept few from you."

"But I must have light, Cousin pet, upon this remarkable mystery. Are you in love with anybody that you want to flee the country?"

"No, I am not, indeed not!"

"I know it, nobody but that prize-speaking ideal. If I knew where he keeps himself, I would send for him, for I know you love him."

"I only wish that I could recognize him again as a brother, and that he could know how Father loved him."

"Well, to return to the subject under ventilation, is the trouble amongst you ladies? A woman is a budget of hieroglyphics anyhow; 'twould take a longer head than mine to read them. Why didn't you go with Mother and Mellie to the Ricards'?"

Goldie's eyes were intently studying the carpet, as she quietly answered, "It is all right, Roswell."

"Yes, but here it is; you haven't felt at home since Mellie came home, and you haven't laughed for six months. She is nothing but a baby yet."

"You will not blame me?" said Goldie, lifting her head and her eyes filling with tears—"It is her little kingdom now, and my regency is terminated; and I long for some high and noble life-work. I was not born to recline supinely in the lap of luxury. My heart tells me I have a work to do."

"Heart! Goldie, you have none, for you gave it away years ago."

"Yes, I know I have a heart, for it has long ached for usefulness and independence."

"I presume, Cousin pet, you'll come up famous. I wish I had been born poor, I might have made something smart. But what shall I do when you are gone? The old house will dry up and blow away."

"Oh, you will have company; Alice Ricard has come to remain a good while, and the doctor says she is all fun."

"Well, she's not here at home," he replied dolefully.

"Ha!" giving him a good pound on the shoulder, "I predict that she will be here *at home* some time."

"You little fool! There, they're coming—get up stairs—I'm sound asleep. Here, Goldie, remember the lecture to-night, and you are going. Take off your slippers!" Exit Goldie with slippers off, and Roswell was sound asleep.

"Mother, there's Roswell," said Mervella, "Come, come, wake up, we saw Enoch in the streets, he'll want something of you." Roswell's hat which was over his eyes, rolled on to the floor as he was waking.

"Enoch had Maud and Armitta with him," said Mrs. Blakemore, "they've come to the lecture."

"What good will that lecture do Enoch and Maud and Armitta?" asked Roswell.

"As much good as it will anybody, perhaps. The doctor says everybody is pouring into the village from every direction, and a special train is coming from S——."

"It will be a first-class lecture from the Y. M. C. A." said Mervella.

"Where did you go?" asked Roswell, "to the Ricards?"

"Yes."

"How did you like them?"

"They are elegant people. Oh, Alice is splendid!"

"What does she look like?"

"She looks a little like a Jewess, and a little Spanish. Such hair and eyes! her dark lashes almost cover them."

"Cover which, her hair or her eyes? or both?"

"Well, you can see for yourself when you call."

He arose, and, picking up his hat, said, "Now be ready early all of you for the lecture. I'm glad you wakened me, for I was having such a bad dream."

"What was it?" asked his sister.

"I thought my feet were entangled in mysteries—elements non-homologous with one another; that hieroglyphics stuck all over my boots, and that I was breathing engimas unsolvable. Be ready early for the lecture." Exit.

"I will go right out and have tea put on the table," said Mrs. Blakemore.

"He dreamed *that* wide awake, Mother," said Mervella, "and he has seen Goldie."

"I think so too," said her mother.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT CITY.

“Indeed, I’ll be bound that if Nature and Art,
(Though the former, being older, has gotten the start,)
In some new Crystal Palace of suitable size,
Should show their chefs-d’oeuvre, and contend for the prize,
The latter would prove when it came to the scratch,
Whate’er you may think, no contemptible match;
For, should old Mrs. Nature endeavor to stagger her,
By presenting at last her majestic Niagara,
Miss Art would produce an equivalent work,
In her great, overwhelming, unfinished *New York!*”

—*John G. Saxe.*

Goldie’s manner the next day could not dissemble the fact that she was supremely happy. One trying ordeal, however, was yet before her, which she hardly knew how to meet; but face it she must and very soon—that was to tell her uncle and aunt that she was going to leave them. But the trial was rendered comparatively easy by an event that occurred shortly after. The Ricards returned the call, and did not mention her name, not being supposed to know of her existence.

“It is easy now to break the icè,” she thought; so she waited till evening, and made sure not to have Mervella or Roswell present. When all had retired but her uncle and aunt, Goldie came softly down stairs. Mr. Blakemore sat in his easy chair, looking so handsome in his dressing-gown and slippers, and he smiled so kindly upon his niece, that it was not so easy after all to “break the ice.” The news was received with astonishment and grief. They tried by every argument they could think of to dissuade her from so rash and venturesome a procedure, but to no purpose. She still adhered to her determination.

Finally, as she arose to bid them good night, her uncle said, “Well, you are a rare girl, and I wish you success.”

The next morning, of course, Roswell and Mervella were privately informed by their mother of Goldie's new prospects. Mervella could then account for her cousin's happy manner and the rippling flow of her conversation, which had been a surprise in view of the slights which had lately been inflicted. Roswell took the news with great astonishment, as though he had known nothing about it.

This new position of independence gave Goldie wonderful *eclat* in the eyes of Mervella, and, of course, in those of her subservient and devoted mother. The atmosphere was wholly changed. Goldie could breathe freely, and her heart pulsate with its natural joyfulness.

While preparations were being made for the journey, Mr. Blakemore took it into his head to surprise his niece with a farewell present—something grand to wear while in New York City. His ideas of feminine apparel were very vague, but he had learned through the demands upon his purse that silk was an approved material. As to color he was quite at a loss, until he overheard a conversation between the girls who were discussing trimmings. Goldie remarked that red was her color, because her eyes and hair were dark. Now her uncle thought he had the clew, and could be sure to please her without asking counsel of any one. So, when, a day or two later, he came in with a beaming face, and plumped into Goldie's arms a package which on opening proved to be a dress pattern of silk, soft and beautiful in texture, but in color an unmitigated red, no one could dispute the success of his gift as a complete surprise. Goldie's quick perception saw the honest love which had prompted the gift; and, though to her delicate taste, she knew it would be martyrdom to appear in such a flaming costume, she sprang up without a moment's hesitation, and gave her uncle a grateful kiss, thanking him heartily for his present. Her aunt came to her relief by suggesting that she should wait until she arrived at her destination before having the dress made up. "There is hardly time now, and then the fashions may be quite different at the South."

When Mr. Blakemore had gone to his office, the ladies had a quiet laugh about his brilliant taste. Mervella (who was fond of wearing blue) was unsparing in her ridicule, but Goldie said,

"I shall find a good use for it some time. It would not be bad for a dress, if it could be combined with enough of some soft color to tone it down."

"You will have enough to last a life time, if you use it for trimmings, said Mervella.

"Well, it will keep," said Mrs. Blakemore, "and perhaps you will want to use it some time to make a fancy spread for your best room."

They all agreed that nothing should be said to make Mr. Blakemore feel that he had blundered in his generosity.

The news of the anticipated departure had soon spread through the village; thus, to the doctor and other observers, the problem of Goldie's not having called upon Miss Ricard was seemingly solved.

The morning came for the farewell. Goldie was ready, all ready for her journey. With voice choked with tears she lovingly thanked them for all their goodness to her, and kissed each one good-by, but to Roswell alone had she revealed the feelings of her heart. He charged her to write, write often, and write everything, which she promised to do.

The lone girl is now on her journey to New York; on her way out into an untried world. The train went scudding on, bearing her away from her native hills, and from all the scenes to her heart so dear. Hour after hour the train sped on, until at last it reached New York. At the sight of this great, bustling city which imagination had but faintly pictured, her heart thrilled; and, as she stepped off at the depot, she was seized with terror, and memory almost forsook her. Her directions were minute—carriage at depot, direct driver to No. —, Fourteenth St., where was the boarding-house kept by Mrs. Knoblock, a relative of Mr. Fay's. She felt for a moment dazed as she stood among the multitude. Mr. Fay had a friend who was boarding at Mrs. Knoblock's. Goldie had never seen him, but it was arranged that he should meet her at such a date; but to supersede any adverse possibility, Amy had given her directions by which she could easily find her way. As she saw the people bustling out of the cars and into the crowded streets, she thought, "Oh, a kingdom for one familiar face and welcoming hand."

Just then a young man came up and asked, "Is this Miss Hapgood?"

"Yes."

"I am Fred Newton," was the smiling rejoinder. They grasped hands like old friends, and she felt no longer alone.

They were soon in a carriage, and off for Mrs. Knoblock's. Fred introduced her to the family and to several of the boarders, and she had a warm welcome. Mrs. Knoblock had a daughter very near Goldie's age, who was educated, accomplished, and full of life and fun. Between this young lady and Fred Newton, warm friendship had ripened into a deeper regard, and this gave great advantage to Goldie

for learning all about the city. Fred received a letter from Amy and her husband the next day after Goldie's arrival, asking him to escort her to all the scenes of interest in and around New York.

Mrs. Knoblock's family room was a cozy one, where Goldie felt perfect freedom. A younger sister of Mrs. Knoblock lived with her, whose name was Nettie Johnson. As she was but a few years older than Clara Knoblock, the latter seldom took the trouble to prefix "Aunt" to her name.

As soon as they were well enough acquainted, Nettie put Fred and Clara up to be on the lookout for country blunders in Goldie; and when she was caught they would all laugh. One mistake was about speaking for the stage. They were all going to Staten Island for a sail, and Nettie mentioned going down to the ferry by stage. Fred went out directly after, and Goldie said,

"Fred has gone to speak for the stage, I suppose."

"We don't have to register for the stage in the city," said Nettie, smiling.

"Why, how do they know when to come for you then?"

"They pass so often, you just raise your hand for them to stop and take you in."

When Fred came in, Nettie roguishly asked him if he had spoken for the stage. He saw the joke and joined in the merriment.

When they returned late, they had a little private dinner prepared for them, with preserved strawberries for dessert. As Goldie was eating hers, she innocently asked,

"Do you raise them?"

"Oh, no, we do not rent city lots to raise strawberries!" said Nettie, and they all laughed, none more heartily than Goldie herself, as she saw the absurdity of her question.

Fred did his best to fulfil the request of his friend to escort Miss Hapgood to all the desirable places; and she was ever on the wing, sometimes with him, sometimes with Clara or Nettie. It seemed to Goldie that she was on a new planet. Each day she turned a new leaf in the world's vast volume.

She said one day to Nettie and Clara, "I want to learn my way around the city alone."

So Nettie proposed that she start off alone to different parts, but that they shadow her—she was not to know where they were, so as to rely upon herself, but when they found her losing herself, they were to come to her relief. This worked to a charm: when she became confused, she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and heard a voice, "This

way," and then they would disappear. So she soon learned to find her way to many of the principal places.

One evening she wanted something from the stationery store, and, as Fred was out, she said, "I will just step around the corner and get it myself."

Mrs. Knoblock objected; "I don't know about allowing that pretty face of yours out alone in the evening."

"Oh, she can go just to that store alone, if it is evening. It's but a few steps around on the avenue," said Nettie.

"Yes, indeed!" said Goldie, and off she started.

Directly she returned, and, as she opened the door, Nettie said, "There, Sis, she's safe." Then all, noticing how white she looked, exclaimed, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I got frightened! After I had come out of the store coming home, a very nice looking gentleman met me. Why, he looked like a professor or lawyer. He came up and asked me, Madam, what street is this? I could not think of the name of the avenue, and said, 'I don't know, sir, I am a stranger here.' 'Oh, the devil, you are!' he said, and sprang toward me with both arms out to grab me. I gave a leap like lightning out of his reach, but it gave me a terrible fright."

"The villain!" said Mrs. Knoblock.

"Wouldn't Fred like to cane him?" said Clara.

Goldie and Clara talked of going down town to visit Trinity Church, and of going up town to some scenes of interest. Striker's Lane was one indicated. "It is a charming spot to visit," said Clara; "the river view at sunset is beautiful, and they have grand paintings by the old masters, and many antique curiosities. The grounds themselves and old trees are curiosities.

So the next morning, which was bright and rosy like their young hearts, they set off in quest of new scenes. The Broadway stage brought them to Trinity just as the air of morning was resonant with its sacred chimes. As they were stepping through the gate, Goldie's eyes met the face of a stranger, and each gazed at the other as if reluctant to go on.

"Goldie, said Clara, as soon as they had entered the cemetery, how you did look at that gentleman, and how he did look at you! Do you know him?"

"No, but his eyes and face looked natural."

"And he looked at you as though you looked natural," said Clara; "It's one of your country beaus probably."

After going into the church, they were again on the street, and Clara said, "Let's walk along without speaking, and listen to the remarks of those we meet; it is amusing to notice it."

The first speech was from a party of young men, one a cripple—"And they knocked down every blamed cop that came along."

The next from a young lady accompanied by a gentleman—she was beautiful and her voice sweet—"I have no one to speak to, no one to speak to me, no society; oh, it is—"

Next came two young men—"She'd talk the devil off from his chair!"

Two little girls—"I don't want to go to Dubblein; I'm not goin' to Dubblein; they're Irish; I was born in 'Merica!"

Two ministerial looking gentlemen—"It is one of the surest means of giving efficiency and permanency to the Sabbath-school."

Young gentlemen—"I'm going to Burton's; the play to-night is 'Take that girl away.'"

Two young women—"I can't, Mary, I only earn three dollars a week, I can't buy anything."

Two women, one beating the air forcibly—"Everything under the sun that she does is the bakin'."

Two young ladies(?)—"As soon as his body arrived, I went on dressed in mourning for him, and there set another female dressed in mourning for him, and I turned round and came back, and I'm glad he's dead!"

"There now we'll make our speeches," said Clara.

"Well, wouldn't a whole day's gatherings make a rich medley?" said Goldie.

"Yes, it would be as good as a tract, giving glimpses of the city's inner life."

They took one or two picture galleries into the morning's program, then went home to lunch.

In the late afternoon, they visited Striker's Lane, which Goldie found charmingly interesting. The picturesque view, the paintings and curiosities, held their attention until the street lights in long perspective lines admonished them that it was time to return home.

"Oh, shall I ever forget this sweet day?" said Goldie, when they reached the street.

"Which part of the day do you cherish as the *sweetest*?" asked Clara.

"I suppose the emphasized 'sweetest' of your question has reference

to the graveyard incident. I confess the link between celestial bliss and graveyard mysteries."

"Well, we must embalm the day in memory, and see what another will bring," said Clara as they were stepping on to a car.

They had ridden but three or four blocks, when the car got off from the track, and rattled along thumping and banging them about frightfully. A big fat woman with a basket of plants was on the car. As her sides went shaking, and her flower-pots bumping and rattling, she shouted to the conductor,

"Give me back my money, sure, I didn't bargain for no such ride as this!"

Everybody laughed, and soon a gentleman rose from his seat, smiling, and said,

"I believe I didn't 'bargain' for this sort of a ride either."

He got off, but lost his balance as he was stepping down, keeled over, and off went his hat and wig.

When they came to Fourteenth street, they were obliged to walk across town. As they were going on, Clara said, "We shall pass my darling old home soon, where we lived when Father was alive. I will show it to you."

"Then you too know what it is to lose a father?"

"Yes, I do. When he was living, my dear mother didn't have to deal with Krapps and Highritters and Custisses."

"She is so quiet, and so gentle, and so literary in her tastes, it must have come very hard to her."

"Yes, such a miscellaneous crowd as gets into a boarding-house! Now the ridiculous time they had last night at the dinner-table made Mother unhappy for hours."

The circumstances alluded to were as follows:

Pompous Mr. Highritter, when he came to the table, ordered the window up. Then in came Mr. and Mrs. Hitt. Mr. Hitt thought, as it was a chilly evening, it would be too cool for his wife and for himself, so he stepped forward and put it down.

Up jumped Highritter, saying, "It's too warm to have this window closed!" and put it up.

Then Mr. Tubbs and his sister came in. She, pale and delicate, discovered the open window, and softly said to him,

"Please, Ralph, put the window down before you get seated." He started toward it, when Highritter again imperatively demanded that it should be left open.

"Let it remain open," she interposed for the sake of peace.

As Clara referred to this scene, Goldie remarked, "That Highcritter looks to me as though he warmed up with brandy occasionally."

"Continually instead of occasionally," replied Clara. "Nettie and I keep every unpleasant thing that we can from Mother. There's our house," pointing to a handsome brown stone front.

"*That* was your home?"

"That was our dear, private home."

CHAPTER XVI.

ONLY YESTERDAY.

“Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive and forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.

Every day is a fresh beginning—
Listen, my soul to the glad refrain—
And in spite of old sorrows and older sinning,
And troubles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.”

When the girls reached the boarding-house, Nettie met them with the kind words,

“You must be tired, girls; have a table by yourselves to-night, then you won't have to dress, and Goldie can read her letters.”

Goldie's dark eyes gleamed as she seized her missives, and exclaimed, “This is from Roswell, this from Amy.”

They found a little round table all set for them in the family room. “Oh, isn't this lovely?” said Clara, “we can throw our hats on the floor, and take some comfort.” And so they were taking solid comfort, but what had the mischievous Nettie done but to arm Fred with a plate and knife and fork and march him in upon them!

“There, look at that man!” exclaimed Clara; but it suited them after all, and of course Nettie came too. They had a merry time until the dessert was brought in, and Fred made some complimentary remark about the delicious wine-sauce.

Goldie suddenly paused with her fork midway between her plate and her lips. Neither her mother nor her aunt had ever used wine on

their tables nor in their cooking, and she hardly knew of the use made of it among fashionable people.

"You don't mean that there is any wine in it, do you?" she stammered with such a look of dismay that the others could hardly refrain from a burst of laughter.

"Of course there is, you dear little goosie," said Nettie, "you look as if you saw a serpent in it."

"I'm not so sure that there is not," retorted Goldie. "Anyhow, please excuse me from taking the dessert to-day."

"Why don't you taste of it? Perhaps you will like it," said Clara.

"The knowledge of good and evil is not always desirable. I signed the pledge once."

"And promised not to *eat* wine as a beverage," said Fred.

Goldie saw that they were all amused at this new "country blunder." Was she right or wrong? She could not tell, for the question was almost entirely new to her. Perhaps there was no harm in partaking of food like this, rather than appear singular in refusing. She had no arguments to bring forward, only that *pledge*. She wished she did know whether that referred to food as well as drink.

"I don't think," said Nettie, "that you are bound by a pledge made when you were a child. People ought not to get children to make such promises before they have seen enough of the world to judge for themselves. Sister would never put anything on her table that was not all right. We are very temperate, I assure you, *very*, but a boarding-house would not be patronized, if food was not well flavored. We never put wine on the table to drink, except on very special occasions, such as Christmas or New Year."

That speech, especially the "except" turned the scale of Goldie's wavering decision. It was her dear father who had gathered the children of his flock in a little Temperance Society and induced them to sign the pledge; and there flashed through her mind a thought of her sometime brother whose name had been written next to hers on that pledge. What if he were to partake of wine on these "special occasions" with such "very temperate" people?

"Perhaps it is all ignorance on my part," said she, "but I intend to look up the subject; and meantime, please allow me to keep on the safe side."

So with smiles which meant "She will soon get over that," the subject was dropped, and presently, dinner being over, Fred said to Goldie,

"I must know what's in those letters."

"Indeed you shall," she answered, "particularly as a portion of Amy's is something for you to do."

"Yes? well what is it?"

"Her requests relate to a Mr. Van Wade who purchased my father's religious paper at the time of his death. Her husband has recently seen the paper which is now published in New York, with some change of title, and Mr. Van Wade is the editor. They both advise me to call upon him or send him my card. They say as my father loved him and he loved my father, it will be no disadvantage to me to revive that precious remembrance. Mr. Fay says I shall enjoy the paper, which I never have seen since. And they propose that you consult the directory, and help me find Mr. Van Wade."

"Your most obedient emissary," responded Fred, "your commands shall receive speedy attention."

"Amy says," continued Goldie, "that they anticipate my coming now with impatience. She says the school will open soon, and I must begin to prepare for my journey."

"Do you dread going on the ocean?" asked Clara.

"Exceedingly, when I think of being out of sight of land. Mr. Fay says you must introduce me to Captain Barry, Mr. Newton, and he has given me all needful directions for my land journey."

"Captain Barry is very nice," said Nettie, "we know him well. A niece of his boarded with us last summer, and he came frequently to see her. She used to say that no one could be afraid of water where he was, or hardly seasick."

Between Goldie and Clara there had been a growing intimacy from the first. Since Amy went South, Goldie had not found so congenial a friend. There was more in the letters that evening than she cared to tell Fred. When she had opportunity to be alone with Clara, they read the letters over together. For nearly a year, Amy had known the joy of mother-love; and now she told of a little dimpled hand reaching out to her while she was writing, and said, "I sing to Baby of your coming, and she loves my original songs."

"How happy you will be," said Clara, "in that beautiful home!"

Roswell's letter was characteristically blustering, yet kind and affectionate. He said that Mervella was studying medicine. This jest was referable to the young doctor. The most "thrilling" piece of news he reserved till the last: "Now it will not do to close without telling you some grand news: Your hero, the Knight Templar of your heart of hearts, has graduated at Dartmouth and is now in the

employ of Messrs. Ketchum and Byam, a wholesale firm in New York City. How shall I ever be rewarded for this news? When are you coming home, Cousin pet?"

"That cousin must be a splendid comrade, he is so exuberant in fun," said Clara.

"He is indeed."

"But have you put this and that together, Goldie, that Mr. Somebody in the employ of the wholesale firm, and that Mr. Somebody whom we saw down at Trinity graveyard?"

"Indeed, I have, and feel sure that they are identical."

Fred found the address of Mr. Van Wade, and improved the first leisure hour in calling upon him in Goldie's behalf. Mr. Van Wade was delighted to learn that Miss Goldie Hapgood was in New York, and with his wife made her an early call. Both expressed their regret that, as her stay was to be so short, she had not earlier found them. They gave her an urgent invitation to be their guest the last few days prior to her journey South, to which she willingly consented.

In conformity with her promise, we next find Goldie the guest of her father's friend, in an atmosphere utterly unlike that of a boarding-house. This was a New York family of means living privately in their own home. She found Mrs. Van Wade a very lovely woman, uniting the most winning Christian graces with cultivation and sterling commonsense. There were two little folks in that family whom Goldie fell in love with at once, sweet little darlings one three years old and the other scarce three months.

Goldie knew that her time in New York was now very brief and that every moment must be improved. So she entered into conversation with Mr. Van Wade about her father, and was glad when he made some inquiries concerning Arthur. Mr. Van Wade had never met him, but having come to her father's assistance on the very day when Arthur left, he knew all about the rueful memories of that sad time. So she could freely tell him many things of the past, also of her experience and impressions at Trinity graveyard. She told him also of Roswell's letter concerning Arthur's employment by the wholesale firm.

"Yes," he said, "I am acquainted with Mr. Ketchum, and I will go to him at once and find out all I can, and perhaps bring the young gentleman home with me."

He went out, and Goldie tried to converse with Mrs. Van Wade, or listen to the prattle of the children; but the hours seemed long, for

her thoughts were all far away. At length just as tea was on the table, he returned—alone.

“No, I have not seen Arthur Hyland,” was his hesitating answer to the question which trembled on Goldie’s lips and beamed from every feature of her eager face, but yet could find no words—“in fact he was not there. Mr. Ketchum spoke very kindly of him. He has been in their employ some months, and, when the sudden death of their agent in Rio Janeiro caused a vacancy, they immediately said that Mr. Hyland was just the man for the place. So he sailed only yesterday for South America.”

As Goldie listened, her lip quivered, and her eyes brightened, then filled with tears, and her head dropped upon the table. When she had read Roswell’s letter, her first impulse was to send Fred to hunt up Arthur at once; then second thought told her that it would be better to find Mr. Van Wade first, and get him to find Arthur—there would be time enough. And now—“‘Only yesterday,’ but ‘It may be for years, it may be forever,’” was her sad thought.

“I obtained his address,” said Mr. Van Wade kindly, “and I will write to him if you wish, sending him the letter but just begun when your father laid down his pen to die.” The letter was written that evening, and Goldie retired to rest feeling that she had done all she could, and leaving the result trustfully in the hands of God.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOUTHWARD BOUND.

“The winds go up and down upon the sea,
And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be;
And other ships they buffet long and blindly,
And God hath many wrecks within the sea.
Yet it is sweet to think His care is under.”

—*Carl Spencer.*

Two great ships were out upon the ocean; they were bearing away from scenes of undying memory the playmates of Silver Brook. The wild waves were carrying them ever farther from each other, and on to the unknown. When the day was moodily darkening, and the curtains of night hung all around the great sea, a sense of sad loneliness fell upon Goldie, but she strengthened her heart with—“The sea is His; he made it”—“The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.”

Capt. Barry was just the man to cheer up the homesick or seasick, and Goldie made some pleasant acquaintances among the passengers, who each played his own part in making the trip agreeable. There were two cunning little boys that amused the passengers exceedingly. One was from New Hampshire, going South with his mother; the other was a Southern boy, with his mother, on their return from a trip to New York. Paul, the New Hampshire boy, told Richard, the Southerner, that he had got a sled, and he could slide down hill.

“A sled, how does it look?” asked Richard.

“It looks nice, and I wish it would snow,” he answered.

“Do you ride in it?”

“I slide on it, on the snow.”

“Does it look like a rocking-horse?”

“No.”

“Does it look like a raft?”

"No, it doesn't look like a raft or a rocking-horse; it is painted red."

"Does a mule draw it?" still asked the wondering Richard.

"No, it runs itself on the snow."

"Oh, it's alive like a 'possum, is it?" he exclaimed. He thought he had it then.

"No!" snapped little Paul; then, angry and pouting, they both sidled up to their mothers, each with his own story of the affair.

Paul, with some contempt, said to his mother, "He asked me if a mule draws my sled, and he don't b'lieve it runs itself on the snow, and he thinks it is alive like a 'possum."

The young Southerner's version to his mother—"He says his sled don't look like anything! and it's red, and it runs—is it a 'possum, Mamma?"

His mother soothed him by telling him that he should come to the North when he was older, and spend a winter and see the sleds go on the snow.

The Captain's table was handsome and bountiful. His urbanity made all feel at home. One day the passengers heard the cackling of hens, and crowing of roosters, and the sound of various birds. Goldie asked him if he carried his fowl and game alive.

"No," said he, "do you think you hear the tunes of the farmer's hennery?"

"Yes," said she, "and we are all of us too familiar with that music to be mistaken."

"You are mistaken, it is Mr. Byam's mocking bird that you hear."

He then invited her to go in and be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Byam. They welcomed her with pleasure, and a pleasant talk about the mocking bird led to the relation of other incidents of their travels—the Captain in the meantime frequently peering in with his gay jests. Once he stood in the door and, closing his eyes and shaking his head with mock solemnity, said,

"Mr. Byam, I shall never bring missy back alone. I am not bringing those dark eyes and those rare tresses to the sunny South for nothing. The question will be, who will win? who will win?"

"That will be a serious question among those young Southerners," Mr. Byam smilingly answered.

Again the Captain put in an appearance, all smiles, with hands on his shaking sides, and said, "The lawyer from New York, Esq. Picklittle, is terribly seasick; he lies on a settee groaning. Just now he snapped

out between his moans, "The man that composed "A life on the ocean wave," was a *fool!*"

Through some remark of Mr. Byam about his partner, Goldie learned that he was one of the firm by whom Arthur was employed. Then she adroitly turned the current of conversation into the channel of his mercantile business, especially the foreign branch, thus learning much about the agent in Rio Janeiro and his future prospects.

"What a beautiful young lady, and so becomingly dressed!" was Mrs. Byam's comment when their visitor had left.

"Remarkably intelligent!" ejaculated her husband, "few women have brains enough to take such interest in commercial affairs."

Day succeeded night, wave followed wave, and the great steamer swept on, bearing Goldie to her destination. It was a lovely morning in early May, the sun had just risen to diffuse its glories upon a Southern landscape, when the booming of guns announced to the port of Charleston the arrival of her steamer namesake. Goldie's heart beat fast, and her pulses quivered as she stepped upon a Southern shore. It was like a foreign land to her. The Captain escorted her to the depot, enjoying her admiration of buildings, of rose-wreathed dwellings, and trees with pendant mosses.

"Captain Barry," she asked, "where is your home?"

"My home is on the ocean wave," he answered, and both smiled, remembering Esquire Picklittle.

At the depot, the Captain introduced her to a lady whom he knew who would be with her during the remainder of the journey. Just as he was taking leave of her, a train came in loaded with colored people. It was a strange sight to Goldie. The Captain said,

"This, Missy, is your initiatory view of slavery; they are brought in for the market." Men and women for the market! Goldie shuddered, but did not speak the horror that she felt, and the Captain, taking her hand, said, "Well, good-by, may you some day be mistress of a car-load; good-by, God bless you!"

She watched his retreating form till he was out of sight. Then the bell rang, and the train steamed off, leaving the beautiful city and the beautiful sea far behind, scudding on and on through forest solitudes, where brooks were rippling, and birds singing in their lofty homes, on over the planter's wide domains, where slavery's vast panorama was every moment unfolding to view.

Mrs. Boggs proved an agreeable companion. She had traveled extensively, and was a pleasant talker. She was accompanied by her son, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance; and it made the miles

seem shorter to have these companions who could tell all about the scenes and places through which they were passing.

They reached at length the famous Augusta train restaurant. This presented Southern features which were extremely novel to our young traveler. In front of the building were four rose trees full of blossoms; and three young handsome colored men dressed in white, stood between the rose trees. They stood erect like sentinels, with amiable expression, as though ready to render service; but their service was merely to add to the beauty of the scene.

Mrs. Boggs proposed that her son step out and order her lunch, and Miss Hapgood's too, if desired. This pleased the latter, so Mrs. Boggs ordered cold chicken, Georgia biscuit and milk for both.

Young Boggs turned to Goldie, "Will you have sour milk or buttermilk, Miss Hapgood?"

"Sweet milk," Goldie replied with a look of astonishment.

"Ah! I should have thought, the Northerners always take sweet milk," he said smiling. "I need not ask my mother," he added as he hurried off.

"No," said she, "my son knows that I am fond of buttermilk."

The lunch was sent in, and was fresh and excellent, but it seemed to Goldie very odd to see Mrs. Boggs drink buttermilk with such evident relish.

Mrs. Boggs said, "Oh, you will soon become southernized on the milk question, as well as on many others."

Lunch over, the train sped on hour after hour until at last it rumbled into the depot of Atlanta, where Goldie found Mr. Fay and her darling Amy. A carriage and a handsome span of black mules stood waiting, and the happy party were soon on their way home. They had about a mile to go, and, in the silver light of the evening, it seemed to Goldie like a drive through Fairy-land.

They were talking now of the baby. "I left her," said Amy, "going off to sleep on Nora's arm, a white baby on one arm, and a black one on the other."

"Oh, how funny!" exclaimed Goldie.

"You shall see them," said Amy smiling, "they are all asleep now."

"What a queer team you have! Don't you have any horses at the South?"

"Yes, we have a fine span of horses," said Mr. Fay, "but one of them is off duty just now with a slight injury, and we thought we would introduce you to a genuine Southern turnout."

The shining black mules at length turned into the side yard of—home! Goldie's long adventurous journey was finished. She stepped into a cozy sitting-room and was met by a nice looking colored girl whom Amy called Sofele. Wraps were laid aside, and then Amy said,

“Now, Goldie, come and see my baby.”

Taking a candle from the hand of the servant, she led the way through the dining-room, through a long open porch that connected the mansion with the servant's house, then to the sleeping apartment of Nora. There lay Nora and the babies, one white and one black, all sound asleep. Goldie grasped Amy's hand and exclaimed, “How pretty they look!”

Nora awoke, and Amy asked, “Who do you think this is, Nora?”

She smiled and said, “Miss Goldie; the colored uns will all be glad she's come at last.”

“Yes,” said Amy, “we are all glad. If Birdie wakens, bring her in.”

Then they turned to seek repose for themselves. Goldie felt in more need of rest than of food, having eaten supper by the way, so she was soon shown to her room. The apartment was so bright and pretty that she thought of Mervella's blue room away beyond the mountains and the sea, and thought, “If I ever envied her, I can envy her no more.” A loving good-night was passed between these more than sisters, the mansion was darkened, and they slept.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GARDEN OF EDEN.

“My God, I thank thee who hast made
The Earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!”

—A. A. Proctor.

Morning came, bright with blossoms and sunshine, tuneful with bird-notes and insects' hum, and fragrant with the blended perfumes of locust flowers and crab-apple blossoms. Goldie looked out of the window and exclaimed, “Lovely past telling is this brightness and beauty!”

A gentle tap at the door, and there stood Amy, holding in her arms a dimpled fairy.

“Oh, you little bird!” exclaimed Goldie.

“Yes, we call her Birdie more than her real name, Bertha,” said Amy.

“Will she ever come to me, I wonder?”

“Oh, yes, she's a warm-hearted little friend. Who is that, Birdie?”

Birdie curled her head down in her mother's bosom and would not speak. Then the mother sat down, put the child down on her feet, and said, “Now Birdie, tell Goldie where God is.”

She looked up, and an expression of more than earthly beauty shone in the baby-face then, as the tiny finger pointed reverently upward.

They went down to breakfast, and the little fairy queen was seated beside her father who seemed to idolize her. It was a genuine Southern breakfast. As the pones were passed, Amy asked,

“Are you fond of pones, Goldie?”

"*Very*," she answered, but Amy saw the giggle in her eyes, and said, "She never saw one before in her life."

Then the laugh came out, the genuine laugh that Amy knew so well of old. Then Goldie told the "Sour-milk-or-buttermilk" Boggs incident.

"How much time shall we give her, Wife, to fall in liking of all these things?"

"A short time," she replied.

"I can guess at your thoughts, Mr. Fay," said Goldie; "you are thinking of a scene connected with a ride once on a time to Echo Ledge."

"You have reference to a tearful scene," said Mr. Fay, "where love and religion and abolitionism were the causes of the briny tide?"

"You seem to be familiar with those reminiscences!"

"Yes, I think I can relate that scene, and many others, quite correctly."

Birdie's hand was now stretched out toward the open door. All looked around to see what was there. It was the little baby darky reaching out her hand toward the little white one.

Breakfast over, they went out to sit in the veranda. Mr. Fay said to Goldie,

"Well, how do you like this part of the country?"

"Why, it is the garden of Eden!"

He smiled and said, "It has its Eves and Adams."

"And serpents," Amy added.

"I suppose so," replied Goldie, "but it is very beautiful, such a blending of all lovely things!"

Augusta roses were clambering and twining so lovingly around the door, some of the half open buds just peeping in through the partly closed blinds, as if asking for love and appreciation—who can wonder at her enthusiasm? Looking around now into the hall, she discovers a funny sight. The black baby and the white baby were sitting on the floor; Birdie had Jane's head down in her lap, with both hands all buried in the woolly curls. The little dark face was full of laugh, but she looked the facile slave, while Birdie looked the type of the mistress queen. Along came Sofele and said to the babies,

"Come, Rollo has had his breakfast, and the carriage is ready."

Presently around the gravel path came a beautiful little carriage with two seats—a black baby on the front seat, and on the back seat beneath a handsome canopy, the white baby. Sofele drew the carriage,

and a large black Newfoundland dog walked majestically by its side as body-guard.

"See that pretty scene!" exclaimed Goldie, pressing her hands together.

Mr. Fay took out his watch, looked at the time, and said, "Perhaps Goldie would like to walk over and see our new school-house."

"I should be much pleased to do so," she replied.

Amy told Sofele to take that direction, then she slipped into the house and brought out gloves for herself and Goldie, and two huge sunbonnets. Goldie laughed at the sunbonnets, but was told that one was hers, made on purpose for her.

"Well, then I'll not laugh at it," she said, but she did laugh.

They sallied forth, ladies and gentleman, dog and babies, to see Goldie's new knowledge-box. It was a handsome building on the outside, but looked queer to her within. It had two rooms, in one of which was a large fireplace with chimney on the outside. There was no ceiling above, the rafters being visible overhead. The house stood in the midst of a beautiful grove, where birds were singing and wild flowers were blooming.

"Oh, I wish it were next week, I long to begin my work!" exclaimed the expectant teacher.

"So you like your prospective domain," said Amy.

"I do like it; it is very pleasant, though odd, and I am charmed with the surroundings. There is a pretty house through the trees—What are you both smiling about?"

Said Amy, "You have said just what Egbert wanted you to say. There's a handsome young widower who lives over there."

Goldie laughed and answered, "Well, I don't take it back."

"You would rather add to it," said Mr. Fay, "by saying that its charms are increased. Judge Faircloth is one of our most popular citizens."

"He is young, too," said Amy, "and wealthy, and very religious."

"Well, now," said Goldie, "the charms of the surroundings are immense."

Then Mr. Fay, looking at his watch, said, "My office is calling me, and I must leave you to find your way back at your leisure." After improvising a bench for them out in the shade, he waved a "good morning" and departed.

The little carriage was away out under the chestnut trees; and Sofele was filling the babies' laps with honeysuckles and addertongues, while great Rollo, the faithful guardian, stood by them.

"How pretty they look out there!" said Goldie.

"Yes, but I have some queer thoughts once in a while, when I look at those two little beings—one born to freedom, the other to slavery. You remember how the great rocks of Echo Ledge moaned out, 'Slaveholder! slaveholder!' Often in the night time, when I waken suddenly, I fancy I can hear that same hollow resonant echo, 'Slaveholder!'"

"No, Amy, that is morbid; you did not institute slavery, and you cannot repress it, but you may do a great deal of good within its pale."

"Yes, I love every one of our people and try to do them good. That baby slave may see more happiness than my child."

"True, true, how little we know what the years are bringing!"

They sat a long time, having one of their old fashioned *tête-à-têtes*, talking over their school days and the years since they had parted. Many dear familiar names were spoken, and that name whose memory to Goldie was ever "a harp in sorrow's hand." Amy was her best earthly friend; and into her sympathetic ear she poured the events of the recent past, and the news, paramount to all else, of her wandering brother.

"How singular," said Amy, "that you were both on the ocean at the same time, and every wave making the distance greater between you! We must let the shuttle abide in the hand of Providence, and the pattern of our destiny we know will be designed by unerring Wisdom."

At length they returned to the house, and the carriage full of babies and flowers came on behind them. They went all over the premises within and without. The house was built of stone of rather fanciful form. The pets were two cats, two canaries and Rollo. Out by the servants' house, Goldie found another curiosity, a small woolly-headed boy.

"He is one of my pets," said Amy. "Aren't you one of my pets, Sammy?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered with a smile and a flash of his eye, as though he would have slain an Achilles for her sake.

"Sometimes," she said, "I let him turn out with the children; it's kingdom come to him. Now I will show you the honey pots, for I know your weakness in that direction." So she led the way around to the "safe"—a very curious thing—a compromise between a refrigerator and an old-fashioned pepper-box.

"As she opened its doors, Goldie remarked, "It is well that you keep it in a safe."

"The safe has reference to the ants," returned Amy. "There now do you see that honey? You can eat it the livelong day. You know how scarce honey used to be at Granville, and you know how you like it, and there it is. And fruits you will have in abundance."

"As I said," replied Goldie, "it is the Garden of Eden."

Amy laughed as she closed the safe doors, and at that moment came a rattling of goblets and delf on the top of the safe; and out screeched a hen with her "Kit-kit-kadahket, kit-kit-kadahket!" and then flew for the door. Goldie was startled, but Amy laughing said,

"That's the way the hens do in the Garden of Eden." They found there amidst the dishes on a salver a little cuddled place, and in it a new-laid egg. "You find eggs all over the house," said Amy, "but hens are never in the house troubling us; they just lay their eggs slyly and march out."

"Well, I will go up now and unpack, and get my things straight, and write some letters," said Goldie.

"We shall lunch at half past twelve," said Amy, "and we shall all drive to town to bring Egbert home at five."

Goldie went up stairs, and was soon busy unpacking and adjusting her wardrobe. Taking her father's "legacy," she pressed it to her heart, then opened to that fly-leaf on which were written her father's last words to her. She then looked around in her beautiful room, turned to the window, and looked toward the grove to the scene of her future work, and the path leading to it, winding through the shrubbery dotted with wild flowers. She scanned the scenery surrounding her new home, as far as the eye could reach, and it looked like a bright garden. Then she pressed those precious words to her lips, and sat down and cried. A gentle tap at the door, and in walked Amy.

