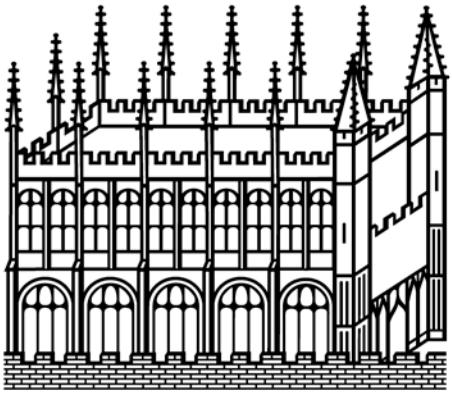


Bodleian Libraries

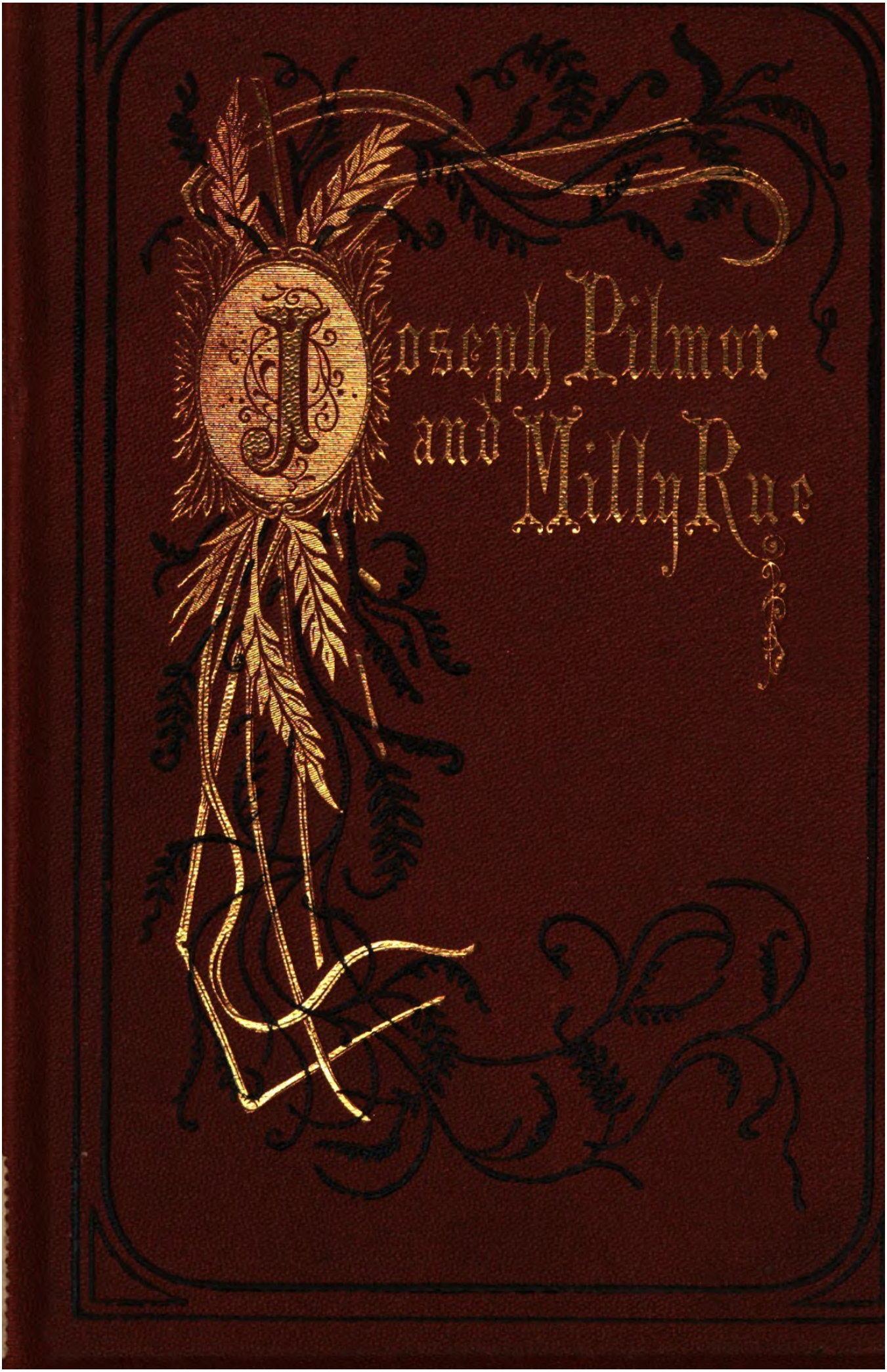
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

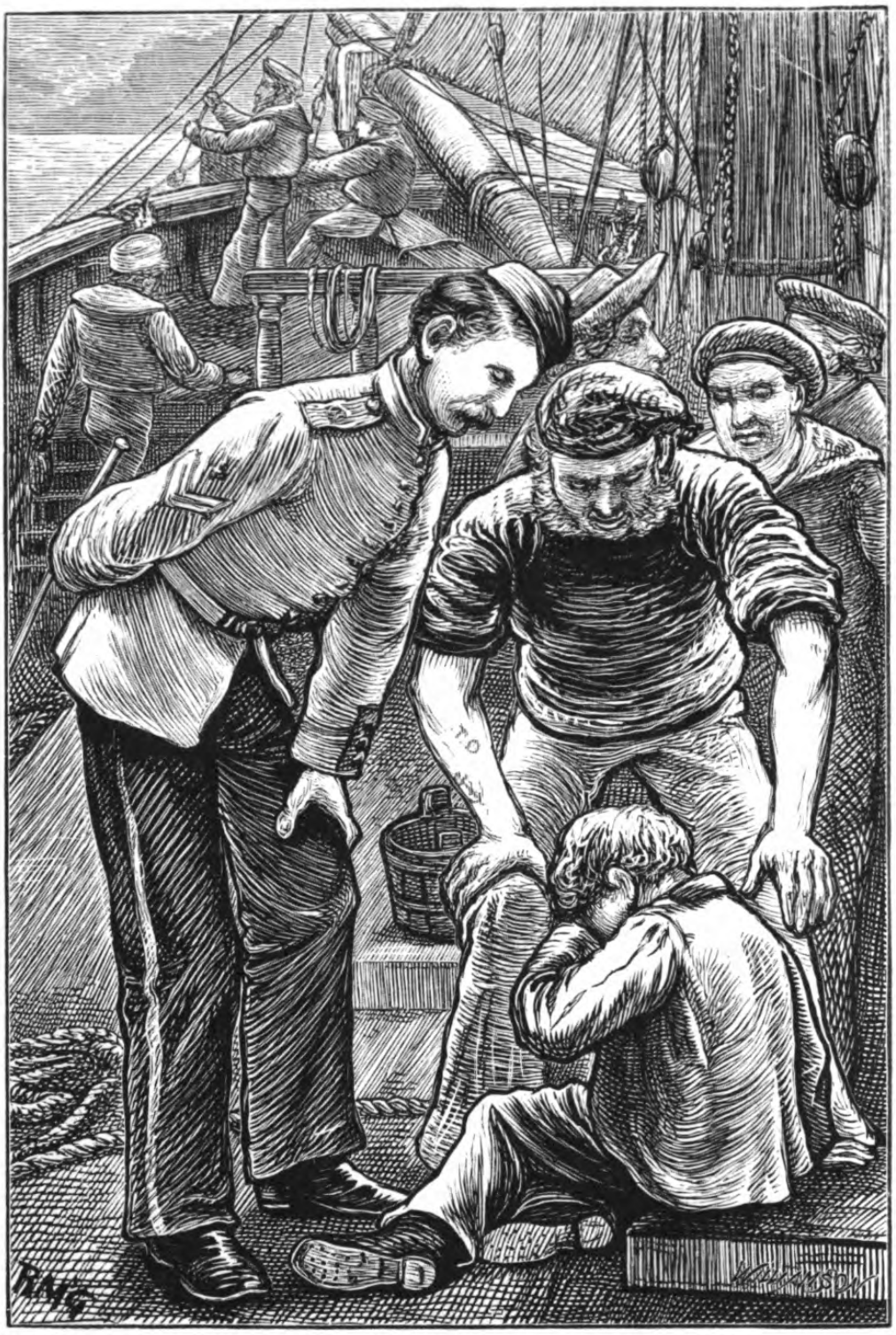
http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.


Joseph Palmer
and Milly Rue

JOSEPH PILMOR.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.



JOSEPH PILMOR.

Page 29.

2533.f.277.

JOSEPH PILMOR,

THE QUAKER SOLDIER:

And other Stories.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'TIBBIE THE CHARWOMAN,' 'LUCY SMITH, THE MUSIC GOVERNESS,' ETC. ETC.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM OLIPHANT AND CO.,
57, FREDERICK STREET.

2533 f. 277.

OXFORD

CONTENTS.

JOSEPH PILMOR.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	JOSEPH'S MEDITATIONS,	7
II.	JOSEPH'S MEDITATIONS—*continued*,	29
III.	THE QUAKER SOLDIER,	49
IV.	JOE,	65
V.	JOSEPH IN PRISON,	83
VI.	SIX MONTHS AFTERWARDS,	99

MILLY RUE.

I.	THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER,	115
II.	MILLY,	127
III.	THE MINIATURE,	137
IV.	THE BARONET,	149
V.	MILLY'S CHOICE,	159

SAM SILVA.

I.	THE CALM,	175
II.	THE STORM,	205

JOSEPH PILMOR.

CHAPTER I.

JOSEPH'S MEDITATIONS.

'Home ! sweet home—
There's no place like home !'

'FRIEND, come with us, and we will do thee good,' said a Quaker gentleman, laying his hand kindly on the arm of a young soldier, who, one Sunday morning many years ago, stood reading the printed placard intimating the hours of meeting, which was suspended over the door of the 'Friends'' meeting-house at Chatham. The young man started, stared, and blushed, and then instinctively raised his hand and gave the gentleman who had addressed him a regular military salute. 'Nay, friend,' he said hastily, 'make not obeisance to me; are we not all the children of one Father, and on equal terms in His sight? Come with

us,' he said again, with a smile, the charm of which the soldier found it very difficult to resist; but he looked at his scarlet coat, and hesitated. 'Heed not the colour of thy garment, friend,' said the gentleman. 'True,' he added gravely, 'it is the badge of thy profession, which is a trade of blood. But come with us, and it may be that this day thou mayest become a servant of the Prince of peace. Come,' he said once more, and the soldier went.

With head erect and martial step, but with a face nearly as red as his coat, he followed his new friend into the quiet Quaker meeting-house, and was ushered into a pew, where the gentleman sat down by his side, and thus prevented any chance of escape, had he been so inclined. Very awkward and uncomfortable did the soldier feel in his red coat, beside the colourless garments around him, which looked all the more grave and quiet from the contrast. But he gradually regained his usual composure and self-possession, as he discovered by a few stolen glances that nobody was looking at him, but that each individual member of the congregation appeared to be absorbed in silent reflection or devotion. Very strange and oppressive did the unwonted silence seem to him at first; but, having naturally

a thoughtful, reflective mind, the stillness was not lost upon him, and ere half an hour, which seemed to him like half a day, had gone by, he was as deep in reflection as any of the 'Friends' around him. For the gentleman's words had sunk into his heart, and roused a host of old memories, which found expression in an unspoken soliloquy.

'*A trade of blood!*' thought he; 'the very words my dear mother said, long, long ago, when, enchanted with the music of a regimental band, I declared I would like above all things to be a soldier. Ah! when I listed I forgot all she impressed upon my childish mind that morning. My dear, dear mother! I think I see you still as busy at work. You taught your little boy to sing "HOME! SWEET HOME," the air which the band had been playing, and praised my proficiency till my heart throbbed with rapturous delight, caused partly by love for you, and partly by the pleasure of hearing my own voice. And my father, too, said, "Sing it again, Josey," evidently highly gratified with my proficiency; and "Sing it again, Josey," repeated my little sister, who was sitting on his knee. I remember looking bashfully at my mother, and, encouraged by her approving smile, I began at the beginning and sang my song over again; and when I had

finished, my father said I had sung it even better than before, and I saw tears standing in his eyes as he fondly stroked my head, and cried "Bravo, Josey!" and again my little sister repeated "Bravo, Josey!"'

'From that day my mother sedulously cultivated my singing powers, and, having a really good ear, I readily acquired all the airs she taught me; and, passionately fond of music, I practised them at all times, and in all circumstances. I did not know then, but I can appreciate now, the motives by which she was actuated in taking this trouble with a mere child; for I remember well how my singing to him at night helped to keep my father from the public-house, which he was only too fond of frequenting. And I remember, too, with sorrow, how she used to teach me merry songs, when I am sure her heart was heavy enough. My father was a first-rate mechanic, and easily earned wages sufficient to support his wife and two children comfortably; but, though not a bad man in the main, he was of a facile disposition, and easily led astray by evil company, and too often spent in drink the money he had earned by skilful industry. But he had a good wife, who left no stone unturned to make his home happy. And it *was* a happy home, at least to me;

for what child could be unhappy who had a kind, loving mother like mine? and I was too young to trouble myself about my father, or to speculate on what might be the ultimate consequences to his family of his self-indulgence and want of self-control. But everything in this world comes to an end sooner or later, and my happy home was no exception to the general rule. The first link in the chain of circumstances which led to its breaking up was the illness of my little sister, who gave up toddling through the house at my mother's heels, and sat all day long on her low stool, leaning her head on her hand, though, on being asked what ailed her, she could only say, "Weary, mother, weary." Then she sat constantly on mother's knee, with her head resting on her bosom; but still "weary" was the only word she could find to express the mysterious feeling which was creeping over her. Then she lay in bed from morning to night, and from night to morning, and never rose again. My father was very steady all the time of her illness. He loved his little girl dearly, and spent every penny he could spare in toys for her amusement, and delicacies to tempt her sickly appetite. But all his kindness and my mother's tender nursing availed not, for she died. Alas! that was but

the beginning of sorrows; for, though my mother was supported in her affliction by the consolations of religion, her grief for the loss of her child was turned into misery by the conduct of her husband, who, overwhelmed with grief, flew to drinking for comfort, with all the moral cowardice of a weak mind. Then began the gradual deterioration and decadence of a drunkard's home; for, though my mother strove hard to keep up an appearance of respectability, she was obliged to part with one piece of furniture after another, till the single apartment to which we had been obliged to remove was very bare indeed. But that was not the worst of it; for in the end my father brought home no money at all, and she was forced to labour from morning to night to supply us with the bare necessaries of life, and keep a roof, however humble, above our heads. Oh, my mother, my mother! how my heart bleeds as I recall that miserable time; and how I wonder at and venerate the heavenly patience which supported you! I was too young then to understand or sympathize with all your feelings, but not too young to be sorry for and love you dearly. And I can remember yet the thrill of rapture with which I used to receive the warm embrace with which you were wont to

reward any small attempt on my part to lighten your labours, as you whispered that I was your only earthly comfort.

'But hard work and want of proper nourishment undermined her constitution, and, suddenly seized with illness, she died before the next day's sun had set. I was stunned and stupefied, and scarcely able to realize my irreparable loss; but my father's grief was terrible to witness. But he was drunk on the night of the funeral; and a kind neighbour, who had waited on my mother, took me away with her out of the reach of harm. Next day I went home, if home it could be called where my mother no longer was. My father was sitting before the cold, empty grate, his elbows resting on his knees, his head buried in his hands, the very picture of hopeless wretchedness. "Here's Josey," said the woman; but he took no notice of us, and she left me beside him, whispering "not to be frightened, as he was quite sober." But I *was* frightened, for I had no mother now to protect me from his drunken violence; and I retreated to the door, and sat down in a corner, where I sat for a long time silently watching him, and not a little afraid to look at the bed in the opposite corner, where yesterday my mother had been lying in her

coffin. I had cried myself sick the night before, and, having emptied my little heart, had no tears left; so I sat and sucked my thumb in sullen silence, and watched my father, ready to spring to my feet, open the door and flee, should he show any dangerous symptoms. But he never moved, and I was just falling asleep, when he said in a low, weak voice, "Are you there, Josey?"—"Yes," said I, watching him more eagerly than ever. But another long silence followed, and I was again getting drowsy, when he said in the same tone, "Josey, sing 'Sweet Home.'" It was a cruel, selfish demand; but I was too obedient to refuse, and besides, believing that, instead of hurting me, he only wanted me to sing to him, I was only too glad to comply with it. So I began; but when I reached the last line of the first verse, a choking sensation rose in my throat, and, with a wild, piercing cry, I threw myself at full length on the floor. That cry of agony, coming from the heart of a mere child, and that child his own son, must have reached whatever of the milk of human kindness remained in his own heart; for, rising with a deep groan, my father lifted me up, and sitting down with me clasped to his bosom, he mingled his tears with mine, at same time kissing and caress-

ing me almost as tenderly as my mother used to do. A child is easily comforted; and, with my father's protecting arms around me, pleased and soothed, I fell asleep, with my head reclining on his breast. How long I slept I know not; but when I awoke it was quite dark, and I found, to my great terror, that he had laid me on *the* bed. Whether he was in the room himself or not I could not see, and I was too much frightened to speak; but the next moment the door opened, and, to my great joy, my father came in. He then struck a match, and kindled a fire; and having brought with him a plentiful supply of eatables, he speedily prepared a comfortable meal, and, lifting me from the bed, supplied my wants with the utmost tenderness before he tasted a morsel himself. Only then did I find out how hungry I was, and, with a full stomach, sitting on my father's knee, basking in the ruddy blaze of the fire, I almost forgot my sorrow, and, grateful for his kindness, even offered to finish my song. But he shook his head, and never cared to hear me sing again.

'The home of my childhood was in Edinburgh, and all my early associations are connected with recollections of that beautiful city; but my father was an Englishman, and, a month or two

after my mother's death, he resolved to return to his own country, leaving me behind till he should obtain settled employment. He had been very steady since my mother's death, and I believe one reason for his leaving Edinburgh was to get quit of the bad companions who had helped to tempt him into evil habits. I cried bitterly at parting with my father; but the old woman in whose care he left me was so very kind, that I was speedily comforted, and almost felt as though I had got another mother. She told me to call her Grannie; and my father gave her a sum of money in hand, and promised to remit a portion of his wages regularly for my maintenance; and, being very poor, and entirely dependent upon her son, she was very glad to have me with her. But, independent of any small profit that might accrue, I believe Grannie loved me dearly for my own sake, and often said I was as good as a daughter to her, being "liker a lassie than a laddie;" for I had learned many useful little ways about a house, from my anxiety to help my dear mother. Her son Michael, too, was very kind to me, and used to make me sing my songs to him when he came home at night, tired with a hard day's work, and often said he had paid money for many a worse

concert. I was very happy with Grannie, but my happiness was of short duration. My father had only been gone about a year, when he suddenly ceased sending the money he promised, and poor Grannie, kind-hearted as she was, found it very difficult to keep the little stranger thus cast upon her bounty. Had she been alone, I am sure she would have cheerfully shared her last crust with me; but Michael's wishes had to be consulted in the matter. And no doubt it was hard for him to have an additional burden laid on his scanty wages; and besides, he was very fond of his mother, and could not bear to see her denying herself for the sake of a child who had no claim upon her, save that of utter helplessness—a clamant recommendation to a loving woman's heart.

'So long as the case involved no self-denial, Michael had been kind and good-natured, and even inclined to make a pet of me; but now he was like an altered being,—petful, sullen, and morose. He was constantly hinting that I had no business there, and should be sent away; and though not actually cruel to me, he was certainly very unkind. Grannie did all she could to make amends for this change in Michael, by being doubly kind to me, and often fed me in

secret, knowing that he grudged every morsel I put in my mouth; and I gradually learned to keep out of his way, and avoid him as much as possible. He never asked me to sing to him now; and I often retreated to bed before he came home from his work. One night I had been glad to do this—he had been so cross at dinner-time—and had just fallen asleep, when I woke up in a great fright, for Grannie and Michael were talking very loud, and were evidently very angry with each other. I had never known them to quarrel before, and I was so frightened, I covered my head with the bed-clothes, and a cold sweat broke out all over me. By and by all was quiet again, and I uncovered my head to get breath; but it had only been a sullen lull in the storm, for the next moment Michael cried out in a rage, "I tell you, mother, he *shall* go; the brat *must* go to the workhouse!"—"Wheest! the puir bairn will hear you," cried Grannie. Then she lifted the candle, and came forward to the side of the bed on tiptoe. I was lying with my eyes wide open, and I never thought of shutting them; and, seeing me broad awake, she tried to smile, though I saw she had been crying, and, giving me a kindly pat on the cheek, she arranged the bed-clothes, and, with a sigh,

returned to her seat. She must have given Michael a warning glance, for when he next spoke it was in a whisper, and I could not hear a word; and after a while I fell asleep again, with a vague sense of some dire calamity hanging over me, of the nature of which I was ignorant. But next day nothing particular happened, and I even fancied that Michael was kinder than usual. It was the same the next, and the next again; and, seeing everything going on as usual, I began to forget my fears, and to feel happier than I had done for some time.