"Darling girl, what is the matter?"

Goldie showed her the Bible and said, "This was found long after my father's death, all wrapped up. Do read those sweet words, Amy!"

Amy took it and read, "From Rev. Perrin Hapgood to his beloved daughter, Goldie Hapgood. This is a great treasure. It is all that I can give. It is all that you need. It will secure everything else."

"I cried," said Goldie, "to think what it has secured for me."

Amy, much moved, read on, "Keep it always by you. Search it daily. Let it be your adorning, your companion, and counsellor. It will bring you these blessings: a good name, protection, prosperity;

it will fit you for Heaven; it will convey you there." "Oh, isn't that beautiful and precious!" said she.

"Yes, and it perfectly overcame me to think what it has brought me."

Amy smiled and said, "It has brought the Garden of Eden!"

"Yes, and I must tell you all about my miseries that day when your letter came in answer to prayer."

"You wrote something about it, but I want to hear it *all* some time; but now, lunch is ready, and *honey*."

The two friends went down to lunch, with hearts joyous and bright as Eden's flowers. On the lounge sat Tiger-cat looking out of the window. "Tiger must be a sentimental cat," said Goldie. Beautiful black Muffee lay snoozing on the floor in the sun. "What are you dreaming, Muffee?" she asked.

"Of rats which he didn't catch, I presume," said Amy. Little dark Sammy stood gazing at Goldie as though she were a comet. "Sammy is taken with a fit of admiration," said Amy.

Sofele had brought Birdie to the table, and the trio sat down to a pleasant lunch of asparagus cooked in cream, Georgia biscuit, honey and coffee. While they were eating and chatting, Goldie was quietly winning the favor of the baby by her side.

"You and baby will be firm friends before long, but she is very cautious in the bestowal of her love."

"That is hereditary, I judge from the way poor Egbert had to manage."

"Well, he thinks he is paid now. The young people here are impatient to see you. They have in contemplation an excursion to Stone Mountain a week or two hence, in which they are hoping to have you participate."

"Oh, that is delightful! Indeed, I shall go, if it is so planned as not to interfere with my school duties—and if I have a chance."

"You will have a chance, and you will have a good many *chances*."

After lunch, as Goldie, like kitty Tiger, sat on the lounge looking out of the window, she said to Amy, "There's a lady come on horse-back; she's getting off at the gate."

Amy looked out and replied, "She's a slave, Meliss Powers. She belongs to Egbert's partner."

"Is it possible? Is she a slave? She looks like a nice Yankee woman."

"She is a slave. She has come to see Judith ostensibly, but in

fact she has come to see you." By this time Meliss had her horse hitched, and was coming along the side path to the servants' house.

"But she looks entirely white," said Goldie.

"True, she has but a few drops of old grandfather Ham's blood in her, and does not feel a drop. She is so white and so sympathetic and companionable that everybody's heart brightens when they see her coming. People tell her their private affairs, she gives them advice, and never betrays. She is very faithful to her master and mistress. Meliss has entire charge of the housekeeping, and a beautiful house-keeper she is. She is in one sense her own mistress, for they seldom interfere with her procedures. She'll come in here soon, then she'll go home and have our clique all posted of our coming before we get there."

"A unique slave, I should think," said Goldie.

"She is, indeed; her subtle influence is remarkable."

In she came.

"How do you do, Meliss?"

"Howdy Miss Amy?"

"You see, Meliss, Miss Goldie has come."

"Yes'm, the young people are powerful glad, they've put off Stone Mountain excursion so long for Miss Goldie to be in the crowd. Mr. Barrywise told me this morning," said Meliss, "that Miss Ida was coming into town to-day week."

Then Amy explained to Goldie, "Ida Birkins is Mr. Barrywise's sweetheart. She always comes into town when the young people are going to have any doings."

"Where does Miss Birkins reside?" asked Goldie.

"Out a few miles from town on a plantation."

Meliss then added, "The young people go out there on watermelon hunts. Old man Birkins keeps a powerful watermelon patch." And they chatted on about watermelon hunts and fishing parties and so forth, until Meliss said, "I must go."

"How is Mrs. Powers?" asked Amy.

"As usual, 'm. I brought Judith her apron I've been making; but I must hurry off, Mr. Hoplight is coming after his shirts."

"That you have been doing up for him?"

"Yes'm, good-by 'm" and a respectful bow to Goldie, and she was off on her horse cantering to town.

"Well, Goldie, you have seen Meliss. Now it is about time to get ready for our ride into town. Come, little sweet, we are going after

Papa. Sofele, tell Will we are going to get ready now, for we want to ride around town.

"Then, Miss Amy, shall I ask Judith to give me my best Sunday frock?" said Sofele.

"Yes, you may wear your best Sunday frock."

Miss Goldie Hapgood's name had often been mentioned in that sunny land while yet she was far off among the Northern hills. Melissa had several matches made for her, before ever she set her feet upon Southern soil; and now many eyes were on the lookout.

Will was soon ready with the carriage; Amy, Goldie and Birdie were seated within; and Sofele in her new white frock was seated in the servants' seat at the back of the carriage.

As they rode along, Goldie said, "Well, Amy, here we are; can you believe your eyes? What next?"

"Yes," she replied, "here we are, and we are not riding after old Balky now. What would Echo Ledge say to us to-day? I guess it would say, 'What next?'"

"How beautiful those pendant mosses are! and roses and flowers blooming everywhere!"

After riding about town for a while, they came around to the office. Mr. Fay came out and escorted them in, and Birdie got a great deal of petting from her papa and Col. Powers. Mrs. Fay remarked to Goldie that Col. Powers and Birdie were great friends.

"She often comes to lunch with me," replied the Colonel, "and I feel flattered that she will have nothing to say to young people of her age when she is visiting me. If any approach her, she puts out her hand to wave them off."

By this time Birdie was sitting on his knee with his watch at her ear, listening to the tick-tick-tick.

"You have a rival now," said Mrs. Fay.

"Ah—!"

"Little Jerome Faircloth is stepping up; their trysting place is out under the trees."

"Ah, little girl!" exclaimed the Colonel; and Mrs. Fay added for Goldie's benefit, "It is dangerous ground there under the mistletoe."

With a sly twinkle he replied, "Those Faircloths are formidable."

Goldie blushed now, remembering the nonsense they had talked that morning under those very trees, and, to hide her confusion, she began to examine some bouquets that stood near her on the table.

"Those are specimens from my flower garden," said he; "they brighten up the atmosphere of these bills of equity and allocaturs."

"Alligators!" said Amy.

"Indeed," said Mr. Fay, "we have to deal with alligators and averments here."

"Delightful profession!" she retorted.

"It is a sort of chiaroscuro profession," replied her husband.

"The lights and shades agreeably distributed would render it a pleasing profession," said Miss Hapgood. "It must be a noble satisfaction to help the cause of right and justice—to defend the innocent—to bring out the light of truth in contrast to the dark shades of wrong and falsehood."

"But suppose our clients happen to be of the shady kind—the sort that love darkness rather than light?" said Mr. Fay.

"I should not think you would have that sort of clients," she answered.

"Oh, we have to take the cases that come to us," said Col. Powers, "and a lawyer must always be loyal to his client. The harder the case, the more it puts a man on his mettle to win success, and the more it adds to his reputation if he does win."

"Sometimes they deceive us," added Mr. Fay. "We really do not know whether a man is guilty or innocent, only by what he tells us, until the evidence comes out. If we should wait to judge every case before we undertake it, we might as well take down our sign at once."

"If you do not know, of course you are not responsible; but I do not see how it can be right to help a bad cause, when one does know it," persisted Goldie. "Why should not lawyers as well as judges and juries try to see that truth is brought to light and justice maintained? If it is all right for a lawyer to defend a bad cause for the fee he gets, how can it be a crime for him to do the same thing for pay when he is made a judge? Everybody calls it bribery then."

"Your theories are beautiful, Miss Hapgood, but not at all practical in this wicked world. In fact I never knew but one man in the legal profession who adopted them; he was a great, tall, awkward looking Westerner by the name of Lincoln whom I encountered that summer that I spent in Illinois."

"And how did he get on?" asked Amy with deep interest.

"Oh, tolerably; he had won some hard cases, I must admit; but people said that if he was ever led into defending a man that was guilty, and become convinced of it before the trial was through, he would lose all interest in the trial, and would rather lose his case than make any further effort."

"There was that Lincoln who made a great stir in Illinois two years ago as the opponent of Douglas," said Mr. Fay. "Was he the same man?"

"I don't know, but I reckon not. I really don't remember his first name, but a man with such Utopian theories hardly ever gets far enough to be even a candidate for Congress. No wonder he was defeated, if it was he;—though the ideal," he added, with an apologetic smile, "is very charming in those of the lovelier sex. Like these flowers, they brighten up our dull business lives."

Goldie felt rather repulsed by the flattering tone in which this was said, but she ventured one more question addressed rather to Mr. Fay than to his partner—"If your client is guilty of crime, or is trying to cheat somebody, how can you pray for success for such a cause?"

"Oh, we don't pray for special cases," answered Mr. Fay lightly, "we pray in a general sort of a way for such blessings as are for our good."

Amy had listened with silent pain to this discussion, feeling as she had sometimes felt before, a wish that her husband was in some other business. She was dimly conscious that he was losing ground in religious experience, but was too loyal to admit it even to herself.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHECKMATED.

“No backward path; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple’s flow.”

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Miss Hapgood was next seen at church and Sabbath-school—the best place in the world to find new friends. At Sabbath-school she was introduced to Judge Faircloth, the Superintendent, also to several teachers. There were some things not in accordance with her own religious training, but she was ready to put aside prejudice, and identify herself with the Christian work of the place.

Judith had a budget of news to tell her mistress that night—“The black uns say that everybody is goin’ on about Miss Goldie; they say that never such a foin young lady went into the South Church. Everybody is just takin’ on!”

At early dawn on Monday Goldie arose and looked out. The trees seemed to glow with a divine splendor. Her morning prayer was full of grateful joy, asking and expecting help to discharge well the duties of the day. At the appointed hour she went to begin her work. She was not long in winning the love of the children (for she loved them), and the confidence of the parents.

At the noon hour of that first day, as with light step she came down the hill, she flung her arms around Amy’s neck, and kissing her and laughing, said, “O Amy, I am just as happy as I can be!”

They sat down to lunch, and Goldie gave a description of her pretty school. Amy couldn’t help telling her what the colored ones had said of her, for they were always correct society barometers.

“The proof of the pudding is in the eating,” was the laughing response.

“No doubt you will be eaten,” said Amy.

At that sally on went the bonnet, and up the charmed path went the beautiful school-teacher.

A funny scene met her sight as she came home in the afternoon. Amy was sitting in the veranda with her sewing basket. Sofele had the children—Birdie, Sam and Jane, the two cats, and great Rollo on the grass. Sofele herself was down in the grass representing a snake, her length winding to and fro, with her black face up, great white eyeballs rolling, mouth open, and tongue performing most snaky escapades. The babies were laughing, cats staring, and the dog looking as though never surprised at anything.

The scene changes—she says, “Now we’re goin’ to have meetin’.” She brings out a three-legged bench, and a pile of books, distributing the latter among cats, dog, and babies, and gives the poor cats “black jaw” because they do not hold their books properly. Then she mounts the three-legged bench and says, “Now meetin’ is begun,” and goes to dancing and singing—

“Jimble Jumble he stole a gun,
That he might have a little fun;
Jimble Jumble, Jimble Jumble,
Jimble Jumble Joe.
Jimble Jumble he shot a crow,
But ’twas a nigger, oh, oh woe,
Crittles crattle, crittles crattle,
Crittles crattle crow.”

The baby hands encored the singer, the cats stared, the dog gave a canine “umph” and with fresh inspiration she went on,

“When next he shot he tried a cat
That on the nigger’s table sat,
Meowing, meowing, meowing, meowing,
Meowing went the cat!”

“Now,” she said, “everybody keep still, I’m goin’ to preach;” then with arms extended and white eyeballs rolling toward every known point of the compass, she began, “When we all die, and go to the Bad-man, Massa’ll fight him!” Rollo struts and growls, as much as to say that he should act a prominent part on that occasion. Then she began explaining to them how things grow—

“The grass and flowers when they grow—the devil comes nights and pulls ’em—oh that’s the way they grow!” By this time Goldie laughed, and, of course, meeting was out!

One evening soon after Goldie’s school had opened, Judge Faircloth took occasion to call on Mr. Fay in regard to some business mat-

ters. After these were attended to, Mr. Fay invited the Judge out into the family room to spend the evening. Conversation drifted from one subject to another until something was said of games, and Mr. Fay remarked that Miss Hapgood was a good chess player.

"I don't know much about it," she blushing answered, "I learned the moves only a few months ago, and have not had time to become expert in the game."

"I will bring out the board and let the Judge try the case," said Mrs. Fay.

So the board was brought, and the game begun. Henry Faircloth had the reputation (as the Fays well knew) of being a very skilful chess player, and he soon saw that he was playing with a novice. He was therefore less on his guard, and, after making a careless move, turned to speak with Mrs. Fay about one of her Sabbath-school class. Mr. Fay saw the situation of the pieces in the game, and whispered to Goldie the one word, "Mate." Her eyes opened wide, she saw the opportunity, and called her opponent back to his game with a quiet, yet triumphant "Check!" He turned in surprise, surveyed the board, and confessed himself beaten, the first time in five years.

"When a judge is trying a case, legal counsel is in order, is it not?" said Goldie, too honest to enjoy her victory as if it were entirely her own.

"What can she mean?" asked Mr. Fay with a look of injured innocence, "I have not spoken two words to her since the game was begun."

"You are acquitted," said the Judge, "for no one ever knew a lawyer to make a plea as brief as that."

The evening passed pleasantly to all but Mr. Fay. Though joining gaily in the conversation, he was all the while troubled with perplexing thoughts as to what his wife would say when informed of the business for which Judge Faircloth had called.

After the Judge had gone, the family trio were talking together, and Mr. Fay began to jest Goldie about *her* caller. Then turning to Amy, he remarked with assumed carelessness,

"By the way, Wife, Faircloth has bought Martin Jettson."

The purchase of those first three slaves from Mrs. Jettson had led to the buying of others, and Amy had become in a measure reconciled to the ownership of them. But until now none had been sold.

Amy cried out, "O Egbert, how could you?" She could say no more.

"Well, Faircloth offered me a great price, and I took it. If I remember rightly, you consented to owning slaves as a sort of missionary enterprise. Now, for the money I have received for Martin, I could buy two ordinary slaves for you to teach, and then have a balance left. You see this missionary business is going to be profitable to us as well as helpful to the slaves."

Had Egbert Fay known how every word of this speech pierced like a two-edged sword to the very depths of Amy's soul!—but he was sincere in thinking that the reasoning with which he had succeeded in quieting his own conscience would have equal effect upon his wife. But it opened her eyes to the character of slavery as nothing else had done. She realized that it was gradually drawing away from her one who was dearer than life. She could think of no words to express her thoughts, but only moaned, "How could you?"

Goldie quietly slipped away to her room, and left them alone. Then Amy found words,

"I have come to realize that there is nothing missionary or even Christian about slavery. I think you were crazy to sell him to the Judge, when you know and everybody knows how cruel he is to his slaves."

"There is one who does not know," he replied, "and that is Goldie."

"I am afraid that one will hear his lashes while in her school-room," said Amy. "I dread to have her ideal of him lowered, for otherwise he is an exceptional man, and no love for wife and children ever exceeded his. I cannot conceive how such incongruities can exist in the same character."

"Well, he seems to have taken an especial fancy to Martin, and I think he will treat him well, at least I hope so for your sake."

"But Egbert, how could you *sell* him? How would Mrs. Jettson feel, had she lived to see him sold to the Judge? You know the Jettsons brought up their slaves as if they were their own children, and I have heard you say that they never whipped them."

"Yes, Amy, I know, but that money staggered me. The good Book says that the love of money is the root of all evil, and slavery is no exception. But the Judge treats his slaves well enough, except that he is rather free with the whip. They have plenty to eat and wear."

"I should think he was rather free with the whip! You know there is hardly another man in Atlanta that whips his slaves as he does. And Martin and Will never felt the whip in their lives."

"You needn't mention Will," he answered. "I would not sell him for twice the money that Martin brought. A more capable and faith-

ful negro I have never seen. And I will buy Martin back, since you feel so badly about it. I will go over and see the Judge before I go to my office in the morning.

True to his word, he visited the Judge as early as possible in the morning. But buying Martin back was easier said than done, for Judge Faircloth had taken a great fancy to him, and would not hear to selling him on any consideration whatever. Mr. Fay even offered the money back and a year's service, but to no avail, and so Martin had to go. Amy cried as if her heart would break, when the time came for him to go, and, poor Martin said, "Good-by, Miss Amy, may de Lord bless you."

That afternoon Mr. Fay brought home a letter for Goldie. It was from Roswell, and, as she took it she said, "I wonder what news this letter will bring." She read it, and then said, "Roswell writes part of it for your special benefit, Amy. Shall I read it aloud?"

She then read:

"Old Mrs. Andrews took dinner with us to-day. At the table, conversation turned upon the topic of slavery, and she made this little speech,

'So Amy Allen and her husband are actually slave-holders. Now I never should have thought that of her. The idea of a Granville girl going down South and buying niggers! It's a shame and disgrace to the town for her to do so.'

I did not like to hear Amy arraigned in this manner, without any defender, so I said, 'But, Mrs. Andrews, supposing you were there, and by buying slaves you could prevent their being sold further south, or being abused, and could perhaps do a little missionary work for them too—in other words, if you were in her place, what would you do?'

'I wouldn't be there!' she answered decisively.

'Yes,' said I, 'but if you *were* there, you would have to own slaves to do your work, or hire slaves and pay their masters, and—'

'*I wouldn't be there!*' again.

'I don't suppose you would, but then, what if you *were* there in the midst of—'

'I tell you, Roswell Blakemore, *I wouldn't be there!*' "

They all laughed at Mother Andrew's logic, but felt after all the sad undertone of truth which neither laughing nor reasoning could charm away.

CHAPTER XX.

EXORCISM.

"There is a demand in these days, for men who can make wrong conduct appear right."—*Terence.*

Goldie had become acquainted with all the young people of their set. The excursion to Stone Mountain came off in due time. At the half-way house, Mr. Barrywise found a whiskey barrel under a counter and rolled it down over a precipice.

"Was there anything in it?" asked one of the party innocently, as they saw it bumping down from rock to rock.

"Nothing but evil spirits of the worst kind," answered Mr. Barrywise, "and their flight is in the direction that is natural to them.

"Fallen spirits," said Mr. Littlemore.

"A sort of familiar spirits," said Mr. Hoplight, "but they are exorcised from that barrel by this time."

"Was it a spirit of mischief or of reform that prompted this act of exorcism?" asked Miss Hapgood.

"A little of both," he answered, "I wanted to see how it would look rolling down there, but I would like mighty well to do the same thing to every barrel of whiskey in the country."

"If all the liquor in the country could be rolled down this mountain side at the rate it is being consumed," said Miss Birkins, "what a river it would make!"

"And that river of death is flowing on," said Miss Hapgood, "carrying the souls of men downward with it."

The party hurried on up to the summit on which was a high tower. Near the top were large commodious rooms with chairs and tables. About the time the lunch basket was opened, an old gray haired negro appeared on the scene. Mr. Hoplight told him they all wanted to get married, and they wanted his judgment in mating them. Chicken and pound cake and lemonade were going, and the old ducky was inspired.

"I don't jist wish, sah, ter be cantankerous in my jedgment, but, sah, de peticlarist genelman in de land need never leave this foin crowd of misses ter be suited."

So he looked around into each face with an expression of awful responsibility which set the girls to giggling, then he paired them off. Some he mated as they had actually mated themselves, some quite differently, causing a fresh burst of merriment with each announcement. Goldie's partner for the excursion was Mr. Littlemore, but the old negro picked her out as a life partner for Mr. Hoplight. The latter blushed, then made a motion that the old patriarch be treated; so they gave him a slice of pound-cake, a leg of chicken and a couple of wings. He made a dive into his pockets and brought up a quantity of corn bread.

"Ah," he said, "this here hoe-cake"—giving it a throw—"is saved a peart cussin' jist for the presence of these foin misses."

As he was stowing the pound-cake down into his pocket, Mr. Barrywise said, "Jo, that is our wedding-cake."

"Ah, massa, may ye be bressed wid prusperity and pusterity!" and then he departed, leaving the crowd laughing merrily.

They went up to the highest point of the tower for the view, and were not disappointed in the vast panorama spread out before them. These mountain-top views which reward our patient climbing are not mere pleasures of the moment, but they add to our soul's wealth for a lifetime.

The ladies and gentlemen now separate, the ladies retiring to an apartment by themselves for rest and quiet, the gentlemen to another for the same purpose. By and by there came a knock at the door of the ladies' apartment, and a voice from a gentleman of the party said,

"Ladies, there is a thunder-storm coming up, and the keeper says we must get down out of this tower, for there is no lightning-rod on it." A few minutes later the party were scudding down the winding stairs and down the mountain to the half-way house, but the storm caught them with its drenching rain and the lightning's terrific flash. The keeper came running down, pale and excited. As he ran past Goldie and her partner, she said,

"Now he will miss the whiskey barrel."

"No, he is too frightened."

They reached the shelter, but for some time no words were spoken, for all felt the power of His voice who spoke from Heaven, and His "lightnings which lighten the world and make it to tremble."

When they took the cars for home the sun was shining, and Nature was smiling as though she had never frowned.

One bright Sabbath morning as Goldie was all ready to go with

Amy to her Sabbath-school, she saw a black man standing at the door with baskets.

"Shall I answer him?" she said to Amy.

"Yes, if you will."

"Then I shall talk to him about the Sabbath," she said as she stepped to the door.

"Howdy, Miss," said the negro.

"Howdy," she returned.

"Will you buy a foin basket, Miss?"

"We do not buy and sell on the Sabbath, and you should not. We go to church and Sabbath-school, and we read the Bible, that says that God has given us six days to do our work in, and that we must do no work on the Sabbath (that means trading or anything of the kind), and you and I and all the rest of us must obey the word of God, or we cannot expect to go to that better land when we die."

"Well, Miss, we black uns have a poor chance; we can't come to town any time only Sundays; we would be mighty glad to, but we have a poor chance, Miss."

"Did you make your baskets on the Sabbath?"

"No, Miss, we make them nights. I wish you would buy one, Miss."

Goldie slipped back into the sitting-room, and told Amy what the poor fellow had said, that he had to make them nights, and could not come with them any time except Sabbath. "And would it be right," she asked, "under the circumstances to buy one?"

"I cannot tell, but it looks right to me," replied Amy.

"It does to me, but slavery is a sin, isn't it?"

So she went out, and, while she was buying, she asked him questions.

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes, Miss, and a heap of children."

"I will take another basket. I presume you are getting money to buy some good things for her."

"No, Miss, I am getting money to go and see her Christmas."

"To see her! where is she?"

"To Selma, Alabama."

"I am fond of chestnuts and chinkopins, and will buy them of you this fall which will help you some."

"And I like hunting them for foine ladies."

"But I don't like this Sabbath work."

"I reckon I ken send them by old Bob. He comes to town every Saturday for young massa; but be sure you don't give the money to

him for dat nigger will steal! You can jest hand it to me a Sunday. Good-by, Miss."

The ladies then hurried off to the Sabbath-school over in Cherry Lane.

"I couldn't help listening to your nice little sermon," said Amy; "it was so funny and incongruous! You told him that God has given *us* six days for our affairs, and you've charged him together with ourselves with the demands of the Bible and his soul's accountability. The Bible we have denied him, we have taken his body and his liberty, and he is left with only his soul and his Sabbath."

To their surprise they found Judge Faircloth there that morning. He did not often attend this Sabbath-school, but, when he did go, he was a great help to Mrs. Fay and the few other workers who were trying to teach the children of the poor.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FISHING PARTY.

“At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

Atlanta, Ga., ———, 1860.

Dear Cousin Roswell,

Why have you never taught me to fish? I went to a fishing party the other day, and my verdancy obtained a showing, I heard a gentlemanly “Hallo!” at the gate very early, which I knew to be synonymous with an invitation to something splendid. Now do you think we ring bells and rap like spirits on the door, as you Yankees do? No, should we enter a yard without family conduct, we should be dogged into Hades at brief notice. Well, after the ordeal of blushes, I found myself with partner and fishing tackle, ensconced in a gay buggy, off with the crowd.

The roads are so pretty here—they have no fences, and they stretch along through a vista of trees, whose branches seem interlaced above our heads, and decked, as by fairy hands, with long, pendant mosses and the mistletoe! But I don't see how they keep their hogs (porculæ, I should say) in bounds. Pork is one chief article of Southern diet. They have the swine in great herds, and they have a swineherd, such as Sir Walter Scott tells of, and they know his voice. He mounts his post, and “hollers” to them—and then sets in a hog-latin tune (you'd think to hear it 'twas doomsday), and the way they come grunting and charging from the forest, and gather around their own standard is funny! I wish Enoch could see them. Wouldn't he sniff that *retroussé* nose of his?

But I was on the way to a fishing party. We were riding along very pleasantly, when I discovered a glitter now and then down in the buggy boot; and, when my curiosity could bide no longer, I reached down and got hold of the thing and held it up to the light. It was a bottle of brandy!

Mr. Littlemore said, “Do not be surprised: we always go prepared for any emergency from the rain-storm to the earthquake, like the

ladies, for they always go armed with the paraphernalia of the toilet."

I told him I thought there was more danger in the brandy bottle than in the emergencies. He smiled.

We reached the river, meandering half hidden through a wonderful labyrinth wild and gorgeous with honeysuckles. Our crowd lined the stream. Ah, there was no wise frog there to croak a warning to the fishes! A shower of squirmings fell upon the unsuspecting "pumpkinseeds," and when they "riz" to express their thanks, they ne'er returned again! But whenever I drew my line, it was sure to hitch up into a tree. Never did anything bite but once, and that was a horrid creature from some loathed pool of Styx. I dropped it and ran. It had seventeen legs, a dozen tails and as many claws and eyes! I never looked around, but kept running. "It's a crab, it's a crab, it won't hurt you," was halloed after me by all of them, but they did not get me to fishing again.

At noon we improvised our table and held collation. Next, as usual, cards were introduced, but they are very polite in this regard, a few always refrain from playing to bear me company.

Don't forget the brandy bottle, for it is soon to come forward upon the scene. There was an old mill and reservoir, or pond, close by, and a boat, so tempting, on the shore. A few spirits of maritime proclivities took a sail. They started off in great hilarity, and forgot that trees of the ancient forests, despoiled of their exuberant crests, stood down in the deep water. The pond was artificial, and these high stumps could not be easily seen; they stood there like Nemesis to avenge their glory lost. The party was far out, when they ran against one of these unseen sentinels, and were suddenly upset.

"The moccasins! the moccasins! Lord save us!" was screamed over the water.

That water-snake is a terror here. They were rescued, and we all were thankful. And now comes the brandy bottle to their relief, the contents of which were supposed to prevent their taking cold. Mr. Littlemore looked the triumph of wisdom vindicated, but I was not convinced, though I could not dispute them, when it was asserted that they would have taken their death-cold without this f(r)iend in need. Anyhow, if brandy does save now and then one who is suffering from an overdose of cold water, it engulfs hundreds in an abyss where there is something worse than moccasins.

The day was done, and fishes and tackle were packed. I filled my arms with those gorgeous honeysuckles, and we were off for home. My partner told me on the way that he liked Yankee girls best.

As we neared town, I spied a strange, old, time-darkened castle, and asked him what that was.

"A jail," he said.

"Has it any present occupants?" I inquired.

"Yes, one or two runaway negroes."

"What will they do with them?"

"The judge orders fifty lashes given them every day until they tell who their masters are and where they live; then a letter is addressed to the masters, and they come and take them away. I suppose that seems rather hard to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "it does, indeed."

Little Eden now peeped out from the locust trees in the distance, and we were soon there. I looked after my honeysuckles, and what do you think I found? That horrid crab tied to my flowers!

The fishing party is not over till the evening entertainment. After coffee and Georgia biscuit, a nap, then the toilet, then the fishermen meet again for the evening. A beautiful wreath of flowers is in readiness for each guest, who is crowned by the fair hand of our hostess. Music, cards, pencil correspondence and the little go-between *tête-à-têtes* fill the soft hours. This pencil correspondence is very pretty: paper and pencils are always laid on the round table, and the young ladies and gentlemen cut it into slips and write to each other. We went home early.

Tell Mervella her bouquet of cotton shall be sent in due time, also that I have been making good use of that new art of raised embroidery that Susie and I learned of her. When I showed Amy my pin-cushion, and told her about Mervella's sofa cushion, she went into ecstasies over it, and proposed that I should help her make a piano spread. So next time she went to town, she bought some black broadcloth and a pound of worsted of various colors. We both thought that would be nearly enough, but it is already used up, and several more with it, yet the spread is not half done. It will be splendid when it is finished. Don't you wish you could see it, and laugh at us for working so hard on it?

Love to all.

Your affectionate cousin,

Goldie Hapgood.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHECKED AGAIN: MATED?

“On the oppressor’s side was power,
And yet I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
But waited God’s avenging hour.”

—*J. G. Whittier.*

One day soon after the fishing party, Goldie said to Amy privately, “What do you think Mr. Littlemore told me the other day? I had never noticed particularly that queer old jail before, so I inquired about it, which elicited facts that seem horrible to me. He says our splendid Judge Faircloth every day has fifty lashes inflicted on runaway negroes: yet I have regarded him with exceptional respect.”

“Yes,” said Amy, “and it is so strange! He was a loving husband, and is a good neighbor; but he is cruel to slaves, at times so cruel that his friends fear he is going too far.”

“And superintendent of the Sabbath-school!” said Goldie.

“Well, it is slavery, and that is all there is about it. By the way, Egbert has a drive projected for us as soon as you are out of school. We are going out to Mr. Montgomery’s; they have invited us to a tea-drinking.”

When school was out, Goldie had a severe headache, and had to be excused from the intended visit, but urged her friends not to disappoint themselves and the Montgomerys on her account. After a short nap and a delicious supper, which none could prepare better than Judith, Goldie felt so much better that she began to wish she had gone with them. She took a seat out in the veranda to enjoy the beauties of a summer twilight. She was not long alone, for there was a call at the gate, and when one of the slaves had conducted the visitor to the door, Goldie recognized the tall, handsome form of Judge Faircloth.

“No, they are not at home,” she answered to his inquiry. “Will you come in and wait? They expected to be here in the early evening.”

"If you do not object, I would rather sit down here with you."

Goldie's heart thrilled with apprehension. She had frequently met and conversed with the Judge, but never before alone. She wished the family would hasten their return—he hoped they would not. He had admired this Northern girl from the first, but to-night she appeared more fascinating than ever in his eyes, as she exerted all her wits to keep conversation going upon general topics. At last the school was spoken of, and Jerome. The teacher could give a cheering report of the bright, active little fellow who had won her heart at once.

Then the Judge spoke of the child's need of a mother's loving care, and of the lonely void in his own life, and ended by offering to her the crown of wifedom—she already reigned over his own heart as well as that of his child, would she not be queen of his home?

Goldie was silent for a few moments, as she glanced instinctively toward the rose-covered cottage which had so charmed her eye on the first day of her Southern life. She could see its light now twinkling through the trees, and imagination brought it before her in all its loveliness; but then a dark shadow seemed to come between, and she could see only that dismal jail, and over its iron-barred gates the awful word "slavery" chiseled there by the cruel lash. With a shudder she recalled her thoughts to the stately Judge by her side. "A Christian gentleman" summed up her estimate of him, but yet a *slaveholder*. Then there flashed through her mind Mother Andrews' illogical way of settling the whole vexed question with which statesmen had vainly grappled. Her decision was made—"I for one will not be there," she thought, then said aloud to her waiting suitor,—

"You do me great honor, Judge Faircloth, for you are in every way superior to me; but there is one great barrier between us—I cannot marry a slaveholder."

"If you loved me, you would never let that come between!" exclaimed the Judge, astounded alike by her refusal and the fearlessly uttered reason.

He bade her adieu with perfect courtesy and outward self-control, but with his mind in a tumult of disappointment, chagrin, and angered pride.

The Fays returned soon after.

"Goldie," said Mr. Fay, "who was that man that we saw going out of the gate just as we came in sight?"

She blushed and said "Judge Faircloth."

"Ah," he retorted, "I understand about that headache now, Amy."

Goldie's pretense at anger only drew forth a smile.

"You see she doesn't deny it," he said.

The next day Amy said to Goldie, "Have you any headaches planned for to-night? We have all been invited out to Mr. Markbold's to a tea-drinking.

"Did you ever see such a handsome man in your life? I guess she married him for his beauty," said Goldie.

"I guess he married her for her hundred slaves," returned Amy; "a pretty even match though, he a clergyman and lawyer with his beauty, and she a lady and scholar with a hundred slaves."

"Splendid match!"

"I'm glad we are going, I have wanted you to see his villa, with its beautiful constituency of houses for the colored ones."

"I should know he would have everything beautiful like himself."

At three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Fay and his wife were watching for her coming down the path.

"Don't you spoil my fun with Goldie," said Amy.

"You've got her eye cocked for something splendid, have you?"

"Yes, and don't you upset it. She is coming now."

The carriage was packed full: Birdie and Sofele, Goldie, Mrs. Fay and her husband, who looked proud and happy. They were all silent as the wheels rolled and rolled through the shiny forests: even Birdie as she sat with her little hand in her father's, seemed too happy to speak. Mrs. Fay at last broke the silence, "Goldie, what are you thinking about?"

"She is 'looking across the years,' but she will speak by and by," said Mr. Fay.

"No, I'm not looking cross, am I?" said Goldie.

They were almost there, and little negroes began to peer at them from every bush and tree.

"See their wealth," said Mr. Fay, turning to Goldie.

"I want to see their mansion and appointments," said she.

"Have you ever read the story of the flood?" he asked.

"Why, yes; you mean in the Bible?"

"Yes, and it is supposed that their mansion and its appointments were drifted over at that time."

Goldie had caught the joke, for now they were in full view of the tumble-down "constituency." "A remarkable mixture!" said she, "and some of them look as if they had landed bottom side up."

The visitors were received cordially and politely. The inner view was scrupulously neat, but reminding one of a period very remote. The floor was as white as chalk. The fireplace occupied nearly one

entire side of the house. The chairs were of the old patriarchal sort, when people were tall and straight-backed. The lawyers drew their high-backed chairs up to the wall, leaned back, and, in the perfumed atmosphere of their royal Havanas, were soon ranging among the proximites of law.

The ladies were in another part of the room chatting. Mrs. Markbold remarked that she thought if she married a Yankee, she should have a nice house to live in, but she hadn't got it yet, and never expected to!

She then expressed an interest in a fine match for Miss Hapgood; and as a "beau ideal, indeed a great catch," she mentioned Judge Faircloth.

Mrs. Fay joined in, "Yes, it may be already decided there under the mistletoe between her school-house and his cottage."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Markbold, "nothing more likely."

Goldie remarked, smiling, "Little Jerome and I are fast friends."

A servant came in to set the table, with one eye all swollen and black and blue. Goldie in her large sympathy asked Mrs. Markbold, after the servant had gone out, what was the matter with her eye.

"Oh, Mr. Markbold struck her with his cane!" This was said with an oblique hint that Yankees were as hard toward their slaves as Southerners. The rest of the evening passed away pleasantly, and they started early for the ride home.

They had nearly reached home when they met their neighbor, Mr. Heartmead. He came up to the carriage and said in a low voice to Mr. Fay, "Judge Faircloth is in trouble."

"How so?" asked Mr. Fay.

"Martin Jettson is dying!"

"Don't tell me, by *his* hand?"

"Yes, he shot him about two hours ago."

The ladies grasped each other's hands in horror.

"Well, that's bad!" said Mr. Fay with a sigh, and with bowed heads they passed on.

"O Egbert!" sobbed his wife. Goldie shivered as she clung to Mrs. Fay's hand.

The ladies were lifted from the carriage, but Mr. Fay sprang in again, ordered Will to turn the horses about, and drove rapidly away. Amy and Goldie waited till he returned.

"Poor Martin," said he, "keeps calling his master to come to him, and when he comes, says to him, 'Master, don't you love me?' With tears he answers, 'Yes, Martin, I do love you.' 'Then why did you kill

me?' The doctor tells Martin to pray constantly, and when he can speak no longer to pray in his heart. He prays, but every little while calls his master and asks the same question, 'Don't you love me, Master? then why did you kill me?' Faircloth comes every time Martin calls him, but has no answer only tears."

"How long can he last, Egbert?" asked Amy.

"He cannot live till morning."

Goldie was pale and trembling, and Amy went with her up to her room; she seemed afraid. Amy kissed her, and said, "Good night, go to sleep, darling—this is slavery!"

"Yes," she answered, "good night."

The next morning with a heavy heart, Goldie started for her school through the honeysuckles. She could see the white cottage twined with jessamine and rose-vine peeping out from the chestnut trees, and looking the very temple of peace and love. The katydid piped on the mistletoe, the mocking bird fluttered above the mosses which shaded tiny footprints. Little Jerome was coming with his nurse to school; and no voice spoke of the life, "bought with a price," which had passed from earth!

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

“‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect that it will cease to be divided.”—*Abraham Lincoln.*

During her summer vacation, Goldie had a glimpse of plantation life. She went out to spend a few days with Ida Birkins, whose father owned a large plantation and kept a great number of slaves. One night Goldie was awakened by a great racket in the yard below,—the noise of dogs mingled with human voices, and she thought something terrible must be happening. She arose and rushed into the next room where Ida and her sister were sleeping.

“What is the matter?” she asked in a terrified voice.

“Oh nothing, only somebody has come to borrow our bloodhounds to chase runaway niggers with,” was the sleepy reply.

Goldie returned to her room and to bed, but not to sleep. She lay and thought, “‘Nothing only’ runaway niggers being chased by bloodhounds! ‘Nothing only’ some poor soul who wants to be a man and has started out to find that mystic land of the North Star! I wonder if they will track him and drag him back to the cruel master’s lash. Or perhaps it is some poor woman—a mother fleeing with her child that they would take from her to sell to a stranger.” The noise died away in the distance, and when at length Goldie slept, it was to dream of seeing a poor victim torn to pieces by dogs. She started up from the terrible vision only to dream again that she herself was being pursued by the relentless hounds. Just as they were upon her, she prayed to God for help and awoke.

“Thank God it was all a dream!” she exclaimed, feeling as if she had been delivered from danger. “And yet,” she thought with a shudder, “it is no dream to them—these other souls who are God’s children as well as I. How long, O Lord, shall these things be?”

Mrs. Fay asked her husband one evening, coming in from town, "What's the matter, Egbert? The men are all in little knots everywhere;—if they were talking up war, they couldn't act differently."

"You've hit it mighty near, darling."

"What do you mean, Egbert?"

"My dear, I mean exactly what I say. Whisperings of secession have been going on in secret for some time, and it is beginning now to be the cry of the chivalry."

"What! the South to secede from the Union?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Why, do you think it will amount to anything, Egbert?"

"It is to be hoped that they will not take leave of their senses, for if they do, I am afraid there will be war."

Arrived at their home it never looked so peaceful and heavenly as now. Goldie sat under the climbing roses; from her beautiful brown curls some geraniums were peeping out so prettily that Amy said, "You look so sweet now that I do wish the one you love best could see you this minute."

Goldie, blushing, asked, "Any letters for me?"

"No," said Amy, "but we've news enough for you."

"News, what?"

"News about secession."

"Secession, what's that? I must look it up in the dictionary."

"We may learn its meaning by something besides dictionaries," said Mr. Fay.

The dinner bell rang, and they gathered around the table inviting with luxuries and smiling with flowers. Nora came in waving her graceful fly-sweep; in followed Sam with a grand peacock feather, waving it as high as his little arm could reach to keep the flies off from Mrs. Fay. Then came Janie with nothing but her tiny hand to keep them off from Miss Goldie. The two kittens paraded on the balustrade and seemed perfectly happy. Amidst all this love and luxury the word "Secession" was wafted into oblivion as an imaginary thing.

After dinner a note was brought in for Goldie from Emma Heartmead. The Heartmeads' black ones were to have a candy-pulling that night, and her company was solicited. It was the custom when the colored ones had a candy-pulling to invite their young lady favorites, and the young gentlemen would come also. So Goldie folded up her large apron and went.

Miss Heartmead had a brother, who, as a consequence of a visit to relatives in Charleston, had taken a liking to the sea. Life seemed tame to him when he returned home again, and he was not content until he obtained his parents' consent to go to sea. A yacht was talked of by mother and sister, but his father said, "No, the true way to do anything well is to begin at the bottom of the ladder and climb." So it came to pass that John Heartmead had gone and shipped "before the mast" with the hope that at no distant day he should become master of the art of navigation and command his own ship. His hopes had been partially realized, for he was now the first mate of the ship.

On the evening of the candy-pull, a letter was brought to Emma from her sailor brother, and she drew her mother and Goldie aside to enjoy it with her. Goldie and Emma had begun a friendship which was likely to ripen into intimacy, and Goldie had been told of the sailor brother. Any word from the sea brought Arthur to mind, though she had never told Emma about him. So she listened intently as Emma read:—

"My Dear Sister,

On the ocean sailing, sailing. It is my watch below now, and I must write you about some of the strange things we have seen. You know I have told you what a rough man our captain is. Woe to the sailor or cabin boy who incurs his displeasure, and I don't know but even the first mate would find it unhealthy to run afoul the old man. What will you say when I tell you I have seen him in tears? 'What made him shed tears?' About a month ago we were holding on our course with all sails set and a good breeze, when we descried a sail on the horizon. We soon made out a signal of distress. She was well to windward and was headed for our ship. What that signal might mean none could tell, but we could help in no other way as well as to wait. So we hove to, and all hands watched with eager eyes the stranger bearing down upon us. After a short time, as we were watching and trying to make out what kind of a craft she was, there was a shiver of sails and a staggering of masts, and the ship went down and was seen no more. It was then that the captain shed tears, and I reckon there were not many dry eyes on our ship. So near being rescued and yet to perish in sight of help! Then came the thought, 'They saw us and they have taken to their boat if they had one.'"

Just here the reading was interrupted by Sofele, who announced that Miss Goldie was to come right home to see company. She was tempted to linger to learn more of the crew of that ill-fated ship, but

Sofele's manner seemed to imply haste, so she obeyed the summons, saying, "I must hear the rest another day."

After she had gone, Emma read on:

"The captain gave orders that we still lie to, sent men aloft to search for any sign of a boat, while with anxious face he paced the deck searching in the direction where the ship went down. It was almost night, and just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, came the shout, 'Boat ho!' from the mast-head. Now one and another would catch a glimpse of the boat as she rode the crest of a wave. Before the twilight shadows dimmed the surface of the sea we could occasionally see the boat from the deck. Anxiously we waited through the darkness, putting lights so as to guide them, and now and then burning a blue light to let them know they had been seen and we were still waiting. About ten o'clock they came alongside and we soon got them aboard. Some were so exhausted that it was necessary to haul them on deck with a bowline. Their boat we cut loose to go and find the ship, for it was useless, and, the wonder was how they had kept it afloat these hours.

"There were in this frail, leaky boat the captain, mate, one passenger and eight sailors. We learned that the second mate and cook had been washed overboard in the storm which had disabled the ship.

"Now I am not going to spin a long yarn about how we made these fellows comfortable, and shared our already short provisions with them. I was much impressed with the passenger, a young man by the name of Hyland, and as we were crowded I took him into my room. He has told me of his early passion for the sea, but says he has had enough of it to last him, and if he reaches home thinks he will seek employment on the land.

"We are nearing the historic Island, St. Helena, and I hope to send this from there, where we shall also part company with our rescued mariners. I shall be sorry to lose so congenial a companion as my friend Hyland. I feel that I have been benefitted by his companionship, and regard him as a truly noble man."

The Fays were sitting in the veranda when Goldie left. She had been gone but a short time when a gentleman with a buggy-and-mule turnout drove up and alighted.

"There is an exotic whoever he may be," said Mr. Fay in a low tone as he arose to escort the stranger in.

A young man of *distingué* appearance accompanied Mr. Fay up the gravel walk, whom he introduced as Mr. Hyland of New York. Mrs.

Fay was filled with astonishment. A chair was offered him and taking a seat he inquired for Miss Hapgood.

"She has gone out for the evening," said Mrs. Fay, "but we will send for her as the occasion is of no special importance."

Mrs. Fay then called Sofele,—“Go and tell Miss Goldie—by the way, we must not tell her who has come, we will see if she knows you”—

"All right, Mrs. Fay, give your message to that effect."

"Tell her, Sofele, that company has come to see her and she must come right home. If she asks who it is, or anything whatever, say I told you not to answer any questions."

Off she started with a rapid step.

"I judge you have a partial acquaintance with me by narrative," said Mr. Hyland, smiling. "I dare say you know some early escapades."

The smiles went around as Mr. Fay answered in legal parlance, "*Pars pro toto.*"

"I am familiar with some," said Mrs. Fay, "particularly the fortune-telling reminiscence. I think Goldie would like to drag Silver Brook if she thought she could find the black ring which you probably threw in there."

"Oh no," he replied, "she would not find it there, for I kept the ring, and have brought it with me; to assist in identification," he added in jest. "Is she teaching, Mrs. Fay?"

"Yes, her school-house is just through the trees there; that little patch she calls her 'real estate.'"

Conversation now turned upon Secession, the great question of the hour.

"The loyal say, 'This may seem but a light thing now,'" said Mr. Fay, "'but are we able to meet the consequences, civil war?' These expressed fears are met by, 'The North have neither men, money, nor arms to carry on war.'"

"Yes," returned Hyland, "Howell Cobb and others declare they will eat all the killed and drink all the blood that would flow in case of war."

"Well, I hope they won't have to turn cannibals to keep their word good. Isn't there always a great deal of excitement and threatening at election time?" said Mrs. Fay.

"True," answered her husband, "the political orator, on whichever side he happens to be, is sure the country will go straight to ruin if his candidate is not elected."

"Then after election things move on about as before," said Mr. Hyland. "Still the agitation on the slavery question has been growing more bitter and intense year by year. This cannot possibly go on forever. There must be a break sometime unless the cause is removed."

"The South will never let the cause be removed, if you mean slavery," answered Mr. Fay. "Secession appears inevitable, if Lincoln is elected. The question will be whether it can be effected peaceably. I fear it cannot."

"Egbert," said Mrs. Fay, "Goldie will be here soon now. Let's leave Mr. Hyland alone, and see if she will know him: I can see them now."

Goldie, of course, came guessing all the way. As she opened the gate, she saw by the moonlight and the light from the hall, a stranger form, and her heart sank back with timid fear. How could she step forward to meet him who was rising to do her honor? Oh, something told her, as her feet pressed the pebbled walk, that it was no common friend that stood before her! With slow step she approached the stranger, who, as he proffered his hand, said,

"Is this Miss Hapgood?"

"It is, but I don't know you." He still held her hand and led her into the hall by the light. With soft and trembling voice she asked, "Is it Arthur, my brother?"

"It is, certainly," he answered; "Is this my sweet Goldie?"

In this supreme moment, he heard only her sobs, for she could not speak. He led her back to the veranda; and, under the climbing roses and in the light of the silver moon, let us leave them to talk of the memories of by-gone years, and to explain the reverses that have come between!

In the later evening, Goldie invited Mr. and Mrs. Fay to join them in the veranda.

"You have not told us," said Mr. Fay, "how you happen to be in this country, when we supposed you were in South America."

Arthur then related his story, the counterpart of that which Goldie had so reluctantly left "to be continued." He further told how, being a stranger in a strange land, he had shipped from St. Helena on a London-bound vessel, and thence to New York, where he requested that another man be sent to Rio Janeiro. "I felt," he added, "that I had had enough of the sea to last me the rest of my life, and I was only too glad to accept an offer to travel in the South in the interest of the firm."

"The beautiful South is a very *attractive* place," remarked Mr. Fay with a meaning emphasis.

It was a late hour when the mule-and-buggy turnout was brought to the gate, and Mr. Hyland returned to the station in time to take the night train to Macon.

As soon as the sound of wheels died away in the distance, Mr. Fay retired. Amy threw her arms around Goldie, and whispered,

"Where did that ring on your finger come from?" Is that a brother's token?"

A joyous blush was Goldie's only answer at first, and then she said,

"I never dared even in my inmost thoughts to call him anything more than a brother, but now I know why it is that I have been kept from caring deeply for any one else."

Then, for the first time, she told Amy of Judge Faircloth's errand on the evening of his last call, and how troubled she had felt, fearing that she had been partially the cause of the terrible tragedy which had darkened his life. "But what else could I do?" she asked, "I did not love him, though I thought perhaps I might, if he could be separated from the shadow of slavery."

"You did just right," said Amy, and then a silence fell between them, as there came to the mind of each, Mother Andrews' blunt, immovable, "I wouldn't be there," and the thought of Mrs. Jettson's dying charge and how it had been kept. Presently Amy looked up, and with an attempt to banish all sad thoughts said,

"He might have given you that black ring for an engagement ring; it would have been romantic."

"Shall I tell you what he said about it?"

"Yes, do, please."

"He said that ring had brought him good fortune, not in the way the old witch meant, but as a talisman to warn him, 'Enter not into the path of the wicked, avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away.' Though not the direct cause, that one wrong act was so closely connected with the dark chapter in his life story, that the ring seems the emblem of the whole circle of troubles which shut him in at that time, and of any chain of evil which may bind one who steps within the circle of wrong-doing. He said he had often been ridiculed for refusing to take a hand in a game of cards or to take a glass of champagne with a friend, and feared he might have yielded, if Mother's voice had not seemed to say again, 'Enter not into the path of the wicked.' So he carries the ring just to remind him of God's word. O Amy, just think of it! You know I was most to blame in going to

the fortune-teller's, but he would not let me say so. He said he was older, and ought to have been stronger to resist temptation."

"Well darling, he is a noble man, and you deserve him. I suppose your dreams will be in heaven, so good night."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HARVEST SCENES.

"There are two sides to every question, ours and the wrong side."

One afternoon a few weeks later, Emma Heartmead came in, all animation, and said, "Mrs. Fay, there is to be a corn-shucking to-night out to the Whitelaw plantation, and the Freemasons are going out at twelve o'clock. There is a lodge to-night. We are all going in Father's great box-wagon, and we shall want a heap of buggy cushions, for we shall cuddle down in the bottom of the wagon."

"Yes," replied Amy, "like the Northern straw rides."

"Ida Birkins has come to town to go," said Emma. "We shall want to get out there about ten or half past; they will have supper at twelve when the Freemasons are there. Meliss'll get the crowd in town ready."

"You shall have all our cushions, and we will be ready," replied Amy.

"Now, Mrs. Fay," said Emma, "Lie down and take a nap; and you too, Goldie, for we must all be pert to-night. Good evening."

Away flew pretty Miss Heartmead to notify some other friends.

When the time arrived, the great box-wagon came with its merry load—just room for two more. And so in the light of the moon they went jolting and laughing in the bottom of the wagon.

As they reached the plantation, other wagons were rolling in. Like the ancient Jewish vintage, when songs and shoutings sounded all over the hills, so the corn-shucking season was a time of great festivity. The ladies went out to the grounds unaccompanied by gentlemen, for the latter were supposed to be riding goats and hot gridirons, building Solomon's temple and knocking it down, proving thereby their great antiquity and brotherly love.

A strange picture to Goldie was the scene now before her! They entered an immense hollow square parapeted with golden corn in the husk. This wall of corn, six or eight feet in width, was all dotted over

with slaves singing and husking. In the center was a large fire made of gum pine, making the scene brilliant. Around the fire was a circle of dogs, sitting on their haunches, with their tongues lolling out, looking into the blaze, seemingly in the extreme of canine bliss. There were benches all about for the visitors to occupy, as they chatted and enjoyed the moonlight scene.

Each negro improvises his own song, but their voices are blended in such harmony that they seem to be singing the same words.

“Oh, de corn shucks is de time,
Is de time, For de whiskey an' de wine,
Whiskey an' de wine. Du dah, Du dah!”

“Clap yer hands, boys, clap yer hands an' sing
To lubly Sue an' yaller Dine.”

“Sing, boys, sing to lubly Sue an' yaller Dine,
Hickery, dickery, Mas' 'tis time,
For de whiskey an' de wine.”

“Clap yer hands, boys, Mas' 'tis time,
'Tis time, 'tis time, 'tis time!”

The overseer now gets the bottle, and each one tastes and passes it with some such sentiment as:

“Tip, boys, tip, to lubly Sue an' yaller Dine.”

So they husk and sing till twelve o'clock. At twelve the Freemasons arrive. They come on to the ground and escort the ladies into the house to the tables. The slaves then form a procession and march around the house singing; now they enter, and march around the tables; then the leaders stop at the back of the master's chair, and, looking and stretching their arms upward, with fantastic gestures, and sweet musical rythm, they are making behests to Heaven for blessings upon the head of “Massa.” He drinks to their health, and they resume their march around the tables.

Suddenly they stop by Miss Hapgood, and, making a chair of their hands, look expectantly at her. She looks up in surprised bewilderment, but some one explains to her that this is the negroes' way of voting her the prettiest young lady in the company, and that she is expected to acknowledge the compliment by seating herself on the hand-chair. With her face aflame with blushes, she complies, and is carried around in the march, her sable cavaliers pouring forth their improvised songs in her honor.

After she was again seated, the Grand Master issued a conundrum, "What are the five great powers?"

"Love," answered a Knight Templar.

"Money," said the Grand Potentate.

"Ambition," said Col. Powers.

"Beauty," said the Grand Recorder.

"A good dinner," said Mr. Fay.

At this the masonic chivalry arose, and with a noisy clapping of hands brought the good dinner to an end. The ladies were now escorted out under the trees which were gemmed with lights. Seats were arranged in a circular form, and the slaves gave the white people an entertainment in the dance. At the same time, on one side, tables were being set for the slaves. The gentry now cheered the happy tired ones, and left them to their bountiful feast.

There was enchantment in the ride home; the silence of night lay all around, the mosses and the mistletoe stirred not, and the flowers by the wayside all seemed sleeping in the gentle dews.

"How did you like it?" asked Emma of Goldie.

"Oh, it was weird, and strangely beautiful," she answered.

"As good as a Yankee Thanksgiving?" asked Mr. Fay, mischievously.

"You never can find in the land of the living,
Aught to compare with a Yankee thanksgiving,"

sang Goldie in reply, "but really, I enjoyed it mostly except one thing."

"What was that?"

"That whiskey bottle. Those negroes seemed to think the very acme of human happiness was contained in 'de whiskey an' de wine.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Fay, "do let the poor things drink and enjoy themselves for once. They don't have many pleasures, and they can be controlled as to the quantity. They are not likely to be any more than silly in their intoxication."

"I saw some of them that were silly enough, and some of the *gentlemen* too."

"I wish all gentlemen could be disgusted with excessive drinking by seeing how silly it looks in slaves," said Emma. "Was it not the Spartans who used to prevent their sons from drinking in that way?"

"I believe so," said Goldie, "Such an object lesson might be very good for the sons, but I think it is wrong to degrade God's image in anybody, black or white."

When our friends reached home, Judith said, "I've put somethin' under your pillow, Miss Goldie, for you to dream over."

"Wedding cake?"

"No Miss, but it'll turn to weddin' sometime, if my bones perdict right."

She found under her pillow a letter from Arthur, mailed at New Orleans. Ah, she has something now to dream about day and night! She realizes more and more as these missives come to her, how sweet and strong is the affection that her heart holds for him whom she loved in her childhood.

In Goldie's next letter to Roswell, she tells him her fears of impending war, but says nothing of Arthur. Among the signs of the times are large sales of real estate and contemplated removals to the North.

Mrs. Fay was sitting alone by the window one day a week after the corn-shucking. The door was wide open, and through the interlaced vines, the sun was pouring a flood of warmth and light. She was dressed in a white morning dress and satin slippers; her gold thimble was on her finger, and her work basket was by her side; but she was not sewing. She was only thinking—thinking—for those who differed from secessionists had much cause for thought in those days. Goldie had gone to campmeeting with Meliss. Birdie and her train of attendants were out enjoying the air.

Judith interrupted her mistress' train of thoughts by announcing callers, Mrs. Maybeam and Mrs. Powers. Mrs. Fay bade Judith show them in.

"Good morning Mrs. Maybeam,—Mrs. Powers—a beautiful morning considering the dry season."

"Yes," said Mrs. Maybeam, "but you keep your vines very fresh, Mrs. Fay."

"We take great pains with them, I take much care of them myself."

"Do you?" exclaimed both.

"It must be a heap of trouble," said Mrs. Powers, "I have scarcely thought of flowers, or cared what became of them all summer. Did you hear the news last night, Mrs. Fay, that it is almost certain that Lincoln will be elected?"

"I heard but little," she replied cautiously.

"I almost hope he will," continued Mrs. Powers; "then I know our States will secede; they cannot bear any more."

Mrs. Maybeam, somewhat younger, said, "I would not care about seceding, only to have the South show her independence. Then, if we should not secede, and Lincoln be elected, he would set the negroes all free, and mix up the races. Wouldn't that be dreadful?"

Mrs. Fay replied very solemnly that she thought it would.

The next day feeling lonely, Mrs. Fay called the young representatives of African descent that were upon the premises, including one or two from the neighbors, and told them she would read them pretty stories. So in they rushed. There was Tom, black; Henry, red hair, freckled face and blue eyes; Sam, ginger-bread color (a peculiar hue between black and yellow); Sofele, black; and Jane, bronze. "Oh," thought she, "it would be sad indeed to have Lincoln elected, if he believes in 'mixing the races' more than this!"

But poor little Sam, it was evident, was in trouble. He had just been the recipient of a few deals of the palm of Nora's hand. Mrs. Fay asked him what made him so naughty to his mother.

"Miss Amy," he answered, "she's a debbel ob an ole gal, an' dat's all you can make out ob her, Miss Amy."

This was almost too much for Amy's dignity. Birdie was there too, and the cats and Rollo. Mrs. Fay read stories, and sang pretty songs; but right in the midst, Sofele rolled out her eyes and exclaimed,

"Miss Amy, there's Miss Goldie come!" So the little sociable was suddenly broken up.

Goldie came in, and Meliss, having hitched the mule, followed. Though a slave, she was a friend such as described by Richard Steele as "good for spleen—a rainy day friend." She began their reminiscences.

"Miss Amy, as soon as we got into town, when we started for the campmeeting, that unhuman quadripid stuck up his ears, opened his mouth and brayed as loud as he could holler! and Miss Goldie almost died trying to hold in from laughing."

"Yes," said Goldie, "then just as we were driving into the camp in the midst of the exercises, he set up another braying which was frightful."

Amy laughed and asked if they encored him.

"Well, when we tell you all!" exclaimed Goldie. "It seemed as if the very elements combined to give us hair-breadth adventures. Going out we got into a never-ending forest. We thought it was the right road, because we saw two people in a buggy before us, and we thought they were going to campmeeting, so we followed them. But all of a

sudden that wise mule struck a right angle into the forest, and nothing would hold him. I shouted for help and the man jumped out and came to the rescue. We were all tangled up in the brushwood, and something was broken. But the man had some strings in his pocket, and a big knife, and he fixed the buggy all right. Said he, 'I know that mule, he can't be bought for money, and *he knew* he was on the wrong road. You will have to go back two miles.'

"What family entertained you?" asked Amy.

"The Winberts."

"And," said Meliss, "it was as much as I could do to induce Miss Goldie to put on her finery in the evening for the promenade. But she did and got the foinest beau on the ground."

"Well, it was so funny," said Goldie, "just at sunset, to appear in elaborate toilet for such express purpose, but it was wonderfully beautiful. The young ladies were all seated in the door of their tents in full evening dress; and the young gentlemen came around and took them in the promenade. The long march around the great camp circle was so pretty! My partner was a Dr. Silverbien from Pennsylvania. He was very entertaining. He said the motives were various that brought people there: some came to advertise their business, some to flirt, and *some* to get religion. But oh, our distress this morning can't be told!"

"Any more pranks from your mule?"

"No," they simultaneously ejaculated, "but we lost our harness!"

"Lost your harness?—that beggar's speech!"

"Yes," said Goldie, "and every nook and corner was searched, and all the straw floor lifted."

"And Miss Goldie," said Meliss, "had jest set down on her trunk in despair; then I seen Bob Littlemore coming off from the ground, and I took it in my mind that nigger knew where our harness was. I met him, and he said his Mass' Littlemore told him to see that Miss Goldie's harness was taken care of, so he hid it. He said he didn't want Mass' Winbert's niggers to git it congobbled up with everybody's."

"Well, it must have been despair for awhile," said Amy.

"Yes," replied Goldie, "and we were not long in getting off when it was found; but we had one more scene. After we had ridden five miles we came to a plantation where Meliss was acquainted—"

"Mistress Reeder," said Meliss, "she's sick, and I wanted to see her; Miss Goldie said hitch the mule and stop."

"And I saw a sofa in the veranda," said Goldie, "and thought I would utilize the time by taking a nap. I was in a partial doze—thought I heard wheels, and wondered if it was best to look up and see if anything was wrong with my vehicle—concluded I would look—and there was the beast and buggy with my trunk jogging along toward home!"

"Then," exclaimed Meliss, "there was a lively time of niggers and throats, Miss Amy!"

"Well, you have had hair-breadth escapes," said Amy.

Meliss departed, and then Goldie described the meeting. "Oh, it was solemnly beautiful to attend a meeting where we were surrounded by the trees of the forest! One minister referred to the sounding winds in the lofty branches, that they were uttering their testimony to the holy truths. They invited the anxious to come forward and be prayed for. The white people filled the body seats, and the blacks the side seats. Then the minister talked very solemnly to the white people first, and then to the slaves; telling them alike of the value of the soul, of the price that was paid for its redemption. To the slaves they spoke of their bondage most feelingly—that it was the institution of God—that it was only for this life—that God is preparing mansions in Heaven for them as well as for the white people, if they love Him, and are not rebellious, but obedient. One of the ministers while speaking, in the intensity of his feeling sank in a fit of exhaustion, and had to be carried away."

"Was it a small meeting on account of the excitement of the times?"

"Oh no, it was a large meeting; and it was strange to see them pouring in—some horseback—perhaps a woman with a baby in her lap, and a little 'nigger' behind her—some on mules—some in great wagons drawn by oxen with a rope bridle—some in splendid carriages, and some on foot right out of the woods. You would wonder where they all came from."

"Yes, yes, that's the 'Sunny South.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

GOLDIE'S SLAVE.

“Do not look forward to what may happen to-morrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will care for you to-morrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering, or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it.”—*St. Francis de Sales*.

A few days after the campmeeting, Roswell's reply to Goldie's letter was received:—

“Granville, October —, 1860.

My Dear Cousin,

Father, Mother and Mervella have gone to the farm to-day. It seems horribly lonesome, but they will be home to-night. In the meantime I have a grand opportunity to give a prompt answer to your letter, and talk about that imaginary war. Dear Cousin, how silly! The idea that those few States can madly cut themselves loose from their great anchor, the Union, and set themselves on that black stratum, is the very acme of absurdity. Do not harbor such apprehensions for a moment. It is the old, old wolf story, but live wolf never turned up yet.

“Now I have an extraordinary for you, which must be shared with Amy, as it is written by request of her mother. I was going past there this morning, and she called me in to tell me about a dreadful sign (as she called it) and she showed me a pan of blood. (In parenthesis I must say that you will now affirm that we are all warned of a coming war.) She brought it to me and said,

“‘What does that look like to you?’

“‘Bloody water,’ said I.

“‘Well, Mr. Blakemore,’ she rejoined, ‘I will tell you about this. I took a clean, dry pan to wash the dishes; and you will see the pan is new and not rusty; then I put in some water and put it in the stove oven to heat. The stove is almost new. When I thought it must be

hot enough, I took it out, and found it bloody as you see. I carried it up stairs to Auntie and she asked me if I had not cut my finger. I told her I had not had my hands in the water at all. She looked sober then, and said 'I know that it means something,' and so it seems to me too. Now won't you write and tell Amy to be careful of herself and Birdie and not get any fall; and I will be careful too; for it points to somebody. I have a strong impression that something bloody is going to happen to my children at the South. My fingers are so stiff with rheumatism that I cannot write much.'

"Oh, it's a sign that the devil's coming after us," said I.

"She said, 'It wouldn't be Roswell, if you didn't say something of that kind, but everybody knows that Roswell Blakemore has a large heart of sympathy; and you will tell them all to be careful.'

"Of course, after that compliment, I had to promise to send all manner of good advice.

"Great Scotland! what if she knew about the letter I had in my pocket about *your war*? But no mortal knows anything about it, for I got it after the folks started for the farm.

"I have loads to tell you about my own affairs, but will close this time with a faithful warning to keep out of that bloody milk-pan.

"My regards to all, and much love for your own sweet self.

Your cousin,

Roswell Blakemore."

The wonderful piano spread was finished about two weeks before Christmas, and won admiration from all who saw it. There was a rich center piece of heavy embroidery, also a life-size wreath of roses and other flowers around the border.

Amy and Goldie had enjoyed many a quiet hour together working on the spread. Bright thoughts and sad thoughts had been stitched into the gaily colored flowers. When the last paper pattern had been torn off, and the last flower clipped to the proper shape and smoothness, Goldie took the spread and walked off with it, telling Amy,

"You'll not see this again till week after next."

In her own room she finished it by putting on a lining of the beautiful red silk which had long lain idle in her trunk.

"So much my darling Amy shall have as a real Christmas present from me," she thought, surveying her work, "There's almost half of it left now, and I can make a basque or something of it sometime to please dear Uncle Blakemore."

Amy found the spread on the piano Christmas morning.

As summer faded into autumn, and autumn in turn gave place to the chill of winter, a black storm cloud had been darkening all the Southern sky; a worse than winter's chill benumbing the hearts of those who saw the peril of their country. It seemed to Amy Fay that bright summer could never smile again in her home, if her husband *should* join the enemies of his country. He tried to cheer up his wife and Goldie by assuming a light-heartedness which he by no means felt, and laughing at their fears of a war. He really hoped that there would be no war, but he based his hopes mainly on the probability that the peace-loving and divided North would allow the South to go out of the Union without bloodshed. Lincoln was elected, and secession was becoming a fact which none could ignore. Already South Carolina had indignantly taken up her robes and walked out of the Union. The people applauded, and said, "Noble Carolina! this is worthy of her. She has dared to let the world know she will not be ruled by an abolition President. Let us not be slow in following her footsteps."

This news came to the Fay household just as they were trying to put aside gloomy forebodings and turn their thoughts toward celebrating the coming of the Prince of Peace. The half-made Christmas gifts dropped then from weary fingers.

"This is the bitter fruit of slavery," said Goldie, "And what will the final harvest be?"

"Don't be too hard on us slave-holders," said Mr. Fay in a bantering tone; "we are not the worst folks in the world. Now suppose you owned a ducky yourself, what would you do?"

"I wouldn't be there!" she retorted.

"Wouldn't you? Are you sure? Amy, let's give her a black un' for a Christmas present. I saw one to-day that I had half a mind to buy—black and shiny—as handsome a ducky as I ever saw, and only six years old."

Amy saw the mischievous twinkle in her husband's eyes, and said nothing, but Goldie stoutly insisted that she would not accept such a present, unless it were to set him free at once.

"What! and turn him loose upon the cold world with no home nor friends to care for him?" said Mr. Fay in a shocked tone.

On Christmas morning Goldie came down to breakfast, ready to give and receive the Christmas greetings with a smile which was not a make-believe, for she was fresh from her half hour with her precious Bible.

Mr. Fay came in a trifle late, and, after a "Merry Christmas!" to Goldie, said,

"Your young ducky is out here by the steps, meekly waiting to see his new mistress."

What should she do? accept the present and be a slave-holder, or refuse and give pain to Amy by offending her husband? She stood hesitating, while Mr. Fay with suppressed merriment watched her perplexed face. Amy looked at Egbert, then went to the door and looked out; and then, a smile breaking over her face, she came back and led Goldie to the door. There, hitched to the veranda post, stood as handsome, glossy-coated, gentle, and well-trained a "ducky" as ever cantered on four feet. Goldie accepted her present with a joyous laugh in which Amy joined. Egbert felt well paid when he saw how happy his wife was in the pleasure of her friend. There was a rift in the cloud of gloom, and all were inclined to make the most of the sunshine that beautiful Christmas day. Nor was the pleasure for that day only. Goldie soon learned to be an expert rider, and many a happy hour she spent with her faithful "slave," cantering through the grand old forests. The horse became very fond of her, and learned to know his name, Zephyr, which she gave him in memory of the dappled friend of the years gone by.

But not long at a time could the gloomy shadow of secession be forgotten. Goldie had frequent letters from Arthur who, while attending to the business of his employers, had much opportunity to observe the political conditions in different parts of the South and the prospect grew constantly more threatening. In January he wrote that he had nearly finished, and would come to make her a brief visit before returning to the North.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SECESSION.

"I saw in a vision once, our mother-sphere
The world, her fixed foredoomed oval tracing,
Rolling and rolling on and resting never,
While like a phantom fell, behind her pacing,
The unfurled flag of night, her shadow drear,
Fled as she fled and hung to her forever.
Great Heaven, methought, how strange a doom to share,
Would I may never bear

Inevitable darkness after me,
(Darkness endowed with drawings strong,
And shadowy hands that cling unendingly),
Nor feel that phantom wings behind me sweep,
As she feels night pursuing through the long
Illimitable reaches of 'the vasty deep.'"

—*Jean Ingelow.*

The fatal nineteenth of January has come, and Amy and Goldie stand at midnight by the gate looking over into the city. From this eminence they can see the illuminations and the torch-light procession winding like a huge fiery serpent through the streets. The gleam of the burning fires only deepens the darkness, and adds to the gloom. Cannon are fired and wild yells rend the air. Alas! for what is this rejoicing? Georgia, the Empire State of the South, has seceded! This is to celebrate the dissolution—the destruction of our noble Government! to establish which the fathers of the Revolution fought and died.

"Well," said Goldie, "it is rejoicing now; the mourning comes by and by. This is sowing the seed; the blossoming and fruitage are not yet."

"Oh," sobbed Amy, "when will it be anything else but midnight?"

Goldie's arm was about her, but no word of comfort could she speak, knowing that Egbert Fay was over there, marching at the head

of his militia, joining in the gay pageant of treason. He had been a successful lawyer, winning wealth from the practice of law in a slaveholding State; and, little by little, the allurements of luxury and ambition had made him "first endure, then pity, then embrace" the once hated system of Slavery. At first he had held back from Secession; but a lawyer could not afford to be unpopular, so the tide had swept him on.

The colored ones were out too, watching the strange sight. Only faithful Nora was staying in with the babies. But as Birdie awoke and called for Mamma, Nora hastily dressed her and took her out to the gate.

"Oh, pitty! pitty!" the child exclaimed, as she saw the distant lights. Laughing with delight, she sprang into her mother's arms, saying "See! see! Mamma, pitty!" And those older children over there in the city were laughing and shouting too, in their wild excitement.

Amy only sobbed the harder as she felt the touch of the baby hand. "My child! my husband! my country!" were the thoughts that rent her breaking heart. Birdie's laugh was suddenly hushed, and her eyes opened wide with wonder to see Mamma crying. Slipping quietly to the ground, she pulled her mother's hand, and said, "Mamma, p'ay."

Goldie silently followed, as the child led Amy to the house, and to the side of her own little bed. Kneeling and reverently folding her tiny hands, she began, "Oh, Dod,—Papa—Mamma—Olie—Nowa—Fele—Baby—Ada'—Ebe—Desus's sate, Amen."

Jumping up with a look of immense relief and satisfaction, Birdie patted her mother's cheek, and looked surprised to see the tears still flowing. The little puzzled face seemed to say, "What makes you cry any more, Mamma? It's all right now, for I've asked God to take care of us." But Amy's tears were no longer those of despair, as she clasped the darling child in her arms, and, looking up to Goldie, exclaimed,

"Blessed little comforter! To think *she* should have told *us* where to go for help!"

Goldie was smiling and crying both, for that "Adam and Eve" had upset her gravity. She had been taking pains secretly to teach the little prodigy to answer the questions, "Who was the first man?" and "Who was the first woman?" and Birdie's first showing of her newly acquired linguistic knowledge was to add the two names to her prayer. She seemed determined to make her prayer effectual by putting in all she could, and the great good Father heard and accepted the prayer,

just as he does our sometimes foolish, childish petitions when we ask with the same sweet, childlike spirit of faith.

When Birdie was again asleep, Amy was alone with her God; and long and deep was her prayer, from which she arose strengthened for all after trials. She felt that child and husband and Country were all safe in the hands of him whose name is Love.

An hour later Mr. Fay returned from the city, and with him Arthur Hyland who had arrived on the night train, and had been a sad and indignant witness of some of the closing scenes of the celebration.

Vain was argument between the two gentlemen. They had a mutual liking for each other which was strong, although they had met but once before, and their manly hearts held sacred the deeper friendship between their chosen ones. Love and friendship *can* bridge over even the bloody chasm of war. War was not yet begun, and each would fain have forgotten the waves of strife that were fast rolling between. Mr. Fay had already cast in his lot with seceding Georgia, and Arthur Hyland was not less determined to return to the North, and hold himself ready for his country's service. But what should Goldie do? This was the absorbing question as the sun was hastening to the eastern sky.

At first Arthur urged her to return North, but she replied that her work was here now, and perhaps there was other work in store for her, if the desolation of war should come.

"The fighting, if there is any," said Mr. Fay, "will be on the border, and if there is a long conflict, who knows whether the tide of war will sweep northward or southward. You will find no safer place than Atlanta."

"The safest place is where duty is," responded Goldie, "and it seems to me that my duty is here in the work to which I was so providentially led."

Arthur consented, and the question was decided, much to the joy of Amy who had listened to the discussion with trembling heart, fearing to speak lest she might be selfish. When the time for parting came, Arthur said,

"Write to Mother, darling, and may our Father in Heaven protect you."

After this Goldie devoted herself more than ever to her teaching, feeling the uncertainty of the future, and anxious to do faithful work while she could.

Often in going to and from her school, she could see, away under the trees, a tall form pacing with slow and melancholy tread, always with downcast eyes, though the sunshine were ever so bright and golden about him. An earthly court has acquitted the murderer (there were no witnesses but negroes); but there is another tribunal where his conscience has not been acquitted.

"Nor wealth nor weal
From henceforth shall afford his soul delight."
"Night after night, night after desolate night,
Day after day, day after tedious day,
Stands by his fire, and dulls its gleamy light,
Paceth behind or meets him in the way,"

the memory of that faithful servant whom he had stricken down in his anger; still he hears the grieved voice ever repeating, "Don't you love me? why did you kill me?"

There came a day when the once proud and happy Judge Faircloth was led out from his own door by officers, and consigned to a close carriage to be taken to the insane asylum.

"Don't you love me, Papa?" cried poor little Jerome, as he saw his father led away; but vainly did he plead for another word or look of recognition. The child was taken charge of by distant relatives, and came no more to school through the path under the chestnut trees and mistletoe.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN INVASION FROM THE NORTH.

“Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.”

One morning in the early part of winter, there was a light new snow, a rare thing at the South. The young people went out snow-balling, but it was Sabbath, and Goldie could not join. The rest deemed it innocent, as the snow came so seldom. “It’ll come again perhaps,” said the sweet-hearted Amy to her. It did come again, the twenty-first of February. The ground was white, and, as soon as breakfast was done, over came a party of young people, and shouted for Goldie to come out. She slipped around through the side door, made her apron full of snowballs, and rushed upon them. They caught her and tried to bury her in the snow.

They had some lively sport, but Mr. Fay thought he would outdo them all. At a very early hour he had set to work with a Will (Will was almost handy enough for a Yankee), and improvised a jumper. He now filled it with girls, and drove into town. A merry party they were as they flew along behind the spirited, snowy horses, with Rollo bounding along by their side, enjoying the frolic as much as any one. Sometimes he jumped toward the sleigh, as if he would take a ride too, and sometimes rolled in the snow, making himself look like a grizzly bear.

“Oh, Mr. Boreas,” exclaimed Goldie gaily, “you forget that this is the Sunny Clime, and you have no right to invade it with your arrows if ice and piercing cold! You forget too that we have seceded from the North and all its institutions.”

“Maybe these downy hosts will not be the only Northern invaders that we shall see before we have done with this secession business,” said Emma Heartmead with a shiver.

“Let them come! They will get a warm reception!” exclaimed an ardent secession maiden.

"They will be trodden in the mire, and melt away, and be as harmless to the noble South as this snow!" was Mr. Fay's patriotic rejoinder, which was received with enthusiastic clapping of hands.

Charley and Prince had seemed all along to have a suspicion of this strange vehicle, and just at that moment they gave a sudden bound, running upon one side of a drift which concealed a stone, and landing the fair Georgians in a muddy place on the opposite side of the road. Goldie's eyes sparkled with something more than fun, as she picked herself up, and helped her frightened companions to brush off the snow and mud.

The horses were stopped before they had gone far, but Mr. Fay had to procure another vehicle to take the party home. "Yankee institutions don't work well at the South," was his comment.

Mrs. Fay, that snowy morning, thought of poor old Grandma Brown, not as children say, her "sure enough Grandma," but a poor, desolate woman of fourscore years and ten, who was only waiting to be called home. "She may be suffering to-day," thought Amy, so she waded through the snow down the forest path. It brought back her girlhood days and seemed as if she were tramping off to school.

Reaching the cabin, she knocked, but heard only a moan for an answer. She pushed the door gently open, and what a scene! The floor carpeted with snow; snow piled up on the great beams; snow clinging to the immense spider-webs that hung in festoons from the blackened rafters above; snow coming down the great chimney, putting out what little fire was smoldering in the ashes; and a white sheet of snow covering the bed where that poor old woman lay shivering and crying. She raised her head, as Amy entered, and asked,

"Who is there?"

For answer, Amy went to the bed, and took the cold, wrinkled hand. The poor woman caught both of hers, and covered them with kisses.

"Oh, I know who it is, God bless you forever! I knowed you'd come, I knowed. Rheny has gone to town to get something to eat, I'm so hungry and cold!"

She was not hungry long, for Mrs. Fay had brought her some coffee and good things to eat.

When she tasted the coffee, she said, "I don't see why Rheny can't make coffee like this."

No mystery to Amy, as she looked at the coverless kettle, and huge smoking chimney. She thought as she stood by that lowly bed, "How alone its occupant seems to mortal eye! but doubtless angels are

near waiting to bear her upward, where this miserable hovel shall be exchanged for a bright home in Heaven." Rheny came at last, and Amy took Grandma's Bible and read to them some comforting promises, and then returned home, grateful for her own abundant happiness, and for the privilege of giving a drop of joy to Christ's poor.

The winter with its frost and snow has passed away, and April has dawned. The birds are singing in the tree-tops, and the beautiful flowers are springing from the earth. Nature rejoices, but bird and blossom are unheeded in the home of the Fays. They did not have their usual First-of-April breakfast that morning—Judith forgot to make cotton biscuit or sawdust batter cakes, and her dark face looked very sober as she went about her work, trying to make as tempting as possible that breakfast which was, nevertheless, hardly tasted. A great shadow has fallen upon this household. There is a call for soldiers to defend Fort ——, and Egbert Fay is going with the militia under his command. The heartache would have been bad enough just to see him going to face danger and possible death; but the deeper pain to which neither his wife nor her friend could be reconciled was to know that he was going to fight against the land of their birth, perhaps against their own kindred.

Poor Amy's eyes were blinded with tears, as Egbert kept on quietly with his preparations for departure. His valise was packed, and goodies and little convenient knickknacks were stuffed here and there by the hand of love. "But was there no escape?" The voice of public opinion is as despotic as the will of a monarch, and to refuse to obey it now would be the signature of social death-warrant.

Evening came. The good-by has been spoken amid blinding, choking tears, and the vain attempt at cheerfulness on the part of Egbert, who said, "Don't feel so bad, my darling wife, I'll be home again in three weeks—there'll not be any war."

Alas for the wife! Alas for sisters and mothers! for the South are fearfully in earnest, and when the North awakes, the bloody conflict will begin.