'But on the fourth day, Grannie, who was in the habit of doing a little coarse needlework, when fortunate enough to get it to do, left me alone in the house, having to go some distance to a shop where she occasionally got work. On these occasions I felt myself a person of some importance, and used to bustle about, putting things in order, and doing any little job she might have neglected; and this day I began a regular turn-up, preparatory to an important cleaning I had planned for some time. I was fussing about and making a considerable noise, rejoicing in the thought of Grannie's surprise and the praises I had no doubt she would bestow on me, when, on her return, she saw and

admired the result of my labours, when Michael, to my great terror and dismay, appeared. He must have left his work, and been watching, perhaps at the corner of the street, for Grannie's coming out; and I remember he looked hot, and flustered, and uncomfortable, and ashamed. After the first hasty glance, he carefully avoided looking at me, busying himself in gathering together whatever he could find belonging to me, and having tied up my small possessions in a bundle, he put my cap on my head, saying gruffly, "Come away, Josey," and pulled me after him out of the house. He was in a great hurry, and walked so fast I had great difficulty in keeping up; and, besides, I was frightened, and would much rather have gone back than forward with him. Then I began to cry, and struggled to release my hand, which he held very tight; but he grasped my wrist, and hurt it very much, though I don't think he intended it, but did not know what he was doing.

'So I was obliged to run to keep up with him, till at length we stopped before a large iron gate, and, having knocked, we were admitted by a man, who, after a rude stare, gruffly demanded our business. Michael gave him a piece of paper on which something was written, and

he took us into a large house, which I thought must be a prison. I was so petrified with terror that I cannot now recall what happened next. But I knew I was now in the workhouse, that Michael left me there, and that a feeling akin to despair entered my little heart when I knew that he was outside the iron gate, and that I was on the inside. My first thought, however, was of Grannie, and what she would think when she came home and found me gone; how she would seek for me, and how she would wonder how I could leave everything topsy-turvy, as I had done. But my thoughts were speedily turned into another channel; for I was taken into a large room, where there were a number of boys of all ages and sizes, who were making a confused, murmuring noise, which almost deafened me; but on the schoolmaster making a tremendous *clap* with a pair of very large hands, which seemed to have been made on purpose, a dead silence followed, which frightened me more than the previous noise.

'The boys all stared at me, as I was called up to Mr. Leckie's desk, my name being his first query, and my age the second—both my answers being carefully inscribed in a large book, the formidable appearance of which somewhat raised

my self-esteem, for I thought I must be a person of importance to have my name and the number of my years recorded thus. But my pride got an immediate downfall; for my acquirements was the next inquiry, and they were pronounced to be scanty indeed. "Joseph Pilmor! what *can* you do?" cried Mr. Leckie, lifting up his hands, as though in despair at my ignorance. "I can wash the floor," I was about to reply, remembering how Grannie had praised me when I washed it during her absence; but a brighter idea occurred to me, and I said boldly, "I can sing the Laird o' Cockpen."—"Well, let us hear you," said the master, evidently expecting some amusement; and, lifting me up, he set me on the top of a table, and again clapped his hands to ensure silence. I felt liker crying than singing, but I dare not refuse; and, besides, I knew I could do it, and do it well. So, swallowing down my rising sobs, I cleared my throat, and began to sing. My voice faltered at first, but gathered strength as I went on; and when I finished my song, the applause was tremendous. Another *clap* was followed by the usual stillness; and then Mr. Leckie, who seemed very much pleased, gave me a kindly pat, and lifted me down, saying, "Bravo, Joseph! well done,

Joseph! I must have you taught to sing in my choir." Alas! his words opened the floodgates, and, slinking into a corner, I cried as though my heart would break.

'Forgetting Grannie and all that had taken place between, my thoughts went back to my dear, dear mother, who had taught me to sing, and who had looked so pleased and happy when my father had praised me like the schoolmaster. "Oh, mother, mother!" I said to myself, "if you had not died, I would not have been locked up in a workhouse;" and in an agony of grief I thought I would never be happy again, and wished I could die and go to heaven, like my mother and little sister.

'"Dinna greet, when you've twa feet," whispered a voice close to my ear, which made me start and take my knuckles from my eyes. It came from a small, pale-faced boy, who had a crutch under his right arm, and who, as I stopped crying, and stared at him, popped down on the floor, and saying, "I say, look you here," rapidly undid some dirty bandages, and exposed to view a naked stump, his right leg having been amputated just below the knee. There was a roguish smile on his face as he held it up for my inspection; but I felt instinctively that it was kindly

meant, and intended for consolation, and began to think there might be greater misfortunes than having no mother and being locked up in a workhouse. The exposure of the stump brought a crowd of boys around us, who, though they must often have seen it before, stood gazing at it with the same awe-struck look with which works of art are regarded by those curious in such matters.

'"Was it awfu' sair when the doctor cut it off, Tam?" asked a big boy, in a tone intended to be very sympathizing, but which sounded rather jocular.

'"I believe you," said Tom, winking up in the speaker's face with the eye on the stump side.

'"You would squeal awfu'?" said another.

'"Never said a word," replied Tom, nodding his head gravely, and primming his lips. "That's no a lee, but it's unco like one, for I squealed though I didna speak," I heard him muttering to himself. "I gied three squeals when they cam' to the marrow-bone," he added aloud, as he nimbly bandaged up his leg again; and, springing to his feet, or rather to his foot, he commenced dancing the Highland fling. But the noise made by his crutch on the wooden floor attracted the attention of the master, and

the usual clap was followed by instinctive obedience.

'"The exhibition's over, gentlemen," whispered Tom, as he sat down by my side.

'Cripple Tom, as the boys called him, had "fallen in love with me at first sight," he used to say, and declared, "If you'd been a girl, Josey, I would ha'e marrit ye." He had been all, or nearly all, his days in the workhouse, and the loss of his limb had made him a privileged person. No boy would have been so mean as to fight with Cripple Tom; and, as he constituted himself my champion, it was a fortunate thing for me to have gained his good-will. For many of the boys were wild and rough, and the big ones were often cruel to the little; and if I had not had my lame friend to defend me, as he did on all occasions, it might have fared badly with me. Tom's friendship smoothed my path and made life bearable, though I often cried myself to sleep when all was quiet and dark. He was a merry fellow; and the only time I ever saw him sad (except when we were obliged to part) was when a jackdaw he had tamed and petted suddenly sickened and died. On that occasion he refused to be comforted or to part with the

dead body of his favourite, till the doorkeeper coaxed him to allow him to bury poor Jack in a corner of the yard, where Tom could see the grave every day from the school-room window, next which he always sat.

'"That yard's a perfect burial-ground noo, Josey," said he with a deep sigh, as he looked out at the window on the day succeeding the funeral. "Besides my puir Jack, I ken o' twa cats, six kittens, a wee doug, and nine sparrows, a' buried there, no to speak o' my poor foot," he added, with another sigh. "It's a gude thing I ha'e my lintie yet, though," he cried, suddenly turning round, and giving me a hug; "I would far rather lose Jack as my bonnie lintie!"

'Oh how I loved Tom at that moment! I was so proud to think of being a comfort to him, and almost began to think it was a good thing Michael had brought me into the workhouse, for what would Tom have done without me?

'The singing was another thing which reconciled me to my lot. Mr. Leckie was a perfect enthusiast in music, and spared no pains in the training of those boys who were blessed with fine ears and good voices. In me he took special pride, and he was never tired praising my proficiency, often declaring I had a fortune

in my voice. But I did not long enjoy his instructions, for a month or two ended my stay in the workhouse, my father appearing one morning and taking me away with him. I was very glad to see him, but my joy vanished when I saw Cripple Tom's sad, wistful face.

'"I'll not go; I'll stay with you, Tom," I said, putting my arms round his neck. But Tom was a brave, sensible boy.

'"Na, na, Josey," said he; "ae bird in a cage is bad enough. Flee awa', my bonnie lintie; ye'll sing far merrier outside the iron gate. An' wha kens," he added, with a faint attempt to smile, in the endeavour to console me for my desertion of my friend,—"wha kens but that my faither may cast up some day tae?" which was not very likely, Tom having often assured me that he did not believe he ever had a father! Poor Tom, I never saw him again. He died, I heard long afterwards, shortly after I left the workhouse.'

Here a choking sensation in Joseph's throat produced a cough, which roused him from his meditations; and, thinking all eyes must now be upon him, he glanced guiltily around, but again finding he was not apparently the object of the slightest observation, he once more cast down his eyes, and resumed his meditations.

CHAPTER II.

JOSEPH'S MEDITATIONS CONTINUED.

'I loved my home, but trembled now
To view my father's altered brow.'

"WHAT a big man you are grown, Josey!" said my father, as I trotted along at his side, proud that I was no longer alone in the world. I had not thought of it before, but it was quite true,—I had grown considerably taller during his absence; and though not by any means a big boy, much less "a big man," he must have known a considerable difference in my appearance. But it did not seem to occur to him that my mind might have grown as well as my body, for he treated me still as a mere child, and never condescended to give me any explanation of his long silence. I ventured to ask, however, if we were going to Grannie's; but the mere mention of her name enraged him so much, that I was glad to keep quiet and say no more about her. I heard him muttering imprecations both

on her and Michael; and, as he quickened his pace in his anger, forcing me to run to keep up with his long, hasty footsteps, he cried out quite loud, "And to think of a child of mine being in the workhouse!" Now, child as he thought me, I was quite able to put this and that together, and to come to the conclusion that it was he himself who was most to blame in the matter; for was not he my father, and bound to take care of me? And though I knew not the cause of his desertion, my former experience of him led me to conclude him guilty in the matter; for had not all, or nearly all my troubles been the result of his drunken habits? and in my inmost heart I freely exculpated Grannie and Michael, and put all the blame on my father. But I did not tell him this, and indeed had no wish to do so; for, rejoicing in the unexpected recovery of my liberty, I almost forgot that I had any cause of complaint, only I did not like to hear Grannie blamed for what was no fault of hers.

'My father took me to a refreshment-room, where he literally stuffed me with good things. "Shake yourself, Josey, and make room for more," he said, with a laugh, as I declared I could eat no more. He seemed possessed with

the idea that I had been starved in the workhouse, which was not the case; for though the food was coarse, we got plenty of it, more than poor Grannie had latterly in her power to give me, or than my dear mother and I had eaten during the weary time between my little sister's death and her own.

'I remember feeling sleepy and inclined to sit still after my full meal, but my father told me we must make haste, as he was going away again that very day, and that I would get a nice sail in a steamboat. But first he took me to a shop, where he bought a second-hand suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, of which I was very proud; and, dressed in them, I admired myself all the road to Leith, where we went on board a boat, which set off almost immediately. I had never sailed on the sea in my life before, and I remember thinking, as we moved off, that the pier was sailing away from us, and not we from the pier. I soon found out and laughed at my mistake, however, and told myself I would know better the next time, feeling already like an experienced traveller. I thought there surely could be nothing so delightful as sailing on the sea, and literally pestered my father with questions about all I saw, as we

walked backwards and forwards along the deck. But alas! I became dreadfully sick—so sick that I remember nothing but misery, till at length I fell asleep, to wake up next morning quite well and very hungry. My father was very kind, and procured some breakfast for me; but he had evidently been drinking through the night, and when he took me on deck, I found that he had met with an old friend and fellow-workman, and that they had been liberally *treating* one another for old acquaintance sake. My heart sank within me as I saw my father gradually getting worse; for I was experienced in the various stages of intoxication, and I knew that danger was near. I was right; for the two speedily quarrelled, and a regular stand-up fight ensued between them. I was both frightened and ashamed; and when the captain angrily ordered the sailors to separate them, and my father was forcibly carried off, to be put in safe custody somewhere down below, I sat down on the deck and cried bitterly, wishing from the bottom of my heart I was safe in the workhouse with Cripple Tom. "Poor little fellow!" said a soldier who had been helping the sailors to separate the belligerents, as he stooped down and patted me kindly, "have you nobody to

take care of you?"—"Nobody but father," I sobbed, looking up pitifully in his face. "And one of these men is your father?" he asked, with a frown, intended, I knew, for father, and not for me. "Yes, sir," I said, with another sob. He looked irresolute for a moment or two, and then said, with a frank smile, "Come, I'll take care of you—till your father is once more a human being," he added in a low tone, not intended for my ear, but I was always sharp at hearing. He held out his hand as he spoke, and I took it very willingly, glancing up shyly in his face, as he slowly paced the deck, accommodating his steps to mine.

'He was very kind to me; and, having given me a stool, and some sweet biscuits to eat, he took a book out of his pocket and sat down beside me. I ate my biscuits very contentedly, and then sat and watched my new friend, who, as he turned over the pages of his book, made marks here and there with a pencil, and occasionally hummed an air, keeping time with his foot. This roused my curiosity, and, stretching my neck, I discovered, as I had suspected, that it was a music-book he was studying so intently. He caught me in the act of peeping, and, handing me the book, said, with a smile, "Would you

like to read a bit in my story-book, my little friend?" I took the book, and I remember yet the astonishment depicted on his face as I sung with great ease, and correctly enough, several bars of the music, in my sweet, childish treble. "Well, now, that *is* clever!" he said; "and what a pipe the little fellow has! Where did you learn to read music, my dear?" he added. Now I had sense enough to know that to say I had been in the workhouse might lower me in his estimation, so I said, "It was the schoolmaster."—"And a good teacher he must be," he said; "though he has had good soil to work on, for your ear and voice are equally good, child." He tried me at several other parts in his book, and said I did equally well in all. "I would like to have the training of you, my dear," he continued. "Would you like to be a soldier, and blow a beautiful trumpet, and wear a pretty red coat like me?" I looked at him, and then at myself, and thought how shabby compared with his were the clothes I had been so proud of the day before; but it was the thought of learning to play on a beautiful trumpet that prompted my eager response in the affirmative. "Bravo, my little soldier!" he cried; "I wish you were only old enough to

take the shilling immediately; but that is a fault which is mending every day." He then asked my name, and told me that his was John Burt, and that I must not forget it; and, as we became intimate, I offered to sing him one of *my* songs; and the praise he bestowed upon my performance flattered me so much, that I believe, had he offered to take me with him at once, and give me a red coat and a trumpet, I would have accepted the offer without hesitation. But by and by the vessel reached its destination, and my father, released from confinement, sober but sullen, again took charge of me, and I was obliged to part from my new friend. "Goodbye, my little friend," he whispered; "mind you're to be a soldier, and one of my band;" and as he spoke he put his hand into his pocket, but hesitated, and then turned away. I believe he wished to give me money, but was afraid my father might take it from me to spend it in drink; but at the time I thought he was thinking of the shilling he had spoken of, which was in some magical way to make a soldier of me, and I was considerably disappointed by its non-appearance, but soon forgot it in looking at the ships in the docks, and the houses in the streets of the strange town through which my father

led me, and which he told me was Hull. I was very tired, too ; and when we reached the house where my father lodged, I fell fast asleep, and remembered no more till next morning.

'Then I found he had gone to his work ; but a young woman, whom I had a dreamy recollection of seeing when half-asleep the evening before, was in the room. She gave me my breakfast in bed, and was very kind ; but I felt strange and frightened, and wondered who she was, but did not like to put questions. She soon, however, gratified my curiosity, by telling me she was married to my father, and that I must call her "mother." "But you are not my mother—my mother is in heaven, beside my little sister," I said angrily, for I could not bear to hear her say she was my mother. Then she got angry in turn, and, giving me a box on the ear, declared I was an "ungrateful little wretch, and she had meant to be *so* kind to me." "If you had been my mother, you would not have done that!" I cried, sobbing bitterly. My tears seemed to affect her much. She took me on her knee, crying herself, kissed and tried to soothe me, till, ashamed of my behaviour, I would have liked to make friends, if I had known how. "Josey, dear," she said, "I once had a mother myself,

and I like you all the better for not forgetting yours. You shan't call me 'mother' if you don't like; just call me Polly, and I have no doubt we shall get on famously together." She then washed and dressed me, and, having nimbly mended any holes she found in my garments, kissed me again, saying I was a pretty boy, and that it would be a pleasure to keep me nice and tidy.

'Then she set about preparing dinner, and, having allowed me to help her, declared I was the handiest fellow she ever came across; and by the time my father came in we were excellent friends. How he stared when he heard me calling her "Polly!" but I saw her give him a wink, as she said it was all right, and that Josey was going to be her little brother. Then he laughed, called her a "regular brick," and said that if she was pleased it was all right, and all one to him. He laughed still more as she told him I was to be head cook to the establishment, and that she had been taking lessons from me, I was so good at my business. Oh how proud and happy I was as she thus talked! and my father too looked so pleased, and, stroking my head, said he was sure I would be a good boy and do all she bade me.

But I could not help wondering if he had forgotten my mother, and shrank from him, as I remembered the state I had seen him in only the day before; and I wondered, too, if Polly had ever seen him drunk, and what she thought of him if she had. She looked so bright and smart, I had an instinctive conviction that he would be more afraid of her than he had been of my own dear mother. And I was right; for months after we came to Hull I never saw him drunk, and a happy time Polly and I had together. Fortunately for me, she seemed to have a shrinking dislike to any reference to my past life, and consequently forbore putting questions to me on the subject, which might have led to disclosures painful to her, and dangerous to me had they reached my father's ears. She soon found out my musical powers, and immediately turned them into profitable use, by obtaining a place for me amongst the choir boys of a neighbouring church. There I speedily became a favourite; for not only was my voice reckoned the best in the choir, but Polly kept my clothes in such good order, and my hair so nicely dressed, that the choir master used to hold me up as an example and pattern to the other boys. We all wore pure white gowns on Sundays, and were

taught to kneel and bury our faces in their wide sleeves, before we took our seats, after marching into the church in regular order. I didn't know what it meant, but I did as I was bid; and I remember the boy who sat next me used to seize the opportunity to give me a sly pinch, which made it very difficult for me to keep my gravity. The church was noted for its music, and many people came for no other reason than to hear it; and I can never forget the thrill of rapture which passed through me when I first heard the strains of the magnificent organ. I looked upon the organist as not only the most wonderful, but the happiest man in the world, and thought if I could produce such sounds I would be content to play all day and all night too. Our choir master was, like Mr. Leckie, an enthusiast in music, and a first-rate teacher, and took great pride in those boys who did him credit, and spared no pains in keeping up the reputation of the church for fine chanting and singing. My father and Polly were both proud of my proficiency, and came to church regularly every Sunday evening to hear me sing; and I began to have a very high idea of my own importance, and to imagine myself a kind of public character.

'But alas! it has always happened with me

that I was never to be happy for any length of time, and sorrow, bitter sorrow and misfortune, were in store for me, and even now hanging over me. An epidemic, which had been raging for some time in other places, reached Hull, and spread fast in different quarters of the town, and one day my poor father was suddenly stricken down at the place where he worked, and was carried off to the hospital before we heard anything about it. Polly and I cried bitterly when we knew of it, but there was no help for it: the disease was infectious, and the regulations strict. So every morning, at a fixed hour, we set out hand in hand to the hospital to hear how he was, one visit each day being allowed the friends of the patients. I remember we stood in a narrow lane at the side of the hospital, patiently waiting our turn; and when that came, we went forward to an open window where one of the nurses stood, and asked "how *number nine* was to-day," that being the appellation by which my father was known in the hospital. Very sorrowfully we turned away from the window, for "*number nine*" was always reported to be as bad as he could possibly be; and one morning we were told that "*number nine*" was dead, and that the funeral

arrangements must be made as speedily as possible. Oh how Polly and I cried that day, and how dearly we loved each other, from our sympathy in grief!—a grief aggravated, at least in Polly's case, by her being denied the melancholy satisfaction of seeing her husband's remains. So poor "*number nine*" was buried, the small sum of money which my father and Polly had been able to lay by for a rainy day being all spent in paying the undertaker, and in purchasing the black clothes in which we attended the funeral. Then poor Polly began to think of the future. The poor have little time in which to indulge their grief; and the very night of the funeral we sat hand in hand discussing what had best be done. My own self-importance was considerably increased, as I saw how much Polly reckoned on the small sum I received weekly for my services in the choir, and which was in the meantime our only sure source of income; but she was young, strong, and healthy, and withal willing to work, and speedily found employment remunerative enough to keep us in comparative comfort. She was very fond of me, and, so far from grudging the additional expense of my maintenance, often declared she did not know how she could have got on without me. I

loved her dearly in return, and began of my own accord to call her "mother," which she often said was the sweetest music she had ever heard. One night she was very busy with some needlework, which was to be finished by a certain hour next morning, and, having done all the little household jobs which I could lay my hands on, I proposed singing to her while she worked. I had never sung at home since my father's death, and the tears came into her eyes at the proposal; but she was grateful for my anxiety to entertain her, and unwilling to deny me the gratification of doing so, so she said, "Do, Josey," adding with a sigh, "something solemn, dear." So I sang the *Nunc Dimittis*, and had nearly finished it, when the door opened and my father walked in! What a fright we got, he looked so white and thin! I thought it was his ghost, and with a frightened scream hid my face in Polly's gown. But it was himself; weak, but living, and likely to live; and, after the first moment of consternation, Polly threw down her work, sprang up, and, clasping him in her arms, began to sob hysterically. Explanations followed which cleared up the mystery. The hospital officials had mistaken my father's number, and, though poor

"number nine" was really dead and buried, we had substantial evidence that it was not he. When he heard that all his money had gone to bury another man, his rage was unbounded, and very angry he was even with Polly and me; for, the first agitating sensations over, we both sat down and laughed till our sides ached, and the tears ran down our cheeks. The humorous side of the question tickled us beyond control; but my father did not see the matter in the light of a joke. That he should have been buried against his will was, he declared, bad enough, but that he should be made to pay for it was beyond bearing; and the only thing that restored him to comparative good-humour was Polly snatching the widow's cap from her head, and, having thrust it into the fire, sitting down again to laugh more merrily than ever.

'It was a curious sensation to find my father in the house the next morning; but we got accustomed to it, and, as he gradually regained his strength, things went on in the old way,—no, not in the old way, for the old happiness did not return. First, my father went to law for the money spent in burying "number nine," and whilst the case was pending, we were kept in a constant unpleasant excitement. Then, when he gained

the case and got the money back, he grew reckless, and never rested till he had spent every penny of it in drink. The old evil habit had again got the upper hand, and he lost at once self-control and self-respect. Poor Polly! she first got angry, and indignantly reproached him; then she wept, and implored and entreated; and, finally, she neither stormed nor wept, but fairly lost heart, and became a poor, cowed, broken-spirited drunkard's wife. But, badly as he used her, his treatment of me was still worse; and even when sober, he sometimes declared that he wished he had left the brat to starve in the workhouse. He seemed in some way or other to attribute blame to us, in the fact that he had been supposed to be dead and buried; and, knowing well how unhappy he was making us by his present conduct, he hinted we were sorry he had come back, and would have been better pleased had he really been "number nine," and often asserted that, when he came out of the hospital, he found Polly a very jolly widow, and Josey quite happy, singing merry songs for her amusement. Unreasonable and inconsistent as the constant indulgence in strong drink had made him, instead of being grateful to Polly for her kindness to me, his motherless boy, he grew

surlily jealous of her love for me, and she became afraid to bestow a kind word or look on me when he was present; but she made up for it by being doubly kind when he was out of the house.

'He used to watch for me coming out of the church on the nights I received my small pay for singing in the choir, and, in spite of my anxious efforts to keep it for Polly, would force the money out of my clenched hand, and make off with it, to spend it on the enemy which had a second time ruined the peace of his home, and which, having made whatever was light in him dark, and whatever was sweet bitter, was fast transforming him from a man into a brute. Poor dear Polly! how she would try to smile through her tears when I came home crying, without the money, and say, "Never mind, Josey dear!" and when, at rare times, I managed to escape him, and would rush in, joyful and breathless, displaying it in my open palm, she would laugh merrily, looking for a moment like her old self. Ah! we were very miserable, Polly and I; and how happy we might have been, but for the drink! At length I got desperate, and resolved to run away; for I thought if I were away he would perhaps be kinder to Polly. But the thought of leaving her and the choir was so

grievous to me, that I doubt if I could really have found courage to do it. But, alas! like my own dear mother, my second mother suddenly sickened and died; and that very night, terrified at the thought of being left alone with my father, I put my purpose into execution, and fled. I was much sharper than when I came to Hull, and had learned a thing or two from my companions in the choir, and had had my plans laid for some time. So I managed to secrete myself on board a vessel which I knew was to sail for Leith next morning; for it was with Grannie I had resolved to take refuge,—even Michael appearing like an angel of mercy compared with my drunken father, and even at the worst he could only send me to the workhouse, beside my old friend Cripple Tom. But I was not afraid of that; for I knew that if I could support myself, Michael would not object to Grannie keeping me in the house; and I had latterly been doing odd jobs and running errands in Hull, and thought I might do the same in Edinburgh, and perhaps, too, get into a choir. So I kept up my courage as to the future, sobbing bitterly, too, whenever I thought of Polly, and trembling not a little at the thought of my father probably pursuing and catching me.

'I was cold, and stiff, and hungry when we reached Leith; but I managed to leave the boat without being discovered, and made my way as well as I could to the street where Grannie used to live. Alas! the old woman was dead, and Michael had gone away nobody knew where. So with a sinking heart I turned away to find the road to the workhouse, even the thought of seeing dear Cripple Tom once more failing to reconcile me to what seemed now my inevitable lot. But it was not to be; for, as I dragged my weary limbs slowly and unwillingly along, the figure of a soldier on the opposite side of the street attracted my attention, and brought me to a sudden pause. Was it?—oh yes, it *was*—John Burt; and, forgetting hunger, weariness, and despondency, I ran across, and, overtaking him, caught hold of his coat-tails. He turned round with an angry remonstrance on his lips, but recognised me immediately. "What! is it you, my little nightingale?" he cried, smiling good-humouredly. "Where have you dropped from, my little friend?"—"Yes, it's me, sir," I said eagerly. "Have you got the shilling that's to make me a soldier?"—"What! in a hurry to enlist and get the trumpet!" he cried, with a laugh. "Well, I could not promise you a trumpet

yet, but I do think you may have a drum. Dear me, how you are grown! Come away with me. I hope you have not forgotten your music." And he took my hand, and held it very fast, as he hurried along as though afraid I might escape. "Please, sir, would you give me the shilling?" I said timidly. "I am hungry, and want to buy some bread with it;" for I was starving, having eaten nothing since I left Hull. Tears started into the soldier's eyes; and, hurrying me into a baker's shop, he made me sit down, and speedily satisfied my hunger; and then, giving me a shilling, he told me I was a little soldier, and must fight for my king and country, and that I would learn to play beautiful music from him, for that he was bandmaster to the regiment, and—and—and'——

CHAPTER III.

THE QUAKER SOLDIER.

'Oh, King of Salem, Prince of peace,
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease!'

HERE Joseph's meditations were abruptly ended, as he suddenly became conscious that the silence was broken, and that, unawares to him, the gentleman who had invited him to come in had left his side, and was now in the act of addressing the congregation from a raised seat, which occupied one end of the hall. The first words which roused Joseph were these: 'Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life;' and with eager, breathless interest he listened to the address which followed, delivered in a melodious, though somewhat monotonous tone, and summed up in the words of the poet:

'Now must we fight if we would reign,—
Increase our courage, Lord!—
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

'Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

'When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine,
One blissful song shall rend the skies,
The glory, Lord, be Thine!'

No doubt the speaker preached the terrors and denunciations of the law with even startling earnestness and solemnity; no doubt he preached the love and invitations of the gospel with winning sweetness and freedom, and Joseph Pilmor heard every word: but he left the place with one crushing conviction resting on his mind, to the exclusion of every other thought, viz. that he (Joseph Pilmor) was a soldier, and as such could have neither lot nor part in the matter. For his Quaker friend, whilst setting forth the beauty of holiness in a most attractive manner,—a beauty to be attained, he declared, by the spiritual warfare of which he discoursed so sweetly,—had taken the opportunity of the unusual presence of a military man, to declare also with no uncertain sound the peculiar doctrines of the Society of Friends as to the unlawfulness of all warfare, and the impossibility

of any one remaining in the army who had really become a true soldier of Christ.

'Oh why did I 'list?' muttered Joseph, as he went sorrowfully home to the barracks. 'Slave that I am, I cannot get free now!' And he regarded with infinite disgust the military dress, which he would gladly have at that moment thrown off, to assume the collarless coat and broad-brimmed hat of a Quaker.

That was the first time Joseph Pilmor had been within the door of a Quaker meeting-house, but it was not the last. Again and again he found his way there, never missing an opportunity when he had the liberty; and in the *silence* (which, contrasted with the constant bustle and excitement of his barrack life, he really liked and enjoyed) he communed with his own heart, and was the better prepared to listen to and profit by the occasional teaching which, fortunately for him, was truly evangelical. Gradually Joseph's mind opened, and in the end he became not only a conscientious Quaker, but a decided Christian. Had Joseph on that first Sunday found his way to the meeting-place of an entirely different sect, it is most probable he would have adopted their peculiar opinions as readily as he did those of the

Friends. Some minds are so constituted as to receive, when first opening to the reception of truth, a bias towards the garb in which that truth has been presented to them, which never leaves them, and which often makes them the bigoted adherents of the party to which, in one sense, chance has led their footsteps. So it was that, when Joseph Pilmor became a Christian, he also became a Quaker—a QUAKER SOLDIER! —and, as such, a strange anomaly, and a glaring contradiction of his own principles. Poor Joseph! he became also very miserable. That his profession was 'a trade of blood' was for ever staring him in the face; but to get free from that trade seemed to him, in his present circumstances, an utter impossibility. Without money and without friends, he seemed doomed to remain a soldier for life; and, always arriving at this conclusion, he sometimes almost wished his eyes had never been opened, but that he had remained in the ignorance which seemed to him the only excuse for such a trade. The very music, too, in which his soul delighted, and which had hitherto been to him the sweetener and soother of life, became a perpetual source of disquiet and perplexity; for, according to his new principles, music, and various

other indulgences common in society, and regarded by other Christian sects as harmless and innocent, was a sinful waste of time, which interfered with, and was seriously opposed to, the practice of Christian duties, and the indulgence of Christian hope and reflection. According to these principles, Joseph was bound to deny himself what had become with him a ruling passion, and gladly would he have done so, to ease his conscience; but so long as he remained in the army, this was impossible,—his duties must be performed. And, with contrary duties thus pulling him in opposite directions, the Quaker soldier was an unhappy man.

But Joseph had not been so unnoticed in the Quaker meeting-house as he was apt to suppose. Kind eyes had been anxiously watching him, and kind hearts had rightly interpreted the struggle going on within him. The appearance of a soldier amongst the Friends was of itself a circumstance too rare to pass unnoticed; and his continued attendance at their meetings, and the serious gravity of his demeanour when there, had raised a feeling of affectionate interest, of the existence of which he had himself no idea. In particular, the gentleman who had first in-

vited him to enter, and who was a celebrated Quaker philanthropist, felt deeply interested in him, and only waited a convenient season to gain his confidence, and prove himself a friend indeed. At length, moved by the misery depicted on the young man's countenance, he one Sabbath morning followed him as he left the meeting-house, and, by a kindly question or two, drew from him all that was at once to him a source of great joy and yet of great unhappiness. Thoroughly convinced of his sincerity, Joseph's friend soothed and comforted him, and, whilst earnestly counselling him to hold fast the faith in whatever circumstances he might be placed, he sent a bright ray of hope through the dark cloud in which he was enveloped, by promising to raise the means for his emancipation from thraldom, and so enable him to purchase his freedom at an early date. Ah! Joseph Pilmor went home to the barracks that Sunday a happy man, and, in the fulness of his heart, he poured forth the good news to his old friend John Burt, the bandmaster of the regiment, who, when he heard that the best player in the band—the *crack* musician of the regiment—was about to be bought off by the Quakers, only responded by a sullen 'humph!' but he mut-

tered to himself between his set teeth, 'Not if I know it, Joseph Pilmor!'

Next morning he sought an audience of the colonel, and found in him a ready and sympathizing listener. 'John Burt, we must not lose him,' he cried, bringing his fist down with great energy on the table by his side; 'he must be put under arrest.'

'Arrest!' responded John; 'why, sir, he is a model of good conduct. Joseph Pilmor was always a good boy, and has of late become decidedly pious.'

John Burt was himself a Methodist, and a good, conscientious man; but circumstances had reconciled his conscience to many things which, differently placed, he might have seen the evil of.

'Hem—ha! indeed!' said the colonel. 'And pray how came this model soldier to adopt cowardly, sneaking Quaker principles?'

'He must have been inveigled, sir,' cried John eagerly. 'But I think, sir, you could put it out of him.'

'I'll try, John,' said the colonel. 'At all events, Quaker or no Quaker, he must not leave the service. Send him up to me to-night.'

The colonel was as jealous of the regiment's musical reputation as the bandmaster could be,

and determined that, by foul means or fair, he would keep hold of Joseph Pilmor.

At the appointed time Joseph appeared. 'A soldier every inch of him!' muttered the colonel, as, after saluting his superior officer, he stood in the prescribed position, stiff and erect, but withal graceful, for long habit had rendered it easy. 'It's a wonder he does not refuse to bow,' thought the colonel, narrowly scrutinizing Joseph from head to foot, and finding no trace of the Quaker about him. 'Joseph,' said he, very graciously, 'I understand you have some thoughts of leaving the service. I hope you have no serious complaint or fault to find with your treatment?'

'No-sir,' Joseph replied, without moving an inch of ground, or a muscle of his face.

'John Burt tells me your scruples are conscientious?' continued the colonel.

'Yes-sir,' said Joseph.

'I think he said you thought the military profession sinful?' continued the colonel.

'Yes-sir,' said Joseph.

'Can you tell me what you find in the Bible against it?' asked the colonel, in an encouraging, conciliatory tone.

'"Thou shalt not kill,"' said Joseph.

An angry flush rose to the questioner's brow

but he conquered his rising choler, and said quietly, 'And I suppose, Joseph, you know that the very people to whom that commandment was given were also commanded to slay the inhabitants of the land, and give them no quarter?'

'Yes-sir,' said Joseph.

'And think of all the Old Testament worthies, Joseph, how many of them were brave soldiers,—even David, the sweet singer of Israel, a musician like yourself!'

Joseph made no reply; and the colonel, taking silence for consent, continued: 'So far from disapproving of the military profession, the Bible directly approves of war; and even in the New Testament the soldiers were told to be content, and not to leave the service. Surely, Joseph, you would not take the Quaker's advice in opposition to the Bible?'

'No-sir,' said Joseph, as he paused for a reply.

'And even taking it your own way,' he continued, 'it's a long time since we have been engaged in war. You may never have to fight, Joseph, and need not be afraid.'

'I'm no coward—I'm not afraid!' said Joseph, suddenly firing up.

'All right, my boy; you'll do!' thought the

colonel; adding aloud, 'And at any rate, Joseph, it would be time enough for you to think of leaving the service if there was any prospect of Britain going to war. In the meantime you must continue to cultivate your musical powers. You did exceedingly well last promenade day. I never heard anything finer than your solo on the French horn. If you had been brought up to a trade, Joseph, you never could have enjoyed the training necessary for the development and cultivation of your really great talent for music. I myself chose the military profession, that I might have leisure to indulge my taste for literature and the fine arts. See, here is a painting I have just finished. Every one in his own vocation, Joseph.'

'Yes-sir,' said Joseph again, as he stared at the picture, which represented the dim outline of a battle-field, whilst in the foreground, painted with pre-Raphaelite fidelity, lay a dead soldier, his head resting on the bosom of a young woman, whose unspeakable anguish was so well depicted by the brush of the painter as to draw tears to the eyes of the young soldier gazing on the scene. The officer was pleased and proud at the effect of his work. But he had taken the wrong means to enforce his arguments; for

Joseph, with the picture before his mind's eye, left his presence even more impressed with the horrors of war and its unlawfulness than when he entered it.

John Burt, disappointed to find that the colonel's arguments had had so little effect, took Joseph in hand himself, and, being an intelligent, well-informed man as well as an enthusiast in music, argued the matter in effective style, but lost his temper when, after having cited the example of every Christian soldier he could remember, from Moses to Colonel Gardiner, he found Joseph as firm in his peace principles as ever, and muttered to himself,

> 'A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still.'

That to kill a man was murder, whether legal or illegal, Joseph declared was his unalterable opinion; and also that war was opposed to the whole spirit of the New Testament, which inculcated universal brotherly love and the forgiveness of injuries. And he told John Burt that he was sure he was of the same spirit, only he was blinded to the practical nature of the evil. 'I knew a man who committed two murders,' he said, with affected carelessness. 'He was my own father,'

he added, narrowly watching the effect of his communication on John Burt, who unconsciously shrank back from him whilst he spoke. 'Ay,' said he, 'you shrink from me now; but don't be afraid. They were legal murders,—not even committed by sword or bayonet. The weapons were abuse, ill-usage, and starvation, and they killed two of the best women that ever lived; for my father was a drunkard, who was guilty of murder if ever man was.'

'That's not a case in point,' retorted John Burt.

'No, you are right there,' said Joseph coolly. 'I only wished to see how you would look at me when you heard I was the son of a murderer, and you shrank back as though my very breath polluted you; whereas, I suppose, if I had boasted of killing twenty Frenchmen myself, you would have patted me on the back and called me a brave fellow.'

'Fudge!' said Burt, turning on his heel.

Next morning Mr. Aleyne arrived with twenty guineas, the sum necessary for Joseph's release, and into his ear Joseph poured forth the doubts roused within him by the arguments which had been forced upon him. 'My dear young friend,' said his benefactor, 'be not dis-

mayed. I trust thou hast drunk too deeply of the spirit of the New Testament to have thy principles shaken by the shallow reasoning of man. There is much, it is true, in the old dispensation, and especially in the wars of the Jews, which must ever be mysterious to us, Joseph. But instead of making that an excuse for bloodshed now, let us be very thankful that we live under a different dispensation,—a dispensation of mercy, announced by the angels as proclaiming "Glory to God, and peace and goodwill to men." And whilst under the *old* the Hebrews were often commanded to perform acts repugnant to humanity, the law of the *new* is to do to others as we would that they should do to us. And endeavouring in sincerity to obey this law, we cannot yield to the directly contrary law of revenge and bloodshed.

'Twenty Friends,' he continued, 'have subscribed one guinea each to free thee, Joseph. I would gladly have paid the money myself, but was unwilling to deprive others of the pleasure of assisting; and I hope that very soon thou wilt be placed in circumstances in which thou mayest serve God without that constant sore, which must now be for ever wounding thy conscience.' And the good man left the young

soldier cheered and comforted, to take the necessary steps for purchasing his freedom.

But the matter was not so easily settled as Mr. Aleyne had expected. Excuse after excuse was made; impediment after impediment thrown in the way; regulations and technicalities of which he had no knowledge pleaded as reasons for delay; till, after several weary months had passed slowly over Joseph Pilmor's head, he found himself to all appearance no nearer the desire of his heart: for the colonel and the bandmaster were too well aware of the value of his musical services to let him go, if by any means, foul or fair, they could manage to prevent him leaving the regiment.

Poor Joseph! it was hard to bear; for the regulations of the army were becoming more and more distasteful to him. Opposing duties seemed to be ever meeting him at every turn; for, according to his new principles, he was bound to call no man master, and to accord '*hat homage*' to no one, however much his superior in rank; whilst, on the other hand, long training had made military rule and discipline second nature to him. Thus, anxious and unhappy, with a preoccupied mind full of other thoughts, Joseph sometimes played so

badly in the band as to call forth a severe reprimand from the bandmaster, who was for ever lamenting the change which had come over his favourite pupil.

John Burt had other reasons than the honour of the regiment for wishing to keep hold of Joseph Pilmor. He had set his heart on marrying him to his daughter Polly, as sweet a girl as ever loving father tried to shield from the impure atmosphere which too often taints the soldier's child. He even imagined that Joseph blushed at the very mention of her name, and drew the happiest conclusions from the symptom, little suspecting that, when, in fond father fashion, he talked to him of his motherless child, it was the recollection of her namesake Polly Pilmor, his beloved second mother, whom he had left lying dead in his miserable home on the evening of his flight from Hull, that flushed the young man's face, and made his eyes so humid.

And now that Joseph had adopted Quaker principles, and, looking on his profession as sinful, was anxious to quit it, what hope was there that he would marry a soldier's daughter, who, though a dear, good girl, and a pious Methodist like her father, could not be expected to sym-

pathize with or submit to the peculiar doctrines of the Friends? John's disappointment was all the greater, from his suspecting that Polly was herself not indifferent to the good looks and good qualities of the handsome young soldier; and he blamed his own imprudence in having indirectly encouraged a hope which might never now be realized. John knew that the Friends were only allowed to marry Friends, and that excommunication was the fate of those who broke the law; and that an ardent convert like Joseph Pilmor was not likely to risk the penalty. But he had not lost hope, and had great confidence in the *tactics* of the colonel, and trusted that long delay would weary out and finally extinguish the scruples of the Quaker soldier.

CHAPTER IV.

JOE.

'Are we to have no more cakes and ale
Because thou art grown virtuous?'

'FOR shame, Joseph Pilmor! Because *thou* art grown Quaker, must thou murder good music in that style? Handel, too!—the very Shakespeare of his art! Shame! shame! I have no patience with thee! Instead of playing worse than thou ever didst,—ay, false notes and outrageous time,—thou shouldst play better than ever, seeing thou hast become a Christian—counting Quakerism as nothing!'

Such were the words hissed into Joseph Pilmor's ear, half in jest, half in earnest, one beautiful summer evening, during a pause in the music with which the band were entertaining a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, assembled to hear them perform in a public promenade in one of the suburbs of Chatham. Joseph started, and looked round in great surprise at the speaker, who was a

young lad dressed in Quaker costume, but whose curly brown locks, merry blue eyes, and vivacious gestures indicated little of the sober, quiet behaviour and demeanour generally displayed by the Friends.

'Art thou Mr. Aleyne's son?' stammered Joseph, who remembered having seen the youth in the meeting-house.

'Yes, I'm Joe Aleyne, a namesake of thy own,' he continued, 'a Quaker born and bred, as thou mayest see by my extra-fashionable dress and the purity of my grammar; but no Quaker at heart, as thou wouldst soon discover didst thou know me better, Joseph Pilmor. *I* am no Puritan, like my father. I intend to go to operas, and plays, and concerts; *I* intend to dance, and sing, and caper; I would even like to be a soldier like thee, were it not that to see me in a red coat would, I verily believe, break my dear father's heart. I would like to change places with thee, Joseph Pilmor.'