At the depot when the soldiers took their leave, there was a scene of wild excitement—fathers, mothers and sisters hanging upon the necks of those they loved, some screaming and some fainting. There were waving of handkerchiefs and "God bless you's"; and, as the train moved off, shouts long and loud rent the air.

A few mornings after the departure of the soldiers, while the family were at breakfast, a horn sounded through the grove. They knew then that poor old Grandma Brown was in trouble, for this was

her signal. Amy hurried to go. It was a lovely spring morning, with sunshine and fragrance and nature's music filling the air. Such brightness and beauty, such a blending of everything lovely makes us almost wish for immortality here, but the blighting, the fading, the dying, comes ever to these hither shores.

Amy was met by one of Rheny's neighbors who said, "Granny is dying!" Amy hastened to the cabin and was grateful to find the wearied, shriveled hands folded over the heart that was now forever at rest. No more want—no more hunger—no cold—but the fullest blessedness for her now! They took from her the tattered garments, and robed her in pure white, and when they placed on her head the new cap, and smoothed back the silvered hair, even the ninety years that were written on that brow did not make her seem unlovely. The sweet trusting look of the Christian lingered on the aged face—and the love of God is such a beautifier! They took from under her pillow the old Bible which was always lying there: they took it away, for she had no more need of it now. Before the years had come in which she had no pleasure, before the windows were darkened, this Bible had been her comfort, and in the weary years of waiting since then, her aged head had rested upon this same Bible, as her heart reposed upon its sweet promises.

"A comfortable book for them that mourn,
And good to raise the courage of the poor,
It lifts the veil and shows, beyond the bourne,
Their Elder Brother, from His home secure,
That for them desolate He died to win,
Repeating, 'Come, ye blessed, enter in.'"

Grandma Brown's grave was not among the gleaming monuments and white headstones where roses were blooming, but away in a lonely corner where the poor are buried. But the angels can find them in the Morning.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NATION ROUSED.

“The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared,
Its bloody rain is dropping.”

—*J. G. Whittier.*

April 12th, 1861, opens an era of blood. The gallant little garrison of Fort Sumter, numbering seventy men, is attacked by seven thousand commanded by Beauregard. The result is anxiously waited, though it is not doubtful, for the brave Anderson cannot long withstand the storm of shot and shell being poured in upon him.

The story of those days has been graven on the pages of history. All the world knows how the slumbering nation was awakened as from a dream—how Monday morning's papers carried far and wide the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and appealing “to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and existence of our national Union”—how party divisions were forgotten, and the great North and West rose up as one man to avenge the insult to our nation's flag.

In Atlanta, only bitterness is heard on every side. Women even are uttering expressions malignant and cruel. A caller remarked,

“It was a perfect shame that Beauregard let Major Anderson live a moment. He ought to have been taken out and hung right up. Don't you think so, Mrs. Fay?”

“It seems to me that Beauregard took the wiser course,” was Mrs. Fay's guarded answer.

The next day they hear of a man dragged off to prison for saying to one who was boasting of the glorious victory achieved by Beauregard, that he didn't think it showed a great amount of bravery or heroism for seven thousand men to overpower seventy men shut up in a fort.

Letters now are pouring in from Northern friends—convinced at last. One was from Roswell and one from Amy's mother, anxiety overcoming the stiffness of her fingers. Oh! quick it came to her memory—that pan of bloody water. It came to Roswell's too, and he urged,

“Come home, Cousin pet, for I confess it is true—alas true! a civil war is before us. Come home or you will get into that bloody milk-pan! Father, Mother, Mervella, all say come home while you can.” But Goldie's decision was already made.

The anxious mother writes, “Come home, my child; bring Birdie away from those scenes now, for it is said travel will soon be cut off, and the U. S. mails withdrawn from the seceded states. Did I not have a sign about this war? Now, pack right up and come home, my child.”

Home! How slow a mother is to realize that her child's real home is with another!

A few days later another envelope came from Roswell. It enclosed only a newspaper scrap, unaccompanied by word or line.

“This must be important, when there isn't a word written,” said Goldie, as she began to read, “The following companies will hold themselves in readiness to march at twenty-four hours notice.” Goldie's eye quickly caught among the names in the list of officers, “Captain Roswell Blakemore of Granville.”

Time passes on and the conflict deepens. The President is calling for troops, for regiments, for instant and earnest action. They have gone solemnly to work now since the terrible defeat at Bull Run. They had not expected to meet such an army of fierce warriors.

Early in September there was an entertainment which Amy and Goldie attended. The large hall was filled, many having to stand. After various other exercises there was a mock view of the taking of Fort Sumter, the actors being school-girls. The scene opened by our precious flag being raised. Who can say how many hearts swelled with love and grief as that beautiful emblem was unfurled before them? Instantly the flower bombs flew like hail. They were sent with a jest and spite which caused the house to ring with cheers and loud hurrahs. Sweet, innocent flowers! Never before were ye put to so unholy use. Ah, but ye shall yet crown the dear old flag! Loving hands will twine you in triumph around its sacred folds.

O fair young girls! America's daughters insulting the bright ensign of your country! You who owe so much to this same beautiful banner—who, when traveling in foreign lands, can point to it and say, “The flag of our Country,” and receive such grand protection. Can

you scorn it? Lower—lower it descends—the stripes circling round the stars—folded together, drooping sorrowfully—it falls! In a twinkling, up goes the usurper, and the house shakes with the stamping of feet, and the wild shoutings and cheers. Amy and Goldie struggle to keep back the tears, they flutter their fans and smell of their flowers, lest their grief and anger shall be seen. Yet these young girls are not to blame. Who has taught them to hate what they should love? Their fathers and mothers, their pastors and teachers.

September 8th brought Amy a letter from the wandering husband away in the mountains of Virginia. He was cut off in the Laurel Hill retreat, and he and several others were without food for several days, only such as sorrel and birch afforded. "We passed," he said, "through Staunton this morning just as the church bells were ringing, and the people were going hither and thither to their different places of worship. But there is no church nor Sabbath of rest to the soldier, so we march along weary and heart-sick, praying for the time to come when we can go home once more."

One evening Amy and Goldie attended a concert and flag presentation. The songs were fitted to inspire an impulsive and passionate people with an ideal of greatness and fancied independence. After the songs came the presentation of the flag. The three stripes were received from the fair donors by Col. ———, who made a short speech, and, as he handed the emblem of Southern independence to the captain of the — Greys, he lifted his hand and said in a slow and solemn tone,

"As sure as there is a just God in Heaven, victory will follow this flag! Take it then, and bear it in the thickest fight, and before the flowers shall have faded that are now blooming around your beautiful home, you will return in triumph."

The father of the captain came on the stage, and gave to his son and to each member of the company a testament.

Tears were in the eyes of our two friends, for strong men were there, men of intelligence and worth, kind friends and neighbors, just leaving their homes, many of them never to return.

A rainy Saturday in November—the rain does not come down in a generous, pouring way, but in a slow drizzle. The wind is moaning most dolefully, and rudely tearing the leaves from the trees.

"We will enjoy ourselves to-day," said Amy, "for no one will call to give us pain with their bitter invectives against the North, and we will read over our old letters, and talk of our lovers."

They both smiled and agreed to be happy that day. Ah, precious days are those that are called so dreary—in which the imagination may go on its own wild wing, to bring to life dead loves, to call back the echoes of remembered voices—

“Some that in beauteous years of yore,
We heard with a passionate thrill.”

And then to look over old letters—those “paper pleasure grounds” of Jean Paul’s! Is it not sweet to wander over them? We half forget in the life they bring back to us, that the hands that penned many of them have long ago been folded over stilled hearts.

Amy and her friend are sitting now in their low chairs near the cheerful fire which is blazing on the hearth, with letters all around them. The cat is sleeping on the rug, and flowers are blooming in the window, and they do look happy. Doubly dear are these treasured letters now that no more words of cheer and love can come to them from the land of their birth.

They were interrupted by the coming of two women, poorly clad, the rain dripping from their garments, one leading a child, and both looking pale and sorrowful. This child was one of six. The husband had gone to the war, and want and misery had come into their home. Amy fixed them off with a parcel of good things, lending them an umbrella to go home with; then she and Goldie congratulated themselves upon being once more alone. Soon a timid rap comes on their door, and there stands a boy, the brother of the little girl who has just left.

“Here’s your umbrill, Ma says she’s much obleeged for it.”

Goldie took it, hoping he would go, but he stood so expectant, peering into the room, as if a fairy land had opened upon his astonished vision, that Goldie relented and asked him in. He stepped timidly upon the carpet and gazed wonderingly around, at the flowers in the window, then at the cat sleeping down upon the rug—as if he wished he was a cat cuddling down there. How sorry they felt for him, when he put up his little bare feet to warm by the fire! They asked his name.

“Joseph.”

“Can you read?” inquired Goldie, after some conversation about his brothers and sisters.

“No, ma’m, I can’t.”

“Can your mother read?”

“No, ma’m, she can’t.”

“Would you like to read?”

"Yes, ma'm, I would."

He sat a moment, then looked up, as if a happy thought struck him.

"Won't you teach me to read?"

Amy told him if he wished to come Sabbath morning and hear her read to the colored ones, he might, and Goldie promised to give him lessons in some of her leisure hours. As a beginning, she opened the family Bible, and showed him his own name. He soon learned to find it for himself, and how happy he looked! More difficult was the task of writing the letters of his name upon a slate; but, after a little, he succeeded in making crooked marks that, with sufficient aid from the imagination, could be seen to resemble the copy. Then Goldie wrote the letters large and plain upon a scrap of paper, which she gave to him, telling him to practice all he could at home, and, if he could make these letters well enough by next Saturday, she would teach him something more. Amy hunted up a few "goodies" which he deposited in the pockets of his tattered trousers, and away he ran.

"How little it has cost us," said Goldie, "to make so much joy ripple through his poor heart!"

"Yes," said Amy, "only a few words, and a few sticks of candy. What selfish creatures we are! But can you afford to keep on using your recreation day for more teaching?"

"Yes, if he is always as eager as he was to-day, it will be a rest to teach one who is hungry for learning. There are some in my school who seem to think Providence made a mistake in not providing a royal road to learning—some way in which servants could be made to do the hard studying for them, and they alone reap the benefits."

They watched Joseph pattering off in the cold rain, so happy that his feet scarcely touched the ground.

Who should come next in the rain but their faithful friend, Mr. Beedworth, whom Col. Fay had requested to look after them in his absence. His sympathies were with the North, but he was a man whom any neighbor could safely trust. He looked cheerful and hopeful, as ever, but to their question, "Have you any good news to tell us to-day?" the reply was,

"No, but you must be patient. We shall hear something soon that will be good. McClellan is getting his great army ready to march, and, when he starts, something will be done. Richmond will be taken, and we shall see our friends here before many months."

So, with renewed faith, Amy named her beautiful pet turkey George McClellan. "You shall grace the table," she told him, "when

the conquerors come." And so his turkeyship strutted about with his new name, never suspecting the import of his presentation to the conquerors.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PRISONERS.

“Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.”

—*Lowell.*

Forts Henry and Donelson are captured by the Federals. Amy and Goldie are jubilant, but their joy must be concealed when they meet their neighbors.

The buildings prepared for hospitals are filled to overflowing, and people have been requested to go to the depot when the wounded arrive, and take to their homes as many as they can care for. Mr. Beedworth was notified that Mrs. Fay would take one. He accordingly brought a soldier, who appeared quite youthful, but had a wife and children in Virginia. Poor man! he could not speak of his family without brushing away the tears. Mr. Beedworth remarked to him,

“People say here that the Yankees can’t fight. How is it?”

“Fight! nobody shall tell me that—they fight, sir, like very demons. They fight as if they had something to *fight for*. Oh, how our men were mown down! We were kept standing in the ditches, in the mud and rain, day and night, with nothing to eat. Our officers didn’t care what became of us, and we were most all killed off.”

Amy thought of her husband, and, for his sake, she was glad to give “aid and comfort” to this man who had been fighting on the wrong side. Goldie, too, was ready to give him sympathy and kindness, because he was a human being needing help.

March came in “like a lion,” the first day being fully in keeping with the blustering reputation of that month. The soldier was convalescing fast, and caring for him seemed to divert their minds from sad reflections. Little Birdie’s sympathy had been aroused for the “poor sick man,” and her innocent prattle seemed to do him more good than anything else. He was able after a time to sit with the family

in the evening, and tell them of his long marches and fierce battles, also of his humble home in the mountains of Virginia. One day in the middle of March, they went away for a visit, and, on their return, were met by Judith, saying,

"Our soldier has gone; he left a good-by and a thousand thanks for you. He's gone with his regiment."

"Oh, must he go to meet death again," said Goldie, "when he yearns so much for home?"

A few days after, a Confederate officer called and asked if there was a soldier there by the name of Waller.

"No, he left a few days ago, to join his regiment, he said."

"Well," was the gruff answer, "he shall be published as a deserter."

The ladies began to assert his innocence, but the officer made some rude reply and left. What became of their unfortunate guest they never knew.

That same day Goldie visited a hospital for the first time. Her heart sickened at sight of so much misery; although it had been the dream of her childhood to be a Florence Nightingale on the battle-field. Her most vivid imagination had but half portrayed the sufferings of war.

The morning of March thirtieth, Goldie was out in the garden with Amy among the flowers which looked so alive, so soulful, that they were wishing the lovely things were alive and could sympathize with them, and were wondering if they had real flowers in Heaven. Birdie was flitting about like a humming-bird, stopping now and then to kiss some of the flowers. None of them heard approaching footsteps until an arm was thrown around Amy, and Birdie was caught up at the same moment and received such a kissing that she screamed with fright. Amy was bewildered with joy to see her long absent Egbert standing before her; but it was some time before she could make the child understand that this was the dear Papa whom she had daily talked about and prayed for.

"How are you, poor children?" he asked, as his wife clung to his neck.

"Oh, so well," she replied, "now you are alive and here again, darling."

Their gladness that day, words are powerless to express. Col. Fay had passed through fearful scenes since he left them one year ago. Cut off for days in the wild mountains of Virginia, where was neither man nor beast, with no food but such as the woods afforded—marching through ice and snow, often seeing his comrades lie down and perish

by his side—these were some of the perils through which he had been kept. Ah, away in a Northern home a mother was praying for her wandering boy!

Goldie spent much of her spare time, with Judith to help her, in making pillows and other comfortable things for the wounded. Mr. Beedworth called one morning, and she showed him her little store. He told her there was quite a sensation in the city now caused by the arrival yesterday of some Yankee prisoners: "Six Union officers, and they are splendid men."

"You have seen them then?"

"I have, and am told that the citizens are showing them many favors. You might know some of them, Miss Hapgood."

"True, I might, though not very likely."

"I was promised a pass, and will take you some day, if you wish."

"Oh, I should be so pleased to see them! Can you not find out their names before we go?"

"Certainly, I presume I can," he answered and departed, leaving Goldie to enjoy the anticipation of a new event.

Just then she spied Miss Ida Birkins coming, all smiles, and waving something held in her hand. It proved to be a "sure enough" Godey's Fashion Book, a January number. Amy was called, and Col. Fay came upon the scene. It was a thrilling event to see the fashions of the live world as late as January. The "Oh, my" 's and the "Oh, do see" 's were lavished upon the new twists and quirks. The Col. thought of the ridiculous, the "waterfalls" were the *chefs-d'oeuvres*. By the way, this Fashion Book was worn to tatters. It had traveled up and down the city, passing from hand to hand, and nobody knows how many more cities it had traversed before it reached Atlanta.

Col. Fay had not been long in winning his little daughter's confidence, and he could hardly bear to have her out of his sight a moment during his short stay. All too soon the days sped by, his furlough expired, and he went again to the field of conflict. As Mr. Beedworth had passed the age limit, there was no danger of his being obliged to go, so the premises were again left in his charge. The next day he came with the promised pass.

"I have a pass," he said, "and the names of the prisoners, and think it not best to delay our call, as the future prospects of prisoners are not to be counted upon."

He took from his pocket the list of names, and read them—those six names, all alike meaningless to him, yet each having in it a history of somebody's darling, and the last was that one name which was

more than all the world beside to Goldie Hapgood. Mr. Beedworth noticed her pale and agitated manner, and hastened to say,

"Be assured, Miss Goldie, they are comfortable. They are quite the lions. They have said they prefer doing without the good things given them so liberally rather than that any should be compromised for their sakes."

Mr. Beedworth arranged to go with Goldie immediately after school that afternoon. How she got through her school that day she hardly knew. If the children had said that Cape Fear and Cape Good Hope were located side by side in the State of Georgia, or that one subtracted from six would leave nothing, it would have seemed all right. After school she quickly dressed, and then her deft fingers arranged a beautiful bouquet of red, white and blue flowers—red roses and pinks lying against dark cedar; white roses, verbenas and a queenly white lily nestling in the center with a cluster of blue forget-me-nots. Mr. Beedworth came with his buggy, and they soon reached the building where the prisoners were confined. When she stepped into the great hall and saw the striped guard, she began to tremble with fear, but Mr. Beedworth showed his pass, and said,

"This lady wishes to see some Yankees, she has heard so much about them."

"All right, sir," and the guard smiled a great honest smile. But who can tell of the smiles and the welcome that greeted her the other side of the door? They saw each other—and though within prison walls, *that* was happiness.

After his southern trip before the beginning of the war, Arthur Hyland had returned North with full determination to serve his country at whatever cost. Having had no military training, he enlisted as a private, but was soon promoted, step by step, until he received a captain's commission. During that first winter of the war, there was little accomplished in the region of the Potomac. "On to Richmond!" was the patriotic cry of those who sat by their comfortable firesides at the North; and "All quiet along the Potomac!" began to be a by-word with the impatient. It was during this time of inactivity that Captain Hyland had occasion one day in company with two fellow officers to take a stroll into the country. Having accomplished their errand, the others returned to camp, but Hyland turned aside to a path leading near a river bank, telling them—"I am going to explore down this way and walk back later."

How much later, or how long his walk would be, he did not dream. He wandered on with no suspicion that the enemy were near, until a

turn of the path brought into full view a dozen Confederate soldiers rapidly approaching from the opposite direction. Being in the shade, he had not been seen, so he quickly concealed himself behind a rock under the shelter of some bushes. Evidently the enemy were out on a reconnoitering expedition, like himself. They were not two rods from the hidden watcher, when the Confederate officer ordered a halt. They had come in sight of the river. Hyland, following their cautious glances, saw three men in blue just stepping into a boat from the opposite shore, with the apparent intention of crossing the river.

"More explorers," thought he.

"Now, boys," said Capt. Reb. in a low tone, "don't waste powder, but lie low till they touch shore. Then *you* put a bullet through the man at the forard end of the boat, *you* the middle one, and *you* the last one," designating three of his men; "Mind, three dead Yanks at the word, Fire! Then we'll see what they have worth taking along with us.

The blood of the watcher was hot with indignation—"Four to one, and yet they will secretly murder and rob their unsuspecting victims!" He raised his field glass and looked at the men in the boat who were carelessly, even laughingly, approaching their doom. With a start, he recognized the face of Roswell Blakemore. They belonged to different regiments of the army of the Potomac, and neither had made any effort to renew old acquaintance.

"He shall not die unwarned, perhaps unprepared," was Arthur's instant resolution. The last word of his unspoken thought tells why he would not send even an enemy into eternity when a wound would accomplish the purpose. A pistol shot rang out upon the startled air, and the right arm of the soldier who was to have killed the foremost man in the boat dropped helpless at his side. Before they had time to recover from their astonishment, a second shot wounded another.

"Fire!" "Charge!" were the quick orders of the captain. They fired wildly at the clump of bushes, then rushed in to find their hidden foe was only one man who had wounded five of their number before the revolver was knocked out of his hand and he was seized a prisoner.

"What made you open fire on us when you're all alone?" asked the captain.

"I couldn't lie still and see my comrades in the boat murdered," was the reply.

"This ain't murder: it's war! We'll have to take you down South to learn you better manners. You fought right smart, though!"

"Those Yanks in the boat have made off while we're foolin'. They'll bring a blue tornado after us," said one of the rebels.

"No time to lose: we must git out of this in a hurry," said the captain.

They tried to take their wounded comrades with them, but had not gone far before two were fainting from loss of blood, and a third was not able to keep up with their hurried march. So the three were left to be picked up by the Union soldiers who soon came in pursuit of the flying foe. The party who had captured Arthur succeeded in reaching their own lines without being overtaken; and he was soon after sent on to Atlanta, where we have left Goldie visiting him in prison.

He had news to tell with regard to the friends at the North. His mother was living with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fred Hyland, and still happy in her great faith that "All things work together for good to them that love God." Fred Hyland had enlisted in the army, leaving his store for his father-in-law to manage. Of his own capture, Arthur had nothing to say, only that he was out alone, and was surprised and taken by a squad of the enemy. He could tell nothing of the Blakemores or other Granville people. He was sorry, but not surprised, to know of the part which Egbert Fay was taking in the conflict.

From the moment that Goldie had realized that Arthur was a prisoner, her mind had been busy trying to think of some scheme for his escape. On this her first visit she carried him a City Directory and map to which she had added some jottings of her own in shorthand. As she gave it to him, he interpreted in a moment the thought of her heart, and said earnestly,

"Goldie, you must not bring me anything, or do anything for me that will be a risk to yourself. I am well-treated and comfortable; but even if it were otherwise, I could not bear to bring you into danger."

"If I were in prison, and you at liberty, would you not risk anything for me?" she asked.

The flash of his eyes said "Everything!" but he only gave that unanswerable, "Oh, that's different!"

"I know it's not the fashion for women to fight," she answered gaily, "but we can use our wits. The only question is whether my wits are worth anything in the present case. I confess I have thought of nothing yet that seems practicable, only this directory. It won't hurt you to take a lesson or two in local Geography."

Just then one of the guards entered the room, making some trifling excuse. The visitors understood his errand and took their leave.

This event was a rift in the dark clouds of Confederate life, and under the sheltering wing of noble Mr. Beedworth, Goldie several times slipped in with strawberries, or flowers, or something to cheer the captives. No feasible plan for helping Arthur escape could she devise until one day her eye lit upon a shabby gray coat and cap that Col. Fay had left hanging up at home. "Just the thing!" thought Goldie. After that beginning the plot soon took definite shape. A rainy day gave her a good opportunity to carry the coat and cap under her waterproof. They were admitted as usual to the prisoners' room, the good-natured guard remaining outside the door. Goldie slipped the garments under some blankets, and putting some money into Arthur's hand explained to him in hurried whispers what had been planned. A certain soldier who was to be on guard that night, was believed to be willing for a liberal bribe to allow just one prisoner to slip out "unbeknownst." Once outside the prison, it was hoped that, in the garb of a Confederate colonel, Arthur could pass unchallenged and reach some one of the places where he already knew he would find friends.

The brief visit ended, and they parted with bright hopes of another meeting soon. Arthur hated the thought of wearing a false uniform even for an hour; but liberty is sweet, and love had done its best to help him. But alas for all their hopes! Before the guard was changed for night, or Arthur had any opportunity to put on the gray coat the prisoners were marched, closely guarded, to the depot to be sent on the night train to Madison. Mr. Beedworth brought the discouraging news to Goldie.

"I received word through one of the guards," said he, "that they wished to see me as they were going to leave. I hurried to the depot, and was just in time to say good-by. I'm afraid they will see hard times now; but cheer up, my child; perhaps your friend will be able to get a letter to you, or, better still, he may be exchanged."

In one of his calls, Mr. Beedworth asked Mrs. Fay why she did not call on Mrs. Montgomery.

She replied almost petulantly, "I do not wish to see any one unless I know they belong to our circle, for I cannot listen to any more bitter words. At least, I do not wish to place myself where I shall be obliged to hear them."

"She may be a pleasant exception," he replied. "She is a very intelligent lady, and has always seemed to love you. You have not seen her for a long time. Go and see her to-day, and, if she is spoiled by secession, you can stay away in the future. You are getting too down-hearted."

After duly pondering over the grave question, Amy concluded to be brave and make a call, if Goldie would go with her. Mrs. Montgomery's beautiful home was a short distance out in the country. They enjoyed the drive, but hoped she would not be at home. But she was at home, and welcomed them warmly, as she always did. There were kind inquiries after health, a little talk about the weather, etc., after which they expected the war and "the vandals." Mrs. Montgomery spoke of having had the care of several wounded soldiers.

"But they have left me," said she, "I told them they had better go home and go to plowing rather than be fighting against their country." Adding, as Amy looked up surprised, "I am a Union woman, Mrs. Fay; you needn't be afraid of me."

This was too much for Amy's aching heart, and she cried like a child. Mrs. Montgomery threw her arms around her neck, and kissed her, while the tears started in her own eyes. "Does it make you so glad to find some one who loves her country?" she said.

Mrs. Fay then told her how they had dreaded the visit—dreaded to hear her speak, expecting nothing but bitterness and unkind allusions to everything they loved.

"I do not wonder you felt so," said she, "but I am not the only Southerner who loves our country and our Government. There are thousands all over the South who feel as I do. You must not despair. We shall see our own dear flag waving over us in triumph. The Government of the United States cannot die. There is and there ever will be but one country here."

Her beautiful eyes glowed with devotion and truth as she spoke. How they loved her! To listen to such loyalty and patriotism from the lips of a Southern woman was like wandering in the wilderness in a dry and thirsty land, and coming suddenly upon a little spring half hidden beneath the tangled weeds and withered leaves, where the pure, cool waters gush and bubble up; or like finding some sweet flower laden with perfume, looking up in our pathway where we thought to have seen only briars and thorns.

Each passing day brought some reminder that they were living, not in time of peace, but of war. One day a cavalry regiment passed and encamped a mile distant. Goldie was amused at the remarks of the servants,—

"Now is not them fine hosses? and such a grand cavalry company! Our folks always says the Yankees run when they fights 'em; reckon they will run, sure enough, when they sees these folks. Miss Goldie, what do our folks expect to do anyway? What do they want to do?"

"They have broken away from the Government of the United States, and wish to have a Government of their own, independent of the North."

"Independent! when they gits all their things from the North—all their fine things, shoes, dresses and everything! Where they going to git them at now?"

"They will bring them directly from Europe."

"Where they going to git their ships?"

"Make them, of course."

"None of our folks don't know enough to make ships. They'll have to git the Yankees to make them for them. Our folks don't care for nothin' but cotton and niggers. They better let the North alone anyhow."

The new encampment of cavalry is now the popular resort, and there is a great deal of driving to the grounds. So Mr. Beedworth, in order, as he said, not to be unfashionable, came with his carriage, his wife accompanying him, to take Mrs. Fay and Miss Goldie out to the encampment. They talked on the way, of the New Orleans excitements, General Butler's performances, and the escapades of the ladies, as these were reigning topics. Then, while riding leisurely along, he asked if he should tell them what had occurred in town to-day.

"Yes," Amy replied, "we are prepared to hear almost anything."

"Well, they have hanged seven of those prisoners this afternoon, Captain Andrews' men."

Goldie was not easy to faint, but the thought, "Arthur too is a prisoner," almost overcame her. Hitherto, she had found a little grim comfort in the thought that while in prison he was at least safe from bullets; but now she leaned, pale and trembling, against Amy. Mrs. Beedworth suggested that they take another day for visiting the encampment. Goldie gladly acquiesced, saying that she could not meet them calmly or politely now. The horses were quietly turned into a shady road in another direction, but the shadows of the grand old forests and the singing birds had lost their power to charm. Mr. Beedworth proceeded to tell them more of the horrible event, as told him by one who had been an eye-witness of the hanging:—

"A clergyman was sent to the prison this morning at eleven to communicate to the captives their doom. When he entered, one was writing a letter to his wife, the others were engaged in cheerful conversation. They were Western men, gentlemanly in their bearing, and intelligent. He announced his errand: he had come to tell them that they were to be hanged at the hour of two in the afternoon.

"They exclaimed, "That is not possible! We are only prisoners of war; there must be some mistake.' The one who was writing dropped his pen, and looked at the clergyman in speechless amazement. They were assured there was no mistake—it was even so.

"One said, 'Can it not be put off till to-morrow? I am not prepared to die to-day! I *cannot* die to-day!' He was told there was no delay to be hoped for.

"Another asked the clergyman, 'Will you write to my mother when I am gone?'

"Yes, I will. What shall I write?'

"Tell my mother I have lived for the Stars and Stripes, and now I die for them.'"

"I wonder if the mother will ever hear the last words of her brave son," said Goldie.

"Doubtful," replied Mr. Beedworth, and went on with the story:—"At the hour appointed, the prisoners were led out to a thick wood where a scaffold had been erected and a large round hole dug in the earth for the bodies. A great crowd had gathered to witness the scene. As the seven men ascended the scaffold with firm steps, they were asked if they had anything to say. One of them said with a clear, unflinching voice,

"We are fighting for the Union and for the flag of our country, and we are now prisoners of war in your hands. As such we claim your protection. But if we cannot have it, we shall die like men!'

"Of course their plea was in vain, and they were launched into eternity."

Soon after our friends reached home, the church bells—the holiest voices of earth—sounded out in the evening air. Poor Goldie had loved those evening bells, inviting to prayer; but—Father forgive her!—she stopped her ears to-night, and would not hear them. She could hear only those murdered men pleading for one more day that they might prepare for eternity!

Darker grows the night of treason; prison cells are filling; hospitals are filling; and graves are filling.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BOW OF PROMISE IN THE NIGHT.

“At evening time there shall be light.”

“For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm,
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds,
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!”

—Whittier.

Prisoners were constantly arriving in Atlanta, and, as no permanent prison was prepared for them, they were scattered around in public buildings. Far less liberty was allowed now than formerly in regard to visiting the prisoners or relieving their wants. Many who had the heart to minister to their sufferings could find no way to do so. Goldie could not visit them in person, but she found a way of sending things through the aid of Mrs. Waincross, a poor widow who took in sewing, living very near one of the prison hospitals. Mrs. Waincross was both shrewd and kind, and she had a seven-year-old daughter who partook of both these qualities. The child was allowed to run about at will in the hospital, and she would often carry things in her pockets or under her apron, and learn to watch her opportunities to distribute them to the unfortunate men.

All the morning of July third, Amy and Goldie spent, with Judith, putting up large quantities of jellies and jams and a variety of sweetmeats. They took a sad pleasure in this work, thinking of the sick and suffering to whom these things might be a blessing, or of the possible guests they might have to entertain “when the conquerors come.”

In the afternoon Goldie went out shopping, wearying herself running here and there, crossing streets and turning corners in search of a ball of twilled tape. At one corner she met Mrs. Markbold, who greeted her with a pleasant smile.

"Good morning," said that high-born lady, "What shall I do? I don't believe there is any snuff in the Southern Confederacy, and I know I shall die if I don't have some!"

Others were in search of gloves and gaiters, complaining bitterly that they never had to wear such coarse things before, and that shoes, coarse as they were, cost ten dollars a pair!

In one store where Goldie called that day, the merchant remarked "I reckon the North will soon get tired of this little job they have begun. Virginia alone can whip the whole of the Northern States. They will soon be bankrupt."

She stopped a moment to see the poor widow, and found her ill. Mrs. Waincross told her visitor how she had found a true friend in one of the attendants of the Union prisoners. He was extremely kind to her, assisting her in many ways. He pitied the prisoners, and kept her informed of their needs, but he had to be wary for fear of detectives. One morning he came to inquire if she had a pillow to spare, said there was a colonel, an elderly man from Connecticut, who was lying on a hard bed with no pillow, and nothing to eat but cold bread. Mrs. Waincross had just received two squirrels, nicely cooked, from a friend. She gave one of them and a pillow to the man for the suffering prisoner. He came in the next day to tell her how grateful the colonel was for her kindness. When he saw the squirrel and the pillow, he wept like a child, and whispered, "God bless her!" He then asked if that kind woman could not come and see him—he was going to die, and he had money enough to pay for a good coffin and a decent burial.

"Oh, I wish," said he, "that some kind lady could know where I am buried, and tell my friends, so that after the war is over I can be taken home; for oh! I have a happy home, and my poor wife will never know where I lie."

In a little while he died, and the Confederate officers took his five hundred dollars, hurried him into a rough box, and committed him to the old sexton who was "gathering them in."

To give this busy day a pleasant close, Amy and Goldie seated themselves in the veranda. The full moon was shining in its matured beauty; and they were enjoying the soft evening air—the music of the katydids—the fireflies flitting and gleaming among the trees—and

the all of that nameless, dreamy beauty of a Southern summer night—when who should drive up but the Beedworths!

Goldie spoke softly, "There's news of some kind."

"Yes," returned Amy, "and they look too smiling for bad news."

They came in—Mrs. Beedworth, all smiles, said, "News from the captives!"

"From *your* captive," Mr. Beedworth roguishly whispered, as he drew a letter from his pocket.

With eager haste, Goldie grasped at the missive, and slipped away to read it. It breathed a spirit of cheerful courage, unshaken faith, and thoughtful remembrance of her; but bore no signature, only a tiny drawing, which she recognized at once as a picture of Silver Brook with the sweet home on its banks, and little ships tossing on its rippled surface.

She pressed the precious letter to her lips again and again, thinking, "I will praise God for what He has done and trust Him for more." Soon she joined the party in the veranda, and all expressed their thankfulness in behalf of the prisoners who seemed more comfortable in their new abode than had been feared. As the friends sat there in pleasant conversation, down came a little dash of rain from Cloudland—then suddenly there appeared a moonlight rainbow!

"What a beautiful sight!" they exclaimed.

"Wonderful!" said Mr. Beedworth. "Ah, in that rainbow I see the promise of peace. The word has been spoken, 'Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'"

"Thank God!" said Goldie, "if we may regard it as a token of peace; but yet I hope and pray that righteousness and peace may come together—that we may have an undivided country with no Slavery in it."

The Beedworths were not quite so radical on the Slavery question, but they were loyal to the heart's core, and could agree to differ. They soon after took their leave, and the lonely household retired to rest.

It is not necessary to explain just how this letter had been smuggled past rebel guards and reached its destination. "Hunger will gnaw through stone walls;" and the love that hungers for expression will sometimes pass all obstacles.

Prison life grew more and more wearisome, as those summer days burned themselves away, and there was less and less of kindness shown to the prisoners. Hatred and cruelty were growing like weeds to bear their bitterest fruit in Libby and Andersonville.

Prisoners were taken from place to place at the convenience of their captors, and a change was seldom for the better. One day, late in August, Hyland and some twenty others were being transferred to a prison farther south, and had been delayed by various causes, so that night came on before they had reached their destination. Well he knew that this change would mean no mitigation of their hardships, but he thanked God for this one day out under the open sky, and a sight of trees and flowers. His thoughts were far away with past scenes, especially those by Silver Brook, and the tales that he and Goldie had read there together. The story of the prince, his namesake, kept repeating itself in his mind.

In the twilight the company halted before a dilapidated two-story building standing on a river bank. A boat was visible on the water, and the sight chimed in with Arthur's thoughts—"Down the winding stairs and into the boat." What if that river was to be my grave to-night?" The prisoners were ushered into a big upper chamber. The officer in charge took a hasty survey of the apartment. There were two windows opening over the street, and a door, on the opposite side of the room, which the officer opened, revealing a closet with two or three old garments hanging in it. He turned and went out, stationed a guard by the entrance door and another in the street below, then sat down to his supper with the consciousness of duty well done.

After he had gone, Arthur took a fancy to explore the closet more thoroughly. Among the garments hanging on the wall, he found an old gray coat so exactly like the one which Goldie had given him that his hand trembled as he took it from the nail, and he seemed again to hear her parting whisper, "To-night, if God wills, you shall be free!" Feeling his way a little farther, his heart gave a great bound as he discovered stairs. "Down the winding stairs and into the boat!" A faint light showed below, and cautiously step by step he made his way down toward it. Half way down, the stairs turned. Just then some one entered below, leaving the back door open, and passing into the house. "Now with God's help!" thought Hyland, as, dropping his old blue coat, and slipping on the gray one with the cap that he had carried in his pocket all these months, he stepped down the remaining stairs, and walked boldly out to the river bank. Two men were lounging in a boat.

"Boys, take me over the river as quickly as possible," said he with an air of authority, tossing each of them a Confederate bill as he stepped into the boat. The men had been on the alert at the first sight

of the colonel's uniform, and they now obeyed with alacrity. They soon reached the boat landing on the other side, and Hyland strode away, rejoicing that he was once more free under God's glorious stars, though he knew that many perilous miles lay between him and the land where his freedom would be assured.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TRYING TIMES.

“Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace,
Each in his place,
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!”

—*J. G. Whittier.*

One day toward the last of August, Mrs. Waincross sent for Goldie. Obeying the summons, she found the widow in tears, and little Etta wringing her hands and crying out, “O Mamma, will they hurt you? Will they hang you?” The poor widow had been betrayed by a pretended helper, and an officer had been in and threatened to arrest her. She begged Miss Hapgood to take care of her children, if she should be imprisoned or hanged. Goldie promised to do what she could, but encouraged the mother to hope that no such cruel fate awaited her. There was great excitement in the city, as rumors of all sorts were afloat.

Two days later, Mrs. Waincross and two other ladies were arrested, but in mercy obtained the liberty of a parole. Twelve respectable gentlemen were arrested at about the same time, one of the number being the worthy Mr. Heartmead, another a wealthy merchant. The latter was so indignant at being dragged off to prison without having been told his crime, that he resisted, and was knocked down in consequence. Convulsions and death ensued.

A grand investigation was then begun. Rumor told of a Union organization, of three hundred white men, and of a plot for the negroes to rise, the prisoners to emerge from their confinement, and all to

unite in rebellion against the Southern Confederacy. A very polite note was sent to Goldie from the Provost Marshal, requesting her to appear as a witness. Mr. Beedworth, who brought the message, had permission to accompany her.

"Your name has been mentioned," said he, "and it is as much for your vindication as for that of others that your testimony is called for."

"I suppose," said she, "I shall be obliged to tell everything that I have done or thought in opposition to the 'holy cause.'"

"No, you need not tell anything. They have really no right, moral or legal, to arraign you."

She felt almost as if her hour had come, notwithstanding Mr. Beedworth's efforts to inspire her with courage on the way. The court was held in a hotel. In the parlor were several women likewise summoned as witnesses. Some were laughing, some crying. One young lady, of whose good deeds Goldie had heard, grasped her hand, and tremblingly asked,

"What is all this for? What do they want of me?"

Mr. Beedworth tried to calm her fears. Miss Hapgood was the first one called for, and was conducted to an upper room, Mr. Beedworth accompanying her. The room contained two beds, poorly clad and high-posted, a wash-stand and a few chairs. In the center by a small table, sat the court of inquiry, consisting of three men. Colonel L., the Provost Marshal, seemed illiterate and uncommanding in appearance. On one side of him was a tall man in a coarse gray suit, with small pinched-up eyes, and with hatred to the Yankees written on every feature. On the other side was a young man trying to put on manly dignity by cultivating a moustache—a "blessed scattered hair or two" giving evidence of his success in that line. Several other men were in the room, among them a reporter. They all arose as the witness entered and was introduced by Mr. Beedworth. She made a bow and took the proffered seat. The room was so unlike the typical courtroom, and the court so lacking in real dignity, that fear vanished, and a sense of the ludicrous took its place in Goldie's mind. A pause ensued, embarrassing to the august tribunal, though Goldie began to enjoy it. One of them explained that they were waiting for a Bible to be found.

When the Bible arrived, one of the officers held it before her saying, "Now, Miss Hapgood, you will give your oath."

She quietly took it from his hand, opened to the fifth chapter of Matthew, and read, "Swear not at all," then, returning it to the official, said, "It is against my principles to take an oath."

The large man with the small gray eyes turned and gave her a look of keen scrutiny, and all eyes in the room were leveled at her, as if they wondered what kind of a new specimen they had to deal with now. They were too bewildered to know what to do next, until Mr. Beedworth kindly helped them out of the dilemma by saying,

"She will affirm."

"Will you tell the truth?" asked one of the dignitaries.

"I usually try to."

"You affirm that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth —" said the colonel adding the usual ending of an oath.

She neither lifted her hand nor bowed her head, and the investigation, upon which the destiny of a nation seemed to depend, proceeded. Colonel L—— and the man in gray whispered some time, then the latter asked,

"Miss Hapgood, do you know of any Union organization existing in this city?"

"I do not."

(Whispering again.)

"Do you know of any meetings being held in this city calculated to work against the Southern Confederacy?"

"I do not, sir."

(More whispering.)

"Have you heard of any secret Union meetings being held here?"

"Before the war began, I heard of many being held publicly—I have heard of none since then."

"Have you ever heard any one say anything against the South?"

"No." She thought she could put her own interpretation on that word "against."

"Do you know a woman by the name of Mrs. Waincloss?"

"I have had some acquaintance with her."

"Have you ever heard her speak of any Union meetings being held at her house or at any other place in the city?"

"I have not."

Colonel L—— had conducted this examination through his medium, never once looking up at the witness. Saying that there were no more questions which he wished to ask, he called upon the Secretary to read the testimony. Little Mr. Moustache responded with all the dignity which he could command.

A man of some sixteen summers who stood leaning against the

bed in an artistic attitude, now said he would like to ask a few questions.

"There is liberty."

"Miss Hapgood, do you consider Mrs. Waincloss a poor woman?"

"I do."

"Do you know of her being supported by any society or association of any kind?"

"I do not."

"Have you ever contributed to her support?"

"I have given her children some homeopathic pills."

The additional evidence was then read and the witness was dismissed. With a low bow she left the august assemblage and went down to the parlor, where the young lady who had come to her before still sat in fear and trembling. Goldie cheered her up by a humorous account of her own examination, telling especially about her refusal to take an oath.

"Then I will not take an oath," was the quick response. At her earnest request Goldie waited for her. She was soon called and was detained longer than Goldie had been, and then they had a confidential chat like old friends.

Goldie returned home with a thankful heart, and found Amy sitting in the veranda watching for her. After a brief account of her adventures, Goldie said,

"How still it is! Where is Birdie?"

"Come and see!" answered Amy leading the way softly to where little Birdie lay, her face beautified by the soft, sweet flush of childish slumber.

They returned to the veranda, and Amy said,

"You know I was working on her new dress to-day."

"Yes."

"Well, I wanted her to try it on, so I called her in. She was out attending one of Sofele's amateur theatricals."

Goldie laughed; Amy went on.

"Evidently she did not want to come in, for the feet dragged, and the under lip started as if it meant to get here first. When she found what I wanted of her, the pout became audible; for you know trying on things is one of her greatest *trials*." I tried coaxing her, but she stubbornly refused. Finally, I told her that I thought she must be tired, and that she had better go and lie down until she got rested. I really think that being tired is at the bottom of a great deal of the

wrong-doing of children. She went and threw herself on the bed, and after some minutes of hard crying, got up and came to me and said,

“Mamma, I dess I fordot to pway 'is morning.”

“I told her I thought she had better pray now. So she went back, knelt by the side of the bed and said her little prayer, then lay down again and in less than two minutes was sound asleep.”

Goldie had been taught to read the Bible “by course.” When she retired that night, she took her Bible to read as usual, and this is what she found in her regular place:

“If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say;

“If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

“Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

“Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

“Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

“Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth.

“Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken and we are escaped.

“Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and earth.”

—Ps. 124.

The next day there were wild reports in circulation. Many believed Miss Hapgood to be in prison, and some said she was to be hanged. Many friends called to know the truth. Among them were Joseph and his mother. He had made some progress in reading with the occasional lessons which she had given him, and now was anxious to know whether his teacher was “sure enough” in prison.

Another visitor was an old negro woman who came limping along in great agitation, and when she saw Miss Goldie in the sitting-room safe and well, she broke out,

“Praise de Lord! I thought I'd never see you any more.”

Yes, she was safe; her life had been given her for a prey; but her occupation as teacher was gone. It could not be expected that aristocratic Southerners would any longer entrust their children to the training of one whose name was ever afterward connected with suspicion of being somehow in league with the hated Unionists. They bitterly remembered what had seemed to be forgotten for a time, that she was a Yankee! Mrs. Fay did not wholly escape suspicion, although her husband's position in the Confederate army shielded her from any outward

manifestation of it. Goldie gave up her school with regret; but yet she felt that the loss was small compared to what others had sacrificed, and she accepted as her work whatever her hand could find to do for the poor or the suffering.

Saturday evening, September sixth, Goldie and Emma had a walk and talk in the beautiful moonlight, the light that had never seemed so cold and cheerless to them before. As if the troubles around them were not enough, terrible news had just come from Virginia—Burnside and his whole command captured, McClellan and Pope mortally wounded, the whole army of the Potomac defeated and driven back, and the rebel host pursuing on to Washington! Goldie tried to comfort Emma by telling her about the rainbow in the night.

"The last full moon seems long ago," said Emma, "and so does everything that happened before my father was put in prison. Just think how noble and good he is!"

"Just think how much worse you would feel, if he were not noble and good!" Then Goldie told her about that drive home from Mt. Whiteface, and about passing through the dark woods, when everything around was black darkness except that faint line of light overhead which showed the direction of the road. "There is always light enough above to show which way we must go, and can we not trust our God for the rest?"

"Yes, I *will* try to look up," sobbed Emma, "but the light seems so dim even there. The grand armies raised at the North for our deliverance, are cut off and defeated every time. Sometimes my heart cries out, 'Has God forgotten to be gracious? Will He cast off forever?'"

"'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.' I came to that psalm in my reading a short time ago, and it has stayed with me ever since," said Goldie.

Mr. Heartmead was a Southern born gentleman of high culture and Christian character, one who aided every good work in the church. But they can do without him now as they meet next day around the Lord's table, and no prayer is offered for the brother in prison. The pastor and the brethren have apparently forgotten him, for they never call. An infidel fellow-prisoner sometimes with quiet sarcasm reminds him of some things the Bible says about visiting those in prison, and asks why the pastor and church do not visit him. The grieved heart

has no answer for his brethren, but he refrains from bitterness, and endeavors so to live as to silence the scoffer, and in this he is successful. Infidelity quails before no weapon so quickly as before a consistent Christian life.

Mr. Heartmead had said openly that secession was a crime; and now he would sooner go to the stake than abjure his country. On the Sabbath he was allowed to go under guard and visit his wife and daughter for a little while. Thus several weeks passed, when he and most of the other prisoners were released. But the family had only just begun to feel easy and secure again, when the terrible news was brought to them one day, that he had been struck down and killed by a large stone thrown at him in the street. Deeply they mourned for the martyr husband and father, but it was a sorrow mingled with purest joy.

“For the soul that enters spotless in the presence of its God,
We can feel a joy in mourning standing by the fresh-laid sod.”

In all those early September days while Mr. Heartmead was in prison, reports had come, one after another, of heavy losses to the Union cause. The loyal in Atlanta knew that not all rumors were true; yet how could they discern between the true and the false? Mrs. Fay went into a neighbor's one day and was regaled by the news that Cincinnati had surrendered to the rebels!

The eighteenth of September was appointed as a day of Thanksgiving. The church bells were chiming out their invitations to the people to go up to their sanctuaries to praise God “for our great victories, for driving our vile enemy from our borders, and thus showing to the world that our cause is just and approved of Heaven.” There had been an abundance of fast days—there was always one after a signal defeat. But the poor said they had had nothing but fast days since the secession, and they would not do any extra fasting for President Davis or Governor Brown. On such occasions, it sometimes happened that Mrs. Fay had a roast turkey, and invited a few friends to assist in disposing of it. But she had no feast spread to-day. Faith could still trust and hope for brighter days, but could not rejoice and be thankful that the land was filled with mourning, that widows were left solitary, that so many poor were suffering and their children crying for bread.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TWO FLAGS.

“Flag of the free heart’s hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all the hues were born in Heaven!”

—*J. Rodman Drake.*

“Goldie,” said Amy one day when they two were alone, “how I wish we could see our dear old flag once more!”

“Let’s make one,” returned Goldie.

“A beautiful idea, but easier said than done! Where should we get the material?”

“I don’t know,” responded Goldie musingly,—“Why, there’s that red silk that dear, good, blundering Uncle Blakemore gave me! There is enough left of it for quite a good sized flag, if we only had the blue and the white to put with it.”

Amy thought a few minutes before answering. She might easily buy the silk, if it was to be found at the stores; but it might raise a question as to the use for which it was designed; and, more than that, she hesitated to use the money which her husband so freely provided for her in something that she knew he would not approve. At length she answered,

“I have a blue silk dress that my sister Gertie left me when she died. It was almost new and I never wore it but a few times, I couldn’t bear to, and of course I soon outgrew it. It has been laid away as a sacred keepsake, but it can never be put to a holier use than this.”

“If you put in that,” said Goldie, “my mother’s wedding dress shall furnish the white.”

So they brought out the “red, white and blue,” locked themselves into Goldie’s room, and began their work. Their fingers were busy all the afternoon, and their tongues were not idle, while their ears were kept wide open for any sound outside the door.

"This flag reminds me of the first one I ever made," said Amy. "It was a tiny bit of a thing that I made years ago. I painted it with water-colors on white cloth. It was Fourth of July, and I proudly fastened it to the gate-post for the passers-by to admire. Along came a ragamuffin company; and their leader, seeing my flag, bawled out in thunder tones, 'Halt!' The company halted. 'Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!' They were given—such rousing, uproarious cheers! Little did I think then that I should ever need to hide away to make my country's flag, as if I were the guiltiest creature in the world."

Goldie told Amy about her little flag that she made for Arthur's "Lawrence" with Miss Barbour's help and instruction. So they chatted and worked on. The most difficult part of their task was to manage Birdie. It would not quite do for the child to see what they were making; but she was with Sofele part of the time, and once or twice they put the work all out of sight, and let Birdie in for a petting and frolic, and then she had a nap.

Finally the flag was finished, the stars sparkling and shining with silver thread. They had a gay rejoicing over their treasure—the dear old flag they had longed to see.

"I'm going to be brave and unfurl it before the front window!" exclaimed Goldie, catching it and starting for the door. One glance along the hall, and she rushed across into the front room, Amy following in haste to prevent the rash act. She was too late! There stood Goldie in an attitude of mock defiance, holding aloft the Stars and Stripes close to the window, but oh heroism! the blinds were closed tight. Amy had to join in Goldie's merry laugh. They had not felt so light-hearted since the cloud of war had over-shadowed their lives. They could not see on the distant battle-field the rigid form even now lying on the blood-stained ground, the cold, white face upturned to Heaven.

The precious emblem of law and liberty had been folded and laid away in a safe hiding-place, and they were about to part for the night, when Goldie suddenly asked,

"Whose flag will that be, yours or mine, when the war is over, and —" the sentence ended in a blush.

"And you have a home of your own;"—Amy smilingly finished the sentence for her: "we will own it together, and we can take turns in its custody, for both of us have put into it most precious memories."

In the silent midnight the sleeping household were startled by a messenger bringing two telegrams. Both were handed to Mrs. Fay, and with trembling fingers she tore open one and read,—

"Colonel Fay died this afternoon. Remains will be forwarded at once."

It was Goldie who picked up the other envelope from the floor, and, opening it, read the fictitious message which a kind brother officer had sent, intending to prepare the bereaved wife for the terrible news of her husband's instant death which was sent later.

"Colonel Fay dangerously wounded in glorious battle. Will telegraph later."

Goldie wept in sympathy, and loud was the lamentation among the negroes for "the dear Massa;" but the stricken wife went about the preparations for that sad home-coming with tearless eyes. The grief too deep for tears was not that he whom she loved was dead, but that he had given up his life for the wrong side.

In the course of the day, Will came home bringing to his mistress a precious letter written the evening before the battle in which Colonel Fay was shot. He was much shocked to hear the news which had flashed past him in his homeward journey. Watching his opportunity, he slipped into Amy's hand the letter, telling her that Master said she was to read it alone. Amy went into her room, closed the door, and began, but it was long before she could finish, blinded by the long-pent-up flood of tears:—

"My Darling Wife,

Whom of all our old friends do you suppose I found among the prisoners that were brought in the other day? It was David Kidder, the man whose faithful words and life first led me to become a Christian. How hard it seemed to call *that* man an enemy! I managed to have a quiet talk with him, and learned that your mother is in usual health, but mine has gone home where there is no more strife, her last prayer being for me. Hearing this, and talking with this old friend brought back old-time memories and feelings as nothing has done for many a day; and I have been home-sick and heart-sick ever since. I realize how I have drifted away from the Christian love and joy that I once knew. I have tried to have Heaven and this world too. Slaveholding has been a curse to me. I wish I had never owned a slave. But then, I might just as well own them as to get rich out of the law that sanctions slavery. And then this war!—I know you love the old flag and what it represents, and when David showed me a small one that he carried in his pocket, I found that in my heart I loved it too, though I could not say it. I wish peace could be made with the country one, as it was of old. But then I do believe in the right of each State to maintain its own sovereignty. The Northern

States have no right to coerce Georgia. David—good soul that he is—gave me that little flag, when I told him I wanted it to send to my Union wife. He must have hated to part with it, for it was a gift from his sister, but he would give away his head, if he thought anybody was in need of it. If this was known, these six inches of cotton cloth would cost me my position, if not my life, but David will keep my secret, and I can trust Will to deliver this to you alone. He will go to-night with Colonel Powers who is too sick for duty and has got a furlough. I know you long for a sight of the old flag, and perhaps you are right in all your feelings about the war. I have been praying for light, but the right and the wrong are so tangled together that I don't see how to separate them, unless it be by Mother Andrews' way of cutting the Gordian knot. If I could live my life over again, I believe 'I wouldn't be there.' But I *am* here,— a soldier—and truth and honor compel me to do my duty, and be loyal to the State where I have lived and prospered, and under whose laws I have accepted office. Yet, my childhood's home and my mother's prayers are on the other side! What shall I do? Oh, if it were not for you and Birdie, I would pray that to-morrow's battle might end it all, and I might go home as a forgiven child.

Your faithful
E."

When Amy could talk calmly, she showed the letter and the little flag to Goldie, and said,

"The silk one is yours now. I have this, and, when I die, you must lay it on my heart and bury it with me."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MEETING IN THE WOODS.

“Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow’s nest.”

—*H. K. White.*

It is night. The sky is blackened with clouds, and the rain pouring in torrents, as a weary, footsore traveler is plodding along over a lonely road in Virginia. Like a criminal he is fleeing from home and kindred, yet his only crime is that of loving the old flag. Rather than bear musket or point bayonet against it, he has left all, and has been thus traveling northward for many nights, hiding wherever he could by day.

Hark! what sound is that? The wind and rain have been raging for hours, and his ears have become accustomed to the roar of the storm. But surely this is a stealthy footstep, the very echo of his own. Nearer it comes and nearer, while he stands, hoping the stranger will pass by him and go on. But what if he should be a friend, escaping like himself from the Southern Confederacy.

The footsteps are coming on, straight toward the traveler, now almost within touch,—then they pause, as if to listen, then come on. The fugitive has but an instant for decision—to stand still or to turn and flee will alike bring almost sure discovery—and the desperate hope that this is not an enemy but a friend, a fellow-fugitive, overrules his fear. He himself gives the word of command,

“Halt!”

The stranger stops as if shot, so near that his breathing can be heard as he gasps, “Who’s there?”

“Who are you?” is the response.

“A soldier who loves his country,” the stranger replies in a firm voice. The first start over, he is prepared for the worst.

The pretended officer who ordered the halt is amazed, not alone at the other's courageous answer, but the voice—surely he has heard those manly tones before, but where? A moment's thought and he exclaims,

“If you are Arthur Hyland, give me my name for a countersign, and tell me how you came here, when I left you in St. Helena!”

“John Heartmead! did your ship land you in the woods of Virginia?”

Hands are clasped, and, after a few words of explanation, they travel silently on together, until at last they both hear another sound, not of stealthy footsteps, nor of roaring storm, but of a mighty river surging against the shore. The Potomac! all that now remains between them and freedom.

With much difficulty they find the house of a boatman to whom Heartmead has been directed by a friend; and, with scarcely less trouble, the man is aroused from his slumbers, but only to look out upon the night, and say that he cannot possibly think of venturing on the water in such a night of storm and darkness.

“Take us across and I will pay you in gold,” says Heartmead.

“I can't do it. I don't know who you are, nor where your gold will be, when you get across.”

“I will pay you in advance, if you will only take us across. How much shall it be?”

He names his price, but adds, “I tell you I can't do it to-night, the river is too rough.”

Heartmead counts out double the price named, and promises as much more when they reach the other side.

“Well, I'll do it,” shaking his head solemnly, “but if we are all drowned, you mustn't blame me for it.”

Out into the darkness they go again, while the rain is still pouring and the river roaring wildly. They have not gone far when it is discovered that the boat is leaking.

“Shall we go on?” asks the boatman.

“Yes,” is the stern reply; and the man rows away for dear life. The passengers dip for dear life too, and not another word is spoken. Each is busy with his own thoughts—thoughts of home, and of another River which they may cross before morning.

Reaching the shore, the boatman was paid, and left to make his way back as he pleased, and they wandered on, not knowing where they were. It was still dark, but the rain had ceased, and, coming to

a thicket, they set fire to some brush, and warmed their benumbed limbs.

Sitting by the fire, they began to tell each other of all the varied experiences through which they had passed.

Hyland told how he had escaped from prison, and, through many perils from enemies and some help from Unionists and negroes, had succeeded in making his way out of the Southern Confederacy.

Heartmead had been through a similar experience to flee from his beautiful home. He had returned from his ocean voyage, only to find that his father had been imprisoned and finally murdered for being loyal to the Government, and that he must either enlist in the Confederate army or flee for his life. Passports he could not obtain, and he had to resort to this method of getting away from the Sunny South, where he had been born, and which he loyally loved.

Daylight came at length, revealing the fact that they were on an island. Another boat and boatman had to be impressed into their service, before they could feel that their freedom was an assured fact. They traveled on, and, when they saw the spires of Washington, they "thanked God and took courage."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PRAYER AND SONG.

“Be not afraid to pray,—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.”

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

A coarse looking envelope was brought up to Goldie one day when she was in her room. She recognized Arthur's hand-writing, tore open the envelope, and found a scrap of paper with only this one line:

“My Dearest,—Read Acts XII:6-10. Yours lovingly, A.”

She caught up her Bible and found the place, after turning by it two or three times in her nervous haste. Yes, it was what she had guessed, the story of Peter's miraculous escape from prison, and it told her that Arthur too was free. Whether the “angel” in his case was white man or negro or only some combination of circumstances which made it possible for him to escape, mattered not. He evidently felt that his deliverance was the Lord's doing, and was thus calling upon her to join him in praising his Almighty Helper. For one moment she fell on her knees in wordless thanksgiving, then, with letter in one hand and Bible in the other, she flew down stairs to Amy.

They rejoiced together, and there was no end of their conjectures as to how he got out of prison, how he had managed to mail this letter, whether he had any money left to pay the postage, or whether some kind stranger had helped him. One thing was evident—at the mailing of the letter, he was still within the limits of the Confederacy. What if after all he had been retaken? Goldie thought of the terrible possibility, then put away the fear, saying,

"No, 'I will praise God for what He has done, and trust Him for more.' Do you know, Amy, these words, which I found in Mother's diary after she and Father were both dead, have helped me more than any others outside the Bible ever did?"

Amy has had many comforting visits with Mrs. Montgomery through the summer and fall, and they have freely talked of the war and the institution which was the real cause of it. Amy had a number of beautiful calla lilies growing in large tubs, and one day in mid-summer she had taken one of them to Mrs. Montgomery, telling her she might call it an emblem of the Union she so much loved, and, whenever a new flower looked up to her, she could welcome it as a token of victory.

One day Amy had a letter from this friend:—

"My Dear Friend,

How long will the night be? It is so dark—so dark! Will God not spare and withhold his wrath for the sake of the few who have not defiled their garments? I think I have been a better woman since I saw you, but I have been more seriously troubled. Come and see me, and let me unburden my heart. I am still crying out, 'God give them the victory! God give us peace!' and then a half stifled desire to say, 'God remove the *cause*.' Frail it is as the plant that tries to live without the light, yet I feel that the light will reach it in time, and in these overturnings that you attribute to Jehovah, the sunshine of truth will bring it out, not only from *my* heart, but from many others.

I don't want you to write, I want you to come and see me. It is such a pleasant thing to lay one's heart bare to a sympathetic one.

My precious Friend, believe me yours—

J. M."

Amy went in answer to this letter, and Goldie went at the same time to call on Mrs. Waincloss, and found her poor and sick, with no one to provide for her helpless children. She wept bitterly as she told how all of her brothers were now forced into the army, and she had no one to protect her. With all her own troubles, she did not forget the prisoners, though it was almost nothing that she could do for them now.

As Goldie came away after doing what she could for the widow, she felt that this was a sad world. The cold November winds were heralding the coming winter. The summer glory had gone from the woods, and a dead brown had taken its place; but the withered leaves

still clung lovingly to the boughs where they had hung in their pride so long. The autumn forests of the South present not so gorgeous a picture as in a Northern clime. There their glorious green is changed to many brilliant hues; like the sudden death of the beautiful, the leaves retaining the loveliness of life, and the fleeting beauty which death has added. But in fairer climes summer lingers long, and the decay is gradual; so the beauty and glory are gone, when the life is gone.

What a visit Amy had that day with Mrs. Montgomery! Have we not all seen friends who invite out our thoughts, as the south wind awakes the flowers to come peeping up from the damp withered leaves, where they had forgotten that they lived? Mrs. Montgomery had the same trial which had been Mrs. Fay's—a husband, noble, kind and intelligent, with only one fault—he was a secessionist. It was not until lately that they had come to a full understanding with regard to each other's sentiments; and it was a grief to the loyal, loving wife to differ from her husband or oppose him in anything.

"I will not talk any more with Frank," said she, "for we do not think alike, and I cannot bear to hear him speak against the Government. I am afraid I shall say something bitter which would give me pain to remember, so I can only talk to you." Amy's sympathy was from the depths of her sorrowing heart.

They spoke of President Lincoln, and Mrs. Montgomery exclaimed, "Oh, I am proud of him, for he is a Southern man, and the first who ever had the moral courage to come out against slavery. I wish he knew there was one Southern woman who honored him." Some things that she said about the petted "Institution" Amy wished might be heard by those at the North who advocated it.

"You have no idea," said Mrs. Montgomery, "of the unhappiness there is in many a Southern home." Then she told the sad story of a friend of her's whose life had been shadowed by her husband's unfaithfulness and who was often found in her room by the servants, praying in such agony that she had fallen on the floor. "How often have I thought, since this war began, that perhaps God was now going to answer poor Matilda's prayers, and take such a dreadful institution from us!"

"Do you know," said Amy, "how I long for the first of January to come?"

"Why?"

"Because in my heart I can feel *then* that I am no longer a slaveholder. Of course you have heard about the President's Proclamation?"

"Yes, but what will it avail us, while we are under this Confederate usurpation?"

"Nothing, outwardly, at present, but it will be a comfort to me to know that I am not legally the owner of slaves. I can still be their guardian, and wait with them for the real Jubilee, when the President has power to make good what he has said. Among all the terrible events this fall, this is the one bright spot that keeps hope alive."

Amy had more and more need to cling to patient hope as the months went by. January ushered in, not the longed for Jubilee, but a great number of prisoners from recent battle fields. They had arrived the Sabbath evening before the new year, and the Union women tried to get an opportunity to minister to their wants, but could not, they were so closely watched. Poor captives! they mixed flour with muddy water standing around the depot, and ate it without baking, so famished were they.

On the evening of New Year's day the prisoners sang "America" and "Star Spangled Banner." A crowd soon gathered outside to listen; not a word was spoken, but in some hearts were answering echoes. Next morning an edict went forth that there must be no more singing by the prisoners. Ah, Confederate tyrants! would you chain, not only the limbs, but the voices and the very souls of these noble men? Not so did the heathen jailer of old, when *his* prisoners sang at midnight!

CHAPTER XXXV.

BIRDIE.

“Up in the morning, as soon as ’twas light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of the child to the Infinite view,
Who sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

And oh! when aweary may we be so blest
As to sink like this beautiful child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!”

Pets were much thought of in the Fay household, and received many surprising indulgencies. Goldie's handsome Zephyr carried his familiarities so far that he sometimes started to come up into the veranda when he spied her sitting there; and Charley, Amy's white prancer, would lick her hands to show his affection, before she mounted his back for a gallop through the woods. After her husband's death she quietly retired from social gatherings, and resigned all of society's claims; but one pleasure of her happier days she still clung to—horse-back riding. Goldie, too, has become an expert rider, and together they enjoy many a long gallop through the shiny forests on their handsome steeds, with their faithful Rollo bounding along beside them.

Little Bertha, too, has several pets upon which she lavishes her childish affection, and which seem to love her in their way. Her goldfishes will come to her lips when she bends her face down to “whisper to them.” Rosy and Pansy, her white-breasted doves which her father gave her, sometimes fly in and saucily steal their dinner from her plate; and her musical cat insists upon promenading up and down the keys of the piano, whenever he finds it open. Perhaps it was the faithful Rollo that held the largest place in her heart. Amy relied

more upon him than upon the negroes who were always glad to be entrusted with the care of the child. They might be careless, but Rollo, never.

When Egbert Fay died, his wife felt that her life was rent asunder, and all the more fondly she clung to the darling in whose joyous days she could live sweet childhood over again. But as the winter months wore on, she began to feel that another dark shadow was creeping into her home. A change was gradually coming over Bertha. She no longer tripped gaily about the garden watching for "the dear flowers to wake up" from their winter sleep. Her frolics with Rollo had ceased, and Sofele's utmost efforts to amuse could no longer call forth the rippling laughter which used to be the music of the whole household. She liked to be wrapped up and carried out in Will's strong arms, or to sit by the window watching the sky.

Goldie encouraged Amy to hope that the breath of spring would bring new life to the sufferer; but Amy felt that her wee birdling was pluming her wings to fly away "Far up to the heavenly blue," to find where God was. She was very patient, never fretting or crying. Even when the days came in which she could do nothing but lie quietly in her crib, she had an ever ready smile for those who ministered to her. Often as Amy watched over her darling in the gloomy hours of darkness, she would think and pray, "O my Father, do not take her in the night!" and her prayer was answered.

Birdie was fond of music, and a song that she always loved was "Lily Dale." She often called for this in her sickness, and kept her mother and Goldie singing, as they felt it was, her requiem, for weeks before she died. One day when life seemed just ebbing away, Amy said to her,

"Birdie, you are going home to where God lives."

Unable to speak, she answered with such a look of smiling appreciation as filled the mother's heart with sweet agony.

One day she called faintly the names of some of her pets, and as they were brought to her, one by one, she looked long and lovingly at each, as if bidding them a last good-by; then turned away with the one word "Sing."

They sang with breaking hearts:—

"'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth through the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in the spring,
There lay poor Lily Dale!

O Lily, sweet Lily, dear Lily Dale!
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave
'Neath the trees in the flowery dale.

It was a glorious morning near the last of April, golden with sunshine, fragrant with spring blossoms, and tuneful with bird songs. Every leaf and every flower seemed to be whispering ministries. The radiance and beauty fell upon Amy's heart softly, tenderly. She knew her little Birdie was going; but once, only once, she must give her flowers all laden with dew. How kind the flowers seemed to bloom for her—for the darling child who loved them so! How good, how kind is our Heavenly Father even when he smites us and takes our idols away! Amy ran wildly out, snatched a lovely half-open rose, and brought it to the dying child.

She took it, gazed for a moment upon its beauty, then snapped it from its stem, and whispered "Lily Dale." How could the voice sing, when the heart must have its way and weep? but the child's last request must not be refused, and they sang. Once more she turned those blue starry eyes full upon those she loved, and the angel bore her away to the beautiful land, where she heard sweeter songs than those her mother sang,—saw fairer flowers than ever blossomed in her earthly home.

There was a golden glory like a rainbow ever wreathing the memory of that morning, making it the brightest of all life's mornings.

It was an unspeakable comfort to Amy to have a friend who could mingle her tears with her own; but it was the unseen Friend upon whom she most leaned. We sometimes long to lean upon the human heart of the Savior, thinking for the moment we can find more tangible sympathy, but no, it is the Godhood in Christ after all that we want. Infinity alone, of which we are a part, knows our need and can pity and feel while He wounds.

Birdie had been loved by all who knew her, and, though death was a familiar guest in many a home, there was no lack of sympathy for the bereaved mother. The body was robed in pure white (fit emblem of the spotless soul now among the angels), and laid in a casket which was nearly filled with rose-buds. Six boys bore her to the grave, followed by as many small girls dressed in white. Like Lily Dale, she was laid "'Neath the chestnut tree where the wild flowers grow."

In the sad months that followed, Amy would often look into the box of half worn shoes, wiping the mold from them, or at the little white dress with the blue sash around it, wrinkled, where it was tied

when her darling wore it last. Will any tell, who has just such things folded away, what is the price of them? Amy knew that God had taken the child, felt that He had taken her from the evil to come; but yet the lonely heart would cry out, "How beautiful she would be now! What lovers we should have been in the years to come!" Then she would chide herself and think, "Hush, weak, selfish heart! The beauty of soul, the love, the all that she would have been here, is a thousand times more there. Cannot I wait a little longer?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

“In weariness and painfulness,
Something still to do or bear.”

When Captain Hyland and his friend saw the dome of the Capitol rising in the distance, they “Thanked God and took courage,” but before reaching the city they parted. Mr. Heartmead preferred to avoid going to Washington and so took a different road to Pennsylvania where he had relatives. Hyland knew that his own duty called him to report at Washington. As he approached the city, people passed him more frequently, and he noticed that they all seemed to regard him with curious or suspicious eyes, and at first he wondered why they did so. He had been so absorbed with the great object in view, to escape with his life, and so rejoiced that success had crowned his efforts, that he had given scarcely a thought to his personal appearance; but now that his attention was turned in that direction, he found ample reason for the astonished gaze of those he met.

“I am a sorry knight indeed!” thought he, “dirty and ragged, hair and beard long and unkempt, tired, footsore and hungry. In all my youthful dreams of a military hero, I never saw a picture like this. I am glad Goldie cannot see me now.”

Reaching the outskirts of the city, he was seen by a soldier on patrol duty, who took him at once to headquarters. Here he stated his case briefly, and with such apparent sincerity, that he was allowed to go to a hotel for the night under the surveillance of a guard. It would seem that here upon a good bed a tired man might rest, but many a soldier has found it otherwise. He has learned to sleep in all sorts of places and positions, lying upon the ground, sitting, standing, or even marching in the ranks; sometimes exposed to merciless storm and again in the midst of the roar of battle; but when he has attempted to sleep in bed like a civilized man, he has found that his eyelids would

not close. Thus Arthur tossed upon his couch for hours, unable to compose either his mind or his body to rest. In spite of his determination to banish all thoughts from his mind, his whole life seemed to pass in review before him. He thought of his childhood, and the happy days in that old home with Goldie as his playmate. He remembered with pain the foolish anger and jealousy by which he lost that home. His struggles for an education came to mind, then his sea-voyage and shipwreck with its wonderful deliverance. His journey South and the great joy that came to him at that time were not long absent from his thoughts. Then the war and his experiences in it, especially the scenes of his captivity and escape, all came freshly to mind. Thoughts for the future, both for himself and his country crowded upon his troubled brain: "When will this terrible war come to an end? Will the time ever come when our country shall become a land of freedom to all its inhabitants? Shall I live to see that blessed day, or will my life be added to the vast number that have been sacrificed?"

At last came the thought, God has wonderfully protected me in the past, and has brought me out of fierce trials, and shall I not trust him for the future? Even if I knew that I must lay down my life in consequence, I would not turn back. What is it to lose one's life? Methinks I hear my Savior say, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.'

Comforted by this, he grew more quiet and soon fell into a deep sleep from which he did not wake till nearly noon.

"I must let my mother know that I am safe," was one of Arthur's first thoughts when he woke, and a message was flying over the wires before he went to breakfast.

At three P. M. he reported to the provost marshal according to appointment. The presiding officer asked him numerous questions, but evidently more from a kindly interest in his story than from any other motive. The officer then said,

"Since Captain Hyland was here yesterday telegrams have been sent to his regiment at the front, also to certain well-known parties at the North to whom he referred us, and answers have been received which prove beyond a doubt that he is the man he claims to be; and, further, they all speak of him in the highest terms. I wish to add also that not one man in a hundred would have had the courage to undertake what he did, and not one in a thousand the ability and endurance to carry it through successfully. Allow me to congratulate Captain Hyland on his wonderful escape; and to express the hope that he will

soon be called upon to exchange the bars on his shoulder-straps for stars, or at least for the eagle."

He then stepped forward and shook Hyland heartily by the hand; the other officers present followed his example; and the late fugitive, to his surprise, found himself the hero of the hour. Half a dozen reporters soon besieged him. The next morning his adventures were told in the papers; and, in some cases, with such startling additions and variations that he could scarcely recognize himself in the story.

Arthur had learned that his regiment was with the Army of the Potomac, and he hoped to return to it at once; but such hardships as he had endured were enough to shatter a strong constitution; and he found, when the excitement was past, that he was on the verge of utter exhaustion, both of body and mind. Then the surgeons who were consulted were emphatic in the opinion that his life depended upon his having rest and quiet for a time. So, within a week from the time when he reached Washington, he had received a furlough and was traveling northward.

We will not attempt to describe the meeting between that mother and son. What the agony of all those weary months had been, in which she had waited and longed for the tidings which did not come, till hope had well-nigh died out of her heart—let those answer whose loved ones went down under the red waves of civil war, with that awful word "missing" as their only shroud or tombstone!

The mother's heart quickly perceived what her eyes could not see, that he was sorely in need of care. He said, "I'm all right, only a little tired. I shall be able to go back to the army in a few days."

Notwithstanding the tenderest care on the part of mother and sister-in-law, it soon became evident that there was a fever in his system which would not yield till it had burned itself out, or had burned out the life of its victim. He had no appetite, slept very little, and suffered greatly from headache, and before many days was raving in delirium. Strange fancies surged through his troubled brain, but almost all had some connection with his army life.

Once he seemed to think that the resurrection morn had dawned, and said to his mother, "When we buried our dear comrades who fell in battle or died of disease, we wept although we knew that they would rise again at the last day; but we never thought how near at hand that day was. Now we know that they are to come out of their graves at once. Oh, what a thought! there is to be no more death nor sorrow!"

Thus occasionally he was in ecstasy, but more frequently in abject misery pitiful to see, but more terrible to endure. The doctors advised his friends to restrain him as little as was consistent with safety. Sometimes he imagined that some great enterprise was committed to his care, and he must meet other officers at a given time and place. He would then seem suddenly to acquire new strength, would arise from bed, put on some portions of his clothing, and go from room to room in the house in search of those whom he wished to find. On one or two occasions he went a short distance out of doors in spite of all the loving vigilance that was guarding him.

At length there came a night not to be remembered without a shudder. "A horror of thick darkness fell upon him," and Bunyan's pilgrim when he walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death was not worse beset. He was in a horrible prison, and, worse than that, he was to undergo a mock trial for some imaginary offence, the punishment of which was torture such as the Spanish Inquisition never dreamed of; for he thought that he would still live to suffer, though cut in inch pieces and immersed in molten lead or iron.

"They are coming for me at twelve o'clock," he said; and he watched the clock so closely that there was no chance to deceive him as to the time.

All efforts to divert his attention failed, and at the first slow stroke of the midnight hour he exclaimed—"There! they have come! I hear them at the door! One of them is raising his gun to shoot me! The ball has struck my head; but, strange to say, I still live. Will they throw me into that horrible 'dead cart,' trample me under foot and drag me away without the semblance of a trial?"

But such ravings could not last forever. For more than forty-eight hours he had not closed his eyes in sleep; but at last, completely worn out, he sank into a deep slumber which continued so long that his friends feared he would never waken.

The doctor called in the morning, and said simply, "The fever has left him. If he has strength to rally, he will live."

When Arthur awoke late in the day, his mind was perfectly clear, but he was as weak as a new-born infant. Trying to change his position in bed, he found that he could not do it, and said, "I am not as well as I was a day or two ago. Then I could walk around the house: now I can't even turn myself in bed."

The fever came again to some extent, but not the delirium. Recovery was at first very slow. He ate with a keen relish the simple meals prepared for him, and longed for more. He tired easily, then

slept as sweetly as a child, and awoke refreshed. Indeed, he seemed to be again a child under his mother's care, living in the present without remembrance of the past or thought for the future. He took no note of time, and could not have told whether he had been sick two weeks or six months. He said nothing about the war, and never looked at a paper, although they were often lying about on the table in his room. At length one day, his eye caught the announcement,

"WAR NEWS,"

at the head of a column, and those two words awakened the man and the soldier, and an intense desire to learn of the progress of our armies took possession of him. From that time onward he watched for the news with great eagerness.

Arthur was fully himself again in mind, though not yet very strong in body, when the news of our terrible defeat at Fredericksburg reached him. Oh, how hard it was for a brave man to be weak then! He soon returned to the army, but it was two months later before he was allowed to join his regiment; although he had performed light duty in hospitals and elsewhere for a few weeks before leaving for the front.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

“Patience is the ballast of the soul that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the great storm.”

“And calm and patient Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle-breath of hell!”

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Much need of patience had our friends in Atlanta during that winter, while their anxiety was divided between their great country and the little life which was ebbing away within their home.

War develops many commonplace people into heroes, but it also brings into action all that is most brutal and devilish in the human heart. One cold night in February, '63, a number of wounded prisoners were brought to Atlanta. They were carried to a blacksmith's shop and laid upon the floor. One man cried out in his pain and death-chills,

“Oh, is there no one who will open their doors and take me in, and let me get warm once more? My heart is freezing!”

A comrade lying near laid a hand upon his shoulder, shaking him, and saying, “Hush! can't you bear your sufferings like a man, and live to come back and pay them for all this?”

The surgeon detailed to attend upon the Federal wounded was a Frenchman and he had a heart. He sent off quickly for some brandy, and gave it to the sufferers. A bystander showered curses upon him for this act of humanity, but they were unheeded, and the good Samaritan went on in his work of mercy. After dressing the wounds of one man, the prisoner asked for the candle to be brought to him. He held it close to the surgeon's face, scanning it some time without speaking, then lay back upon the floor, saying,

“I wanted to look into that dear old face, so I shall know it again, for you are the best man I ever saw.”

This surgeon went to a Union woman to get some bandages, telling her that the Ladies' Relief Society would not let him have anything for the Yankees, and he had not a single rag with which to bind up their wounds. He kindly offered to take them any other comforts that she and her friends wished to send them. A quantity of linen and other good things were hastily put up in a basket, but the kind doctor was suddenly ordered to the front, and the poor captives never received the comforts prepared for them.

Goldie stood watching the sunset one beautiful June evening, when her reverie was interrupted by Sammy, who came quietly along and sat down near her. The golden light falling on the dark green leaves made so bright a picture, it was no wonder that the fanciful mind of the African child should cause him to ask,

"What makes it look so purty, Miss Goldie?"

She told him it was God, and asked him how he thought God made the sky.

He drew a deep sigh, and said, "Oh, He took the hammer and some nails and nailed it up, then He took the stars and nailed them on, then He put on some red mortar down there where it is so purty."

Later in the evening Sambo came in and wanted Amy to read "something that old Master said." Sambo was a full-blooded negro, whom Colonel Fay had bought to take Martin Jettson's place. Amy asked where she should read.

"Wall, I like Revelations," was his reply. This was always a favorite part of the Bible with the negroes. So she read of the opening of the seven seals, of that glorious throng with palms of victory, of the anthem which will resound forever in the City of God; and this poor heathen's heart was so full that he could not refrain from the wildest expressions of astonishment and admiration. "My gracious goodness!" "My sakes alive!" "I do declare!" "I want to go thar sure!" Such exclamations at the end of nearly every verse assured her that she had an interested listener.

On the evening of July third, a young Georgian called, who came on a strange errand, introducing himself as Frank Schuyler of ——. He said his friend, Mrs. Montgomery, had told him that Miss Hapgood had a flag in her possession,—“Of a kind,” he added, “which is rather unfashionable just now, but I hope it will not long be so.”

“It surely will not,” said Mrs. Fay.

“There are a few loyal Southern boys,” the stranger continued, “who are going to have a private celebration in our town to-morrow,

and we want a flag to celebrate with, for who ever heard of a genuine Fourth of July without the Stars and Stripes?"

"No one," responded Miss Hapgood. "They try to have it, but it is not the glorious Fourth that we used to have before the war."

"None of us own such a flag, and Mrs. Montgomery suggested that perhaps you would be so kind as to let us take us take yours. We will be very careful of it, and if we should get into any trouble, we will not betray you."