'Say not so!' said Joseph very gravely, as he turned over the leaves of the music-book perched on a stand before him.

'Well, I could not perform like you,' continued the boy: 'we Quakers are not taught the divine art. I once smuggled a fiddle into the

house, and tried to play under the bed-clothes; but I was caught—caught in the act—and it was burnt—yes, burnt ignominiously. Think of that, Joseph Pilmor!'

Joseph could not restrain a smile; but at that moment the bandmaster raised his baton, and his attention became fixed on his music-book, whilst, ere the burst of melody which followed had commenced, his tormentor whispered from behind, 'Play a false note, and I'll pinch you black and blue. Bravo!' he whispered again, as the last notes of the *finale* died away,—'bravo! nothing like military music, Joseph! nothing like hard training! Catch a boy with a good ear, and put him in the black-hole every false note he plays, and you'll soon make a musician of him,—just as drilling makes him a good walker. I admire your walk very much, Joseph. It was a new sensation to see you strut into the demure Quaker meeting-house. How I used to wish I could walk like you! (but we Quakers are not taught to dance, and can't help ourselves); and how I wondered when I heard you wished to leave the service and become one of us! I subscribed my guinea, though, to get you off. I'm for civil and religious liberty, and I have begun to take it myself. You may ob-

serve I have altered my phraseology a little, though a *thee* and a *thou* will slip out at times. I keep it up at home, you see, which makes it rather difficult, you know.'

Joe had fairly run himself out of breath, and Joseph took the opportunity of the pause to thank him for helping towards his liberation.

'Ay,' he began again, 'I gave my guinea, though I didn't approve of you transforming yourself from a gallant soldier (not to mention the music) into a prim Quaker; but, as I said before, I'm for civil and religious liberty, and would like to play the *vice versâ*, and transform myself into a gallant soldier.'

'Nay, say not so,' said Joseph eagerly; 'it is a trade of blood.'

'Fudge!' said the boy. 'I always give blow for blow, though I never strike first. And if a man lifts his hand to kill me, I don't see why I shouldn't lift mine to kill him in self-defence. But if it hurts *your* conscience, I for one wouldn't force you; and I'm very sorry for you, Joseph Pilmor.'

He laid his hand caressingly on the soldier's arm as he spoke; and Joseph, heart-sick with hope deferred, touched with the affectionate

action, looked round gratefully, saying in a low, choked voice, 'Thank you, sir.'

'*Sir!*' whispered the boy. 'Nay, Joseph Pilmor, thou must say *friend.* I see I must teach you the Quaker language; or we had better wait till thou hast assumed the Quaker garb. Strange idea, is it not, for sensible men and women to stick to an obsolete fashion, just because it is obsolete! To be consistent, they should dress in Eden apron fashion, the oldest fashion in the world. What guys we must look, sitting *silent* on a Sunday, each supposed to be thinking of something *extra* good, and all the time our thoughts are after vanity!'

'Nay,' interposed Joseph, 'think of thy father. I shall never forget his sermon the first day I was in the meeting: surely out of the abundance of the heart his mouth spoke.'

Again the boy's hand lay caressingly on Joseph's shoulder. 'Yes,' he whispered, '*my* father is a really good man, and would be the same whatever sect he belonged to; but all the Friends are not like him. There are the Blacks and the Whites now, they are rivals in trade; and I know for a fact they think of nothing else during the Sunday *silence* but as to how they may cheat each other.'

'Thou knowest not their hearts,' said Joseph indignantly: 'how canst thou judge them thus?'

'I've a pretty good notion,' replied the boy, with a knowing nod; 'and'—

Here the music began again, and the two Josephs had no more conversation, though Joe whispered as the band marched off, 'I'll leave no stone unturned to help thee, Joseph Pilmor.' And poor Joseph returned to the barracks happier than he had been for some time,—not that he had much hope of the lad's interference being successful, but the sympathy he had expressed had softened and cheered him; and the recollection of his sunny face, and merry, careless, light-hearted talk, took Joseph out of himself, and for a time at least lightened the cloud which seemed to hang over him, and sweetened the thoughts and feelings which were, alas! in spite of his better self, fast becoming morbid and bitter.

But a ray of sunshine fell once more across his path, in the shape of an unexpected visit from Mr. Aleyne, who told him things were now in a fair train, the colonel having assured him that in a very short time he would be free. He was obliged himself, he said, to go abroad immediately, but the money was safe in the bank in Joseph's name; and with many kind wishes

and much good advice as to his future course, he left him, in the confident hope of speedy release.

Again did Joseph, in the fulness of his heart, make a confidant of the bandmaster, who, mortified and chagrined at the news, sought and obtained another interview with the colonel, who told him to keep his mind quite easy. Mr. Aleyne was going abroad, and he had only been 'speaking him *fair* to keep him quiet in the meantime.' So far John Burt had been blinded by the doctrine of expediency to the evil of the course he had been pursuing, but this direct deceit was too much for him; and though he said nothing, he went away with a heavy weight lying on his conscience.

The Methodists belonging to the regiment were allowed to attend chapel in the morning, and marched there every Sunday in military order. Polly Burt was always there before them, and her father always glanced round, before he took his seat amongst his comrades, to catch a glimpse of her sweet, pale face, and return her loving smile. But on the Sunday succeeding his last conversation with the colonel there was no smile on his face for Polly, and anxious fears that something had gone wrong with him disturbed her mind during the day.

She had no opportunity of speaking to him at chapel, but she knew he would attend the *experience* meeting after evening service, when she generally sat beside him, and that he would accompany her home to her lodging near the barracks. But she was wholly unprepared for the burst of contrition which poured from her father's lips, when, an invitation having as usual been given by the minister for any one who felt inclined to detail their last week's spiritual experience, he rose from his seat and gave an account of his. John Burt was much respected by the Methodists, and his brethren concluded, as they listened, that the pious soldier's *experience* was only another proof of his heavenly-mindedness, and the progress of the spiritual warfare going on within his soul. But Polly thought her father had committed some dreadfully wicked action, and sobbed in fear and dismay as she listened to his self-accusings, which were responded to by many a groan from the sympathizing audience.

'Oh! father, what is it? what have you been doing?' she sobbed, as, clinging to his arm in the dark, she found herself at last out of the meeting, where she had been sitting on thorns of anxiety whilst other rhapsodies had been

poured forth, of which she had not heard a word. But John had already relieved his mind, and had no desire to enter into particulars and confess his sins to Polly, so he only groaned in reply. 'Dear father, do tell me,' she whispered again: 'we are told to confess our sins one to another, you know.'

Now, though John Burt was quite ready and in all sincerity to magnify his offence himself, he had no wish that Polly should consider him the great sinner she evidently supposed him to be, and, in self-justification, he told the whole story. But if he thought Polly would think lightly of his behaviour, he was very much mistaken. She was more shocked than he could have imagined, and took the part of the Quaker soldier with a frank, zealous, righteous indignation, which proved to him, made keen-sighted by his love for her, that he had been totally mistaken in regard to the nature of her feelings towards Joseph Pilmor. It was true, love begets love; and, had Joseph loved Polly, it was more than probable that Polly would have loved Joseph in return; but, as matters stood, she had never bestowed a second thought upon him. But now, as a persecuted, injured one, she deeply sympathized

in his trials, and, woman-like, felt more interested in him than she had ever done before.

'Oh, father, how could you?' she cried. 'And I think he is quite right to get off from being a soldier. How often I have wished I could buy you off!'

'Polly!' ejaculated her father, in great amazement.

'Yes, father,' she sobbed, 'I've cried a many times about it. I never spoke to you, because I knew it would just vex you, without doing any good. Oh, father, what would become of me if you were killed? But I sometimes think even that would not be so bad as the thought of your killing some other girl's father, who never did you any harm. And many, many times, when I've heard you praying at the prayer-meetings, I've felt *so* guilty for you, father, it didn't seem right somehow at all!'

Never had John Burt's spiritual pride received such a downfall; but his first thought was how to comfort his daughter. 'Polly, dear,' he said kindly, 'you must not take such foolish notions into your head. I have never been in action since I became a soldier, and that's not yesterday; and I may never have to fight at all. You can buy me off when the time comes,' he

added, laughing in spite of himself at the very idea.

'The principle of the thing's the very same,' retorted Polly. 'And as for buying off when war breaks out, that would be mean and cowardly, when you had been content to be a soldier so long as there was no danger;' and Polly snorted indignantly, even as her father had laughed.

'You're a true soldier's daughter after all, Polly,' said he, 'and would make a fine soldier's wife.'

'Never!' cried Polly.

'My Polly is of your way of thinking,' said John Burt to Joseph Pilmor next morning, narrowly watching, as he spoke, the effect of his communication.

Again Joseph's face flushed, and his eyes became humid. But it was not the thought of pretty Polly Burt that moistened his eyes, but the recollection of the pale, pinched face of the poor girl whose heart his drunken father had broken; for it was poor Polly dead, as he had last seen her, and not the merry, active Polly of happier days, whose image was so faithfully daguerreotyped on his memory, and he answered so absently, 'Is she?' that John Burt was puzzled, and began to think he might have been

as much mistaken as to the nature of Joseph's feelings towards Polly as he had been concerning Polly's feelings towards Joseph.

Both men were occupied in screwing and unscrewing their musical instruments, being engaged in cleaning and tuning them, preparatory to a grand musical display in the evening. As John worked away, handling his instrument lovingly and humming an air, he cast occasional anxious glances at Joseph, marking the heartless dispiritedness of his manner, so different from his former musical ardour, and experiencing an occasional twinge of conscience at the recollection of his own share in the matter. John's conscience had been set agoing,—and, happily for themselves, some men's consciences are not easily quieted when once fairly roused, however blinded they may have been before,—so John's conscience had been roused to some purpose; and, after fighting with it for a day or two, and finding it would not be quieted, he gave in, went to the colonel, and after humbly and contritely confessing his fault, implored him to undo the mischief, and let the young man go. But his penitence was received with derisive laughter.

'What!' cried the colonel, 'are you showing the white feather too, John Burt? You've gone

too far, my boy, to retract now. And the young fellow is still restive, is he? I thought I had silenced him. Send him up to me, and I'll take a sharper tone with him this time. I'll have him subdued into respectful obedience to his superiors before that smooth-faced Quaker friend of his comes back. If kindness has failed, we must try harsher measures.' And the colonel occupied the time till Joseph's arrival in putting a few finishing touches to his picture, whistling carelessly as he tried to add, if possible, to the horrors of the scene.

When Joseph came, he was sharply reprimanded for not being able to think exactly as the colonel thought, or to see things exactly in the light which he saw them, and disrespect to his superior officer and consequent punishment was hinted at; and Joseph left his presence desperate, and more heedless of consequences than he had ever been before. In these circumstances it was easy to catch him in a fault; and, ere a week had passed, Joseph was arrested for some trifling breach of discipline, and found himself a close prisoner.

The colonel had no wish to proceed to extremities, and never doubted but that a day or two would finish the matter, having managed

to let Joseph know that forgiveness and liberation would be the immediate consequence of his giving up the ridiculous notions he had imbibed. But in this he was much mistaken. Joseph was no coward, though no soldier, and he went to prison joyfully, repeating to himself the words of Scripture, 'If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye.'

But John Burt's anguish was unbounded. Dire forebodings filled his mind as to what might be Joseph's ultimate fate, and he blamed himself as the cause of it all; for had he not influenced the colonel, and helped him in every possible way to throw obstacles in Mr. Aleyne's path, things might have gone quietly on, and Joseph been bought off, as many a soldier had been before.

Nor was the colonel left in peace. Joe Aleyne, who had not forgotten his promise to Joseph to do everything in his power to assist his wishes, and who had discovered the cheat played upon his father, shortly after he left the country, literally dogged his footsteps, and, filled with indignation, not only at his conduct to Joseph, but at the insult done his father, was not sparing in the expression of his indignation, nor very respectful in the choice of his language. So much was the

colonel annoyed by the boy's importunity and reproaches, that for years afterwards the sight of a member of the Society of Friends was enough to make him quicken his pace and beat a retreat, very unlike the dignity of a gallant soldier.

As for Polly Burt, every Sunday morning, as her father marched into the chapel, she hung her head for very shame, as though sharing his guilt; and every Sunday night, it was a sore punishment to him to be obliged to reply in the negative to her regularly repeated question, 'Father, is he out yet?' Polly had no mawkish sentimentality about her: she was a downright honest, God-fearing girl, and her sense of justice was sorely wounded by the persecution of the Quaker soldier, whose feelings as to the unlawfulness of war she conscientiously shared, whilst she deeply sympathized in the affliction which his adherence to what he considered right had been the means of bringing upon him; and when one night her father told her that Joseph Pilmor's health had given way, and that the doctor had ordered his removal to the hospital, she burst into tears, and sobbed so bitterly as to alarm him not a little. His parental pride rose in arms at the idea of his

Polly showing so much interest in a young man who, as he said to himself, did not care one straw for her. 'Hush, Polly, dear!' he said rather sharply; but Polly sobbed on. Her interest in Joseph was pure and disinterested, and she had no idea of what was passing in her father's mind.

'Father,' she said, 'have you ever confessed your fault to him?'

'No,' said John angrily; 'and I see no need for it. He has only himself to thank for what has happened, with his silly Quaker nonsense.'

Now Polly had a lively recollection of the very humble confession and the penitent self-upbraidings which had characterized her father's *experience*, detailed at the evening meeting, and she felt the inconsistency of his conduct, but was at a loss how to express her sense of it; so she only said, as she dried her tears, 'We ought to go to the hospital, father, and visit and comfort him.'

'Visit him! she wants to visit him!' thought John, more shocked than ever.

'He's sick and in prison, father,—think of that!' pleaded Polly, generously ignoring the fact uppermost in her mind, that it was all her father's doing.

'Ay,' he drily remarked.

'He's a Christian brother,' continued Polly; 'and I don't see that his Quaking matters,' she added, getting a little incoherent in her zeal.

'Doesn't it?' said John, with a bitter laugh; and, seeing that nothing could be made of him in his present mood, Polly sighed and said no more.

But Joseph Pilmor was seldom absent from her thoughts. She dreaded what might happen next, and thought that if he died while a prisoner, the guilt of his death would lie at her father's door; and she shuddered as she pictured the grief and remorse which would then be his portion. That it was her duty to visit and comfort Joseph, and make all the atonement in her power for the wrong done him, she never for a moment doubted; but, after her last conversation with her father, she resolved to act for herself, independently of him altogether. She knew that an old soldier, also a Methodist, whom she had known all her life, was often employed not only as a sentinel, but as a nurse to his comrades in the hospital, and to him she confided her story, first exacting from him a solemn promise to keep her secret.

The old man was very fond of Polly, and not

a little flattered at the confidence she reposed in him; so he entered readily into her scheme, and promised to afford her the first quiet opportunity which might occur for obtaining admittance to the young soldier. Fortunately for Polly, he was a good, simple-minded man, who understood and appreciated her motives; and though he knew he was doing an imprudent action, he could not refuse the girl, who pleaded so innocently and earnestly with him. So Polly waited patiently, hoarding carefully her few spare pence, to be expended in the purchase of some little delicacy which she intended to present to the poor sick prisoner when the time came.

CHAPTER V.

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me
Nearer to Thee.'

'OH how kind! how very kind! I feel better already, with the very sight of thy cheerful face,' said Joseph Pilmor, gazing wistfully at Joe Aleyne's blooming countenance. Joe had managed to gain admittance to the Quaker soldier, and was shaking his hand with a friendly vehemence, which, glad as he was to see him, shook also the weakened nerves of the poor prisoner not a little.

Joe smiled, but he could not speak, for he was so much moved by the change which disappointment and confinement had wrought on the smart, active soldier, that he was afraid his tears would flow; for Joe's tears and smiles were near neighbours, and often kept each other company.

'Oh how kind!' repeated Joseph gratefully.

'Thou hast remembered the solemn scene, when it shall be said, "I was sick and in prison, and ye came unto me." '

'Nay, friend,' said Joe hastily,—'nay, make me not better than I am; impute not too high motives to me. That I came from a kindly feeling towards thee, I grant, but it is equally true that I pleased myself in so doing. There was no self-denial in the matter, though, if there had, I might have come all the same. Thou must not suppose there is no good left in poor human nature,—even though unrenewed, as my father says,' he added under his breath.

'And so that cowardly, sneaking rascal of a colonel is still keeping you a prisoner!' he continued; for Joe had entered boiling with smothered rage, which must find vent. 'The lying fellow, to deceive my poor, simple father as he did! But I've written him the rights of it, and he'll be home in a trice,—let Caleb Aleyne alone for seeing justice done when his blood's fairly up!—and in the meantime I'll give that rascal no peace. He could see me punished off the face of the earth already.'

'Hush! thou must not speak evil of dignities,' said Joseph Pilmor, shocked at the youth's vehemence, and yet secretly pleased.

'Dignities!' cried Joe scornfully; 'dignities, forsooth! You're not half a Quaker, Joseph Pilmor. And a colonel, too! a military dignity! one who follows a trade of blood!'

'I thought thee approved of the military profession, and but for thy father's sake would have been a soldier thyself!' said Joseph, staring at him in great surprise.

'Why, yes, to be sure,' stammered Joe, 'to be sure. But you see, Joseph Pilmor, I was born and bred a Quaker, and early prejudices are not easily overcome. I forget sometimes, thee knowest,' he added, smiling archly in Joseph's face.

'Thou wilt be a true Quaker, after all,' said Joseph, fondly squeezing his hand.

'Nay,' said the boy, with sudden gravity, 'not so. I fear if I began by being a Quaker, I would end by being a hypocrite. Listen to me,' he continued, as Joseph was eagerly interrupting him, 'and, confused as my ideas are, I will try to explain my feelings to thee. Thou knowest I am of a merry disposition; indeed, I sometimes think I was born laughing; and my mother says that, when a mere babe, I could not be kept still and quiet for many minutes at a time. Thou mayest guess, then, the torture I have suffered Sunday after Sunday, sitting motionless in that

meeting-house, wondering what sin I had committed to be punished thus. I used to count my fingers over and over again, then the nails and joints, so as to make a small interesting sum in addition; then I counted how many women were present, and how many men, how many girls, and how many boys, taking each amount separately, so as to make another sum in addition; then I subtracted the boys from the girls, and the men from the women, and tried to get into multiplication and division, so producing a puzzled confusion in my upper story, which helped to pass the time wonderfully. As I got older, my thoughts took new directions, and I occupied the time in curious speculations concerning the people around me. The younger portion of the assembly I regarded with pity, as companions in misfortune; whilst on the elder Friends I looked with a mixture of suspicion and respect, according to my own ideas of their different characters. An old man who sat in the pew before ours, and who had a habit of slowly and constantly twirling his thumbs, always brought to my mind a story told me by one of my schoolfellows, of a Quaker who said to another who was thus twirling his thumbs, "Friend, dost thou always go *so?*" and who was

answered, "No, friend, for I sometimes go *so*," the speaker quietly reversing the twirling motion as he spoke. And once, acting the twirling scene with my own thumbs, I was so tickled trying to keep time with the pair in the seat before me, that I broke the silence by a loud titter, which brought me into great disgrace with the whole body of Friends.'

'If thou hadst been thinking as thou oughtst during the silence, thou wouldst not have thus yielded to temptation,' said Joseph very gravely.

'Oh yes!' said Joe drily, 'if I had *thought* just so, I would not have *done* just so: there lies the great mistake, Joseph Pilmor. You may force a man to *do* good deeds, but you'll never force him to *think* good thoughts; and if I sit twirling my thumbs much longer, I'm afraid I'll have bad thoughts enough. I went to another chapel one First-day morning,' he continued, 'and oh how differently I felt! I was lagging behind, when I heard the sound of an organ, and, being in a very rebellious mood, I resolved for once to make my escape, and darted into the open chapel door, as though fleeing from justice. Shall I ever forget that Sabbath?' cried the boy, passionately clasping his hands. 'I felt nearer heaven than ever I had done before. There was life,

and motion, and heart in the worship. It seemed to me like the devotion of living beings, as compared with the stiffness and stillness of our congregation of mummies.'

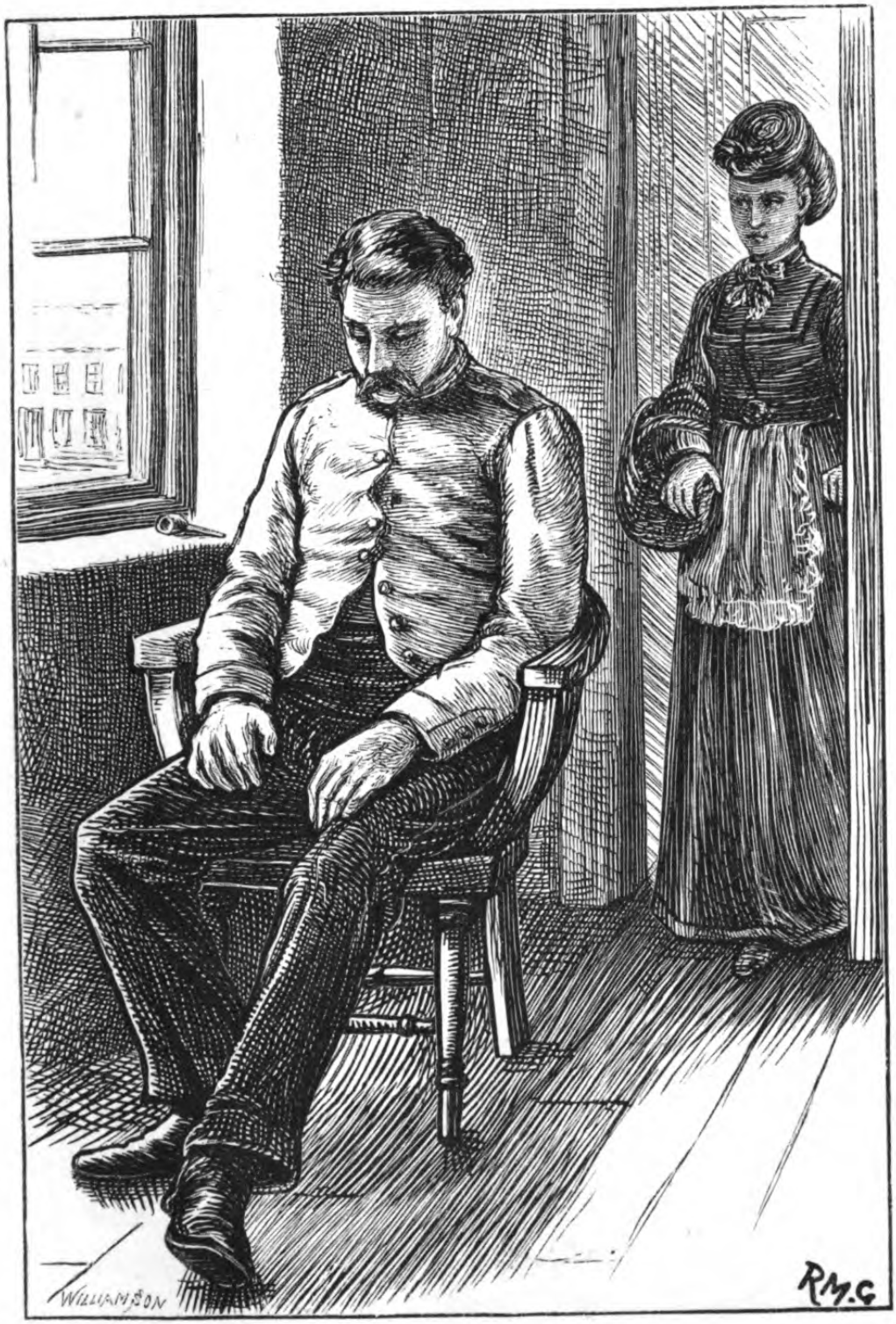
'Nay, friend,' interrupted Joseph, 'thou shouldst not speak so; and if such are thy feelings, why continue to attend? Thou art of an age to judge for thyself.'

'That's true,' said Joe. 'But my father was so angry at my escapade, that I have never repeated it; and my poor mother had been like to go into seven fits. You see she thought I had run off to enlist as a soldier.'

'But if thou hadst told beforehand that thou wouldst prefer worshipping elsewhere,' said Joseph, 'thy parents, I am sure, would not have objected. Thou must do so the next time,' he added gently. 'I'm sure thy father is not the man to compel thee to go to the meeting-house.'

'No,' said Joe; 'I know he would not force me; but, to tell you the truth, I lack the moral courage to break through. If I were a true Christian,' he added, in a low tone, 'I feel that I could do anything, dare anything, bear anything; but the motive-power is wanting, and I dodge on Sunday after Sunday like a coward as I am.'

Surprised at the deep feeling evinced by the



JOSEPH PILMOR.

Page 87.

usually volatile, light-hearted youth, Joseph was silent for a few minutes; then, lifting a New Testament which he had been reading when Joe came in, he said affectionately, 'I would advise thee to read this, my friend, and, putting man out of the question altogether, be guided by the word of God.'

'Exactly my father and mother's advice. I'll do it, Joseph Pilmor. *Three's canny*, as the Scotch proverb says,' said Joe, jumping up and resuming his usual hilarity. 'And now good day, and a speedy deliverance to you, both from captivity and soldierdom; and if I meet that rascally coward the colonel, I'll let him know what Quakers are made of;' and with a squeeze of the hand, and a merry nod, he ran off. Joseph looked after him with a sigh; the sunshine his face had brought with him to the poor sick prisoner suddenly faded when that face was no longer seen, and the sad, despondent feelings he had been indulging before his visit returned with increased force. For, alas! the cheerful faith and confidence with which he had gone to prison had gradually died out, and a hopeless feeling of gloomy despair, against which he strove in vain, now filled and oppressed his soul; and Joseph groaned at the conviction that, were he

at that moment to be restored to health and liberty, doubt and unbelief had got a hold of his mind which would not be easily loosened, and which might enthral his spirit in worse bonds than those with which the power of man had bound him.

Lying back in his chair, indulging in languid, gloomy musings, the prisoner fell into an uneasy slumber, and his waking thoughts gradually coloured and shaped his dreamy visions. He was still a prisoner,—yes, a prisoner for righteousness' sake,—but he was no longer Joseph Pilmor, but Simon Peter, Peter the Apostle! And as he lay in his dungeon cold and cramped, and bound with heavy chains, oppressed with an uneasy consciousness of being guarded by a soldier on either side, whom he felt sure were there though he could not see them, his soul was yet filled with a joyful consciousness of speedy release, for he knew that his brethren prayed for him, yes, prayed without ceasing. Then came the consciousness that relief had come; for though he heard no voice, he knew that angel accents softly commanded him to rise and follow. But though he tried to do so, his chains held him fast, and he struggled in vain to break them. Ah! then the faith and confi-

dence of the apostle fled, to give place to the doubts and misgivings of Joseph Pilmor! And yet the dreamer knew it was his own fault. He knew that to break his chains and rise and follow the angel was but to exercise faith in that beloved Master who had not forgotten him, but sent His messenger to release him,—the Master whom he still loved, though He was no longer visible to his mortal eyes. He knew, too, that time was passing, and that his angel visitant could not wait, and, with a desperate effort, he fought with himself and his bonds, and in the effort he awoke, and opened his eyes to see Polly Burt standing before him, her eyes full of tender compassion.

The blank astonishment with which Joseph stared at her was the first thing which enlightened Polly as to the unusual if not unmaidenly nature of the action she had committed, and she blushed a painful, deprecating blush under the gaze of the young soldier. Her confusion recalled Joseph's wandering senses.

'Polly Burt!' he ejaculated; 'I thought it was an angel whom the Lord had sent to release me.' Poor Polly, this speech only covered her sweet face with more blushes, and she almost wished the earth would open and swallow her up. 'Ah!'

said Joseph, pitying her confusion, and anxious to set her at ease, 'thou hast been mindful, Polly, of our Lord's words, "Sick and in prison, and ye came unto me."'

'Yes, Joseph,' she eagerly exclaimed, 'that was what brought me,—and to tell you how unhappy I have been at the thought that it was father's doing,' she added, in a low, ashamed tone.

Now Joseph had suspected John Burt's share in the matter; but this abrupt confirmation of his supicions from his daughter's lips was to him a sore pang, for he really loved John Burt, who had hitherto been a constant and unfailing friend. But he had presence of mind enough to prevent him paining Polly by the knowledge that she had been the means of enlightening him. 'The best of us err at times,' he said gently.

'Yes,' said Polly, smothering a sob. 'And father is really repentant. If you had only heard him at the experience meeting, Joseph! I thought he had done something dreadful, though I had no idea it was to you; and, after all, he may be more to be pitied than you, for you have done nothing but what is quite right. And I think you are quite right in not wishing to remain a soldier,' continued Polly, gathering

courage as she went on. 'I can't understand how any Christian, whether he be a Quaker or no, can be a soldier; and I've often wondered at father. The Bible tells us to forgive our enemies, and to do good to them that hate us; and I don't see why killing and slaying is not murder; and I don't think there's any bravery in going and fighting with people we never quarrelled with, just because some great people we know nothing about have chosen to fall out; and'—

Here Polly paused, having fairly run herself out of breath; and Joseph said, with a deep sigh, 'Ah! Polly, I am not so good as you think. Polly, my faith is failing,' he added, gazing wistfully at her; and, having found a kindred spirit, he poured forth all his spiritual troubles into her sympathizing ear. Then Polly, anxious to comfort and encourage him, recalled to his mind many cheering promises of Holy Writ; and, in the expression of her own simple, childlike faith, out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spake, and her grateful listener was at once rebuked and strengthened.

But Polly had another listener of whom neither dreamt. Joe Aleyne, after leaving the hospital, had encountered the colonel, and, after a war of words, in which he had come

off victorious, he returned to the hospital flushed with his victory, and eager to report progress to Joseph. He found an open door, and the old sentinel asleep at his post, and, passing him on tiptoe, he reached the door of Joseph's apartment without encountering any obstacle; but there he paused, for it was open, and he heard the tones of a female voice. Creeping softly, he put his ear to a crevice and listened, and great was his surprise as he heard, in sweet, silvery tones, the words of Scripture, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall distress, or persecution, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Then he heard Joseph address the speaker as 'Polly,' and thank her in tones of heartfelt gratitude for strengthening and encouraging him; and, at a request from him, she sang in low but clear tones the following hymn:—

'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

'Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

'There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

'Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

'And when, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!'

Then, as the last tones of the girl's voice died away, and Joe heard them exchanging kind adieus, he turned away, and fled swiftly from the place. Some youths might have been inclined to mock and sneer; but Joseph Aleyne was accustomed to female preachers, and saw nothing unnatural or unusual in Polly's exhortation; and seed was sown in his heart that day which was to bring forth fruit at no distant date.

Polly left Joseph in a very different frame of mind from that in which she found him; and as he refreshed himself with the small bunch of grapes with which she had presented him, he murmured to himself, 'The Lord hath indeed sent His angel to deliver me from the house of bondage.' A few days afterwards he received from his friend Joe the following epistle:—

'DEAR FRIEND JOSEPH PILMOR, take courage, and keep up thy heart. My father is on his way home, and see if he and I are not a match for fifty colonels. He hath been consulting a gentleman learned in such matters, who, fortunately for us, happened to be his travelling companion when my letter arrived, who hath instructed him as to the proper parties to whom to apply for thy release (seeing that the colonel hath

proved a gay deceiver), and I have no doubt you will soon be free to act the Quaker as much as thou pleasest. I wonder how you will look in the Quaker costume! I guess the soldier will peep out in spite of all thy efforts; and "March! right shoulder forward!" will ring in thy ears and keep thy limbs in order to the end of thy days. By the by, I must compliment thee on thy marked improvement in Quaker grammar, which I observed when I visited thee. Thou seemest to acquire it much faster than I get rid of it, as this letter proveth. But I'll learn in time, and cast off the *costume* and the *thees* and *thous* together; for what connection there is between true religion and a peculiar dress and form of words is more than I can imagine. Well, I only hope *you* won't repent exchanging the red coat for the grey. In the meantime I remain,—Your Quaker friend,

'JOSEPH ALEYNE.'

Joe was right. The influence used by Mr. Aleyne on his return to England proved all-powerful; and, to his great joy, Joseph Pilmor at length obtained his discharge, and quitted a profession which had become equally hateful to him as a Quaker or a Christian.

CHAPTER VI.

SIX MONTHS AFTERWARDS.

'Not always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear;
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer;
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards;
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words:

'Not always thus, with outward sign
Of fire or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given!
Awaking in the human heart
Love for the true and right,
Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"
Strength for the Christian's fight.

'Though heralded with nought of fear
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dewfall, heed it well,
Thy Father's call of love!'

'RIGHT shoulders forward — march! Right, left; right, left; right, left, — in true soldier fashion. There you go, Joseph Pilmor,—no longer the Quaker soldier, but the soldier Quaker. The dress sits ill upon you: when you walk slow, it's the DEAD MARCH; and when you walk fast, it's THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME,' cried Joseph Aleyne, overtaking his friend on the street, and linking his arm in his. Joe's appearance was as much changed as Joseph's; for whilst the latter had thrown off the regimentals of his old profession and assumed the broad-brimmed beaver and collarless coat of the Friends, the former had entirely abandoned it, and was attired in the smartest suit he had been able to obtain from the most fashionable tailor in the town.

According to the fashion of the period, his coat was a dark blue swallow-tail, with large brass buttons; a yellow waistcoat and white pantaloons, making a pleasant contrast as to colour; whilst silver buckles in his shoes, a crimson bandana peeping from his pocket, and a peculiarly high and narrow-brimmed hat, set jauntily on the top of his luxuriant curls, completed a costume which metamorphosed the young Quaker into a fashionable dandy.

'The change on *thy* dress doth not sit ill on *thee*,' said Joseph, smiling as he looked admiringly at him from head to foot. 'But, friend, is there not some danger of thee running into the opposite extreme?'

'So my mother thinks,' said the boy, with a blush. 'She told me this very morning that she was beginning to fear I might turn out a fop,—though she confessed at the same time to a carnal pride in my appearance in my new clothes,' and again Joe blushed and laughed merrily.

'And what saith thy father?' asked Joseph.

'My father!' said the boy. 'My father is no frigid, bigoted sectarian. When I told him that I could not be a Friend conscientiously, he said that, however happy he would no doubt have been could I have thought as he does, he was only too happy to know that I had enlisted under the banner of the Prince of peace, to care much about what corps I belonged to, or what uniform I wore.'

'Ah, yes,' said Joseph, affectionately squeezing his arm, 'he told me how very happy the change thou hast experienced had made him. But I do trust, though thou canst not be a Friend, thou hast now no thoughts of joining the army?'

'No,' said Joe,—'no, Joseph Pilmor; I have now no desire to be a soldier, and would not be one even though my father approved of it,—no, the study of the New Testament, which has confirmed me in my disapproval of the peculiar opinions of the Society of Friends, has altogether changed my warlike propensities, and I am now as great an advocate of peace as the most bigoted Quaker amongst them.'

'Thou wert ever plain spoken,' said Joseph. 'But thou wert to be a man of pleasure,' he continued: 'thou saidst thou would attend the play-house, and dance and caper, and I remember not all what beside; but I know thou wert to be very gay and frolicsome.'

'Ah, yes, I remember,' said Joe, laughing; 'and I will tell you a story which will explain my present feelings better than I can express them. A young man, who was thinking seriously, remarked to an old lady who had been taking a great interest in him, that if he became religious he was afraid he would have to give up dancing, of which he was passionately fond, and asked her if she thought he might continue this, his favourite amusement. "Well," she quietly replied, "you'll dance if you have a mind to dance." Now,' said Joe, 'that's just it. I have lost my

relish for such things, and haven't a mind to dance. I have much cause,' he continued thoughtfully, 'to be grateful for my upbringing; for though, as you know, it gave me a dislike to my father's sect, it roused no feelings in my mind against true religion. My father and mother both possess in a rare degree the happy faculty of making the Sabbath a pleasure to their children, by avoiding gloom on the one hand, and levity on the other. Of course I mean at home; for thou knowest, Joseph Pilmor, the penance the meeting was to me. But the Sabbath in our house was kept in a very different manner from what it is often observed in the houses of some religious people, who, while they decry what they call the stiffness and rigidity of the Friends, yet make the day of rest a day of gloom to the young, who cannot be expected to observe it in the spirit of their elders. One of my schoolfellows used to say to me, whilst rejoicing in the longed-for advent of Monday morning, "It's prayers and catechism in our house from morning to night on Sundays; 'original sin' to breakfast, and 'effectual calling' to supper." Give over pinching my arm, Joseph Pilmor; I know you think the people hear me, but it's Greek to them.'

'I am not sure of that,' said Joseph; 'and thou knowest we should avoid all appearance of evil.'

'Perhaps you're right,' replied Joe. 'They may think I am using Scripture terms lightly, and cannot be aware of the words of wisdom which are falling from my lips for your edification;' and he pinched Joseph's arm in turn, and smiled archly in his face.

'How's Polly?' he said next.

'Polly!' said Joseph, stammering and blushing; 'dost thou know Polly Burt?'

'Never saw her to my knowledge,' said Joe; 'didn't even know her name was Burt, but I've heard her preach.'

'Preach!' cried Joseph, aghast at the very idea. 'Polly Burt preach!'

'You're not half a Quaker, else you would not stare so at the idea of a woman preaching,' said Joe a little indignantly. 'Polly preached a very good sermon, all out of the Bible; and I'll tell you how I came to hear it. You'll remember me paying you a visit in prison. Well, after I left you, I met the colonel, and gave him a good thrashing (don't be alarmed, Joseph, it was only with my tongue). I got the better of him, and was so proud of my victory, I returned to the

hospital to boast of my bravery to you. There I found that charming old Methodist sentry asleep at his post, and, creeping past him, was surprised to hear the soft tones of a woman's voice coming from your den. "Cunning fellow of a Quaker soldier," thinks I, "looking so innocent and martyr-like, and all the time he's been quietly carrying on a love affair, courting his jailer's daughter, perhaps!" So I put my ear to the open door and listened (*mean*, you will say; but think of the temptation, Joseph Pilmor!), and what did I hear? The sweetest of voices, repeating, with an emotion which showed she felt and believed it all, the words of the Apostle Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" etc. etc. These words I could not get quit of: they pursued me wherever I went; they sounded in my ears whatever I did. It seemed as though I could not separate myself from the love of Christ. I felt it had been around me all my life through, though I had been blind and seen it not. It had come to me in my father's counsels and instructions, and beamed on me from my pious mother's gentle, pleading eyes; but I had been hardened, and known it not. It had addressed me—yes, *me* personally—in the loving invitations of the gospel; but I had been

deaf, and heard it not. And it brought me at last to the foot of the cross!'

'Yes,' said Joseph, 'it found a response in thine own loving nature. As for me, it was the fear of the wrath to come that broke my hard heart.'

'But if we all come to the same Saviour, it don't matter though we have come by different roads,' said Joe. 'At least my father always says so.'

'And thy father is always right,' said Joseph. 'I am only sorry thou canst not conscientiously follow in his footsteps, and be such a Friend as he. A friend indeed he has been to me!' he added gratefully.

'Come now,' said Joe, 'confess that thou hast repented becoming a Quaker.'

'No, indeed,' said he. 'Thou art a strange mixture,' he added, looking wistfully at Joe.

'Am I?' said the boy, laughing. 'I suppose I am. How you stare at me! Didn't I tell you I was born laughing, and bred a Quaker? so you may expect me to be somewhat of a contradiction. But seriously, Joseph, don't you feel the want of the music a great deprivation?'

'We ought to exercise self-denial,' said Joseph, evading the question.

'And they never sing even a hymn in the meeting!' continued Joe. 'What a beautiful hymn that was Polly sang to you when I was at the back of the door!—it has been ringing in my ears ever since. My father says that I am apt to be carried away and get excited and sentimental, singing or listening to songs of praise, and that I must beware of allowing my feelings to get the upper hand of my judgment, for that there is no religion in being sentimental. But then you know my father is a Quaker, and approveth not of praise in worship. And my peculiar sensitiveness is, I think, owing to my Quaker education. It's the reaction which produces the excitement. I declare my very flesh was all quivering whilst I listened to Polly's hymn.'

'She hath a sweet voice,' said Joseph, blushing as he spoke.

'And is she a pretty girl?' asked Joe.

'Yes, she is both pretty and good,' said Joseph.

'I had no idea you had a sweetheart,' continued Joe.

'She is not my sweetheart,' stammered Joseph, in some confusion.

'Not your sweetheart!' ejaculated the boy.

'Then how came she to visit you in prison, and exhort you, and comfort you, and sing to you?'

'She is the daughter of the bandmaster of the regiment,' said Joseph, 'and I have known her from a child. She is a good girl, and a Methodist, and visited me from a sense of duty, knowing that I was sick and in prison; and besides, she was the more sorry for me, because her father, anxious to keep me in his band, had helped the colonel to throw obstacles in the way of my getting off.'

'Humph!' said Joe. 'And do you mean to say she is not thy sweetheart?' he cried indignantly, after a pause.

'I had no such thoughts, neither had she,' was Joseph's eager response.

'But *now?*' persisted the boy; but he waited in vain for a reply. 'Ah! I see how it will be,' he cried triumphantly.

'But you are a Quaker, and she is a Methodist,' he continued; 'and the Friends are not allowed to marry anybody but Friends.'

'Her father once told me she was much of my way of thinking,' said Joseph; 'and she told me herself that she thought I was quite right not to be a soldier.'

'Very good,' said Joe, nodding his head; and

Joseph overheard him mutter something about Polly not being the first woman who had changed the colour of her religion for the sake of her husband.

'Thou mistakest Polly Burt!' cried Joseph indignantly. 'Should she ever change, it would be from conscientious convictions.'

'It's delightful to hear you defending her,' said Joe, laughing, 'and all from a sense of duty; for she's not your sweetheart, you know. I see how it will be,' he said again.

And Joe was right; for in due time Polly Burt became Polly Pilmor. And a sweet, pretty Quakeress the young Methodist made; for she too became a member of the Society of Friends, with the full approbation of her delighted father, who was only too happy to commit her to Joseph's care to cavil at the change, and who, in the fulness of his heart, made a full confession of the faults he had committed in the endeavour to retain the best member of his band.