Goldie glanced at Amy whose eyes said "Yes," and then slipped away up stairs to get her treasure. She took it from its hiding place where it had been folded away for months—that loved emblem of liberty, and brought it down to Mr. Schuyler. He thanked her, and asked if she could sing the old banner song. She sang (very softly) "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner," and he went away with the treasure hidden like a stolen jewel.

"Must I go to the picnic at Camp Conscript to-day?" said Goldie the next morning.

"Yes, dear, I think you had better," answered Amy.

She went, and tried to have a good time. The table was spread beneath those grand old oaks, and they talked and played games.

A very different celebration was that in which Goldie's flag bore a part. Several gentlemen, Northern and Southern, met in a quiet room, spread on the floor an immense confederate flag, stood upon it, and raised above them the Stars and Stripes; then beneath its sheltering folds they joined hands and solemnly swore that they would never fight against it.

But oh! there was a grander celebration than either of these on the shores of the mighty Mississippi! Thirty thousand men were marched beneath the shadow of that old flag against which they had been fighting for two desperate years. Vicksburg has fallen!

After hearing this news, Amy went to visit her friend Mrs. Montgomery. Before she sat down Mrs. Montgomery pointed to her lily, their Union emblem, which was proudly blooming.

"See," said she, "I know there must be something good in store for us; this flower is my messenger, and it has a meaning, blooming now out of season."

"Have you not heard of the fall of Vicksburg?" exclaimed Mrs. Fay.

"No, indeed! but I will not rejoice too soon, for it may not be true."

Before Mrs. Fay left, a gentleman called who had just returned from the west. Mrs. Montgomery asked him if it was true that Vicksburg had surrendered.

"No, madam, it is not. My father is just from there, and he says there is no truth in the rumor. Our men are not eating mule beef either; they are in the best of spirits, and have provisions enough to last six months. You need have no fears about such reports. Grant will soon have to leave or lose all his men."

After he had gone, Mrs. Montgomery turned to her guest with a despairing look—"You see I am the wisest—your rejoicing was in vain."

"But I still believe," was Amy's firm answer, and she was right.

The borrowed banner was returned in safety and honor, and many kind words and wishes were sent to the fair owner of the "Red, white and blue."

Later came the report of how the Fourth was celebrated at Gettysburg, also of the taking of Port Hudson by the Union forces, and then that Charleston was almost gone. But whether the line of victory wavered toward the North or the South, there were noble lives cut off in their prime, and an ever increasing number of broken, sorrowing hearts and desolate homes. Mingling with the mocking-bird's earliest matin and the vesper song of the whippoorwill, with fresh spring breezes, or bleak autumn winds moaning at nightfall, was ever heard our Country's lament:—"My young men are fallen by the sword, and joy and gladness is taken from the plentiful field. A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction." "Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A SURPRISE.

“And right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.”

—*F. W. Faber.*

“How I do enjoy horseback riding!” said Goldie, “it brings such a wild free joy, as if we had wings, and were leaving the world far in the distance.”

She and Amy were taking a long ride through the green forests. The road was shadowed by great oaks, which interlaced their boughs overhead, the large glossy leaves seeming like sun-shields. Oh, it is charming to ride through these green solitudes, when summer winds sweep through them, awaking that cool, woodsy fragrance, which is so refreshing! On they rode, the swift hoof-beats of their horses resounding through the silent forest, and startling the birds from their secluded retreats.

At last Amy looked at her watch and exclaimed—“Why, Goldie, how late it is! We must turn our horses’ heads homeward, if we expect to see home before dark. We have ridden six miles.”

“Is it possible? It doesn’t seem more than three.”

So they rode back over the pleasant road as fast as possible, but the moonlight was streaming through the trees, when they came into the door-yard. The servants had begun to feel uneasy at their prolonged absence, and so were a few friends who had called, and were waiting their return. Two gentlemen were standing in the veranda as they rode up. One was Mr. Beedworth who at once stepped forward to help Mrs. Fay dismount. The other silently followed his example, and Goldie accepted the courtesy, while wondering who he was, and why he did not speak. But as she alighted, he turned his face toward the light, and she in turn was dumb with astonishment, for it was Roswell Blakemore’s laughing eyes that looked down into her own. They all went in and found Mrs. Beedworth, Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. Schuy-

ler, and Emma Heartmead. The latter had come over with Roswell, as he had found his way to her house first, having been directed there by his comrade, John Heartmead. They locked the doors, and then went out to the bountiful supper which Judith had kept waiting.

Of course Captain Blakemore could be in Atlanta in no other capacity than that of a spy, a fact which he made no effort to conceal, knowing that he was among friends. John Heartmead had given him much valuable information about the road and about Union people whom he could trust by the way.

"I have an idea," remarked Mr. Schuyler, "that men in your occupation sometimes have to resort to rather questionable means for accomplishing their ends."

"We do—that is, means that would be considered very questionable in other lines of business," replied Capt. Blakemore.

"Is this your first experience in this line?" asked Mrs. Montgomery.

"Oh, no; I learned the game of 'I spy' twenty years ago or more, but this is the farthest I ever got from the goal."

"I have been told," said Mr. Beedworth, "that the negroes can always be depended on not to betray Union spies."

"That is true; they never betray us. They seem to know that we are fighting for their freedom. But after all, we have to depend a great deal on our own ingenuity, and a cautious use of our tongues under all circumstances."

"I want to ask you a pointed question," said Mrs. Fay. "Do you think it is ever right to tell an out-and-out falsehood?"

"You have reference, I suppose, to a certain discussion in the Granville lyceum in the days of old," said Roswell.

"Yes, and if I remember correctly, Roswell Blakemore argued very strongly that deception is never justifiable."

"You are right; and, if my memory serves me, I won the case, and I mean to win in the business I am in now. Do you remember Bob Skinner, and how he cheated Mother Andrews in settling up her husband's estate?"

"Yes, very well."

"He wanted to win, I suppose," put in Goldie with a mischievous smile.

"Undoubtedly, but that was not the point that I intended to illustrate," answered Roswell; "I was thinking of what Enoch Grim said about him,—'If the devil don't get such folks, what's the use in having any devil?' I should say if you are going to dispense with all lying, you might as well not have any war."

"By the way," he added, "how do you loyal Southerners get along? For instance, when Vicksburg was taken, did you tell everybody that you were glad of it?"

"No," answered Goldie, "but we didn't lie about it."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Fay, "if all the agony and *sin* which this terrible war has caused could be written out, what a fearful page it would be! Could any be found who would dare affix their names and say, 'I voted for this?'"

The party adjourned to the parlor, and the evening passed pleasantly. Goldie slipped away from the company, and in a few minutes, returned with a bundle under her arm. After securely fastening the parlor doors, she opened the package and unfurled the "Stars and Stripes" which she spread over the piano, then sat down and played a triumphant march. She was heartily encored, and in response played the familiar strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," while her clear sweet voice led in the words of the song. The rest of the young people were not slow to join in the music—Captain Blakemore's fine tenor, Mr. Schuyler's bass and Miss Heartmead's alto, forming, with the soprano of the leader, an excellent quartet. "Hail Columbia" and other patriotic songs followed, but all were sung very softly for fear of the "little birds" which were liable to be hovering near. Once they were startled by fancying they saw the blinds turn and some eyes peering in! The gentlemen ran out to see if they were "surrounded," but saw no one. Whether it was imagination quickened by fear, or a reality, they never knew. After the singing they demanded some "experiences" of the spy.

"I should have told more at the table, if I had not been interrupted by that pointed question, and now I dare not tell any for fear you will not believe me," he said.

"You need not fear," Mr. Beedworth assured him, "you are off duty now, so we shall expect you to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I am not off duty either," he returned, "for part of my mission is to find out how much Union sentiment there is here."

Then he recounted some of his adventures. At one place he had spent the day in a box, "A good loyal box," said he, "but rather narrow in its views. It was so close and uncomfortable that I began to think it would be my coffin, and I wished it were longer so that I could stretch out my six feet and take a nap."

Goldie nudged Emma, and hummed softly,

"I believe with those six legs,
You and I could walk on eggs."

A hearty laugh went around, and Roswell continued,

"When at last it was dark enough to be safe for me to proceed on my journey, the good lady of the house came and released me from my prison. But my perils were not over. I tried to avoid the guard on a bridge by fording the stream, but was suddenly ordered to halt. I availed myself of the darkness and slipped some papers into the water that might have made things warm for me if discovered."

At a late hour the carriages were brought and the guests departed. Roswell accompanied Miss Heartmead to her home, and then returned to Mrs. Fay's to spend the night. The trio sat up and visited until the small hours were beginning to give place to larger ones. Roswell had learned from the wounded prisoners how his life had been saved by Arthur Hyland's heroism, and from John Heartmead of Arthur's escape from prison, which news he communicated to Goldie in the most thrilling manner. Heartmead had also told him of his first meeting with his friend, and how they had parted in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean and met again beside the Potomac. Roswell himself had not seen Arthur.

Roswell spent much of the next day in his room resting for further work, and in the evening went out in disguise spying around the city.

"If you try to pass yourself off for a Southerner, don't talk much, for you can't say 'Shibboleth,'" was Goldie's warning.

"I reckon I can say a powerful heap of right smart Southern talk," he replied.

But Goldie shook her head—"That is only 'Sibboleth,'" she said.

He returned unharmed, and after another day of rest, part of which was spent at the Heartmeads', he left them at nightfall to make his perilous way back to the Union lines.

The next day there is a terrible commotion in Atlanta. Jeff Davis, "our beloved President" is "pressing horses"—a polite way of stealing now! So men with bayonets go around and break open stables which are locked, taking the pets without a word. If the owner ventures to object, she only receives rude insults in reply. So there is hurrying to and fro—hiding four-legged friends "up stairs, down stairs, in the lady's chamber," and there is weeping in almost every home, not over dead first-born, but over departed horses!

Meliss called on Mrs. Fay early in the afternoon, and gave her

warning of what was going on in town, and a consultation was immediately held as to the inmates of the Fay stable.

"It won't do to hide all three of them," said Amy, "for that would only set the officers to hunting, and a horse is a pretty large thing to stow away in a corner."

"Well," answered Goldie, "we'll hide Charley, and let Zephyr and Prince go. You said Prince almost killed you once, and I can spare Zephyr—I may have another one some time," she added with an attempt at a smile, for she really loved Zephyr.

"No," said Amy decidedly, "I shall have to assert my authority as owner of the establishment. Your Zephyr shall be saved, if we have ingenuity enough to hide him. He is the odd one and can be hidden more easily. They will probably take the span without looking for any more."

She was right in this surmise. Zephyr was successfully hidden in the carriage-house, and his tracks covered with sawdust. A soldier went near the door, and it was a wonder the creature was quiet, for he was in the habit of neighing if he heard a footstep, he had been petted so much. For once he had wisdom enough to be silent, knowing, perhaps, that it was policy in those times for horses as well as people to keep their mouths closed.

So Amy's noble span are gone, and tears come to her eyes—if it is a weakness, she cannot help it—when she looks at the print of Charley's hoofs in the sand near the veranda, and thinks that he will stand here never more waiting for her, that there will be no more petting for him—no sugar nor apples as a reward for putting his head in at her window. He and his beautiful mate will mingle with the common herd and soon be driven to the battle field. There is something exceedingly painful in thinking of the mute suffering of brutes which they must bear because of human sinning, and know not why they suffer.

"But I will try to be reconciled to this new grief," said Amy, "and sincerely hope my noble steeds may be taken prisoners, and die at last fighting for their country. It is sinful for me to indulge in sorrow over the loss of a beautiful animal, when here is my neighbor, who, with a breaking heart, has just bidden adieu to her last son!"

This neighbor's son was compelled to leave his home, and enter the army, where his brothers had long been. He came over the morning before leaving to bid Mrs. Fay good-by; and, with heart and eyes full, he said,

"I will not fight in this war which was gotten up by the rich, who manage to keep themselves out of it, but force in the poor who had no

fault to find with the Government which had always protected them. I intend to leave for the other side at the first opportunity; but shall not tell my parents so, for they would think it disgraceful to desert. I think it more honorable to forsake a bad cause than to fight for it."

Amy's wish with regard to the horses came to pass, for within a week after leaving Atlanta they and the soldiers guarding them were all taken prisoners. It was said soon after the "pressing" that the injustice and oppression of the act had made many Union converts. "Better late than never;" still a patriotism that is not aroused except by loss of one's own property cannot be of the purest kind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BROKEN.

“Was it here that shot and shell
Poured as from the mouth of hell,
Drenched the shrinking, trembling plain
With a flood of fiery rain?
Was it here the awful wonder
Of the cannon’s crashing thunder
Shook the affrighted hills, and made
Even the stolid rocks afraid?
Was it here an armèd host,
Like two clouds where lightnings play,
Or two oceans, tempest tost,
Clashed and mingled in the fray?
Here that mid the din and smoke,
Roar of guns and sabre stroke,
Tramp of furious steeds, where moan
Horse and rider, both o’erthrown,
Lurid fires and battle yell,
Forty thousand brave men fell?”

—*Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.*

(At dedication of Vermont monument at Gettysburg.)

One evening in September as Amy and Goldie sat in the veranda, Mr. Beedworth came bringing letters, for the first time since the war began, letters from the great breathing, living world! They were written weeks ago, part of them many months,—but no matter, they came laden with loving words of tenderest remembrance and sympathy. There were several for Amy from old acquaintances and school friends. She pulled them nervously from their envelopes, and began this one and that one, without finishing any.

“I want them to be ever new,” she said. “What a bleak world this would be without any to love us!”

For Goldie there was only one, but that one was a long journal letter in which was enclosed a piece of a broken black ring. It read as follows:

"Camp near Fredericksburg, March —, 1863.

My Dear Goldie,

Here I am again with my regiment, safe and sound, and ready for further service in our Country's cause. I cannot give particulars of my experiences during the past few months, but 'When this cruel war is over,' and our country is reunited, and we are reunited too, I will tell you all about it.

I escaped from imprisonment in the South late in August last, and 'the hand of our God was with me, and he delivered me from the hand of the enemy and of such as lay in wait by the way,' so that I reached Washington a little over a month later. Here I found myself so worn out by the hardships of the way that I was granted a furlough and went home to my mother. Then fever held me a prisoner for some weeks, and since that left me, I have occupied the time in getting well as fast as I could, and am now about as strong as ever. I have dropped back into my old place as Captain of Company B as if nothing had happened.

No! I cannot say that, for many things have happened to the company in my absence. Not more than half the men who were here when I was captured, now answer to roll-call. Some have fallen in battle, some have died of disease, and others are in hospitals, suffering from wounds or sickness. My two lieutenants were placed successively in command of the company. The first is in the hospital disabled by a wound, and not likely to return to active service. The second fell while leading the company upon one of those brave but fruitless charges on the bloody field of Fredericksburg.

I mean to make this a sort of a journal letter, writing from time to time the more important events of my life, and hoping that I may find a chance to send it through the lines some day. Thanks to the shorthand that your father taught us, I shall be able to put a long letter into a small space.

May 8th, 1863.

Another terrible battle has been fought, and the Union Army has not gained the decisive victory that we had hoped and prayed for so long. I feel like crying 'How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry forever?'

General Hooker's plan of the campaign was an excellent one, and at first everything seemed to favor its success, and the general himself was confident of victory, and yet the movement has resulted in failure.

Perhaps we had too much confidence in our own wisdom and bravery, and it was only by this terrible lesson that we could be taught that the battle is the Lord's, and without his blessing and guidance no enterprise can prosper.

Personally, I have the greatest reason for thankfulness, for, while comrades have fallen all around me, I have escaped unharmed. When our army made its farthest advance near Chancellorsville, our regiment formed a part of the front line where it crossed a wooded hill. We threw up earthworks and our position was much stronger than that of the troops on the other side. The rebels attacked us, and were repulsed again and again, but each time returned with reinforcements; and at last the line on each side of our regiment was compelled to give way, and before we were aware of it, we were nearly surrounded by the enemy. Just at this juncture our Lieutenant-Colonel was instantly killed; and as he was the only field officer present for duty that day, the command of the regiment devolved upon me as ranking captain. Most of the officers thought that there was no way of escape, and we must surrender; but with the memory of the terrible sufferings that I had endured while a prisoner fresh in mind, do you wonder that I would not consent to this course while a possible chance remained for a portion of our number to escape alive? I do not claim that I had any more courage than the others, but that I knew better what was involved in this kind of 'Southern hospitality.'

Our consultation had occupied but a few moments, and the rebels who had swept past us on either side had been so occupied with the troops who were retreating before them that they had not had time to turn their attention to us, and the two portions of their line had not yet come together, although they had converged some after passing our hillock. We judged by the firing that those on our right were somewhat in advance of those on the left. I saw that it was now or never with us, and gave orders to start, and we cautiously moved out among the trees towards the opening in their lines. Fortunately night was now coming on, so that we were less liable to discovery. We soon heard the enemy on our left, but avoided them by obliquing to the right. Then advancing rapidly a short distance, we began to oblique to the left again, hoping to pass those on our right; but suddenly we found ourselves almost upon their line. At first they seemed to mistake us in the gloom for friends; but as we attempted to pass around their left, they saw their mistake and fired upon us, although their volley was not a heavy one, as apparently many of their pieces were unloaded. We returned their fire as well as we could and started on a

double quick directly towards the front. Some of our regiment had reached the left of their line, and met no obstruction in their way, and those further to the right quickly brushed aside the few rebels that opposed them by the impetuosity of their charge. We were followed a short distance by such of the enemy as could collect in our rear at short notice, but it soon became so dark that they gave it up.

We did not know where to find our lines in the darkness, and did not dare approach them; and so, finding the most sheltered place that we could, we waited for the morning, and had no difficulty with the first streak of dawn in rejoining our army. The rest of our brigade had given us up for lost, and were greatly rejoiced to see us again. A few of our number fell in that brief conflict in the woods, and quite a number were separated from us in the darkness who made their way into our lines the next day. Thus we escaped with less loss than we had thought possible.

Our brigadier general has spoken in flattering terms of my part in the transaction and says that I am sure of promotion. I think, though, that he has made altogether too much fuss about it.

Our mail has just come. It is the first we have received for over a week. While in camp we usually get our mails quite regularly. Other soldiers hear from their friends very frequently, but it is so long since I have heard from my dearest one! and I know not what trials or sufferings she may endure on account of her love to the old flag. One thought comforts me, however,—there is One to whom we both have access who knows all about it, and all things work together for good to those that love Him. From my heart go up daily, almost hourly, petitions that whatever may come to me, you may be kept in safety, and I am greatly strengthened by the thought that from the Southland messages are constantly going up to the Court of Heaven on my behalf.

Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.

Soon after the battle of Chancellorsville it became evident that General Lee was making preparations to invade the North, and since then our armies have been almost constantly in motion, to watch him and thwart his designs, and we have had some of the hardest marches that have ever fallen to our lot. This morning found our brigade a few miles from here. About noon we began to hear firing, and soon a courier dashed up with orders for us to hurry forward with all speed. When we reached the scene of action we found that we had arrived none too soon, as our troops were hard pressed by superior numbers and were retreating.

We were ordered to make a charge upon the advancing foe, which we did, driving them back some distance, and taking a few prisoners. But our force was not strong enough to hold the advantage thus gained, and we were compelled to fall back, disputing obstinately every foot of ground. Our troops retreated through the town, and took position on high land near the cemetery. It is now night, and fighting for the day is over; but the army is straining every nerve in preparation for the inevitable conflict to-morrow. Reinforcements have gladdened our eyes and given us new courage. Among the first to arrive, I noticed Stannard's Vermont Brigade, in which I have a peculiar interest; as among these men are many of my friends and acquaintances and several old Dartmouth students. They are nine months men whose term of service has nearly expired, and some think that they will not be of much account in battle. If that should be the case, it will be the first time that one need be ashamed of the Green Mountain boys as soldiers.

I wish I could ask you to pray for us to-morrow, but I know that you will, though you cannot know our special need.

July 2nd.

Again, Dearest, I snatch a few moments from sleep to tell you of the day's conflict.

Morning dawned and its hours dragged slowly away without a renewal of the battle; but, on our part at least, it was not a time of idleness. Troops arrived and were assigned to positions; batteries were planted, and our lines were extended or strengthened as the case required. The time for this work was none too long. At length the roar of artillery told us that the battle was on.

Our position was just at the left of Cemetery Hill, and before long we found ourselves in the hottest of the fight. There were charges and counter charges, and the enemy seemed determined to break through our lines at this point at any cost. Our regiment held its ground for a time against overwhelming numbers, and drove back the enemy repeatedly, but suffered a terrible loss in doing so, and we saw that we could not hold our position much longer, especially after a battery near us was captured. But we felt that the fate of the battle, perhaps the fate of the nation, depended on us for the moment, and so we held on a little longer, calling on God to send us aid.

We had just given way a little, when we saw troops advancing along our line from the right. Hope revived as a strong brigade formed rapidly in our front, and charged down the slope, driving the rebels pell-mell before it. One regiment, in their pursuit of the rebels, went out some distance beyond the others, and we feared for their

safety, but they soon returned to our lines dragging some captured cannon and bringing quite a number of prisoners. It was not till the charge was over that I discovered that it was Stannard's brigade that had come to our rescue.

July 3rd.

Thank God! A great victory has at length been won by the Army of the Potomac.

Do you remember, Goldie, that Fourth of July celebration that we attended when we were children when they fired a cannon so near us, and you were half deafened and thoroughly frightened by the explosion? Boy-like I wanted to stay near it and hear it again but you said you never wanted to hear a cannon again as long as you lived. To-night I am pretty nearly converted to your way of thinking. I supposed that I had heard big artillery firing before; but with the experiences of to-day fresh in my mind, and the confused sound still ringing in my ears, all the noises and all the carnage of war that I have before known 'seem a civil game to this uproar.' I suppose that the armies brought into action nearly a hundred guns each, perhaps more, and the gunners on both sides have become very expert at handling them, so that the time required to load and fire is incredibly short. There were *hours* to-day in which there was not a single second that did not bring to our ears the report of cannon. Add to this the explosion of hundreds of shells and the sounds made by the various missiles as they pass through the air, and you have some faint idea of the noise of this battle. Just when we thought that nothing could add to the uproar, there came an explosion a short distance to our left which for the moment drowned every other sound. One of our caissons had been struck and exploded, scattering death and destruction all around it. Then we heard the rebel yell of exultation, so different from the cheer of Northern troops; but not long afterward we heard a terrible explosion in the Confederate lines, and knew that the enemy had suffered in the same way.

At length our guns begin to slacken fire and finally they cease almost entirely, while the Confederates seem to continue with unabated fury. What is the cause of all this? Are our guns disabled and unable to reply? We turn our eyes toward the enemy, and see, emerging from the woods and coming into view over the low hills in the distance, a long line of men in grey. On they come in perfect order, with banners flying—but all at once a sheet of flame leaps from every Union gun. Terrific explosions follow. The guns have had time to cool, and the gunners are somewhat rested. They spring to their work with re-

doubled energy. Again and again the pieces are loaded and discharged. Great gaps are made in the ranks of the advancing foe, but they are quickly closed up, and still they come steadily onward. They are now within range of our musketry, and a deadly fire is poured in upon them, but still, *on they come*. Is there no power on earth that can stay their advance? The rebel artillery had all along made mighty efforts to protect the advancing host, and bring destruction to the army that opposed it, but now the death-dealing missiles come more rapidly than ever. The charging party had almost reached our lines, but, in closing up their ranks where men have fallen, a wide gap is left, and into this space Union troops are deploying at right angles to our main line. These advance upon the flank of the foe, who cannot long withstand the leaden rain that now pours in upon them, and nearly all that remain throw down their arms.

'What brigade is that?' we asked as we saw this flank movement, but it was not until the conflict was over that we discovered that it was the Vermonters again who were in the right place at the right time.

With the failure of this charge on the part of the Confederates, the battle was practically ended. God grant that all their endeavors may speedily end in failure all along the line!

July 4th.

Again I catch a few leisure moments for writing. In the war stories that I used to read when a boy there were many accounts of hair-breadth escapes from death; so many in fact that I have always thought that they must be greatly exaggerated; but in this last battle the number of such instances that have come to my knowledge is so great that I begin to think that the half was not told.

One soldier had rolled up his rubber blanket and thrown it over his shoulder, bringing the ends of the roll together on his breast and tying them with a string. During the encounter at the close of that last charge of the enemy, a rebel fired at this man at short range. The bullet struck the blanket at the point where the ends were tied together, and went nearly through the roll, making about twenty holes in the blanket. The shield was a narrow one, but it protected its bearer perfectly.

Another had the 'U. S.' on his belt battered by a bullet, but was unharmed. Captain Blake had one side of his trousers leg, from the ankle half way to the knee, torn away by an exploding shell, but he escaped without a scratch.

The second day of the battle, three lines of men were lying on the ground when a shell came screeching along in their direction. It struck the ground a little in front of the first line of men, and bounded over it, struck between the first and second lines, and again between the second and third, and again it bounded and passed over the third line, and not a man was touched. A little different arrangement of the leaps, and it might have killed or wounded a dozen men. There were hundreds of witnesses of this remarkable occurrence.

Later.—I was called to other duties at this point, and could not return to my writing for an hour or two. I thought that I was struck by a bullet at one time in the battle yesterday, but, feeling no hurt, I paid no further attention to it, and soon forgot the momentary impression. To-day I noticed a small hole in my coat and looking further found my black ring broken and a bullet bedded in my pocket book between the two parts of the ring. My darling, we did not 'break the ring' according to the old Scotch custom, but I propose now to send you half of this which is so inseparably connected with our past lives. If it ever reaches you, as I believe it will, let it henceforth be a token of the loving care and protection of our Heavenly Father, who guides every bullet in this terrible war just as surely as He controls the great heavenly balls which are flying on through boundless space.

If my faith had been stronger that there would ever be any opportunity of sending this to you, I should have written more and oftener, but it is just as well, for this is quite bulky enough for the opportunity which now offers.

All were well at home when I last heard. Mother's life is calm and trustful as ever. Brother Fred has had little adventure thus far in his army life, though not for any lack of courage or faithfulness in duty. As to the future, only one thing is certain amid all the uncertainties of war.—Ps. 91:2.

Ever yours in life or death,

Arthur H."

CHAPTER XL.

CRUELTY AND KINDNESS.

“Yes, those days are now forgotten;
God be thanked! men can forget;
Time’s great gift can heal the fevers
Called Remembrance and Regret.
Man despises such forgetting;

But I think the angels know,
Since each hour brings new burdens,
We must let the old ones go,—
Very weak or very noble
Are the few who cling to woe.”

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

The fearful battle of Chickamauga has been fought, and Rosecrans, defeated, has fallen back. Great is the rejoicing with some, while others are sick with despair.

“They are here,” exclaimed Amy sadly, “hundreds of boys in blue, but not as conquerors!”

Captives, stripped of most of their clothing, starving and mangled have they come. On their way to the prisoners’ barracks, they stopped at a Government building, where the officers were relieved of their fine overcoats, blankets, and everything that looked tempting to Confederate eyes.

There are strange possibilities wrapped up in the human soul. Many a common-place person, who, in time of peace, might have passed his humdrum life and have been considered “as good as the average,” we have seen suddenly developed into a noble hero, when wrenched from the moorings of home and habit by the rushing tide of war. Many another, alas! has been led into evil habits or to deeds of violence or wickedness which he would never have thought of in time of peace.

Hard it was for those brave men to enter the enemy's country as helpless wounded captives, and their lot was made harder still by the cruel taunts of the enemies around them. There were high-born men and fair women who were ready to begrudge the prisoners even the poor fare that was doled out to them, as so much taken from their own soldiers. One day several wounded Federals were brought down the road with the Confederate disabled. For several days they had gone without food, and their wounds had not been dressed since that terrible strife by the "River of Death." They stood patiently, bravely, near the "Soldiers' Wayside Home," where Christian ladies, with words of cheer and sympathy were giving comforts and delicacies to the poor, weary, wounded men, coming on every train from the scene of conflict. The suffering captives who scorned to ask from those who would not give were passed, with looks of contempt or averted faces by the fair ones flitting hither and thither with hot coffee, whose tempting aroma must have brought before the soldiers thoughts of home and mother.

One kind woman, with a heart within her breast, ventured to ask if they had not better give those Yankees something to eat. A chorus of voices answered, "No, indeed! I would let them lie there and die before I would give them one mouthful!" However, two or three had the courage to give the prisoners something to keep them from perishing, and were severely censured for it.

O fair Southerners! Where was your pitying tenderness? Where was your womanhood? More than this—where was your Christ? Were you not afraid that among those scorned, suffering captives, He might claim some of His own? What if some time He should say to you,—“I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. * * * Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.”

“I am going over to the hospital on the hill,” said Goldie one bright afternoon in October, “but not at the beck of any ‘Presidentess’ or Society of ladies, who minister to one class of sufferers, and turn with scorn from others who are dying beside them.”

Away in one corner of the ward which Goldie visited, lay a young soldier boy who wore blue when he fell wounded by Chickamauga, but as he was stripped of most of his clothing and shot through his throat, it was not known what or who he was, until he had been some time in the hospital, and recovered sufficiently to whisper his name and country. But all know now who lies in that corner. The women

know who go on their errands of mercy to the sufferers, for they pass him scornfully by, and bestow their charities only upon those who have been "fighting for their honor." Coffee is a rare luxury now in this independent land, and is not used in the hospitals at all, burnt meal and rye being its substitute. To-day a visitor was handing around real coffee to the invalids, and as she came near the bed where the Yankee boy was lying, he whispered with great difficulty,—

"Will you please, madam, give me one drink of that coffee?"

Turning upon him with a most contemptuous look, she said, "No, indeed! I wouldn't give you a drop to save your life!"

A tear stole down the wan face, and a hand wiped it quietly away. Standing near the scene was Goldie who saw and heard it all. With a heart full to bursting, she hurried home, and later in the afternoon, another coffee pot was traveling around between soldiers' beds, which was not long in coming to the corner, and the patient captive had all the coffee he could drink.

Goldie was thoroughly tired out when she returned home, and went at once to her room for a nap. This gave Amy a good opportunity for a surprise that she had been planning for several days. A poor, neglected, abused slave child had been offered for sale, and Amy had bought her.

After resting awhile, Goldie was awakened by a gentle voice calling her to come down to supper. The tones were so sweet and musical that they seemed to float down from the skies, and Goldie dreamily opened her eyes, half expecting to see some fairy form; but instead there was a child, black as coal, awkward and shy, with ugly features made yet more repulsive by being pitted all over with small-pox. With a smile that was only a grin, she repeated her message in the same soft musical voice, then turned and vanished.

Goldie made haste to comply, and when seated at the table, she asked,

"Amy, what fairy or imp was that who called me to supper?"

"That is my little girl."

"How came she to be yours?"

"To answer in the language of this Confederacy I should say, I have bought her."

"You have bought a slave!" exclaimed Goldie, "What would Echo Ledge say now?"

"Whatever it said, it could not disturb my conscience now, for I have only paid the ransom to give this poor child a home and a protector until the time of deliverance comes. I am not a slave-holder ac-

ording to the laws of my country, and I never shall be. I mean to give this child special care, and see what I can do to make her life a happy one, and to prepare her for freedom. What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a unique specimen—such a face with such a heavenly voice!"

Poppy was very grateful for the atmosphere of love into which she had been brought. She was dull, but never obstinate, in learning the light duties assigned her. When there was nothing for her to do, she would run out into the garden and caper about among the flowers, and her sweet bird-like voice would be heard in rippling laughter. There was nothing to laugh at, only the happiness of her heart came bubbling over, and could find no better way to express itself. It lightened the burden of weary hearts to hear that spontaneous burst of pure happiness.

A day or two after this, Mrs. Franklin, a lady of Northern birth, who had resided some time in Atlanta, called to see Mrs. Fay, and tell her that a door was now open for the bestowal of charities upon the prisoners if done with proper caution. Mrs. Franklin's home was in the northeastern part of the city, about a quarter of a mile from the barracks where the captives from Chickamauga were kept. She had a sister whose husband was in the Confederate army, and through her a permit had been obtained to visit and relieve the prisoners.

"Those who wish to help," said she, "can deposit their gifts with me, and I can take them to their destination unobserved. But it is so pleasant to see the smile, the grateful tear, and the beaming that comes over the wan face, when a kind word even is given to these who are dying in a strange land, that it seems selfish for me to enjoy it alone."

Amy was not strong enough to take any active part in this work, but she gladly promised to contribute to it, and Goldie and Emma Heartmead agreed to go with Mrs. Franklin.

The next morning busy preparations were being made in the kitchen for the journey over the hills. One would have thought by the merry way in which the work went on that the negroes were getting ready for a dance in the evening. Some of Mrs. Fay's Union friends had warned her against trusting servants—"They must never know a word about visiting prisoners or anything else concerning our plans or expectations. If they do, we shall certainly all be betrayed."

Mrs. Fay thought differently, and frankly told her servants that their help was needed to carry on the plans secretly, and she should

trust them. They never gave cause to regret the confidence reposed in them.

Judith and Sofele started early for Mrs. Franklin's, and the rest of the party set out later with Will and Zephyr for escort. Emma's basket, filled with precious stores—caps for hatless men, shirts, jellies and jams, and nameless good things, a servant had brought over in the morning. Under the protecting shadows of the great trees at Mrs. Fay's, any number of baskets could be loaded into the carriage without danger of peering eyes.

Will took them a roundabout way. They found Mrs. Franklin waiting for them. Her table was covered with warm wheaten loaves and golden butter-balls which her own hands had made. Her face lighted up when she looked into their baskets, and she exclaimed,

"Oh, how good these things will taste to those poor men!"

She thanked them over and over, as if she herself were perishing, and they had brought something to save her, so earnest was she in doing for these sufferers. She forgot her own gifts, as if they were nothing. The young ladies remonstrated with her for working so untiringly, and not sparing herself for future good.

"I cannot rest," she replied, "or do anything for myself, only what is absolutely necessary, while these prisoners are suffering so. They are dying every day, and those who live will soon be sent off to that awful Andersonville, and I must do as long as I can."

Noble woman! How she deserved the nation's gratitude! Could the faraway wives and mothers of these suffering prisoners have known of the one who was wearing herself out ministering to them, would they not have blessed her? Years have flown since then, and perhaps some of these have met her in the "many mansions" of Him who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

"I have received money," she told them that day, "from several friends who promise to keep me supplied, so that I can procure food and clothing for the prisoners. The most of them now have clothes, and I am able to send them all something to eat every week, and the sickest ones nourishing things every day. One of the Confederate attendants is Union at heart, and he favors the prisoners all in his power."

As soon as her basket was ready, Mrs. Franklin led the way, Sofele and Judith keeping close to her with each a basket. Goldie and Emma took the heavy basket between them, and followed a few minutes later so as not to attract attention by so large a company at once.

"The guards don't know us," said Goldie, "and I should much prefer not to add them to my list of acquaintances. Let's make up names to call each other. Mine shall be Susan Prim."

"Call me Molly Jones," said Emma, "but how you do hurry up these hills! One would think the whole Southern Confederacy was on our track! There is only one house in sight."

"Yes, but that one has an observatory on it, and observatories are liable to have sharp eyes."

Mrs. Franklin waited for them, and smiled as they came up, out of breath, with faces glowing like red peonies. They asked her about the observatory.

"Oh, yes," she answered quietly, "I have been told that the owner keeps her servants by turn in the watch-tower to report who are seen going to the barracks. But, girls," she continued after a pause, her face lighting up with a deep meaning, "is it not a joy to know that we are never out of sight?"

"Indeed it is!" was Goldie's quick response.

They left some of their things in the surgeon's tent, and the rest were distributed by one of the U. S. attendants. Several tempting loaves of cake and bottles of wine had been sent to the Confederate doctor through Mrs. Franklin's hands, so he was very gracious to her, and allowed her to go about among the sick. There were two others there with baskets also. Our friends were invited into a tent where were several U. S. surgeons. Emma had a small basket on her arm, which was full, besides a well stuffed pocket. It was well for our suffering brave that Dame Fashion had not yet uttered her decree against ladies' pockets. This was Emma's first visit to such a place, but she made good use of her time and opportunity.

As Goldie greeted the surgeons, a strangely familiar look on one scarred face arrested her attention, while memory flew back over the years and the leagues of sea and land which had come between her and her Northern home, searching for that face—was it fancy, or had she seen it before?

"Dr. Butterworth!" she exclaimed in a suppressed tone, "Is it? no, excuse me, I must be mistaken."

"Am I, then, so changed? Yes, this is all that is left of Dr. Butterworth." The weary, hopeless tone in which these words were spoken, was as different from the cheerful voice familiar to her in other days, as was the scarred face from that of the handsome young doctor once known in Granville. Goldie did her best to give him words of cheer and comfort, and yet it was not easy in such circumstances to lead

one to look up for help who had relied only on himself in prosperous days.

Surgeons were not held as prisoners of war. They came to minister to their comrades in prison, and, when no longer needed, were allowed to return. Why then that look of despair? Was it sympathy for those about him who had scant hope of anything but death or—Andersonville? “The heart knoweth its own bitterness.”

The doctor seemed little inclined to talk of Granville, but asked Goldie how her patriotism was holding out in the midst of rebels. For answer she partly unfolded something hidden in her sleeve which she had made the day before out of the remnants of the red, white and blue silks. A middle aged man, sitting back in the tent, saw it. He did not speak, but his eyes brimmed up full. The doctor gave her a warning look, and, turning around, she saw, standing not far from the tent door, the rebel surgeon talking with a young lady, but with his keen gray eyes searching that tent. The young lady told her afterward that he insisted upon her going into that tent out of the sun, but she preferred staying outside. He asked who they were. She replied that she did not know, which was true. They were strangers, but she determined to keep that rebel outside while they were talking.

On the way home, Sofele came near spoiling Goldie's happiness by telling her how she was watched—“I tell you I didn't notice the Yankees much for seeing how some of our folks looked at you. That Confederate doctor looked at you mighty sharp. When you said to that Yankee with the scar on his face that it was the greatest happiness you had—I s'pose you meant going to see prisoners or somethin'—I know that doctor heard you.”

“Oh, no, you heard, but he couldn't.”

“Yes'm, he could, for he stood nearer to you than I did. Then the Yankee doctor told you to take some of the things to the Confederate surgeon, and bring the rest to them, for the sick ones never saw any thing that was left with the rebels to distribute.”

So the few pleasures they had were always braided with fears and sorrows. Goldie made it her chief employment to help the sufferers on both sides, but especially the prisoners. When there was opportunity, she would visit them herself; and when she could not do that she would send food and clothing by Mrs. Franklin. Although she tried to be very cautious, she said and did so much for the Union side that many who had so warmly welcomed the beautiful Northern girl, when she came among them as a teacher, now regarded her with scorn and hatred. Yet she had found a new circle of friends, noble-

hearted men and women, who, though many of them had always lived in Georgia, were yet loyal to their country, and did not narrow their patriotism down to one State.

This patriotism was not alone in the men and women. The prisoners called little Nellie Franklin their Angel, and looked up from their beds of straw to bless her. She knew them all by name, and scarce a day would go by, but she would be seen tripping over the hill, through storm or sunshine—it mattered not. The soup and the milk and the fresh eggs must be carried every day, and sometimes twice a day or more. Great luxuries were these where the usual rations served out to these wounded men may be fairly represented by what Nellie told the writer that she saw when there one noon—"corn bread burned top and bottom and raw in the middle; for coffee, parched rye without milk or sugar, and a little piece of half-done beef without a vestige of fat on it." Nellie was allowed to go unrestrained, because she was "a little girl." Little she was in years, but large in loyalty and love for her country, and old in knowledge of the tragedies of life, in pity for the suffering brave. She was a shrewd young business woman, too. Some of the prisoners had greenbacks in their possession, and would get Nellie to exchange them for Confederate money, there being Union people who were glad to pay ten-fold their face value. This sort of brokerage was a penitentiary offence, the lowest penalty being a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment one year.

One day a prisoner offered her some money, all he had, to buy him a chicken. She would not take it, but hurried home and told her mother that she wanted some one to kill her "Sally."

"What do you want your pet killed for?"

"Because Joe asked me to get him a chicken, and yours are all gone, and he shall have mine."

With her own hands she dressed her "Sally," and hastened back with it nicely cooked for the dying man.

One day when Goldie went with Mrs. Franklin, she took with her a Bible purchased long ago to comfort the heart of some prisoner. Once it traveled to Richmond to cheer the life of a prisoner in that horrible Libby. But he was exchanged, and sent the Bible back to her in token of gratitude. Goldie then sent it to Andersonville through a friend who was interested in the prisoners there, but its bearer was detained from reaching her destination, and again it was returned. She now took it to the barracks, hoping to give it to Dr. Butterworth. There was a short inscription on the first fly leaf; and on the last a

"strange device" was pasted which would gladden the eye of a Union captive.

They went first to the surgeon's tent, where they left part of their burdens, and were intending to distribute the remainder among the sick and wounded; but the guard met them, and said he had orders not to allow any more ladies to go around among the prisoners. They might leave the things with the Confederate surgeon, and he would distribute them. They understood what this arrangement meant, but could do no other way. Nelly and Poppy (it was the latter's first visit to the barracks) were allowed to empty their baskets among the prisoners, because they were "little girls." So the Bible could not be given this time.

On the way home, Goldie stopped to see Captain Charley J——, a youthful officer who had been a prisoner for a year. His mother came from Iowa to look him up in the hospitals. Day after day she searched for him, fearing he was dead, and found him at last, living, but severely wounded. They allowed her to get some rooms and take care of him. The house was watched by spies, but not guarded, as the invalid could scarcely move in his bed. They were the recipients of many favors. Charley was very hopeful, and looked for deliverance soon. Said he, "Billy Sherman has started this way, and he will come."

Before leaving, Goldie dropped a veil over her face, in triple folds. Mrs. J—— remarked, "I hope it will not always be necessary to go veiled when you visit your friends."

So they hurried home—Goldie with visions of arrest and sundry punishments for that day's sins, and the child beside her completely blest because she had seen the wonderful Yankees at last, and talking as fast as she could.

"What purty coats some of them Yankees had on, didn't they, Miss Goldie? But some of them didn't have any coats or anything on hardly, and they laid right down on the ground with some straw under 'em." After a moment of quiet, she would begin again—"I just spect our folks will git after us, 'cause we went over there to-day, don't you? But we don't care, do we? It's too bad you couldn't give 'em that little Bible with the purty in the back of it. You'll give it to 'em some time, won't you?"

Yes, she did give it to one of the prisoners at another time, and she never saw it again; but she will meet it by and by when those poor, wounded, suffering prisoners shall have become clothed with immortality, and the King shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Poppy had been taught to say her "Now I lay me," at Amy's knee, with added petitions of her own. That night the prayer was as usual,

"O God, I thank thee for taking care of us to-day. Make everybody good, and bless the poor and everybody"—a long silence, then, "Please take care of us to-night; don't let anybody come to hurt us, and may we go to Heaven when we die, if we're good, for Christ's sake, amen."

After she rose, Amy asked her why she stopped so long in her prayer. She looked at her a moment, then came close up and whispered in her ear,

"I was prayin' for the poor prisoners!" She looked up again and said, "Why, Miss Amy, what are you crying for? Mustn't I pray for them?"

CHAPTER XLI.

CONSCRIPTION.

"The smart men of this world are those who put the shoulders of other men to the wheel."—*J. A. Macon.*

It was "Fast day" again. Goldie had gone up stairs to write some letters, ready to send in case an opportunity opened, and Amy was reading in the family room. When Sambo came in to brighten the fire with a generous quantity of "fat lightwood," he stood and warmed himself, seemingly lost in thought, then looked up and asked,

"What they fassing for to-day?"

"Because they have been whipped again," replied Amy. "Every time the Northerners gain a victory, the Southern people fast."

"Well, it looks like to me they ought to do that 'fore then. That ain't the way Old Master wants 'em to do; He wants 'em to pray fust. It's all too hard for me; I can't understand such fassing. Though I reckon if they fass after they're whipped, Ole Master turns in an' helps 'em nex' time. I've lost faith in our folks anyway. I hear 'em say a heap of tings that don't come out as they say. They said the Yankees couldn't take Vicksburg, then I heerd they did take it. They say they're whippin' the Yankees, an' drivin' 'em back, an' all the time they're comin' this way as fass as they can. Curiss kind of whip-pin' that is to me!"

"Do you wish to see those terrible Yankees?" asked Amy.

"Well, 'um, I don know. If they looks any worsen'n my folks in Alabama, they must be just like Satan. Them sorter folks have such nice, fine appearance, then such high, deep chat—'tain't like our folks' talk. They're smarter, that's it; and these folks might just as well give up, and let 'em do what they're gwine to do. This war *stager-nates* me anyhow."

Sambo went out, but did not stay long. He soon came back and said he was "mighty lonesome as all the rest of the black 'uns had gone to the show," and asked permission to sit by the fire and keep

the lightwood blazing. Next to dancing, the highest happiness of a negro is to sit by an open fire and pile on the pine which they call "lightwood;" when it is very full of pitch it is "fat."

Goldie now joined the group by the fireside. Their sable companion looked up and saw the miserable Confederate candles dripping profusely, and said,

"Them kind o' candles aint a foretaste of sponge [sperm] candles, such as we used to have before we quit the North. Where do folks git them kind?"

So the conversation turned upon whales and Natural History. He didn't want to go to the show (Blind Tom's concert) but wanted to go where they had great big animals. Amy asked him if any one had ever read to him what God said about his big animals.

"No'm, they never did. Won't you read it to me, please ma'm?"

In her childhood, Amy had often thought how nice it would be to go away off to the Fiji Islands or "Greenland's icy mountains" and read the Bible to poor, benighted heathen who had never listened to its sweet invitations, or been thrilled by its sublimity. But right in the heart of a country boasting of its high-toned Christianity, she was surrounded by similar heathen. She felt too weary to-night to read aloud, yet how could she refuse, when that great kind face, ever so black, looked up so imploringly? She turned to Job, and read that grandest of all descriptions of God's works. Not one in a thousand fairer hued sons of creation would have been so thrilled and charmed by it as was this representative of African descent. He frequently answered for Job God's questions,—“Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds?” “Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, ‘Here we are?’” “Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?”

“No, I reckon not! My goodness alive! I guess he couldn't! I do declare! I never heard such purty reading in all my life before. Don't I wish I could see that big 'viathan though!”

After she had laid down the Bible, he became very thoughtful, but in a few minutes broke the silence by saying,

“There are stars like Job's corpse [coffin], ain't there?”

“Yes, I believe there are.”

“That shows he was a good man or they wouldn't put his sign in the sky;” and he left them with a pleasant “Good night.”

One morning a farmer by the name of Tuttle called on Mrs. Fay, and wanted her to buy his load of “fodder.”

"You'd better take it; I reckon its the last load of fodder or anything I shall ever bring you."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Well, I'm ordered off to ——; they've got me in this war at last. I didn't want to have anything to do with it anyhow. I didn't vote for secession, but them are the ones that have got to go and fight now, and those who were so fast for the war stay out. I thought I was old enough, and had worked hard enough to stay at home the rest of my life; but"—drawing a deep sigh—"they've got me now, and I s'pose there's no getting away from them. I don't want to fight the Northern folks; they've always treated me well enough. Where shall I put this fodder?"

Mr. Tuttle lived out in the country, and had always brought them good things for man and beast, year after year. His honesty, industry and contentment commanded the respect of all who knew him. So they were conscious of a pleasurable emotion whenever they saw that kind, honest, cheerful face coming towards the house; then the nice, fresh butter, eggs, etc., that came when the face did, made the arrival of Farmer Tuttle a pleasant episode in the quiet life at the Fay homestead. But the face looked sad this morning, though meek and resigned. After he had bade them "Good-by," he turned back to say,

"I reckon my old woman will be coming to town sometimes, and she can bring you butter and eggs, when I am gone."

There were three classes who were looking anxiously for the coming of the conquerors—those who loved their Country with true loyalty of soul; the poor who were suffering for the commonest comforts of life, and that nation of negroes who had patiently waited through long years for deliverance. In the commencement of the war, the fear was universal that there would be "risings" and "insurrections" without number. But on the contrary, the negroes went along with the same submission that characterized the race. As almost every available white man was ordered to the field, women were often left alone on large plantations with hundreds of slaves to care for. One soldier told Mrs. Fay that his mother's plantation was surrounded by six others, and there was not a white man on any of them. There were, it is true, isolated cases of insubordination and murder, but they were no more frequent than in times of peace.

After President Lincoln's proclamation, there was great apprehension as to its effect upon the negroes; for not the most ignorant could be found who did not know of it and understand its import. Yet no change was visible; though who can tell of the wild joy that thrilled

their hearts when they knew that their chains were at last broken? Who can tell how many a "Praise de Lord!" went up from cabin homes, where dusky forms were gathered around the lightwood blaze?

Arming the negroes had been under consideration sometimes, and it amused them exceedingly. One negro said to his mistress,

"Missis, dey better keep dem guns out ob our folks' hands, 'cause dey dun no which way we goin' to shoot!"

Several weeks have passed since Farmer Tuttle's sad visit. It is Sabbath. What rest there is in this word, Sabbath! Like a hushing lullaby, it falls upon the weary spirit that has battled with the world through six toilsome days. It is a "Peace, be still," to the wild waves of ambition, of care and unrest, bidding them sleep until the stormy voices of a Monday morning world awaken them again.

Our friends remained at home this morning, substituting the negroes' miniature Sabbath-school for church services. After dinner, Mr. Beedworth and his wife called. They apologized for calling on the Sabbath, but Mr. Beedworth said he was in trouble and wanted sympathy.

"I am past forty-five, the present conscript mark," said he, "and I have considered myself a free man, if any such are to be found within the limits of the Confederacy." He then told how he had been to Savannah, and was there arrested, and in spite of his exemption papers and his statements as to his age, they enrolled him on the conscript list. He was a Southerner, but said, "I will die before I will ever fight for this cause. I have obtained a week's furlough, and will improve it by leaving this sunny land."

Mr. Beedworth asked to see their starred treasure, and when it was spread before him, he could not speak. His wife rallied him, for his eyes brimmed up full; but at last he spoke—

"O God, when shall we see this dear old flag waving in triumph over this wretched land?"

He went away with a "God bless you!" He left Atlanta the next day, and his wife planned to follow as soon as he had time to cross the lines. A few weeks later Mrs. Beedworth spent the day with Mrs. Fay. She was very sad for she had been unsuccessful in trying to make her exit from the country. She said she would never ask her friends to be so untruthful as to commend her as loyal to the Davis Government in order to obtain a passport, for she would be free in leaving the country, and not place herself under any restraint. One of the conditions of a passport was "not to communicate anything that may be detrimental to the Confederate States." Her husband had not

been heard from since he left, and she knew nothing of his fate—whether he waited to welcome her on the other side of the border line or beyond the dark river.

“Rare sport it is now to go shopping,” said Amy one day when she returned from such an expedition.

“Yes,” said Goldie, “no one purse is large enough to hold all the needful to make more than one purchase. But what have you bought this time?”

“A green silk love of a bonnet, with pansies and plumes,” she replied, unfolding one of the packages which had been laid on the table, putting the bonnet on Goldie’s head and turning her facing the mirror. “Isn’t that a beauty, Goldie?”

“For me? Oh, you darling! How much did it cost?”

“One fifty.”

“One dollar and fifty cents?”

“Why, no! you dear goosie. Haven’t you lived in this enlightened land long enough to know that cents are abolished?”

“Yes, there’s a marked absence of cents in more senses than one. But do you really mean that it cost a hundred and fifty dollars? What would Mervella say to my wearing a bonnet at that price?”

“What would she say to the bonnet itself, the style and beautiful trimmings? I wonder what people in the outside world are wearing now.”

“What have you in these other bundles? And, by the way, where did you get so much to spend? Have you sold the carriage at last?”

“Yes, and got an even fifteen hundred for it and the harnesses. Isn’t that fine for a second-hand vehicle like that?”

“And you felt so rejoiced that you had to go and spend it.”

“Yes, I have bought a pair of gaiters that cost only one hundred and ten dollars. A hundred and twenty more went to buy a sack of flour which I left to be sent home, and several other groceries,—a fifty-four dollar ham, etc.”

“How much was this merino dress?”

“Only four hundred, and here is a calico for a hundred and forty.”

“Did you buy any coffee?”

“No, some one just ahead of me took the last they had at ten dollars a pound. Pepper was the same price. I bought a broom for six dollars.”

“And have you any money left?”

“Yes, a few hundred dollars.”

“Amy, how extravagant you are to spend so much money!”

"Yes, dear, but what will it be good for when this war is over? You know I am very miserly with my gold; but this Confederate money will be so much waste paper before the year is out, I hope, and we may as well enjoy ourselves with it while it is worth something. I mean to use the most of what is left of this in helping the poor."

"How my dreams of an independent life have vanished, and here I am, as dependent as a child upon you. Do you know I sometimes feel wicked to be doing nothing to earn my own living?"

"Goldie, darling, *never say that again, nor think it!* Talk about dependence! What could I do here alone without you? What could I have done, when my dearest—"

"Why, Miss Amy, that little girl with a basket of chips on her head haint spilt 'em all out yet!"

This interesting remark was made by Sammy who had just come into the room and spied what Goldie had not noticed, and Amy had for the time forgotten—a Harper's Magazine. They both burst into peals of laughter quite incongruous with their conversation a moment ago.

"Mrs. Heartmead gave that to me this morning," explained Amy.

"It is a long time since you and I have met, old friend," said Goldie, addressing the magazine; "but no signs of age or change are visible on your familiar face. The same bright cheerful look as when you made your monthly visits to this pleasant home! Do I look natural?" and she ended her solemn speech with another hearty laugh.

They sat down, and, with the magazine between them, read it eagerly. Forgotten were bonnets and dresses, as their eyes, which had been dieting on "pure, Southern literature" devoured these words from the great wide world of thought. Here are Iceland travelers telling of the realm of frost and snow, where grandeur and beauty dwell.

"Who imagined anybody was enjoying anything save feeding and fighting?"

"Here upon the Editor's table the feast of reason is still spread in largeness and benevolence of thought."

"And that old 'Easy Chair,' I rejoice to know is not on its 'last legs' yet, but goes trundling around, picking up gems and scattering them again. The Drawer, too, is filled as in peaceful days."

"From the battle-field and camping-ground come sounds of mirth, and it is well—better than forever to strain the heart to hear only the wail of anguish."

"But O, Mr. Harper, if you had only harped more upon the fash-

ions! for the fair ones in Secessiondom are longing to know the latest styles for their homespun frocks."

"But how could he know that this particular number was destined to float down to Dixie by way of Havana, Nassau, and various other ports?"

"And this magazine is only five months old, so the styles cannot have changed much by this time."

And so their reading was interspersed with comments as they turned the leaves and looked first at one article and then another, hardly waiting to finish any as if afraid the rest would slip away from them. My dear Harper, your more favored readers could not know the joy of receiving your magazine *only* five months old!

CHAPTER XLII.

COMING.

“Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaieth.”

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

A few days after the events of the last chapter, Amy received a welcome letter from her brother, the first since the war began. He had heard of her husband's death, also of Bertha's, and he and his wife both urged her to come away from those terrible scenes, and make her home with them in Pennsylvania. Their mother had long since come to spend her remaining days with them. The letter was six months old.

Amy took counsel with a few friends who said “Remain where you are by all means.” One strong reason for this advice was the doubt whether she could succeed in crossing the lines if she should try.

“It is always easy to follow advice which accords with our own inclinations,” she said to Goldie. “So long have these great hopes been linked with my life, that a life without their realization would seem zestless and void. It would not be enough to sit in a quiet room and read in some morning paper:—‘On the — of — long lines of blue swept through the streets of Atlanta; bands of music spoke out the wild joy which loyal hearts could not utter for very gladness. They came as conquerors this time, not as captives.’”

No, this would not be enough. Amy and Goldie both felt that they must see the triumphant army marching proudly into the city, must hear the notes of victory, must clasp hands with those who had waited together for the day of rejoicing. How it would grieve the heart of a

traveler who had wandered far, and climbed, footsore and weary, the Alps' highest summit to watch from there the rising sun, if, just as his glad eye caught the first golden gleamings in the eastern sky—if then he must turn from what his soul had fainted to behold, and descend to the monotonous scenes below, and miss the joy of a lifetime!

Yes, the sun was even then near its rising, and the day of freedom was dawning upon entombed Atlanta. The ridged-up earth encircled the city, and the breastworks were very near the Fay cottage. When they first saw the ditches deepening and the red clay heaping up, it seemed as though the earth were opening her mouth to swallow them up. But they could see the light of liberty rising above those walls, and could almost hear the tramp! tramp! of the great Union Army which was slowly but surely sweeping southward.

Years ago Goldie had been thrilled by the stories of battles which had been fought near her early home; and once she went with her father to Ticonderoga, and wandered among the old ruins, spellbound. Every broken-down wall whispered a wonderful story, and every hillock was some hero's grave, to her. On those old embankments grass was growing and wild flowers blooming. The rusty cannon ball which she found partly unearthed seemed a priceless treasure. Oh, with what a strange charm was every foot of that battle ground invested! But she had no thought then, that sometime she would be surrounded by forts and fortifications, and cannon would thunder about her, and men would fall thick as autumn leaves.

Yet even now the soldiers assure them that it will not be so.—

“A battle here! No, madam, give yourself no uneasiness. In case it becomes possible for the enemy to come down into Georgia so far, and Johnston falls back here, the boys all say they will fall back home, for we'll all know then there's no use fighting any longer. As to that, they say it would be a heap better to give up now, before we're all killed off. They are deserting every day, any way.”

One morning Goldie arose feeling depressed in spirit. She turned from the morning repast and shut herself away from all intruders. She would have been ashamed to own it, but she had fainted by the way, had not endured to the end. She took up her precious Bible, opened it and her eye caught this,

“And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.”

Had a voice from the blue skies above called her name, and addressed to her those beautiful words, could they have spoken to her.

heart any more than now? They were cooling streams in the desert, and her heart began to be already "like a watered garden," and she felt the little joy flowers blooming there.

After dinner came a poor woman, a soldier's wife, to obtain sewing;—in tears, her husband gone, she sick, and the same cry,—“How can I get bread for my little ones?” After she left, two more came on the same errand;—the husband of one killed in battle long ago, the husband of the other wounded and sick. They said rich neighbors persuaded their husbands to volunteer in the first of the war, promising that their families should never suffer. But the promises had been forgotten, and the money which they could get hardly kept them alive.

This class of women knew nothing about work save of the coarsest kind. They could make a flour-sack, sweep a cabin, and bake a hoe-cake, and that was about all; so it was less trouble to give to them than to employ them. It always excited the ire of the negroes to see charities bestowed upon the “ole fool white folks,” no matter how sick or helpless they were.

“Why don't they go to work?” they would ask.

“They are sick and cannot work.”

“What they been doin' all de time 'fore they got sick? They're lazy and no 'count, that's the reason they got nothing to live on, then they gets sick.”

The next comer was a young girl, who came to beg assistance in writing to her soldier lover at the front, who had proved faithless, or was killed, she didn't know which. But she wanted a letter written that would reach his heart, and remind him of broken vows, if he was alive—if not, it would do no harm. So between her and Mrs. Fay, a most affecting letter was written which would, of course, bring the young man to his knees. Wandering lovers are so easily won back!

A letter came one day from Mrs. Beedworth. She had succeeded in getting as far as G——, Ala. She had paid eight hundred dollars for a conveyance to take her forty miles, and was perfectly jubilant with the expectation of soon crossing the lines.

Another visit to the barracks.—When Goldie and Emma (for they usually went together and took Poppy with them) arrived at their place of rendezvous, Mrs. Franklin's, Poppy peered into Nellie's basket, which was filled with good things, and whispered to her,

“O Miss Nellie, don't give them nice cakes to the Southern Condeffassy soldiers—give 'em to the poor Yankees!”

All but eight of the prisoners had been sent to Andersonville, and six of those remaining were very low and not expected to live. The other two, Joe and Frank, were nurses. There were sixty deserters in the Confederate prison hospital, and Mrs. Franklin carried them milk, soup, biscuits, etc., at least every week, and sometimes oftener. She had a sincere compassion for them; then, too, she could thus gain access to the few remaining prisoners, who seemed dependent upon her almost for life itself. Two of them recovered, were sent to Andersonville, lived through terrible scenes, and, after peace came, wrote to their benefactor, telling her that, under God, they owed their lives to her and little Nellie.

Our friends went first to the Confederate hospital, and when the distribution was completed, and their baskets apparently almost emptied, Mrs. Franklin looked into hers, and carelessly said to the adjutant standing near,

"We have a few biscuits left; guess we'll give these to the Yankees."

He replied as carelessly, "You going in there? well, I'll go with you."

Mrs. Franklin whispered to Goldie as they stepped into the door, "You and Nellie go on; Emma and I will take care of the guard." So they talked pleasantly with the adjutant about their bright prospects, the recent defeats of the Federals, while Nellie was slyly hiding things under pillows, besides the "few biscuits," and pockets were emptied of more contraband articles. Joe said he expected soon to be exchanged, and would take as many letters over the lines as his friends wished to send. They need have no fears, the letters would be sewed up in his clothes and would be safe. Such opportunities as this were always improved, and some of the letters reached their destination, while others went down in that great gulf of oblivion which swallowed up so many heart treasures.

The spring of '64 was slow in coming. Nature seemed loath to adorn the land with sweet flowers, when they were so soon to be bathed in blood, and trampled in the dust. Miniature leaves were just unfolding on the trees which should long ago have been covered with their green banners.

Farmer Tuttle's wife just drove up to the door. With a subdued voice she asked if Mrs. Fay wanted any butter and eggs this morning, then burst into tears.

"I've lost my baby and next oldest child since I was here, and my husband is sick way off in ——, and now they're goin' to take this

boy away from me," turning to a young man sitting by her. "What will become of me? I can't work my farm myself." Pointing to a large house not far away, she asked, "Why don't Mr. N—— go to the war? He was mighty fierce for it, and a great secessioner. But good-by. I don't know as I can ever bring you anything more. I shall be all alone with my little girl after James goes to the war."

Poor woman! How Amy's heart ached for her!

Will and Sammy were out turfing the yard, and seemed ambitious to have a green carpet spread out suddenly over it. Sammy looked up very wisely, and said,

"Maybe we're fixing up all this for nothing, for perhaps they'll fight right here. What would you do then, Miss Amy? Whar'd you stay at?"

His father answered, "Oh, hush up such talk! I spects to wake up any of these mornings, and see this yer town just filled with Yankees. Jerry told me last night that a black man told him that he heerd two white men talking the other day, and they said that all of them that didn't want to stay here after the Yankees came, had better be gittin' out of this place mighty pert. One of 'em said he just had saw a man that came through. He had been a spyin' like, and he told him there was no end to them Yankees! The whole country round Chattanooga was just blue, and it was no use tryin' to keep 'em back, for they had got started, an' would go whar they was a moun to. Our folks has a heap of insurance anyhow, to say they're drivin' 'em back, when they're comin' this way all the time!"

March and April have gone, and the beautiful month of May has come. Goldie has spent the day in the woods with a pleasant party of the fair, the young, and the brave, some of Union and some of Disunion proclivities. May sunshine and May air harmonize these conflicting elements, and they "make believe" they are happy.

It seems strange, this persistent attempt to forget the strife and the sorrow now crowding so near. This same spirit of determination to eke out pleasure whenever and wherever it can be found, was exhibited in a tragi-comic scene at the depot the other day. Wounded soldiers were lying about on the hard floor, and rough boxes with "somebody's darlings" in them were scattered around. A merry negro came along, and, seating himself upon one of the coffins, began to tune up his rather dilapidated fiddle. The soldiers, hearing it, called for "a good lively chune," and pushed their dead comrades here and there to make room for their shuffling feet. The "light fantastic toe"

was tripped until the train came along which was to take them to the front—and death.

But to return to the party. The woods are beautiful now in nature's coronation time. Honeysuckles are flaming among the rich foliage of the forests, some bright scarlet, some just blushing with pink, and others of deepest orange. The dogwoods in the dense woods look so white, as if covered with snow that had forgotten to melt. Woodbines climb up so provokingly high that their red and yellow blossoms are out of reach, and the gorgeous trumpets seem more ambitious still. And such a profusion of yellow jessamines! They are by far the sweetest flowers that adorn these Southern forests. They climb, too, and hang their golden bells, which ring out hymns of perfumed praise. But oh, the serpent-haunted marshes where these flowers live their beautiful lives! So should our souls blossom out in beauty and goodness, be our surroundings ever so dark and unlovely.

Some of the party danced, some rowed on the pond, some wandered off to talk of their bright dreams, and a few sat down on the soft carpet made by the foliage of the long-leaved pine. They sat there and wreathed blossoms around their hats, though they talked not of love or flowers, but of the battle which had begun. A late-comer approached the group, whom Goldie recognized as her escort at the fishing party nearly four years ago. It would have been evident that he still carried the "brandy bottle for emergencies," even if the neck of it had not been seen protruding from his pocket. Goldie had not encouraged his acquaintance since that memorable occasion, and now her first thought was to wonder how she could ever have enjoyed his company even for a day. He had escaped active service in the army thus far through the help of influential relatives who had procured him a place in Government service at home. His most indulgent friends could see that the "emergencies" were becoming too frequent. But Goldie soon forgot him entirely in listening to the message that he brought from town:—

"They are fighting terribly to-day, and Johnston has taken ten thousand prisoners! He has driven Sherman beyond Chattanooga, and there is great rejoicing in town over the news, for they say the Yankees will not dare to make another advance after such a defeat."

Emma Heartmead turned despairing eyes toward Goldie, as, clasping hands, they went still further into the thicker forest, where green bay trees spread themselves, and where were oaks that

—“Stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe.”

The mocking birds mocked their hearts' anguish with their wild gushing songs, and the splendor of spring was all unheeded. Emma threw from her the tear-bedewed flowers that she had been twining together, as if they, innocent things, were breathing out hate and treason instead of sweetest perfumes. “What is the use,” she moaned, “of hoping any longer? It is always so, defeated! driven back! I wish I could die! I do not want to live if our Government cannot. Think how England would triumph over us! Think of the rejoicings here!”

Not long could they give way to such expressions of grief, for, even while Goldie was trying to control her own heart's agony, and bid Emma “Look up!” they were called to join the rest of the party who were in haste to return home.

“Sherman defeated and Johnston pursuing!” was the joyful theme of the papers that day. *Later* reports said that General Thomas had taken Tunnel Hill under his care, and Dalton had been evacuated by the Confederates—that place of which it had been said, “Nature has fortified that position so perfectly that no power on earth can drive our army from it.” Now—“Johnston is only falling back to get a better position; and when he does make a stand, dead Yankees will be piled as high as Stone Mountain. General Johnston knows what he is about; he is following out a plan that he had long ago—to draw Sherman down into Georgia, cut off his supplies, and bag the whole Vandal tribe.” And many rejoice over this bagging which is to be.

* * * * *

A solemn Sabbath in the middle of May. A black pall like the curtain of death hangs over the sky. Birds flit silently from tree to tree, and the leaves hang listless as though the very zephyrs waited to catch the tidings from the battle-field.

Goldie went to church to-day. The present pastor, though a secessionist, is one who preaches the Gospel. Victory was prayed for as usual, but a petition was added that if it was God's will that Atlanta should meet the fate which other cities had recently met, they might be resigned. At the close of the sermon a notice was read, requesting the people to send their carriages to the depot at four in the afternoon, and take the wounded who should arrive. The minister then remarked that they could know by this that a fearful conflict was going on, and with much excitement, he added,

"What are the enemy fighting for now, if not to get possession of this city?"

He appointed a special meeting at the church in the afternoon for the purpose of praying for the defeat of their enemies and a victory for the Southern cause. All were urged to be present, and with united hearts present their petition to the Court of Heaven. Goldie trembled with intense excitement and with fear lest God would hear and heed the prayers about to be offered, and lest those who had prayed for the coming of these "enemies" as the saviors of their Country must again be plunged in despair. Oh, how she longed to clasp the hand of the Merciful One, and tell Him *why* they asked that our Government might triumph. As if God *could* be bribed by prayers or offerings to help or favor the wrong side! "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But do not blame Goldie. Older heads than hers have puzzled over the problem of these conflicting prayers and how to reconcile them with the promises. Doubtless there were real Christians who prayed for the success of the Confederate cause, but in so far as they had taken sides with Sin, whether consciously or unconsciously, had they not forfeited their right to the things they asked for?

When passing out of the church, some one touched Goldie's arm. She turned and saw Mrs. Montgomery, who pressed her hand and whispered,

"I know how you feel; but have *faith*. God will remember us!" Her large eyes glowed with a light which warmed Goldie's heart.

In the afternoon, Will went to the depot, and returned saying that there were a great many carriages but only a few wounded. The reason was that the Federals had possession of the battle-ground, and the wounded were in their hands. Hope is again in the ascendant, but always, *always* mingled with pain is the thought of triumph, when the price is remembered.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NEARER.

—————"O dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'?"

—*Robert Lowell.*

May twenty-fourth was a day of wild excitement in Atlanta. From early morning engines have screamed, trains thundered along, wagons laden with government stores, refugees, negroes, and household stuff have rattled out of town. Every possible conveyance is bought, borrowed, begged, or stolen. Such packing up and leaving of those who but a short time ago said with great boasting and assurance that Johnston would never fall back to Atlanta, or allow the Yankees to step a foot on Georgia's soil! Now there are fears and tremblings; some who have pleasant homes know not where to go; many who have been refugeeing all the way from Nashville, are preparing for another flight; while some say they have "run from the Yankees long enough, and will stay here and abide their fate." It is painful to see poor families, who can hardly live where they are, frightened at the reported doings of the terrible foe, and fleeing with the rest, sometimes taking but half their little all in their fright. No home to go to, no money to procure one, but the Yankees are coming, and they must go somewhere! Some very prudent parents say they will remain to take care of their property, but send away their daughters.

These are days of strange and thrilling events. Such wild upheaving as is going on: encampments and fortifications appearing everywhere; tent fires gleaming in the dark forests, near and far; bugles sounding; soldiers coming and going; everything and everybody in a delirium of fear and excitement!

The first thing the servants ask in the morning is, "Did you hear them cannons last night?"

Amy always answers no, and tells them it is all their imagination. One morning they rushed in more excited,—

"I reckon you heard them las' night, didn't you?"

"No, we went to bed for the purpose of sleeping," replied Goldie, "and it was all your fancy hearing cannon."

No, *ma'am!* If you will come out doors, you can hear 'em right now."

To please them, Amy and Goldie went out.

"There! just listen way yonder! didn't you hear that?"

"No," their obtuse ears could hear nothing.

"Why Miss Amy! where's your *years?* There! you heard them then, didn't you?"

Yes, they heard. Far northward, over the river, beyond old Kenesaw and the hills of Altoona, they could catch the faintest echo of booming guns. When their ears had recognized the sound, it soon became a reality, and—oh, that music!—the first notes of Freedom's redemption anthem! Never had fallen upon their ears anything half so sweet, so grand; nor ever on earth will any sound so thrill their souls again!

The next day Goldie went down to call on Mrs. Randolph. She said there had not been a moment of quiet in the streets all night long. The owner of her servants had sent for them the day before, and they were packed up to leave, crying all the while, and begging her to keep them. This one and that one had been in, the door-bell had scarcely been quiet since daylight, each person having a different story to tell. The Yankees were retreating, and the Yankees were coming: Johnston had got in their rear again, and cut off their supplies, and Johnston was falling back to Atlanta. In the dead of night Mrs. Randolph had been awakened by some one calling her. She arose instantly and went to her window, and there standing by the fence, which was very near the house, was her next door neighbor in her night robes, looking like some weird spirit of sorrow, wringing her hands and crying,

"What will become of us all? We are going to leave to-morrow, and you had better go with us. I cannot bear to think of you staying here with your four little children. I tell you there will be a battle here and blood will flow in these streets"—she could say no more for weeping.

Mrs. Randolph said her nerves were completely unstrung, she felt as if in a burning Sodom. But alas! no delivering angels came to take them by the hand and lead them forth to a land of peace. She had made every arrangement to go north, disposed of her furniture, and by paying three hundred dollars in gold to a member of the Con-

federate congress, had procured a passport to take her over the lines. Just upon the eve of leaving, she was informed by a gentleman who, though a secessionist, was a friend, that she had better abandon the idea, for if she attempted to leave, she would be prevented from doing so, as there were detectives waiting to arrest her whenever she should attempt to make her exit from the Confederacy. He had means of knowing that there were some twenty or thirty names in the hands of the Provost Marshal, of persons subject to arrest, Mrs. Randolph and Miss Hapgood being among the honored ones. Mrs. Fay's name was also on this list, for, although her husband had been a secessionist and an officer in the Confederate army, she had been overheard to say once while standing by his grave, "I would rather he would be lying here than fighting against his Country."

On the way home from Mrs. Randolph's, Goldie called at Mrs. Heartmead's and found that she and Emma were also among the doomed.

"You must burn or bury every scrap of writing that would excite suspicion," said Mrs. Heartmead, "for you know they say that you have been corresponding with the enemy ever since they came to Chattanooga and giving them information, and if we are all arrested, your house will certainly be searched."

"We have burned our little paper flag," said Emma, "and every rag we had with red, white and blue in it. I tell you I do not want to be arrested and sent further into the Confederacy just as the Federals are coming. I have waited for them too long for that."

"Have you heard the cannon yet?" asked Goldie.

"Why, no, have you?"

"Yes, we heard them first yesterday morning over at our house. The negroes have said they heard them every morning for a week. They haven't heard them in town yet."

"I will walk over in the morning, then," said Emma, "just to convince myself that the Yankees have actually started this way."

When Goldie reached home and told Amy of the danger of a possible arrest, and what Mrs. Heartmead had told her, Amy said,

"We had better hide our flags more securely. Mine is so small that I will risk sewing it into one of my dresses, but what can we do with yours?"

It had been kept hidden away in a trunk in a remote corner of a closet, but if the house were to be searched, such places would be the ones that would be most thoroughly examined. After anxious consultation, they finally decided to sew it in between the outside and lin-

ing of the embroidered piano spread, hoping and praying that this would prove a safe hiding-place for the treasure.

The next morning Emma came over to Mrs. Fay's, and said she and her mother had been listening for the cannonading for some time, but could hear nothing. So Goldie and Amy went out under the trees with her. When she caught the first sound, she clapped her hands for joy and beckoned, as if those warriors, enveloped in the dust and smoke of the far-away battle, could see those small white hands stretching out to them for help!

A little nearer each day, and each day the cannon are heard more distinctly. Sherman flanks and fortifies, and Johnston falls back still in search of that "right place." Every day's paper reiterates "No cause for despondency. We know certain things which we could tell, but the time has not yet come, etc."

One editor said to a Union man, "Come! now is the time to die for our Country! Let us go out into the trenches and die!"

"No, I don't want to die yet, I'll go and carry away the dead."

"I tell you, sir, we ought to show our manhood and die!"

The next morning an eloquent article appeared in his paper, entitled "Stand firm!" but while his readers were being inspired by so much patriotism, the brave editor was on the train refugeeing from death and the trenches as fast as steam could carry him.

A company of militia were stationed but a short distance from Mrs. Fay's. They were composed mostly of men past the conscript age, who had a right to expect exemption from camp life. Many of them, too, had opposed the war from the beginning, and had passed through the fires of treason unscathed in soul. One man said he could and would have escaped across the lines, but he had reason to believe his two sons would be hanged in revenge. So he stood guard in the ditches through storm and sunshine, with hundreds of men like him, praying for deliverance. When the militia were ordered to the front, they were put where Uriah was.

Will came to the window one night about midnight, and called out in a solemn voice,

"Zephyr's dead, Miss Goldie!"

She and Amy both bounded up, and Poppy, hearing the wailing, arose too. A weird group they were as they gathered in the moonlight weeping over that noble beast. He had been a staunch Unionist as evinced by his propensity to call at the homes of the loyal and true, yet his last service was for the Confederate Government—another victim of "pressing."

"He was only a horse," said his sad owner, "yet I should be comforted could I believe there was a heaven for horses, where they might wander in green fields forever."

They buried their faithful Zephyr under an oak tree. Beneath a rose-bush close by were the smaller graves of the doves and canaries. The only horse left on the premises was an old blind one, of which Will was the proud owner, and which he had named "Battenrooch;" for everything about this home had a name.

Across the way, over in the grove, where Goldie and Amy had spent many happy hours in the days gone by, camp-fires are gleaming, and the lights flickering through the trees have a cheerful look. But the hearts of the soldiers are not cheerful, for they have just left their homes, and their faces are sad and dejected. It is surprising to hear them speak of "this rebellion" and tell of this one and that one who helped to bring it on and now would not fight for it.

On every side are protectors. New companies are constantly arriving. They hitch their worn horses here and there among the trees, and Mrs. Fay's field of oats has been appropriated. It makes no difference—the fences are fast disappearing—let it *all* go!

June 6th. It is quiet to-night in the grove. No bugle-notes are heard, no fires are gleaming among the trees, giving a feint of cheerfulness. Orders came this morning,—“To the Front!” and the tents were rolled up, banners furled, and off went the soldiers with sick hearts. Many of them were actually in tears; some said,

“I don't want to go and fight the Yankees, I'd much rather fight the people here who have brought this war upon our country, and forced us to leave our homes to murder and be murdered.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BRAVE SEVEN.

“Thy God hath said 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight;
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
In the bright sunshine of His smile.”

—*Keble.*

One of Mrs. Heartmead's servants, an old negro woman, stopped one day to see how Mrs. Fay and Goldie were “coming on.” They were sitting out under the trees watching the sunset.

“Here you is, all alone, you two and your cats and dog; but them cats seem like folks any how, they're got so much sense like. I never seed cats that knowed so much, and they're always settin' close by you. I specs you're mighty lonesome here all by yourselves. Miss Amy, does you reckon the Yankees'll ever git here?”

“Oh, I don't know. Do you wish them to come?”

“Of course I does; though I don't 'spect to leave my folks. I wouldn't be so niggerfied as that, after they've done raised me and took care my little chillen. But we black folks is goin' to be free; the Bible says so, and I think the time is mighty near. My ole father and mother told us when they was about to die, ‘Chillens, remember what we tell you. You will be freed from bondage when we are in our graves, and we die in this faith.’ We've had this faith too, and it has kept all the black uns quiet and peaceful when everybody was so 'fraid the niggers was goin' to rise. *Rise!* what'd we want to rise for, when the good Lord was risin' for us? Well, good-by! I hope you'll have a good time to pay for all the bad times you've had,” and she waddled off down the walk, singing a “hime” in a low soft voice.

Some new phase of this war-life appears every day. Amy's cotton-house is now the hiding-place of four negro men, Will and Sambo and two of Mrs. Heartmead's servants, are hiding between cotton bales. For some days past a vigorous “pressing” of negroes has been going

on: they take all the black men they can find and send them off to build fortifications on the Chattahoochee. These men begged Amy to hide them, saying,

"We don't want to make no fortifications to keep away the Yankees *ourselves*. Let our folks build their own fortifications. The black uns they have got are dyin' up like everything, for they works 'em so hard and half starves 'em besides."

Judith watched faithfully for opportunities to take their food to them, going to the door of their prison and calling softly, "Boys, here's yer vittuls; come and get it quick. There aint arry officer in sight."

June 10th. Fast day again! Stores are closed and all business suspended. The Mayor has appointed this as a day of fasting and prayer, the especial cause being the rather too rapid marching this way of the "ruthless foe."

"I suppose we are to pray that they may be defeated, driven back and our righteous cause prevail," remarked Amy sarcastically.

"I'm afraid that if good old Elijah were here, he would say, 'Cry aloud; your god is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened,'" replied Goldie.

If President Lincoln had been there, he might have said as he did once to his Cabinet, "There is one thing more important than to try to have the Lord on our side, and that is to see to it that *we are on the Lord's side*."

Every morning Sammy went to town for the news, and always brought a note from Mrs. Randolph. One day she wrote, "I have just seen a gentleman right from the front. He says the Yankees will get the worst whipping they ever had. Johnston is just falling back *to give it to them*. Then a neighbor has been in who took great delight in telling me she had reliable information that Johnston had turned upon the Yankees, and they were retreating as fast as they could, and Tennessee would soon be ours, that Beauregard with twenty-five thousand men would be here to-day to reinforce Johnston! I am in despair and nearly crazed. Do come soon, and tell me something cheering."