Mr. Aleyne, who never did things by halves, had, ere he left the army, procured a situation for the Quaker soldier; and before Joseph Pilmor married, he had so commended himself to his employers, by his industry and integrity, as to be advanced by them to a position

which prevented all anxious care for the future, and enabled him to begin life in a respectable manner.

One of the first uses made by Joseph of his recovered liberty was a journey to Hull, to ascertain if his father still lived, and wean him, if possible, from his evil course. But no trace could he find of the unhappy drunkard, who had so embittered his youthful days; and he returned to Chatham with the sad conviction that he must have long ago sunk into a nameless, dishonoured grave. But peace and prosperity was the portion of the Quaker soldier and his bride; and Joe Aleyne was fond of quoting them as an illustration of the truth of the promise, 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added to you.' And he was wont to declare in his own way that the 'soldier Quaker,' as he called him, always reminded him of the words of the poet concerning

'THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

'The Quaker of the olden time,
How calm, and firm, and true!
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin,

Around him had no power to stain
The purity within.

'With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith, and not by sight,
By love, and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

'He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive makes
His brother's sin his own;
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

'O Spirit of that early day,
So pure, and strong, and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew!
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!'

MILLY RUE.

MILLY RUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.'

IT was Sunday afternoon, and the noisy hum of the city's busy crowd was hushed in still repose, for the inhabitants were enjoying the sabbatic rest provided for them by Infinite Wisdom, even the lower creation participating in the benefits and enjoying the privileges of the day. Sedate grimalkins lay basking and sleepily winking in the sunshine, or leisurely crossed the street to pay friendly visits to their neighbours on the other side of the way, a truce for the time being having apparently been concluded between them and the vagrant dogs, who on other days were accustomed to slink into corners, as though con-

scious of having every man's hand against them, but who, on Sundays, promenaded unabashed the length and breadth of the pavements, indulging in strange howls, and performing awkward, uncouth gambols; whilst whole families of sparrows—father, mother, and newly-fledged little ones—chirped and chattered and hopped about the thoroughfares, seeking for plunder in their own small way, heedless alike of the stately policeman sauntering through his rounds, or of the occasional straggler whose footsteps echoed strangely through the silent, deserted streets. At intervals the voice of praise was heard rising from the assembled congregations of the various religious sects, mingled at times with the melodious hum of an organ from the Roman Catholic or Episcopal chapels, in which alone at that time was instrumental music tolerated in public worship in the metropolis of Scotland.

Along one of the broad, handsome streets of the New Town a solitary passenger paced with impatient footsteps. Backwards and forwards he went repeatedly, first on one side of the street and then on the other, always slackening his pace as he came near a large house in the centre of the line of buildings, and sometimes

pausing directly in front of it, as though hesitating as to the expediency of approaching the door. He was a tall and remarkably handsome man, whose dark, sunburnt countenance told of long residence in a southern climate, whilst his whole appearance and bearing bore unmistakeable evidence of a military calling. At length he seemed to make up his mind, and, hastily approaching the door as though afraid of his courage failing him, he used the knocker with such violence as to bring the old white-headed butler to the dining-room window, fearing an alarm of fire, or a disaster of some kind or other. Cautiously reconnoitring, and seeing a well-dressed gentleman, he concluded his fears were groundless, and took his own time to open the door, which was both locked and bolted, muttering to himself the while, 'Set him up! comin' here to ca' on a Sabbath afternoon!'

'Is Mrs. Nugent at home?' asked the stranger.

'Ay, she's at hame,' said the old man, eyeing the gentleman suspiciously, and keeping the door as nearly shut as possible.

'Can I see her?' he continued, somewhat impatiently.

'The noo!' said the butler. 'Na, na, ye canna see her the noo; she's at the kirk.'

'At church! Why then did you say she was at home?' was the angry rejoinder.

'So she is at hame,' retorted the old man. 'She's no' at the country, though she's out o' the house.'

The stranger laughed heartily. 'When will she be *in*, then?' he asked.

'When the kirk skails,' said the old man, not relishing the laugh at his expense. 'But if ye want to pay a visit, ye'd better wait till the morrin: we dinna expeck visitors here on the Sabbath-day.' And coolly shutting the door in the gentleman's face, he muttered again as he relocked and bolted it, 'Set him up, ca'in' for Mrs. Nugent on the Lord's day! An' I'm no' shure about him: he may be one o' the *sweel* mob, or the captain o' a band o' robbers, for aught I ken. He's a weel-faured enough man, but I'm thinkin' he's after nae gude. I wonder what that lazy policeman's about: he's never on his beat when he's needed!'

The stranger's brow darkened and his face flushed, as with a bitter smile he turned away from the closed door. 'Like mistress like man,' he muttered, resuming his restless pacing. 'The old scoundrel! It was good, however, that he evidently did not recognise me.'

Backwards and forwards again he stalked, but never far from the door, and always slackening his pace as he approached it, sometimes pausing directly in front, and standing gazing at the broad flagstone at his feet, which the butler, peeping at him from behind the dining-room window-curtains, observed, and suspiciously noted. 'A body would think he had committed murder some dark nicht afore my mistress's very door,' he muttered. 'He glowers at the stanes as though he saw draps o' bluid on them. But I'm thinkin' the rain would ha'e washed it out lang syne. The stanes wouldna ha'e keepit the mark like the wood doon by yonder in Holyrood.'

He had a large-printed old family Bible in his hand, and now resumed the reading interrupted by the stranger's attack upon the knocker; but his attention was distracted by his constantly passing and repassing the window, and in the end he shut his book in despair. 'I canna read,' he muttered. 'It's no' richt to keep one eye on him an' one on the Word. I wonder what's brought a man like him here on the Sabbath-day! He's ower weel put on no' to be at the kirk.' At this moment the stranger lifted his hat from

off his heated brow, and stood for a second or two uncovered. 'Turnin' grey — just a bonnie pepper an' saut,' said the butler. 'My certie, he's been a bonnie lad in his youth! No' to say he's an auld man yet,—no' much above forty, I'm thinkin', gin he be that length. My certie!' he cried again, in great consternation, as a likeness suddenly struck him, 'it shurely canna be *him!*' Cautiously and softly rising, he approached the chimney-piece on tiptoe, as though afraid of the stranger hearing his footsteps, and, taking from it an opera-glass, he carefully adjusted it, and, returning to his station behind the curtains, waited impatiently for an opportunity of getting a good view of his face. 'I've catched ye at last,' he muttered, as the stranger paused and stood for some time on the old spot, unconsciously favouring the old man's views by again taking off his hat and remaining uncovered while he stood. Eagerly and wistfully the old man scanned his features, keen to deny the fact of the likeness which was troubling him. 'I'm fair doited!' he whispered to himself, as the gentleman walked away again. 'It's like him, an' yet it's no' like him. If he hadna a' that hair about his face, I think

I could tell one way or another. The proud glint o' his eye's unco like him, but his hair was like the raven's wing when I saw him last, and the black an' the grey's about equal in that man's pow; but it's a long time since I saw him; wae's me! If it's *him*, what will my mistress say?

'It's near time for the kirk comin' out, an' her an' Miss Milly will be here immediately,' he continued, as he replaced the opera-glass on the chimney-piece, and glanced at the time-piece. 'If he would only gan away an no disturb her on the Sabbath nicht; but it's maybe no' him, after a.' And again he went behind the curtains to reconnoitre. 'The sun's looked upon ye since I saw ye, if you're him,' he said, as the stranger appeared again. 'Ay,' he continued, shaking his fist at the unconscious object of his wrath, 'ye were a black-browed sinner when I saw ye last, but you're blacker than ever noo. It was a black day for this house when ye first set eyes on our Miss Lucy. No' to say that my mistress wasna to blame; but she was a proud woman naturally, an' couldna thole being cheated, an' a' the blood o' the Grahams was roused within her by your stealin' the a'e pet lamb o' her bosom,

waes me! I hope it's no' *you*,' he added, wringing his hands as the mysterious stranger came once more in sight.

'Ah, weel I wot my mistress is no' proud noo,' he continued, when the gentleman had passed on; 'no' a humbler Christian in a' Edinburgh. No' to say she says much about it; but if she doesna *speak* her religion, she *does* it. Many a time I wish that her father, my dear auld maister, had lived to see it. When she was a proud, wilfu', gay young thing, I've heard him sighing sore and saying to himsel' "that grace wasna hereditary;" but—there's the Nesbits and the Meldrums comin' frae the kirk. They'll be here immediately,' he cried, interrupting himself; and, starting up, he ran about the room in a state of painful indecision and perplexity, wringing his hands and crying, 'What'll I do! oh, what'll I do! There's the coach,' he added, as Mrs. Nugent's carriage turned the corner of the street and dashed up to the door. The stranger, too, both heard and saw it, and, hastily retreating a step or two, stood waiting its arrival with folded arms and a look of haughty defiance on his face.

Then the old butler opened the door, and, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left,

advanced to assist his mistress to alight, with a scared expression on his face, very different from his usually cool, self-composed demeanour. As Mrs. Nugent, a stately, graceful, elderly lady, laid her hand on the old man's arm, and stepped slowly from the carriage, the stranger made a sudden, impulsive movement, as though about to dart forward and address her; but the next moment a light, girlish form sprang out, and at sight of her he started back, and remained rooted to the spot. And as she turned round whilst following Mrs. Nugent into the house, and looked for a moment in his direction, he became deadly pale. A mist seemed to obscure his sight, and, as though struck with sudden illness, he caught hold of the railing to steady himself, murmuring in faltering accents, 'Lucy, my own Lucy!' Then turning slowly away, he gasped, 'Not to-day; no, not to-day!

'It must be she, she's her mother's very image,' he muttered, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully back to his hotel, with hands clasped behind his back, and downcast eyes,—'all but the hair, which is as dark as mine is, or was; and her eyes, though blue, are darker, too, than Lucy's. I little thought ever to feel so much again,' he continued. 'I thought there was

nothing left for me but revenge; but the sight of that girl has completely unmanned me. When I stood a little ago before that proud woman's door, and looked at the very stone where I laid my poor motherless baby on the night I vowed to make her the instrument of my revenge, I imagined the time for my triumph had arrived; but she has checkmated me without knowing it. The girl looks the lady all over, and a girl any father might be proud of. I might have known,' he added, with a bitter smile,—'I might have known that the very spirit of contradiction would make her go to the opposite extreme. But I am glad of it now, very glad;' and, raising his proud head still higher, he slowly ascended the steps in front of the hotel, and disappeared within the open door.

In the meantime the old butler, who had been watching him walking along the street, and who had been much relieved by seeing him turn the corner without returning, went into the house and shut the door, gloomily meditating on what the morrow might bring forth. Dods was always grave on Sunday evening, but this evening the solemnity of his demeanour was something remarkable; and the mistakes he made whilst waiting at table excited the surprise of

both ladies, more especially of the younger one, who several times during dinner found his eyes fixed upon her face with an anxious, puzzled expression; and she felt somewhat relieved, when, his duties over, the old man quitted the apartment and left them alone.

'I doot I'm getting superanniat,' he remarked to himself as he retreated to his pantry. 'I've often thocht it afore, but the nicht she's unco like. It's maybe just the sicht o' him that's put it in my head,—as the fule thinks, the bell clinks,—an' I maun be an auld fule to think ony sic nonsense, for it's no' possible. She's a bonnie young leddy, and my ain darlint; but she's naething but a foundling after a'. I'll think nae mair nonsense,' he added, beginning to bustle about. 'I maun be quick and get my dishes washed in time to read a chapter or two before the books gan ben. Naething like occupation for puttin' silly fancies and notions oot o' folk's heads. She's naething but a foundling after a'!'

CHAPTER II.

MILLY.

'No shade has come between
Thee and the sun;
Like some long, childish dream,
Thy life has run.'

YES, Milly Rue was a foundling, and had neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, in the wide world; but never having known what it was to have relations, she never missed them. And, besides, Mrs. Nugent, before whose door she had been laid one cold winter's night, loved her as her own child, and treated her as such. She had named the infant Millicent, after herself, and Rue, after the place where she had been found,—having had at first some thoughts of calling her De la Rue, but changing her mind from a fear that such a surname might lead to false ideas concerning the child's extraction. So she was called Millicent Nugent Rue,—her Christian

name being speedily shortened to Milly as liker a baby, and as being a fonder and more endearing appellation. And, as she grew up, the longer name was lost in the shorter, nobody ever calling her anything but 'Milly.'

The finding of Milly had caused quite a commotion amongst Mrs. Nugent's friends, who one and all declared it would be great folly for her to trouble herself with the care of a child who belonged to nobody knew who; and they advised her to send the infant to the workhouse at once, and have no more to do with it. But in so doing they took the wrong plan altogether with Mrs. Nugent, who, in addition to a large share of benevolence, was possessed of a good strong will of her own; and their unasked advice roused the spirit of contradiction within her, and operated exactly in the contrary direction to what they intended, making her resolution to keep and adopt the child determined and immoveable.

So without more ado she took the poor deserted baby to her heart, named her after herself, fed, clothed, and educated her like a little princess, and was very proud of the beautiful girl, who at the age of seventeen was unto her as a daughter, and loved her as such. But, strange

to say, much as Mrs. Nugent loved Milly Rue, she had a sensitive, shrinking dislike to being called 'mother' by her; and many anxious consultations she and her factotum the old butler had about the matter when the child began to speak, and it became necessary that she should give her benefactress some appellation. At length a bright thought struck the old man. 'How would you like grandmother, ma'am?' he asked, glancing at his mistress's perplexed countenance. Mrs. Nugent's pale face flushed, and her lips quivered, but she said eagerly, 'Yes, that will do, Dods, but let it be grandmamma. Grandmother I could not bear,' she murmured to herself. So henceforth she was 'grandmamma' to Milly, the name implying the same to her as 'mother' to other children.

But though Mrs. Nugent loved Milly Rue as her own child, and treated her as such, she did not keep her in ignorance of the real state of matters; and in this she acted with true wisdom and kindness. She knew that some time or other Milly must find out or be told that she was a foundling, and no child or grandchild of hers; and she did not keep the truth a secret from her till the telling of it would come as an awful, mysterious revelation, breaking up all her

preconceived ideas, and giving her affections a wound from which they might perhaps never recover. No, she brought her up in the full knowledge of the fact; and Milly could not remember the time when she did not know that she had been found a baby on the street, and that Mrs. Nugent was no relation of hers—only 'grandmamma,' '*dear* grandmamma.'

And so long as she had grandmamma, and Dods the butler, who, having been in her father's service, was an old retainer of Mrs. Nugent's, and was at once a faithful servant and an attached friend, what cared Milly for relations? Was she not the pride of their heart, and the light of their eyes? And as she danced like a sunbeam through that stately, spacious mansion, did she not bask in the sunshine of their ever ready smiles, and love them in return with all the affectionate fervour of her warm young heart, which craved for no other love, no other care, than theirs? And so truly motherly had been Mrs. Nugent's treatment of the child thus ruthlessly cast upon her bounty, that gratitude towards her as a benefactor had no place in the sentiment with which Milly Rue regarded her. It was love for love with Milly; and she took all the care and tenderness lavished upon

her as a right, even as a child from a tender mother.

Mrs. Nugent prided herself on some old-fashioned ideas as to the education and up-bringing of children, and she found ample room for practising them in the docile mind of little Milly. Before she was six years old (her birth-day having been guessed and fixed as nearly as possible from the date of finding her), the child could read without much stumbling the most difficult chapter in the Bible, and was able to answer correctly every question in the Shorter Catechism,—a feat of which Dods was never tired of boasting; and before she was seven, she not only hemmed Mrs. Nugent's cambric handkerchiefs so beautifully that Dods declared that even with the aid of his spectacles he could not see the stitches, but had actually sewed three samplers, at the foot of each of which appeared in flourishing letters, 'MILLICENT NUGENT RUE, *aged five years*,' following her name on the first, '*six*' on the second, and '*seven*' on the third,—all three being looked upon by Dods as works of art such as were not to be seen every day.

But though Mrs. Nugent enjoyed the teaching and training of Milly Rue, she was a sensible

woman, and it suddenly occurred to her that the child was growing up a little old-fashioned woman, without companions of her own age, and withal too grave and sedate for her years. 'Ay, she's a good miss, an' a bonnie miss; but I was just thinkin' mysel' she would be the better o' a while at the buirdin'-schule,' said Dods, who was consulted on the subject. 'Milly *must* not go to a boarding-school,' said Mrs. Nugent, with a vehemence which startled the old man (though, on reflection, it did not surprise him); 'but I shall send her to a day-school, where she will learn all that is necessary, and mix with companions of her own age.' And, prompt in every duty, Mrs. Nugent ordered her carriage, and that very day Milly was entered as a pupil in one of the first educational establishments of the city, where she received an excellent education, and was thoroughly trained and grounded in all the accomplishments which tend to grace and adorn the young lady of the nineteenth century.

Milly's probable origin was a question often debated and speculated on by Dods and his mistress. The clothes in which the infant was dressed seemed to indicate she came of 'gentle folks,' Dods was wont to argue; whilst, on the

other hand, a piece of paper discovered pinned to the shawl in which she was wrapped, and on which was written in a stiff, illiterate style, '*Bring hir up as a cervint, hir mother was won*,' pointed, Mrs. Nugent said, to a very different conclusion. 'Weel,' Dods would say, 'whether she's a leddy *born* or no', she'll be a leddy bred.' He was always very mysterious and thoughtful after these consultations, sighing and rubbing his chin, and falling into brown studies in the middle of his work; and when Mrs. Nugent agreed to his proposal that the child should call her grandmother, the amount of his secret self-congratulations was out of all proportion to the importance of the end gained.

'I'm an auld fule,' he muttered that night, as, the other servants having dropped off one after another to bed, he was left alone gazing at the glowing remains of a large fire, 'spinnin' a thick rope out o' sick a slim hair. But it can dae nae harm for the bairn to ca' her Grannie; an' maybe the Lord's sent her to mak' up for Miss Lucy, and prevent her heart breaking. Nae doot she's been sent here for some end or ither. I only wish she may be brocht up in the fear o' the Lord, whaever she may be. But waes me, I'm feared there's little prospeck o' that, an' it's mair

likely to be Miss Lucy owre again,—bonnie sweet lassie that she was! She was educate for this world, wi' nae thocht o' the next. No' to say but that my mistress is a fine character, a very fine character, barrin' the bit pride, which is a' natural to her conshitution; but the fear o' God's no' before her eyes; an' waes me, it's no' to be expeckit she can teach the bairn.'

As Millicent grew up, the wondering cogitations as to her probable origin gradually died away, and, too well pleased with her presence amongst them to care much as to who she was or where she had come from, the household ceased to speculate on the point, and thought of her only as a child of the house; and happily was Dods disappointed as to her upbringing, for if ever child was piously trained, it was Milly Rue. Anxiously and carefully was she instructed by Mrs. Nugent herself, and, like Timothy, she might be said to have known the Holy Scriptures from her childhood; and deep into her young heart sank the truths taught her by her once proud but now truly humble benefactress. For Milly Rue had come to Mrs. Nugent like a blessing direct from heaven, and she had ample cause to bless the day on which her kind heart prompted her to succour the helpless infant. A

dark, very dark cloud of bitter grief hung over her at the time, but Milly became the unconscious means of bending the proud head to the storm, which might otherwise have overwhelmed and broken the proud, hardened heart.

MILLY RUE.

Page 134.

CHAPTER III.

THE MINIATURE.

'I love to gaze on that innocent face,
Replete with many a youthful grace:
The childish brow, and the beaming eye,
The lips that part with a gentle sigh,
The rounded chin, and the dimpled cheek—
Beautiful girl! thy face doth speak.'

IF Milly had been surprised at finding herself the special object of Dods' regards, she was still more so at finding Mrs. Nugent's eyes fixed upon her face several times during the course of the evening with an anxious, perplexed expression. The Sabbath evening was always a happy time to Milly. Then her benefactress, always kind, seemed if possible still more so; then, after comparing notes as to their enjoyment of the services of the day, and the benefit each had derived from the instructions they might have received, her grandmother would, with kindly affectionate tact, lead her to unburden herself of her more private feelings, and with never-failing

sympathy would encourage and counsel her. But this night Mrs. Nugent was silent and absent; and though Milly made several attempts at conversation, she seemed so abstracted, and her replies were so vague, that she gave it up in despair. Looking up several times from the book she held in her hand, she invariably found Mrs. Nugent's eyes fixed upon her, till, unable to bear it any longer, she quitted her seat, and, sitting down on a stool at her feet, she took the old lady's hand in hers, and fondled and caressed it. The affectionate grasp was immediately responded to; and then bending over her, her grandmother fondly parted her hair, and kissed her brow more than once. 'You love me, Milly?' she whispered softly.

Tears started to Milly's eyes. 'Grandmamma!' she ejaculated, deeply wounded by the bare suspicion of a doubt; for never before had her love been questioned, and a strange, vague sensation of some impending evil stole over her.

'How old are you, Milly?' was the next question.

'Seventeen, grandmamma,' replied Milly, now afraid her memory was failing; for Mrs. Nugent had only a few days before made a little jubilee of the supposed birthday of the foundling.

'Seventeen!' she heard her murmur; and then taking Milly's face in both her hands, she gazed at it with the same puzzled, bewildered expression. Poor Milly! she was on the point of bursting into tears, when Mrs. Nugent, gently pushing her from her, suddenly rose from her seat, and, unlocking a writing-desk which stood on a table in a corner of the room, she opened a private drawer, and took something from it on which she seemed to gaze long and earnestly. She returned to her seat, her face bearing traces of great emotion, and, without looking again at Milly, she put a small miniature into her hands. It was a portrait of a young girl, exquisitely painted on ivory; and, as Milly looked on the lovely countenance it represented, holding it up to the light to get a better view, she cried, 'Oh how beautiful! how very beautiful!'

'Yes, she was beautiful,' sighed Mrs Nugent. 'Look at her, Milly, and tell me if you ever saw any one like her.'

Milly took a long, critical view, shook her head, and looked again. 'No,' she said, 'I never saw anybody so beautiful.'

A faint smile passed over Mrs. Nugent's face. 'Come here, darling,' she said, rising and leading her towards a large mirror; 'look at your-

self there, and then at the picture, and tell me if you see no resemblance between the two faces.'

Milly, blushing both with shame and pleasure at the idea that her grandmother could suppose she was like anything so lovely, did as she was bid, and, as she compared the faces, a likeness between the two growing upon her as she gazed, her shamefacedness was lost in wonder.

'It is very strange! Who was she, grandmamma?' she said.

'She was my daughter, Milly—my only child,' she said, in a low, pained tone.

Now Dods had once told Milly, when a mere child, that Mrs. Nugent had had a daughter, who died shortly after her marriage; but the old man had made a secret of the communication, and had impressed upon her mind the necessity of never alluding to her loss in Mrs. Nugent's presence; and the circumstance had almost faded from her memory, and she now blamed herself for forgetting it, and putting a question which had evidently pained Mrs. Nugent. So they sat down again in silence, Milly still holding the portrait in her hand, silently admiring the large blue eyes and sweet mouth, the chubby cheeks and rounded chin, and the masses of

luxuriant golden hair, which formed the background of the picture.

'I never spoke to you before, my love, of Lucy,' said Mrs. Nugent, laying her hand kindly on Milly's shoulder. 'It is a painful subject to me; but I feel to-night as though it might be a relief to me to talk about her to you. You are strangely like her, my dear;' and again she scanned her features with the same puzzled expression Milly had before remarked.

'Oh, grandmamma, I'm not nearly so pretty,' said Milly, with a blush.

'She was my only child,' continued Mrs. Nugent, 'and I made her my idol. Her father died when she was a mere child, so I had only her, and I loved her—oh, Milly, you can never guess how much!'

The last words came from her lips with a moan which penetrated Milly's heart, but she was too much awed by the anguish of the bereaved mother to attempt any consolation.

'She was a sweet, gentle, docile girl,' continued Mrs. Nugent, 'who never disputed my will, but made her mother's wishes her law—very unlike me, Milly; for I was proud, haughty, and imperious—a spoiled child, a spoiled, idolized wife; and though I was a tender, doting

mother, I sometimes think I might have been harsh enough had Lucy's dispositions been like mine. But she was gentle and yielding, and never dreamt of the slightest opposition, and I worshipped her. Yes, she was gentle and yielding till *he* came between us, and then my happiness was at an end.'

Mrs. Nugent paused for a few seconds, struggling with her emotion, and then continued: 'In an evil hour, Milly, I sent her to a boarding-school, where she learned to keep secrets from the mother whom she had hitherto made the confidant of all her thoughts and feelings. Whilst there she met with a young officer, who secretly won her affections, and with whom she met, contrary to the rules of the establishment. But Lucy was too guileless to keep the secret long from me, and one day she threw herself on my bosom and confessed it all. I was angry; but with her my anger was but a passing cloud. But when *he* came to plead his cause, my rage burst forth and surpassed all bounds. I laughed to scorn his pretensions to my daughter's hand; I taunted him with his presumption in aspiring to such an alliance. He, a penniless subaltern, to think of my Lucy!—a girl who might be fit match for the noblest in the land! No

doubt I had a perfect right to judge in the matter, and to expect that my wishes were to have due weight; but I had no right to taunt the young man as I did, and thus add insult to injury. It was in vain the lovers pleaded that their affections were unalterably fixed on each other,—in vain that Lucy wept, and that he, roused at length by my haughty contempt, indignantly reproached me with sacrificing my daughter to my pride,—I was immoveable, and I ordered him never more to speak to or look at my daughter.

'He left me in silence, and I thought I had conquered; but I little knew the spirit I had to deal with, the pride I had hurt,—a pride equal to my own. I watched Lucy so closely that I know not yet how they communicated with each other. I only know that on the eve of a grand ball I intended to give on her seventeenth birthday, she eloped with her lover, and I never saw her again.'

'Never saw her again!' ejaculated Milly, under her breath.

'No,' said Mrs. Nugent, with white, quivering lips, 'I never saw her again, never heard her sweet voice call me mother again, never again clasped her to my bosom. She came back,—

never doubting, I believe, that I would joyfully welcome her, and forgive her husband,—but she did not know that my angry pride had for the time being conquered my love, and she found her mother's door closed against her.'

'Ah!' sighed Milly involuntarily.

'Yes, it was cruel,' said Mrs. Nugent, her pale face flushing slightly. 'It is not to be wondered at that you are shocked. But I was punished, Milly, and my punishment was hard to bear. *He* sent me a letter, hurling defiance at my head, renouncing and denouncing me in terms peculiarly calculated to hurt and wound me, and I hated him with a bitter hatred; for had he not stolen my child, my only child? *She* wrote me a pleading, tender letter, and I loved her as much as ever; but I was too angry to take any notice of it, and, besides, *he* stood between us, an impassable barrier in the way of our reconciliation. Time passed, and outwardly I was the same as ever. I held my head as high as ever, and made no sign—no sign of the craying for my child for ever gnawing at my heart. Gladly now would I have been reconciled even to him for her sake; but I had given loose reins to my pride, and it still ruled over me and prevented me

making the slightest overture. I knew his regiment had left the town, but not one word did I hear from them or of them. He had said in his letter he would never trouble me more, and he kept his word. At length, one morning, I accidentally saw the name of the regiment in the newspapers as being one of those about to depart immediately for India. Ah! then my pride broke down, and all the mother was roused within me! To keep them here at any sacrifice, I was determined; and I made hasty preparations for a journey to Plymouth, where I saw the regiment was located preparatory to sailing for India. Everything was ready, and the carriage at the door, when a letter arrived sealed with black. I opened it impatiently, never dreaming for a moment that it contained the news of my daughter's death, and I read it more than once before my stunned, bewildered senses comprehended the heart-breaking intelligence. It was her husband who wrote, coldly and briefly. He gave me no particulars, save that Lucy had only been seriously ill for a few days; but he hinted, cruelly hinted in a postscript, that she had never recovered the shock she had sustained when denied admittance to her mother's presence. What I suffered,

Milly,' Mrs. Nugent continued, after a pause, 'no one knew but myself; and I think the only reason my heart did not break was because it was so hard. And it might have broken through time, had God not sent you to me, Milly. You not only gradually filled up the aching gap in my heart, but you were the unconscious means, my love, of leading me to a higher Source of consolation. A question you innocently put when a child, as to how you were to get to heaven, roused me not only to serious thought about my own prospects for eternity, but to a sense of the responsibility which lay upon me on your account. You have been religiously educated, Milly. I have tried, in my poor, ignorant, humble way, to bring you up in the fear of God, and I trust a blessing has attended my instructions. A blessing you have truly been to me, my darling, in every respect. Oh that I had come to know myself sooner! then the weight of guilt which lies upon me on my Lucy's account would never have been incurred,—the guilt not only of what I did, but of what I neglected to do; for had I brought her up like you, in the fear of the Lord'—

Sobs checked her utterance, and, laying her

head on Milly's shoulder, she wept long and bitterly. Milly could not speak, but the tender pressure of her hand, and the tears she shed, were precious to Mrs. Nugent, and helped to soothe and comfort her. Checking her emotion, she dried her eyes, and again taking Milly's face between her hands, she gazed wistfully at it. 'God not only sent you,' she whispered, 'but made you like her;' and, having carefully replaced the miniature in her desk, she sat for a long time silent, with Milly's hand clasped in hers. Then the bell was rung for prayers, and the servants all entered in regular order, Dods bringing up the rear, carrying the old family Bible which he had been reading when the mysterious stranger appeared, and which he had by degrees appropriated to his own use. Milly was surprised at the composure with which Mrs. Nugent read the hymn and joined in the singing, though her attention was drawn from her grandmother by Dods regularly lagging behind the others, and singing a note or two by himself at the end of each line, and then looking reproachfully at the cook who sat next him, as though it was she who was to blame, and not he. Then Mrs. Nugent read a chapter in the New Testament, adding

a few words of explanation as she read, after which they all knelt down and she prayed, simply and humbly petitioning for the blessings most likely to be needed by those present; and when they rose from their knees, Milly saw the tears streaming down Dods' face; and as she laid her head that night on the pillow, she wondered if her grandmother had ever really been the proud, haughty woman she had represented herself to have once been.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BARONET.

'Revenge is sweet.'

'SIR HENRY HOWARD!' said Mrs. Nugent, reading aloud the name engraved on a card which Dods had just brought up-stairs on a salver, and which he had presented without looking his mistress in the face. '*Sir* Henry Howard! I know no person of that name. Did you see the gentleman, Dods?' she inquired in trembling accents.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Dods, without moving a muscle of his face; but there was a look of dumb pity in his eyes, as for a moment he looked up, which made Mrs. Nugent's heart ache.

'My love, go down-stairs and tell the gentleman I shall be with him in a few minutes,' she said to Milly, who sat working on the sofa by her side. '*Sir* Henry Howard!' she said again, when the girl had left the room, speak-

ing to Dods, whom she had signed to remain behind.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Dods again, very gravely.

'Is it — it cannot be!—you know what I mean, Dods?' she continued hesitatingly.

'It's like him,' said Dods, avoiding her eye.

A low sound, half sigh, half-smothered sob, broke from Mrs. Nugent's lips, and pierced the faithful old servant's heart.

'I'm no' *quite* sure,' he cried eagerly. 'He wasna a Sir, ye ken; and his hair'—

'You may go, Dods,' interrupted Mrs. Nugent. 'I *must* see him and judge for myself;' and with a drooping head the old man left the apartment, muttering to himself, 'It's enough to kill her.'

In the meantime Milly tripped lightly downstairs and into the dining-room, where Dods had put the mysterious stranger of yesterday.

'Grandmamma will be with you in a few minutes,' she said, smiling pleasantly on the gentleman, who had risen as she entered the room.

He stared at her like one spellbound, and, as she approached him, made a sudden step forward with extended arms, as though about to clasp her to his bosom, but as suddenly drew back again, and sat down, muttering, 'Grand-

mamma! Am I dreaming? Did you call Mrs. Nugent your grandmother?' he added, his agitation imparting a harsh hoarseness to his voice, which surprised even himself.

'Yes, I always call her grandmamma,' said Milly, not a little surprised; and, somewhat alarmed by his gestures and the abruptness of the question, she retreated from him as far as possible.

'Defeated at all points! She has found it out, and known all along,' he muttered, as he continued to gaze on Milly with a dreamy, wistful tenderness, which confused and perplexed her. It was a great relief when her grandmother appeared, and she made her escape from the room with the utmost alacrity.

Mrs. Nugent fixed her eyes on the stranger's face with an anxious, scrutinizing gaze, whilst he, having risen and bowed as she entered, stood confronting her with his look of haughty defiance.

'Sir Henry Howard?' at length said Mrs. Nugent coldly, and referring to the card she still held in her hand.

'Yes, I am a baronet now,' he replied a little scornfully. 'I hope you have no doubt of my identity?'

'No,' she said, in a very low tone,—'no, I have only too good cause to remember you.'

So these two stood and looked at each other, neither apparently with much goodwill; and yet the memory of one they had both dearly loved, and who had loved them both dearly too, stood between them, and helped, unconsciously, perhaps, to soften the bitter feelings which the sight of each other had roused within them.

'I know I am not a welcome guest,' he continued haughtily; 'but I have come to claim my child, and will now relieve you of all further care of her.'

'*Your* child!' said Mrs. Nugent, completely bewildered.

'Yes, *my* child,' he said, somewhat impatiently; 'and your Lucy's child,' he added, in a softer tone; 'though how you found out that she was your own grandchild I cannot imagine. I thought I had taken good care there should be no proof of that.'

'My grandchild!—Lucy's child!' murmured Mrs. Nugent, putting her hand to her forehead. 'Is it Milly you mean?' she said, in a confused, stupefied tone, and sinking down on a chair, her trembling limbs refusing to support her any longer.

'Milly! So you named her after yourself,' he said. 'Well, I'm glad of it; but I wonder you condescended to call *my* child after you!' and though evidently pleased at the fact, he laughed bitterly.

'I do not understand you. Oh, do not trifle with me!' cried poor Mrs. Nugent piteously. 'Milly is a foundling I found on the street on a cold winter's night. Tell me what it is you mean.'

'Answer me one question first,' he said sternly. 'You called the girl Milly just now: tell me what other name she bears.'

'I called her Millicent Nugent after myself, and Rue because I found her on the street. Her name is Millicent Nugent Rue,' replied Mrs. Nugent, who was trembling in every limb.

'And do you mean to say you didn't know she was your own granddaughter?' he continued. 'She called you grandmamma just now,' he added.

But Mrs. Nugent did not answer the question. She was trying to steady and collect her thoughts, and after a moment's silence she said imploringly, 'Tell me who she is! I found her on the street.'

'Yes, I put her there,' he said, turning his eyes away as though ashamed to look her in

the face. 'I put her there,' he continued hurriedly. 'I was half-mad at the time with grief, and I wished to be revenged upon you, and to make your own grandchild the instrument of my revenge. I never thought you would find it out; but'—

'Stop!' interrupted Mrs. Nugent, as again she pressed her forehead. 'There was a piece of paper pinned to the baby's shawl!'

'Yes, yes!' he cried, interrupting her in turn; 'it was all my doing. I confess it was a lie,—the first I ever told in my life,' he added, a flush colouring his dark face to the very temples. 'I wished to humble your pride; but I have been fairly beaten, I allow that. You have evidently brought up my daughter as a lady, and I am glad of it now, and thank you for it. She will do me credit,' the selfish man added triumphantly.

'When you wrote me my daughter was dead, and—and'—said Mrs. Nugent, with a deep, heavy sob, 'you never told me she had left a child.'

'No, I took care of that,' he said coolly; 'that would not have agreed with my plan. I wished you to bring her up as a menial, and then I would claim her and make a lady of her.

I did not know at that time that I would be so long away.'

He told it all as a right and proper thing he had done for the serving of his purpose, for hatred had blinded him to the mean cruelty of the action.

'And I might have put the infant in the workhouse, as I was advised to do!' said Mrs. Nugent, in the same dreamy, confused manner.

'I thought of that too,' he continued, as though proud of his own discernment; 'and I managed, before leaving England, to ascertain you had kept it in your house. She is very like her mother; did the likeness never strike you?' he asked, with a sudden suspicious fierceness.

Then for the first time Mrs. Nugent fully realized the truth of the strange disclosure; and the troubled, misty feelings often raised within her by the likeness of the foundling to her own child took a tangible form in the recognition of the fact that Milly was in fact her Lucy's babe, and that, in charitably and tenderly cherishing her, she had taken her own grandchild into her bosom. 'My own, own child! my Lucy's child!' she muttered, rising in haste, eager to strain her to her heart; but the surprise had

been too much for her. She tottered, and paused, and the next moment, ere he was aware, fell at the baronet's feet in a death-like swoon.

To ring the bell violently, to open the window, and then, tenderly lifting her in his arms, to carry her near it, was the work of a moment, and showed that the stranger was not only possessed of presence of mind, but of a heart; and when Dods ran into the room, pale and breathless, he ordered the necessary restoratives with the air of one accustomed to command, and helped to apply them with almost womanly gentleness and care.

'My mistress! my dear, dear mistress!' cried the old man, wringing his hands as he gazed on her pale countenance. 'You've killed her; oh! what for did ye come back to torment us?'

'Hold your tongue, you old fool!' hissed the baronet in a fierce whisper; but when Milly, who had arrived on the scene, utterly oblivious of his presence, clasped her grandmother's cold hands to her bosom, and covered them with kisses, imploring her by every endearing term to look at and speak to her once more, he became almost as pale as Mrs. Nugent, and turned away his head to hide the tears which had started to his eyes.

At the sound of Milly's voice Mrs. Nugent's lips moved and her eyelids trembled, a faint colour appearing on her cheeks ; and when Milly again uttered the despairing cry, 'Grandmamma ! dear grandmamma !' she opened her eyes, and with a smile of almost seraphic sweetness whispered, 'My own child ! my own Lucy's little baby !'

Poor Milly, she thought her grandmother's senses were leaving her, and looked at Dods with anguish in her face ; but the old man had had his suspicions, and comprehended the matter at once.

'It's a' richt ; dinna be feared, dawty,' he whispered kindly. 'I'm thinkin' ye're her ain bairn after a';' and then turning on the baronet, with the 'old fool' undigested on his mind, he said solemnly, 'I shuspected ye before, sir, but I wouldna let mysel' think ye could be sic a monster. I got a glint o' yer figur' that nicht, when I ran out to see (as I thocht) if I could find any trace o' the wean's unnatural mother, an' I saw ye rinnin' like a criminal fleein' frae justice ; but though I had my shuspichions, I couldna think ye would dae the like, and'—

'Hush !' said the baronet, whose face was covered with guilty blushes, for Milly was gazing on him aghast with wide-open eyes and

parted lips, and he could not bear the reproachful wonder of her amazement.

But Mrs. Nugent was reviving fast, and heard the old man too. 'Hush, Dods,' she said; 'this is no time for recrimination. Milly, darling, this is your father.' It was difficult to realize the fact; but Milly had implicit faith in her grandmother, and in Dods too, and it was evident they both believed this strange man to be her father; but it was only when she felt his arms about her, and his tears falling fast upon her head, that Milly really believed it.

CHAPTER V.

MILLY'S CHOICE.

'Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay;
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day.'

FOR many days after the return of her son-in-law Mrs. Nugent's life was despaired of. He had, at her urgent entreaty, taken up his abode in the house; and nothing could exceed the tenderness and care with which he helped to tend and watch the invalid, taking all responsibility from off Milly's shoulders, and showing a wonderful, almost womanly, aptitude for the duties of the sick-room. Thus he quickly gained the affections of his daughter, who learned to love the unknown father, the fairest side of whose character being the first she became acquainted with, circumstances bringing out all that was amiable and engaging in the otherwise proud and haughty man. But as her grandmother began to recover,

his manner gradually resumed the air of cold and haughty defiance which it had worn towards her at first; and whilst all tenderness to his daughter, he pierced her heart by the tone in which he spoke to and of Mrs. Nugent, and by the tale of his wrongs and those of her mother, his beloved Lucy, which he never failed to pour into her ear whenever opportunity offered,—a tale which lost nothing in bitterness from the time during which he had kept alive in his bosom the desire and purpose of revenge. Nor did he spare himself in the recital; and it touched Milly more than anything to see this proud man, whom she could scarcely yet summon courage to call father, humbling himself in the very dust before her, whilst he passionately besought her to forgive him the wrong he had done in forsaking her in her helpless infancy. The devotion of his future life, he declared, would be all too little to atone for it; and here a misery, the bitterness of which was such as she never before could have dreamt of, began for the foundling. It was evident that her father claimed her as his, indisputably his; and a strife began within her which threatened to rend her heart in two.

The first day Mrs. Nugent was able to be

down-stairs, Sir Henry, seizing the opportunity of Milly's absence, abruptly informed her of his intention to leave Edinburgh the following week, taking his daughter with him. He spoke in a cold, careless tone, but while he spoke he was keenly watching the effect of his communication on his mother-in-law. He saw her start and clasp her hands, with an expression of anguish on her pale face which might well have softened a harder heart than his; but when she ejaculated, 'Surely, surely you would never be so cruel!' he said bitterly, 'It well becomes *you* to speak of cruelty.' A flush, an angry flush, coloured her face, as for a moment she seemed inclined to retort, but she said nothing, and for a second or two there was a painful silence; for each felt that the forbearance which, during Mrs. Nugent's illness, had ignored a painful subject, must now end, and the old wound be reopened. Mrs. Nugent was nerving herself and imploring strength from above for what she knew was incumbent on her as a Christian, and Sir Henry was moodily meditating on his wrongs, and hardening his heart against softer influences. He was startled from his evil thoughts by his mother-in-law's gentle, trembling tones.

'Henry,' she said, 'I have no wish to excuse or palliate my conduct; I have learned the folly and sinfulness of my behaviour, and I trust I have repented of the pride which led me to act as I did, and'—

'Ay,' he said, interrupting her, with a bitter laugh, 'I heard you had become a saint in your old age!'

The insulting tone in which he spoke roused poor Mrs. Nugent's spirit, and she said angrily, 'Don't suppose, though I allow I was to blame, that I excuse your conduct for a moment;' then, shocked at the tone of her own voice, she stopped abruptly.

'Oh, all is fair in love and in war,' he cried, with a feigned levity, which sent a pang to Mrs. Nugent's heart. 'But I am glad *you* have repented,' he added, in the same tone.