We who look calmly back and see all the results of that wonderful march through Georgia can little realize the living, torturing suspense of those summer days which dragged so slowly by, while yet the rumors of victory and defeat, now true, now false, were chasing close upon each other's heels.

The Fourth of July has come again with its memories of pleasant Fourths of long ago, and the cheering news of the surrender of Mari-

etta, and of the Flag of the free floating proudly from the heights of old Kenesaw. But with what a noise the day is ushered in! This is no boys' play, firing off the village anvil or ringing church bells in the dead of night to wake up the town: *this* Fourth is heralded in by the thunder voices of two mighty armies contending for the mastery. Bomb! bomb! how grand this music!

It had been rumored that General Sherman would take dinner in Atlanta the Fourth of July; so, when, long before daylight, the most terrific cannonading was heard, apparently just over the river, it seemed as though he would be there to breakfast as well as dinner. It was scarcely light when the servants came rushing in greatly excited.

"I reckon you hear them cannons now! The way they are just warring."

Will said, "Miss Amy, you'd better let me kill General Grant, for maybe they'll be here to dinner sure enough!" General Grant was the fatted pig; but his pigship had yet many days to grunt and enjoy life.

Unwillingly Goldie went to a picnic. It was a small party, and anything but a happy one. Some ladies were present who had left their homes in Northern Georgia, fleeing from the Federals. Their manners were haughty, and words bitter. Sometimes there was an attempt at gaiety, but the old joyousness was gone. To be on the way home, away from those searching looks, was a sweet relief to Goldie, and she felt quite sure it would be the last picnic that she would ever attend in the Southern Confederacy.

Mr. Barrywise, who was home on a furlough, called on Mrs. Fay one day, when Goldie was absent. He, like many another, had been conscripted, but his sense of honor would not permit him either to run away or desert, so he had fought for the Confederacy though heart and soul were on the other side. He told Mrs. Fay of an incident that he witnessed in one of the recent engagements. The Federals were charging a battery and the color-bearer was shot. Before he fell, another soldier rushed up and caught the flag, but soon shared the fate of his comrade. A brave boy snatched the banner so dear to him from the dying man, who yet held it erect, and he too was killed. The Starry Flag did not fall until it fell with the seventh brave man who had offered up his life to save it from dishonor.

Mrs. Fay's eyes filled with tears as she listened. "And these," she said, "are the low hirelings who are fighting only for pay, are they? Ah—

'Our old land leans beauteous above such darlings as they die,
And bosomed in her arms of love, her slain ones richly lie.'"

"The last man who fell," said Mr. Barrywise, "wore the uniform of a colonel, and was a grand looking man. He had already had his horse shot from under him, and was rushing on with his men to the charge. Oh, when that old flag went down at last by the side of those brave men, I almost forgot where I was. I could not see any more for the smoke and dust—or something else."

As he told this, Amy at once thought of Colonel Hyland, but there was no use in questioning further, for Mr. Barrywise had never met him, and could not tell to what regiment of the Union army those heroes had belonged. She thought, "There is no use in torturing Goldie with a fear that is a mere possibility." So she talked cheerfully of Mr. Barrywise's call, but said nothing of the brave seven. Goldie seldom yielded to despondency. Her thoughts of Arthur were bright with hope. She could not forget that "Many brave boys must fall," but not *her one*. She did not know certainly whether he was in the approaching army or not, but she *felt* that he was, and to wave that treasured banner to welcome him as he should march in with his victorious troops was a hope too dear to be yielded up for any fear of discovery or arrest.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE STORM OF LEAD.

“Ah! then and there, was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,”

* * * * *

“While thronged the citizens with terror dumb
Or whispering with white lips—The foe! They come. They come.”

—Byron.

All of Mrs. Fay's neighbors have gone, and she and Goldie are alone on the hill. The Heartmeads have moved into town to stay with relatives; most others have refugeed out of town. Mrs. Fay has been urged by Mrs. Randolph and other friends to move into town, but still she lingers, for this is her home, and she wishes to protect it if possible.

The Hospital Division have fallen back into the grove. In a moment the yard, kitchen, and porch swarm with soldiers asking for this, that, and the other thing.

“May I git an inyun out of the garden?”

“Have you got arry biscuit you would let me have?”

“Could I git a little milk?”

“Will you loan me a kittle or pan?”

“Yes,” “Yes,” “Yes,” to every one, thinking their wants will come to an end sometime, but they only increase. The servants are overwhelmed, and it is long before breakfast can be served.

The Colonel came to the door, and asked if he could have a room, as he was somewhat of an invalid. The parlor was yielded to his service, Mrs. Fay asking in return if he would protect them.

“Certainly, madam, as long as we remain here.”

So for a little while he seated himself under a tree, allowing no soldier to enter the house or garden. He was a kind-hearted Christian man, and seemed to deplore the war; spoke of his own family with feeling, and said he could pity others left unprotected. He thought

Mrs. Fay was wise in not "running from the Yankees," and said if all who refugeed had remained in their homes, they would have saved themselves immense losses and suffering.

They were getting accustomed to the continued roaring of cannon and rattle of musketry, surrounding them with the fiery guerdon of war; but at noon a horrid, whizzing, screaming thing came flying through the air and burst with a loud explosion above them. Rushing into the parlor, where the Colonel was reposing on the sofa, Goldie and the servants following, Amy cried out, "O Colonel! what was that?"

"It is a shell, madam. I beg of you to be calm. I think there is no danger here; you are safer than you would be in town. The enemy are only trying the range of their guns."

So they left the soldier to his slumbers which were not disturbed by anything so slight as a shell. But not long, for there was another and another screaming through the air, and the poor Colonel was again appealed to.

"I beg of you, madam, be calm, and put your trust in God. He alone can protect us."

They tried to trust, but be calm, when those murderous things were flying over their very heads!—how could they? A shell fell unexploded, not far from the house, and every servant ran out to examine it, but they were told they had best let it alone. The ladies had begun to think it very comforting to have some one who was not afraid of shells to bid them "be calm," when orders came to the Hospital Division to "fall back!" The kind-hearted Colonel bade them good-by, saying he hoped they would escape unharmed, and advising them to remain in their home and remember where to put their trust.

After this Division had left, Sambo went for Mrs. Randolph, Will being absent on another errand. She had sent word that she must see them once more in their home, for she could not rest thinking of them there so alone. While they were talking, the shells began to fly over the house so fearfully, seeming to fall in the city, that Mrs. Randolph became alarmed for the safety of her children, and said she must go home.

"But how can I leave you? Your friends are all wondering what you mean by staying where you are surrounded by so much danger."

But, by this time, Sambo had become so much demoralized by the shells that he could not be induced to venture out of doors; so a courier on Hood's staff kindly offered his services as driver, laughing not a little at Sambo's fears.

General Johnston has been removed from his command and Hood succeeds him. Johnston would not "stand," so his successor is expected to do wonderful things. When censured for continually falling back, Johnston replied, "We can rebuild cities when demolished, but if this army is once destroyed, we can never raise another." His men love and honor him, and regret his removal.

All day the firing increased, becoming fiercer each hour; still the soldiers said, "There is no danger, we are driving back the enemy."

Toward evening Amy and Goldie were standing in the yard, listening to the firing, and expressing fears of a still nearer approach of battle scenes. A kind soldier who stood near replied, "Oh, that is nothing, that firing is a long way off from here. Don't give way to your feelings, madam. I can assure you our army will never allow the Yankees to take Atlanta!"

Yet at dusk, which was not twilight with this horrible pall of battle-smoke hanging over them, Will came running in, quite out of breath, with, "I tell you, Miss Amy, we've got to get away from here *now*; for the men are falling back to the breast-works, and they're going to fight *right away*."

He had hardly spoken, when an army of black-mouthed cannon came pouring into the grove and yard. An officer came up quickly and said, "They are falling back and will soon fight at the breast-works. It will not be safe for you to remain here, madam."

A dark night fell suddenly upon the earth, and how dark the night that shut down upon Amy's heart! Not a star illumined it; hope, courage, all gone; no husband or brother near, and an army of men around the house; cannon belching forth their murderous fire not far away, and those silent ones in the yard looking so black and vengeful, as if impatient of a moment's quiet! With heart-broken sobs, she wandered from room to room of her beautiful home, not knowing what to do or where to go, what to save, if anything could be saved, or what to leave. But the soldiers did not wait for her thoughts, for they went into the parlor, and, under Goldie's supervision, had the carpet rolled up, pictures packed, and many other things done, before Amy knew it. They belonged to the Washington Artillery from New Orleans. The gallant officer who came first was Lieutenant Smith. He said as the soldiers came into the yard that they would be kind and gentlemanly, and so they were.

Goldie had started to take the spread off from the piano to carry away, when one of the soldiers said, "Hadn't you better leave that to protect the piano?"

"No, indeed! Just look at the work that Mrs. Fay and I have put into this embroidery; why, it's worth more than ten pianos!"

"Women think more of their embroidery than we do of our horses," remarked another soldier.

"This old bed-quilt will protect the piano better than the spread would do," said Goldie, trembling lest the word "flag" should escape her lips in some unguarded moment. Some of the soldiers were standing in a group, looking on pityingly as they saw Amy's distress, when the situation was first realized, and she heard one of them say in a low tone,

"I tell you, boys, if our army ever sets foot on Northern soil, we ought never to leave one house standing, to pay for such suffering as this."

Her heart thanked them for their sympathy, though they little knew upon whom they were bestowing it.

Precious is a friend in need. Mr. Montgomery came to see if they were safe, soon after the men fell back. He and Lieutenant Smith set off at once to Hood's headquarters to ascertain if there was a probability of a battle that night. They returned at ten o'clock and reported no fighting expected until morning.

Midnight. Words cannot picture the scenes that surround Atlanta to-night—scenes that will be held in remembrance forever by those who lived through them. Terrific cannonading on every side, continual firing of muskets, men screaming to each other, wagons rumbling on every street or pouring into the yard, for the few remnants of fence offer no obstruction now to cavalryman or wagoner, and from the city comes up wild shouting, as if there was a general *melee* there.

Amy sits in her dismantled home to-night, silently clinging to Goldie's hand, thinking of the time when, with her dear ones beside her, life seemed a radiant morning, while now the red waves of war are surging about her, sweeping away the wreck of the home which had been so dear. Goldie's thoughts run back over the years and beyond mountain and plain to other leave-takings—the last night in the home by Silver Brook whence she was carried so weak and helpless under her green bed-quilt canopy that her loving, ingenious father had devised—the sad packing up and going away from that other home at Lakeside, whence both the gentle mother and the revered father had gone to their eternal home. Then she thought of how she had left the home and protection of her uncle and aunt, and how kind they had been to her as an orphan. The slights that had stung her then were shamed

into insignificance by the great waves of sorrow and anxiety which had rolled between *then* and *now*. Very different had been Goldie's life from what she had planned or anticipated when she came to that "Garden of Eden." Was she sorry for coming? Had she been wrong in acting contrary to the advice of her relatives? Ought she to have fled away to the North, when the war-cloud first gathered? "No," "No," "No," her heart answered to all these questions. Whatever she might have done at the North, there were plenty of others to do; but who else could have stood by Amy, when her life was rent in twain? It was but little that she had done for the soldiers in prison—so little compared with what her heart had longed to do—but even the cup of cold water now and then was worth all she had suffered and all the terror yet to be faced. To have been able to visit Arthur with comfort and cheer in those few days during his captivity was better than to have been at a safe distance with no share in his danger.

Among all the exciting memories of the eventful day just passed, there is one pleasant one. A poor woman came to Goldie in great distress, and wished to see her alone. They withdrew to a quiet room and the woman turned the key herself, as if afraid the hangman was after her.

"Have you any blue ink?" she whispered. "Here is William's furlough which is out to-day, but if you could only change this 'June' into a 'July,' he won't have to go back into the army, for I know the Yankees will be here in a week if they are ever coming. It almost kills William to think of going off and leaving me and the children now with nothing to eat and the soldiers all around us stealing what little we have."

Fortunately, Goldie found a bit of indigo, and the expired "June" unfolded into the fairest "July," causing a whole summer of joy to glow in the poor woman's heart. Her William was waiting for her at the door, and when she showed him the glorious transformation, his face was transformed too.

So they are all watching out this fearful night, waiting for the more fearful morning. The carpet is rolled up in one corner, piano wheeled out and standing askew, sofa in the middle of the room, Sammy and Poppy dropped down on a mattress fast asleep, while Rollo and the two cats sit watching their mistress vainly puzzling their limited brains to understand the strange situation. In the veranda dark forms of soldiers are stretched out, dreaming of those they love, but perhaps will never see. In another room are books tied up in sacks, dishes in bed-quilts, and Betty and her children tied up in a basket,

all waiting for the morning exodus. Betty is an important member of the family, and to secure her safety was about the first thing thought of by the servants. She was an orphan chick, snow-white with only one black feather adorning her crest, and so petted that when she grew to henhood she exhibited wonderful propensities, such as traveling up and down the piano keys whenever she could steal into the parlor, and sometimes leaving an egg upon the music box. Her four chickens were accustomed to sit under the tree by the door and crow in succession the livelong day. Where next they will crow, it is impossible to predict. The lurid light from the fires dotting the yard and grove shines fitfully in the darkness, revealing groups of soldiers here and there, some asleep on the earth, and some leaning against the trees in a listless way, as if life had no longer any gladness for them.

Day had hardly dawned the next morning, when the servants were tumbling things on the dray. The Washington Artillery were soon ordered to another point. The officers came to bid Mrs. Fay and Miss Hapgood good-by, and expressed regret at not being able to render them assistance in moving. Though enemies of the Union, they were ever held in grateful remembrance.

The moving was a slow process, only a small dray-load at a time, and a mile to go, with old Battenrooch who looked as if he was "on his last legs." At last it was nine o'clock of the memorable day of the "Battle of Atlanta." Minnie balls came whizzing by the house so fast, and shells screaming so fearfully over the house, that Amy told the servants they need stay no longer. Most of the books had been hustled into a large closet, and locking the door, Amy hoped they would be safe until the storm subsided, and she could get them away. The piano was left, as there was no way of removing it; but Mr. Montgomery found some army negroes who were not afraid of shells, and a better horse to bring it over in the afternoon. Goldie took care that the spread should not be left. But there were gallons of nice blackberry wine, and jars of pickles designed for sick soldiers, which were not gotten away; and, alas for Betty and her children! In the rush and hurry the precious basket was forgotten, as was General Grant and his kin, who probably shared the fate of all fat pigs. When Mr. Montgomery went over in the afternoon, not a live creature was to be found excepting Tiger, who came up to him and purred so imploringly that he put him in a sack and carried him to Mrs. Fay. No cat was ever more welcome.

After the last load had gone that morning, and the servants had gone too, Amy and Goldie set out, accompanied by Mr. Montgomery and Poppy, each with hands and arms loaded. Rollo followed solemnly behind, with his tail which he usually kept swinging high, now drooping to the ground. Poppy had insisted on taking a pair of cologne bottles which were standing on Goldie's bureau, but Goldie had told her she had enough to carry and hurried her out of the house. As they wended their sorrowful way toward Mrs. Randolph's, every now and then the silence was broken by,

"Now, Miss Goldie, it's too bad you wouldn't let me take them purty blue cologne bottles!"

This ridiculous anxiety about cologne bottles, when the battle was on, and the shells flying in every direction, finally set them all to laughing in spite of danger, and the laugh made lighter feet and braver hearts. So little Poppy helped in her own queer way.

Mrs. Randolph gave them an earnest welcome. "Have you escaped with your lives?" she exclaimed. "Now, cheer up, I have good news for you. Hood is going to evacuate the city to-day; it was sacked last night, and such scenes were never heard of before. The soldiers expected to leave, and they broke open every store and scattered the provisions in the street; the poor people and the negroes gathered up the spoils."

But there was yet need of patience. That night a glorious victory was reported, and there were great rejoicings. "We have taken thousands of prisoners, any amount of artillery, and captured six flags. General McPherson is killed." Toward evening Amy and Goldie went to see Mrs. Montgomery who was residing not far from Mrs. Randolph's. She sat in the door and pointed to a pine thicket skirting the western border of the city.

"To-day I saw a great many prisoners marched along there, and our starry banner which we have so longed to see, borne by rebels, but they dragged it on the ground!" and she buried her head on her lap and wept like a child. They parted in silence.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SIEGE.

“Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes,
But heralded by roll of drums,
On waves of battle-troubled air.”

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Day and night succeed each other in beleaguered Atlanta with dangers so thick that even terror becomes monotonous. Bursting shells and solid shot fly overhead, and there is here and there a burning building which was once a home of peace and happiness.

Once just after midnight, Amy arose and urged Mrs. Randolph to get up and take her children and go down into the cellar; but her friend was undismayed by shot or shell.

“My trust is in the living God,” she said, “and, if it is His will, He can take care of us where we are, and I will not run away from Him.”

Amy lay down again and tried to sleep, but in vain. After a while she whispered softly, “Goldie, have you faith?”

“Yes,” was the unhesitating answer, and Amy was comforted and closed her eyes to open them upon a beautiful morning with quietness and seeming peace about her.

Every night they retire with the hope that the Confederate army will fold their tents and steal away, but it is “to-night” and “to-morrow night” and “next week” until “hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” Still “all quiet at the front,” and the month of July has departed—that month so pregnant with hopes of deliverance. While they were sitting out in the veranda talking until the very stars seemed weary of their watchings, a friend called who said that somebody had seen somebody who had heard somebody else say that everything was being got in readiness for an evacuation to-night or to-morrow night. Now and then, from the far-off Union camp, there comes stealing to

them a strain from some familiar patriotic air, telling them that the "boys in blue" are just over there! *Oh, why do they not come?*

Pick-axes are plying busily in the cellar, preparing a bomb-proof, where the family can hide when the danger is thickest and after a week it is completed, and at times is crowded full. But they cannot live in the cellar all the time, and after all the Lord is the best hiding-place.

A soldier called one morning begging for squashes, etc. Mrs. Randolph told him they hadn't anything left in the garden.

"Well, couldn't you sell me a few biscuit?"

She found some biscuit and cold ham and gave them to him.

"What do you ask for them, madam?" he asked after the last mouthful had disappeared.

"Nothing at all."

"Oh, thank you! I have not had so good a meal in over a year. I hope I can kill a Yankee and bring you his scalp."

The night of August fifteenth was one long to be remembered by those in Mrs. Randolph's household. They had lain down to sleep with hearts full of gratitude and hope, thinking they could rest, as no shells were coming, and they were so glad! About midnight they were all awakened by a terrific crash! They thought the house was coming down over their heads, yet no one screamed; each arose and questioned in the calmness of petrified fear, "What is that?" It is a shell! The dreaded thing has come at last, crashing through a corner of the house and falling in the yard. But no one is hurt, and the shell, unexploded, lies there as harmless as a fallen leaf. More than ever they feel that God is their hiding-place, their bomb-proof refuge.

Yet not to all came the same kind of deliverance. While many were spared to see the triumph of their Country on earth, others were taken away to witness the scenes they had longed for from the starry heights above. No more weary waiting for them! A widower and his young daughter were both taken away at once by a solid shot which crashed into their house in the night, instantly killing the little girl, and so mangling the father that he lived but a short time, and they were buried together by the side of the wife and mother. He had been anxiously waiting for the Northern army to come, all that kept him in Atlanta being his daughter, whom he could not take, and would not leave. And after all, to be killed by those for whom he was waiting as deliverers! How highly we prize the deliverance which gives us a few more years of mingled joy and sorrow, yet shrink from that which ushers into eternal peace!

On the eleventh of August a new battery was planted by the boys in blue, and the first shell thrown by it in the evening, burst in the room where Mrs. Franklin and little Nellie were sitting. One piece of the shell tore a frightful gash in the child's shoulder, and another wounded the mother. The family all fled to the cellar, and remained there the rest of that terrible night, while shot and shell were falling like hail stones around the house. Five more of those thirty-pound shells burst in the house before morning. Oh, that night of horror! What words can depict it? Day dawned at last, and, there being a lull in the leaden storm, Mr. Franklin got a buggy, and took his suffering ones where they could be cared for. What would those prisoners have said, if they could have seen their "Angel Nellie," who had brought so much comfort and gladness to them in their sickness and captivity? But no word of complaint escaped her, as she lay on a weary bed of suffering while the siege continued; only sometimes, when some one alluded to her kindness to the soldiers, tears would steal silently down her cheeks. Not all the brave heroes of the war wore the soldier's uniform!

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE TRIUMPH.

“War-spirit! war-spirit! how gorgeous thy path,
Pale earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of wrath:
The king at thy beckoning comes down from his throne,
To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,
With the trampling of steeds and the trumpet’s wild cry,
While the fold of their banners gleams bright on the sky.”

* * * * *

“War-spirit! war-spirit! thy secrets are known,
I have looked on the field when the battle was done—
The mangled and slain in their misery lay,
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey;
But the heart’s gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,
In the homes that those loved ones revisit no more.”

—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. —, 1864.

My Dear Arthur,

We are free at last—delivered—and what a deliverance it is, none can tell save those who have lived, or rather died through these long, weary years of waiting, praying, hoping, fearing.

The *finale* of our misery was rather severe, but we have lived through all,—thanks be to God!—and I have had one day of joy, of triumph, the happiest of my whole life. And I never expect to experience the same emotions again—never again can I feel the joy that surged through my soul, as I gazed upon the long lines of blue, upon the weary but triumphant conquerors that came bearing the banner of our Country. And when I unfurled my flag so long imprisoned, and received the wild cheers in response, I felt simply blest!

How eagerly I looked to see your face amid that triumphant army! and I am watching for you every minute.

I am so excited that I can write but little now. What with shells, sickness in Mrs. Randolph's family with whom Amy and I are refugeeing, the leaving of the Rebels, and the coming of the Federals, I have not much sense or reason left. Have not even attempted to write to friends at the North. I need rest and quiet, and would like to get away somewhere among the mountains where I could see nothing and hear nothing but bright autumn leaves and murmuring brooks.

I have no home now, and scarcely anything left me but my flag, which I can hardly wait to unfurl before you, and my Bible; still I am contented and grateful; my prayers have been answered in everything but in meeting you again, and I hope to see you before long. Cannot tell you all now, for I am sitting in the parlor where all are talking. Will send this to Sherman's headquarters, and hope it will reach you soon.

Good-by till I see you. You can find me at No. —, ——— street. Do not despair, even if you should be within prison walls (which I shall not let myself think you are), for we have been in the lion's den, but God has sent His angel and delivered us.

Ever and always,

Your Goldie.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Excuse me! Why, Roswell!"

"Is it you, Goldie?" as they eagerly clasped hands, "I have been searching for you."

"I hardly know whether it is Goldie or not, or where I am. I feel like a caged bird let loose suddenly. Come in, this is home for the time being."

Goldie had mailed her letter, and had almost reached Mrs. Randolph's gate, when she was suddenly startled from her reverie by running against some one as deeply engaged in thought as herself, and this conversation took place. They went into the house, Roswell's eyes following her with a wistful, tender look, which she did not see. She only felt that he had grown older and graver since last they met.

After introductions, Mrs. Randolph left the three friends to themselves, and Goldie's first question was,

"Roswell, have you seen Arthur? Isn't his regiment in Sherman's army?"

"Yes, they belong to General Howard's division. John Heartmead and I have been in the Army of the Potomac, but after being discharged, we followed Sherman down here—" and Roswell was going

on with nervous haste to tell something more about Heartmead and the journey, but Goldie cut him short by the question,

"But where is Arthur? Haven't you seen him, Roswell? Tell me quick!" she pleaded with paling cheeks and burning eyes, as she saw his evident hesitation.

"Yes, Cousin pet, don't look so! I saw him—lying on the battle-field at ——."

"Where is he now? If he is wounded I must go and take care of him right away," cried Goldie, clutching at Roswell's arm.

He turned appealingly to Amy, and whispered almost inaudibly, "He was dead!"

But Goldie heard, and sank to the floor, burying her white face in her hands, moaning, "It's false! I'll not believe it! I've hoped and prayed *so long!* It can not be!"

"Are you sure, Mr. Blakemore?" asked Amy with choking voice as she gathered Goldie in her arms.

"Yes, I couldn't forget that face, though I had not seen him for years," answered Roswell, his own voice trembling with pity, "then I saw the name, 'A. Hyland,' on his canteen, and afterward I found soldiers that knew him, and I made arrangement for his body to be sent home."

Roswell turned to look out of the window, sincerely wishing he knew how to say something comforting. Ah! he had not learned in the school of personal sorrow; neither had he taken lessons of Him who said, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."

No word was spoken for some time, while Amy tenderly stroked Goldie's hair, her tears falling upon the shining curls. At last she whispered softly,

"Goldie, darling, it was for his Country,—for our Country!"

Then Goldie remembered that other one who had given up his life for the opposite side, and the gentle patience of her who had borne this heavier burden of bereavement, and she struggled for self-control. Roswell felt that his much-dreaded errand was done, and passed silently out, leaving the two friends weeping in each other's arms.

Having made some inquiries of Mrs. Randolph, he hastened away to find Emma Heartmead who was already rejoicing with her mother over the safe return of the soldier son and brother.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALONE AT SILVER BROOK.

“War-spirit! war-spirit! go down to thy place,
With the demons that thrive on the woes of our race;
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried—
Let thy league with the grave and Aceldama cease,
And yield the torn world to the angel of peace.”

—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

A bridal party left Atlanta two weeks later, for there had been a quiet wedding, and Emma Heartmead had become Mrs. Blakemore. Her mother and brother accompanied them in the northward journey.

Of all Amy Fay's treasures, she has almost nothing to take with her, and she leaves behind only a mound in a forest grave-yard, marked by a costly monument, and beside it a smaller one, with a marble slab bearing the name, "Bertha." Goldie has stilled her aching heart, and tried to smile at Emma's wedding, and she still treasures her flag, though she has learned what victory costs.

There are the Montgomerys, the Randolphs, the Franklins, and others of the band of loyal hearts who have lived through the fiery furnace of this terrible war, strengthening and comforting each other. They scatter now like the leaves of autumn, never all to meet again in this world. The faithful servants are not forgotten, but are arranged for in various ways. Amy determines to keep little Poppy with her always. When the north-bound company reach Philadelphia, Amy goes to visit her mother and brother, while Goldie keeps on with the bridal party as far as New York. There she wishes to visit old friends, and they leave her, Roswell being in haste to introduce his beautiful Southern bride in Granville.

Goldie, with some difficulty, hunted up her old friend, Clara Knoblock, whom she hardly recognized in the sad-faced Mrs. Frederick Newton. Fred was in the Army of the Potomac, and had just gone back

after being home on a furlough. Goldie had longed for the sympathy of this dear friend, but she found a deeper sorrow, a sorer heart than her own, needing Almighty help.

"O Goldie!" sobbed the wretched wife, "if Fred had only died as your Arthur did, I could bear that; but—he—drinks!" It was hard to find words of comfort for the wail of agony contained in those two short words. Our brave boys in blue had foes to meet in those Southern fields worse than bayonet or cannon. Fred Newton was not the only soldier whose after life was made a sad wreck by habits formed on the tented field.

"One thing is plain," said Goldie, after a long confidential talk about the dangers and temptations of army life, "our country owes a debt of gratitude to the soldiers who have had to meet these dangers, and for their sakes, if for no other reason, every dram-shop ought to be closed that they may have no further temptation when they come home. I promise you, Clara, that I will do what one woman can do to fight this evil thing. I think you had better write cheery letters to him to keep up the memory links binding him to his home, and, with God's help, we will save him yet."

"One cruel thing that he said to me while he was at home, was that he got the beginning of the appetite at Mother's boarding-house before he ever went to the army. Do you think that could be true?"

"I don't know," answered Goldie, "but I would make a study of temperance cooking, and act accordingly when he comes again."

Goldie was intending, after spending a few days in New York, to go directly to Granville, and thence to visit Arthur's mother; but when she called on Mrs. Van Wade, she learned that that lady, whose husband was in the army, was about to visit her sister in the country. Dreading the responsibilities of traveling, Mrs. Van Wade asked, as a great favor, that Goldie would go with her and help take care of the children on the journey. This was work that Goldie liked, and she consented the more gladly because her childhood's home was but a few miles from Mrs. Van Wade's destination.

So it came to pass that the old stage-coach brought Goldie, one Saturday afternoon, to the quiet village by Silver Brook. Alighting upon the hotel steps, she was met by a small boy whose familiar face surprised her into the exclamation,

"Why, Joseph, how do you do?"

The boy only stared blankly at the strange lady who had extended both hands to greet him, and it suddenly occurred to her that the Joseph whom she knew in days of yore would be a man grown by this

time. She turned away to hide her confusion, and the boy ran off as fast as his feet could carry him to tell his mother about it.

"Perhaps it was some one who used to know your uncle Joseph," said she, "you look just as he did when he was little."

The child opened wondering eyes,—“Did Uncle Joe ever be a little boy like me?”

“Yes, darling.”

“And will I be a soldier, and go and kill rebels when I get big?”

“Oh, no, no,” she said, drawing him closer.

“Did Uncle Joe have a mamma, a dear good mamma just like you?”

“Yes, a great deal better than I am; she was my mamma, too, and she is an angel now.”

“Mamma, did you be a little girl once?” persisted the questioner.

“Yes, dear,” was the smiling answer.

“O Mamma, I wish you would be a little girl some more, and play with me!” then looking out of the window, he exclaimed, “There she comes! The lady is coming here!”

A warm welcome the “lady” received from her old Sabbath-school teacher, with whom she remained over Sabbath. She went to church, and was almost glad that they were without a pastor, that she might not see another in her father’s old pulpit. There was a good congregation, although the sermon was read by one of the deacons; for this church were in the habit of coming together to worship God, not their minister. When the service was over, the people began to crowd around Goldie.

“Why, God bless you!” exclaimed good old Deacon Sampson, as he grasped her hand, and kept on shaking it, until Mrs. Chamberlain claimed it was her turn.

“I knew you in a minute, you look so much like your mother,” she said in a voice choked with emotion. They all talked at once, asking questions about the last days of her father and mother, about Arthur, or calling up some reminiscence of her parents or of herself, “the little girl that joined the church so young.”

At the evening meeting, it did her good to hear those Christians talk and pray. One man, in his remarks, alluded to something that “Father Haggood used to tell us,” and they remembered her in their prayers, giving thanks that she had been delivered from the fiery furnace and the lion’s den.

On Monday Goldie went alone to her old home—wandered through the meadows and on the hillside where she used to pick flowers—gathered a handful of bright golden-rod, and sat down on a rock where she

had sat once with her lap full of flowers, her childish heart so happy that she could do nothing but kneel down and thank God for them. Those flowers were withered long ago, but now she feels that she has much to thank God for, as she looks up to the blue heavens above, where her loved ones are. Ah! that home seems but a little way off, where—the pain and anxiety and toil all over—they rest.

The old barn is just as it was, but the house is moved back, and a new one is in its place. Both are unoccupied, for which Goldie is thankful, as she goes to the old house and peers into the windows, and through the cracks into the place where Arthur's shop was. It looks so desolate that she turns quickly away with brimming eyes and trembling steps down to the brook—Silver Brook—rippling softly just as of yore. The grape-vine swing is gone, but there are the very stones where she used to sit and watch the fishes and sail her little fleet. She flings herself down by the brook, dips her hand in the rippling water, and, with breaking heart, cries out,

“O Arthur! Arthur! come to me.”

A quick step at her side, and a manly voice answers, “I've been coming as fast as steam could bring me, but I began to think I never should find you!” and Goldie is folded, not in the arms, but the one arm of her soldier lover.

When the delirium of joy had subsided enough so that they could talk, he explained how, when his color-bearer had been shot down, he and five of his men had fallen with him, each in turn snatching the flag, determined to bear it up or fall with it. The others were killed, and he was left for dead on the battle-field, but was afterwards picked up and cared for by negroes during several weeks which were almost a blank to him. As soon as able, he was taken to a hospital, and later was discharged. Learning that Atlanta was in possession of our army, he went there and searched for Goldie, but found that she had already gone North. He had followed on, was in New York inquiring for her before she left the city, had run across some one who told him of her journey with Mrs. Van Wade just in time for him to catch the last train Saturday, and reach the place where Mrs. Van Wade was visiting late that night.

“I had a tough battle with myself not to get a livery and start off yesterday morning. The idea of stopping all day only twenty miles from you! But I opened my Bible to read a bit and get my orders for the day, and there was this—‘And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment.’ ‘If they could rest from attending to a dead friend (and such

a Friend!) I can, with all the bright prospects of life before me,' so I said, and that settled it."

"But Roswell told me that he found you dead on the field, and made arrangements to have your body sent home."

"That was my brother Alfred. He looked very much like me; Roswell never saw him, and hadn't seen me for years; no wonder he made the mistake. Fred gave his life for his country; I lent mine, and God has let me have it back again for awhile to use for him and my native land."

"O Arthur! you are not going back into the war?"

"I would, if they were hard up enough to need a one-armed fellow, but I don't think they will be. But fighting isn't the only way to serve one's country. War looks very different to me from what it did when we used to sit here and read stories about those old heroes."

"So it does to me," said Goldie with a shudder. "I have looked on the field when the battle was done."

"As to fighting," said Arthur, "there'll be plenty of it to be done, of a different kind, when this war is over. War brings no end of evils in its train, even when we're fighting for a good cause. Then think of the desolation spread all over the South. Plenty of work for every soldier of the Cross."

"Amy has determined to give the rest of her life to teaching the negroes, as soon as there is opportunity," said Goldie, and then she told Arthur about Fred Newton, and the promise that she had made his poor wife.

"I'll join you in that promise, dearest," said he. "The hardest part of the war to think of, is the temptations that have overcome some of our boys there—brave boys too, when they had rebel guns to face—but not brave enough to meet and conquer the enemy in camp. Now I'd like to do all I can for these comrades, and help them get on the gospel armor. One thing that we must decide is where to locate and what business to go into to make a living and have means to help others. I might take my brother's place; he was partner with his father-in-law in a store. Perhaps that would suit Mother best; I must see her and talk it over. But the question is, couldn't we do more good in the great city? My old employers, Ketchum and Byam, have offered me a place again. I was in their store and had a long talk with Mr. Ketchum last Thursday morning—"

"At what time Thursday?" asked Goldie quickly.

"About ten—yes, I remember the clock near the office door struck ten while I was in there talking with him."

"And I was there buying some things, and heard that clock strike ten as I passed the office door coming out. I had a talk with Mr. Byam who remembered meeting me on the steamer going south. I wanted to talk with him about you, but didn't dare, as he didn't know that I ever knew you. How strange it seems that we could be so near each other and not know; but we were not face to face this time."

"No, and it wasn't in a graveyard, and old Neptune didn't get between us either. And now we are *here*, and I don't mean to lose track of you again. But, Goldie, can you accept the left hand of a man whose right hand is left in Georgia?"

"The one that is left is all right," she answered.

There was quite a breeze of excitement in Granville society over the prospective wedding reception at the Blakemore mansion.

Mervella was still a reigning belle, and was at present manifesting her patriotism by receiving the attentions of a young lawyer, who was gaining a political reputation in the Presidential campaign. In the first flush of excitement at the beginning of the war, when everybody said, "It won't last more than three months," she had proudly bidden her brother go, and Dr. Butterworth was made to feel that none but the brave and patriotic could hope to win the fair sister of a hero. When he bade her good-by, she gave him almost a promise that she would be his, when the war was over. But when he returned wounded, and it became evident that his once handsome face was disfigured for life, her regard for him suddenly cooled, and he went back to the army with a deeper wound than that given by rebels.

The Blakemore family was a very happy one, when the long absent son and brother was safe home again, and his beautiful bride easily won all hearts. Mervella was in her element in making arrangements for the reception, which at Emma's request was delayed long enough to give Goldie plenty of time to reach Granville. Emma felt that the party could not be complete without Goldie, yet scarcely expected her, knowing how scenes of festivity would jar upon the bereaved heart.

The evening had arrived, and the house was full of guests, but Goldie was still absent. A crowd had gathered around the bridal pair, listening to one story after another of scenes on the Potomac and in the beleaguered city of Atlanta.

"You have no idea," said Emma, "how many people there are at the South who are really opposed to the war. Many of the soldiers in the army have no sympathy for the cause for which they are fighting. I knew a young man named Schuyler, who kept from being conscripted by having work in a machine shop in Atlanta. But, at last, when the

Union troops made a raid around south of the city, he tried to go to Decatur where his people lived, and was captured by the Confederates. They gave him a gun, and put him in the ditches to defend the city. He did not get away from them until he was taken with other soldiers to Jonesboro. In the excitement following the defeat there, he started through the woods for Atlanta and liberty. It was after dark when he came in, looking as black as a negro with powder smoke. He must have run every step of the way, and his feet were blistered on the bottom. He told us about the fight at Jonesboro, and said that Sherman would be in soon. He threw his gun, knapsack, and dirty clothes down a trap door in the floor, ate a hearty supper—oh, how he did eat!—and then went to a neighbor's, and hid in the cellar. This neighbor's son had been hiding there for months. When he came out, he looked like a potato sprout that has grown in the cellar."

"I don't see how you lived through all the terrors of the siege," said Susie Wilkins, "I believe the noise of it would scare me to death."

"We thought we had learned what noise was," answered Emma smiling, "but there was never anything like that last night before the Confederates left the city. They destroyed everything they could, to prevent its falling into Union hands. The old rolling-mill pond was filled with guns. Then there were whole car-loads of ammunition and heavy ordnance that were piled together and burned with the rolling-mill. We were over a mile from the fire, but the concussion was so great that we could not stand up on the floor. We did not know what the noise was about as crash after crash shook the house, but we found out in the morning that it was the rebels' farewell to us."

"That reminds me," said Roswell, "of the time when I saw a whole train of cars loaded up with that kind of freight, and set fire to at the top of—"

Roswell sprang to his feet, stared, and turned pale! All eyes followed the direction of his, and there, just entering the door, was Goldie Hapgood, leaning upon the one arm of a noble looking man in officer's uniform. There were many who sprang forward to give her a joyful greeting.

"Captain Blakemore, allow me to make you acquainted with Colonel Arthur Hyland," said Goldie with a triumphant ring in her voice.

"Hyland! Is it possible! A regiment of rebels couldn't have scared me so. What does it mean? When did you come to life?"

Explanations followed, and greetings, and introductions. The hour was growing late, but nobody cared, and nobody could go until they

had heard from Arthur and Goldie some of their war experiences. It was like a second reception which eclipsed the first.

"Welcome home, darling," were Mrs. Blakemore's first words to her niece, and they expressed the feeling of the whole family, Mervella included. Arthur remained a few days, then went to his mother.

There was a unique Thanksgiving service in Granville that fall. The pastor had urged his congregation not to neglect the house of God on the day of feasting, but to come and render praise to Him for all He had done for the nation, as well as for personal blessings.

The young people met on Wednesday, and trimmed the church with evergreen and harvest emblems, also a few beautiful blooming house plants. David Kidder was there, as kind and helpful as ever, though much broken in health. Susie Wilkins was one of the committee of decoration, and the young people from the Blakemore family were there to help and advise. Emma proposed that the corner at the right hand of the pulpit where the choir usually sat, should receive special attention. Just *what* she was planning for, was only known to a favored few, but they all admired her taste, and were ready to fall in with the plans that she and Susie made. The few lingered after the others had gone, and, by a few dexterous changes and some additional decorations, transformed that corner into a lovely bower, and Goldie draped her precious flag over the center.

Then they hurried home to be ready for the guests who were coming on the evening train—Arthur and his mother and Amy. The latter brought as a wedding present one of the most beautiful things that she had left from the wreck of her former wealthy home, the piano-spread which Goldie had helped her make.

Everybody admired the decorations, when the congregation assembled next day, but not until the patriotic sermon had closed, and America had been sung, did they realize just what was going on. During the singing, Goldie and Arthur, Mervella and Susie (who sat in the back part of the house) had slipped quietly out into the vestry. It needed but a few moments for bonnets to be exchanged for wreaths of pure white flowers, and wraps to be laid aside. As soon as the congregation, at the request of the minister, were again seated, the organist began playing a wedding march, and the bridal party passed slowly up the aisle, and took their places under the flag. Goldie was dressed in pure white, and in one hand she held the Bible which was her Inheritance; the other was clasped by the strong hand of him she loved, while the man of God pronounced the holy words which united their two lives.

[THE END.]