Mrs. Nugent bit her lip; but, conquering the angry, indignant feelings which prompted a bitter reply, she said humbly, 'Yes, I trust I have repented of that and of all my sins, and am anxious to acknowledge even to you whatever I have done wrong, and to ask your forgiveness.'

He stared at her like one bewildered. 'You ask *my* forgiveness!' he said, in a husky tone. 'Have you forgiven *me*?'

'Oh yes, long, long ago,' she cried eagerly. 'Would that I could forget as easily——my daughter! oh, my daughter!' she moaned.

He started to his feet, and, striding towards a window, stood for a few minutes struggling with and trying to conquer his emotion, then said in a tone of affected carelessness, 'Would it be any comfort to you to know that Lucy was of the same way of thinking as you before her death; that she too repented, as you call it; she too forgave, and would gladly have been forgiven; and that she died happy and at peace?'

He stopped and started, for, unknown to him, Mrs. Nugent had risen from her seat, and, tottering towards him, had laid her hand on his arm. 'Why, oh why did not you tell me this long ago?' she murmured, joy and doubt struggling for the mastery, as she fixed her imploring eyes upon his face. 'Can it be true? Surely you would never be so cruel as to jest on such a subject!'

'No, I'm not quite so bad as that,' he said drily; 'and as for not telling you at the time, did you deserve it?' he added sternly. 'Would you have believed it then? Would you not have said I was deceiving you with hypocritical

cant? would you even have understood what it meant? You were a godless woman yourself then.'

'True, too true,' she murmured, too much interested in ascertaining the truth of the communication to be offended by his plain speaking; 'but Lucy——are you sure?'

'Oh, it's all right,' he said, in the same tone, though in reality deeply affected by the mother's anxiety as well as his own recollections; 'if ever there was a true Christian, Lucy was one before her death.' He glanced sharply at her as he spoke, and saw her clasp her hands and lift her eyes to heaven, with an expression of grateful ecstasy.

'It was kind, very kind of you to tell me this,' she said, after a pause. 'It must have cost you something——my son,' she added, in a low, hesitating tone.

Never before had she hinted at any relationship between them, never spoken to him as her daughter's husband. Hitherto he had been Milly's father and no more; and as for the first time she called him her son, the name sent a thrill through the proud, haughty man's heart, and roused a host of the tender memories of his childhood, which for the moment overpowered

and silenced him. But the revenge he had sworn and nursed so long rose once more within him, and again he hardened his heart against sŏfter influences.

'You'll be quite willing to part with Milly?' he said, after a long silence. 'She has been well educated, and will grace the position in which I can place her. I am possessed both of rank and wealth.'

'Rank and wealth!' ejaculated Mrs. Nugent. 'What are they compared with'—

'You did not always think so little of them,' he said bitterly. 'Once on a time you taunted me with my poverty, and boasted of your rank; but you little thought then that the cousin so much younger than myself was to die and leave me heir to the richest property in England, and make me a baronet to boot.' It was cruel in him to taunt her thus, and, strange contradiction as he was, he knew it too,—more especially cruel after the confession she had made; but he had looked forward so long to this day of retaliation, that the temptation was more than he was able to resist.

Mrs. Nugent felt it keenly, but she only said very mildly, 'Yes, I am of a very different opinion now; and I have brought up Milly to

estimate mere worldly advantages at their proper value.'

'Is Milly——does Milly'— he stammered; 'I mean,' he added, in some confusion, 'does she think as her mother did?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Nugent, 'I have every confidence in Milly. It is true she has not been tried, but I trust her principles would stand the test.'

'I am glad of it,' he said, drawing a long breath. 'You see her mother wished it on her deathbed.'

Mrs. Nugent's eyes filled with tears; but the next moment she turned indignantly upon him. 'And you fulfilled her wishes, by leaving her as you did!' she cried.

'I confess it was diabolical,' he replied, with an abortive attempt at a laugh; 'but I told you before, I was half-mad with rage and grief; and it has all turned out for the best after all. I'll bring her to see you sometimes,' he added. The refined selfishness of the man struck Mrs. Nugent more at that moment even than his cruelty, and she felt more inclined to pity than be angry with him; and yet, at the same time, she could not but give him credit for the possession of nobler qualities than his present behaviour indicated.

'You would surely never force Milly to leave me?' she said, after a thoughtful pause.

'No,' he said decidedly,—'no, I'm not so bad as that. The law gives me a power over her, which I don't intend to use,—it shall be left to herself. She shall go with me of her own free will,' he added, in a confident, triumphant tone, which sent a knell through Mrs. Nugent's heart.

Milly herself came into the room at that moment. Her grandmother had sent her out for a walk, fearing the confinement she had experienced during her illness might injure her health, and she came back blooming with the fresh air of the country road she had taken, and with a sparkle in her eyes and a smile on her lip which had not been seen there since her father's return. Poor Milly, she had almost forgotten her troubles! but they came upon her tenfold as her father informed her it was to be left to her own choice whether she was to belong to her grandmother or to him. She turned eagerly towards Mrs. Nugent, but she stopped her before she could utter a word. 'My love,' she said kindly, 'you must take time to consider; weigh the matter well, and ask direction you know where.'

The next few days were miserable days to

Milly Rue. Her grandmother said not one word for the purpose of influencing her decision, but there was a sad, pleading look in her eyes, which said more than words. Milly took her advice, and prayed as she had never done in her life before, always rising from her knees with the conviction that she ought to remain with her grandmother, the kind benefactress who had tenderly sheltered her helpless infancy, though totally ignorant of any bond of blood between them: duty and inclination would thus, she felt, be united. Then, on the other hand, her father lost no opportunity of entreating her to decide otherwise, using every argument that could possibly bear on the subject, declaring that his happiness and possibly his well-being depended on her choice, and bewildering the poor girl with the tenderness of his love, and the importance he attached to this proof of that love being returned.

'Oh, why can't we all live together?' she cried one day, after he had been painting in glowing colours the happiness she had it in her power to confer on him,—a remark which elicited a recital of the wrongs he and his darling Lucy, her own beautiful mother, had suffered at her grandmother's hands,—wrongs unconsciously, perhaps,

magnified by his own hurt pride,—till he made Mrs. Nugent a monster in human shape, and confused and perplexed poor Milly into a feeling of guilt at having listened to him. She was on the point of bursting into a flood of tears, when her grandmother entered, looking more feeble and dejected than she had ever seen her before. Milly avoided her eye, but Sir Henry sprang forward, gave her his arm, and tenderly led her to an easy-chair, giving her a footstool, and seeing her comfortably seated ere he left her; then he walked to the window, whistling softly as though ashamed of his own behaviour, and anxious to counterbalance the effect of it by a show of disrespect.

An awkward silence followed, for both he and Milly felt guilty, and Mrs. Nugent seemed immersed in thought. 'Come here, Milly,' she said at length; and Milly started up, and, approaching her, stood with downcast eyes, like an innocent criminal. 'Sit down, love,' she said, pointing to the stool at her feet; and Milly obeyed, taking care, however, not to face her grandmother, who was too much preoccupied to observe her confusion, but laid her hand on her head, and Milly thought she heard her mutter a blessing. 'Come here, Henry,' she said, with an

evident effort; and Sir Henry came forward, prepared for conflict, never doubting but that his mother-in-law was about to make a last appeal to his mercy, which he was determined to resist. But he was mistaken; and as she spoke, the look of defiance he had worn gradually faded away; and when she concluded, his features were working with emotion and convulsive agitation. 'I have been thinking much of your proposal about Milly,' she began, in trembling accents, which, however, became as she proceeded calm and composed, 'and have come to the conclusion that in wishing to keep her I have been looking to myself, and acting selfishly. I persuaded myself at first that I was considering her good in the matter, but I see now it was my own happiness I was thinking of chiefly. I have quite changed my mind. You, her father, have the best right to her. Milly, darling, I know you will be a loving, dutiful daughter.' She paused for a moment, and then, carefully avoiding Milly's eye, but fondly twining her fingers in her hair, added, with a faint attempt at a smile, 'I have had her for seventeen years, you know. I need not ask you to be kind to Lucy's child,' she continued, turning to the baronet, 'and'—

'I will not have it so,' he interrupted, in a

strange, hoarse tone, which made Milly start in a fright. 'I said it was to depend on herself, and I hold to it. Milly, you have heard what your grandmother said: it remains for you to decide whether you remain with her or go with me;' and he fixed his eyes on his daughter's face with a piercing, penetrating glance, which made her more afraid of him than ever she had been before. 'Decide!' he cried, stamping his foot, as she hesitated, looking from him to her grandmother, and from her grandmother to him. Mrs. Nugent was about to remonstrate, but he imperiously prevented her. 'Decide!' he cried, again stamping his foot; 'she must decide for herself.'

Poor Milly, she gave him a frightened, scared glance, and the next moment she was weeping on Mrs. Nugent's bosom.

'I have decided!' she cried. 'Keep me, grandmamma, keep me. I cannot, will not leave you. You took me to your bosom a poor deserted infant; you loved and cared for me, though you knew not I was your Lucy's child, and I will never leave you.'

'My daughter! my own daughter!' cried her father, catching her in his arms. 'Had you deserted her, I would have despised and dis-

owned you. Mother,' he cried, kneeling before Mrs. Nugent, with his arms still clasping his daughter,—'mother, you have conquered. I would not now take her from you though she were willing to come. But you will not separate us! you must take me too, mother! Take me and teach me as you have taught my Milly. Teach me the heavenly principles which have led you to act as you have done this day. Teach me to live as you live, to die as Lucy died;' and the strong man laid his head on her lap, and sobbed like a child.

'I am childless no longer,' said Mrs. Nugent, as with streaming eyes she laid one hand on his head and the other on Milly's: 'I have two on earth, and one in heaven.'

'Revenge is sweet, forgiveness sweeter still.'

SAM SILVA.

SAM SILVA.

PART I.

THE CALM.

'Oh, ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep!
So far the peaceful soul of heaven
Hath settled on the sea,
It seems as if this weight of calm
Were from eternity.
Oh, world of waters, the stedfast earth
Ne'er lay entranced like thee!'

IT was a calm, and *The Britannia* lay like a useless log upon the water. It was a dead calm, which had lasted for some days,—a dreamy, drowsy, lazy calm, which had been voted 'a horrid bore' by both passengers and crew. But some of the latter were heard to declare that it was a treacherous calm, which portended and might prove

the precursor of a great storm, as though the spirit of the ocean only bided its time to rise and rush forth in all its fury.

It was Sunday morning, and the passengers in the cabin dawdled over their breakfast, and prolonged it as much as possible, anxious to kill the time which hung heavy on their hands, whilst the sailors on duty washed and tidied the decks, and then retired below to dress themselves in their clean shirts, in honour of the day and of the service which a minister on board was announced to conduct some time during the forenoon, leaving an unusual silence behind them. The wide expanse of sky above and of water below was unbroken so far as the eye could reach, save by the sight of a ship, also becalmed, which had sailed from Jamaica in company with *The Britannia*, and now lay, like her, motionless and inactive, at a considerable distance in advance, an object which pleasantly relieved the almost terrible loneliness of the situation.

At one side of the ship, leaning over the rail, gazing apparently at the unruffled surface of the water, stood a negro man, servant to a gentleman on board, who, with his little boy, was a passenger from Jamaica to England, and who had brought one of his slaves with him to wait upon

and take charge of the child; for slavery still reigned in the West Indies, a dark blot on the fair fame of free and freedom-loving England. Long time the black man stood, with his eyes dreamily fixed on the great deep, but seeing none of its wonders, for his thoughts were far away, and in spirit he was present with his brethren, who would, he knew, at that hour be assembling in the Mission Chapel at Kingston, where, when at home, he was wont to meet with them for worship. He saw them all trooping in, —some from far-off plantations, who had risen ere the day dawned, to be in time for their long walk to the church,—men, women, and children, their bright, many-coloured garments relieving the various shades of their uniformly dusky countenances. He heard the hum of their voices, too, as for a second or two they lingered in the yard outside, exchanging friendly Christian salutations and inquiries after each other's welfare; then the hush, the holy quiet which stole over them, as one by one they took their places in their accustomed seats, not a white face amongst them, save those of the minister's wife and family, looking all the whiter from the contrast. Then he saw the minister, the beloved *Knibb*, ascend the pulpit steps, and heard him

read, in powerful but melodious accents, the appropriate opening hymn for the Sabbath morning service :

'Hail, morning, known among the blest;'

and he knew the tune, too, to which it would probably be sung, and half-unconsciously hummed it to himself all through to the end of the hymn. Then came the prayer; and though he heard not the words, he entered with his whole heart into the spirit of the petitions which he knew would be presented at the throne of grace. The reading of the Scriptures came next in the programme; and, taking a small Bible from his bosom, and sitting down on a form, he found and began to read the portion which he knew would come in regular course that morning. But, alas! here the illusion vanished. Read by his pastor, in slow, distinct tones, and explained as he went along in simple terms, adapted to the half-opened, often childish, minds of his negro audience, he could understand it all, or nearly all; but to read it himself was hard work, for, alas! he was but a poor slave, and self-taught. Slowly and patiently his finger travelled along each line, pausing occasionally as he spelt out a difficult word; and sometimes when he paused

SAM SILVA.

Page 179.

thus, his face would brighten into a pleased smile, for he had stumbled on a verse which he had learned by rote, or on a familiar, well-remembered text of his pastor's, which he would read several times over, proud and happy in his own proficiency, his face getting brighter and brighter each time.

He had finished a chapter in the Old Testament, and one in the New, and was wondering with a sigh what Massa Knibb would be preaching about that morning, when a young man, with a cigar in his mouth, who had been watching him for some time at a short distance, sauntered leisurely across the deck, and sat down beside him.

'Well, Sambo, you are very studious,' said he; 'what have you been reading so long? Oh, the Bible!' he said carelessly, as the negro held it out, without speaking. 'Good reader, eh?'

'No, Massa Bennet,' said the black man sadly; 'can't read anything like you, sir.'

'Oh, want me to read a bit, I suppose?' said he, laughing good-humouredly, as he took the cigar from his mouth and extinguished it. 'Well, seeing it's Sunday, I don't mind if I do, so long as the other fellows keep down-stairs. Where's

your place?' he asked, as he took the gratefully outstretched book.

'Anywhere massa pleases,' said the negro. 'Your own place, sir,' he added, with an anxious, wistful look at the handsome sunburnt face.

'*My* place!' muttered the young man; 'rather difficult to find *that*, I suspect. Come,' said he, with childish glee, 'we'll make a lottery of it. See, I'll shut the Bible, and open it by chance, and I'll read wherever it opens—see!' and he shut it with a sharp clap, and, pressing it between his two palms, allowed it to spring suddenly open and flat. 'Hang it! it's opened at a genealogy,' he cried. 'No use in reading all those hard names, Sambo. Let's try again. What's this now?' he cried, as he opened it a second time,—"One spoon of ten shekels of gold, full of incense: one young bullock, one ram, one lamb of the first year,"—that won't do either, Sambo; neither you nor me need Moses' law. Let's try again; I'll get it to open further on;' and with another clap he managed to make the book open at the New Testament. 'That will do now—three times is canny,' he cried in triumph. 'Now, Sambo, I'm going to begin,' he said, clearing his throat and trying to look grave.

'Wait a moment, massa,' said the negro respectfully, and, folding his hands, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and said aloud, 'Give us of Thy Spirit, O Lord, that we may understand Thy holy word, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

Taken by surprise, the young man blushed an angry scarlet; but he was ashamed to draw back, and began to read in a hurried, monotonous tone, —'Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it,'—for the Bible had opened at the fourth chapter of the Hebrews; and he galloped through till he came to the last verse,—'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need,'—anxious to be done before any of his fellow-passengers arrived on deck, knowing they would ridicule and banter him without mercy if they found him reading the Bible, and to a black man. The consequence was, that the anxious listener lost the sense in a great measure; and when the young man returned his Bible, saying, 'That's the end of the chapter now,' he was only conscious of the stoppage of a monotonous rattle, which had left no distinct impression on his mind or memory, and though he said, 'Thank you, sir,' he

unconsciously heaved a sigh of disappointment, which struck his good-natured friend with remorse.

'Would you like me to read a little more?' he asked, blushing slightly.

'If massa would read the same over again *slow*,' said the negro, his face brightening up again.

'Yes, I will, my honest fellow,' he said, with sudden warmth. 'I'm a fool to care for them; let them come, and laugh too,' he muttered to himself.

And he did begin, and read every word over again patiently and slowly, and was surprised to find that he was reading with interest and feeling himself; and when he got through the chapter without the interruption he had feared, and heard the heartfelt thanks of his attentive listener, and saw his beaming, grateful face, he experienced the pleasure of a new and delightful sensation, in having been the means of benefiting a fellow-creature, though only one of the poor, despised race of Ham.

A silence of some minutes followed; for the black man was again in the church at Kingston, and the white man was watching him, and wondering what he was thinking about. 'I say,

Sambo,' he said at length, 'do you believe all that that I've been reading just now?'

'Massa!' said the negro, staring at him in great surprise.

'I mean,' stammered the young man, in some confusion,—'I mean, do you really think that it's all true?'

'I believes every word of it,' said the negro solemnly; and then, with the same wistful expression which his face had worn before, he added, 'and you, massa, you believe it?'

'Well, in a sort of a way, you know; but not as you do, Sambo, I suspect,' he said, with a forced laugh.

'Ah, massa! if you were like we poor slaves,' said the negro, 'you would be only too glad to believe the good news told us in the Bible; but massa has many comforts in this world that we know nothing about. It is the miserable slave who is so happy to be told of Jesus. And then, massa,' he continued, 'you been brought up good, and know nothing of such a black heart as we has,—hearts a greater blacker than our skins. If yours was as black, you would only be too glad to get it washed in the blood of the Lamb.'

'Hold there, Sambo!' cried the young man

eagerly; 'you're wrong there, my fine fellow. You have a white heart and a black skin; and I have a white skin and a black heart. How did *you* come to believe the gospel?' he asked, with affected carelessness.

'I heard Massa Knibb preach it, and I believed it,' the black man replied, with great simplicity.

'Knibb!' cried the young man,—'Knibb! That's the dangerous fellow who incites the negroes to revolt and murder their masters!'

A strange expression shone from the eyes of the slave as he spoke, giving them a sinister, snake-like appearance, disagreeable to behold. It was the old man, subdued, but not altogether destroyed within him, roused by the scornful tone in which his much-loved minister was mentioned; but it was only for a moment, and as it passed away he said calmly, 'Massa Bennet, somebody has been telling you great lies. If you knew Massa Knibb, you would not have believed that.'

Before he could reply, a beautiful boy of about four years old came running forward, and sprang into the arms which the negro had extended at sight of him, and, stroking his sable cheeks, he kissed and hugged him, and cradled

his fair curly head on his bosom, whilst the black man was equally demonstrative towards him.

'I never saw a face so changeable in expression,' thought the young man, looking on. 'A moment ago he looked a dangerous enough customer; now he's like the Apostle John himself, love beaming all over his face, from the roots of his woolly hair to the point of his black chin. Harry's very fond of you, Sambo!' he said, in a slightly jealous tone.

'Yes, I's very fond of him,' said the child, before the negro had time to reply. 'But his name is not Sambo: his name is Sam Silva, and I calls him Sammy.'

'Oh, indeed! Sam Silva, Sam Silva!—I'll try and mind that,' said the young man, shaking his head very gravely. 'Whether do you like Sam Silva or me best, Harry?' he asked.

'I loves you a little, but I loves Sammy very, very much,' the child promptly replied.

Now Mr. Bennet had made a special pet of this child during the voyage, and was naturally chagrined to find that this poor slave engrossed so much more of his affections than he did. 'Why do you like Sam Silva better than me, Harry?' he asked, in a slightly piqued tone.

'*Behause* he loves *me*,' said the child.

'And do I not love you, Harry?' he asked reproachfully.

The child was quick enough to see something was wrong, and looked puzzled. 'I know you loves Harry too,' he said; 'but Sammy has loved me a long, long time;' and he stretched out his arms, as though measuring the length of Sam's love.

'Don't tease him, please, Massa Bennet,' said the negro, smoothing his curls; 'he has a loving little heart, and loves both of us.'

'Sammy *best*,' persisted the child.

Mr. Bennet laughed, and began to whistle carelessly.

'You should not whistle on Sabba-day,' said the child. 'Sammy would not do that; Sammy's *dood!*'

The young man stopped and bit his lip. 'Little hypocrite!' he muttered to himself. 'I wonder if the negro's a hypocrite too: that man's a perfect puzzle to me. Sometimes he has the patient, submissive look of a beast long accustomed to the yoke, who has borne his burden so long as to have lost the wish as well as the power to rebel; then he'll look like a wild beast, ready to spring on his prey. But oftener, especially when with his master or the

child, he looks gratitude and mild benevolence all over. I don't understand him at all!'

It was true it was not easy to judge of Sam Silva by the outward appearance. Long years of cruel servitude had left ineffaceable marks upon his outward man; and though happy now with a kind master,—the first who had ever spoken to him as a fellow-creature, and treated him as such,—the memory of his wrongs would occur at times with overwhelming force, sometimes crushing his wounded spirit with their weight, and at others rousing within him a bitter, revengeful feeling, over the sinfulness of which he often mourned with repentant tears.

For when Sam Silva became a Christian, it cost him hard work to forgive his oppressors; and though he did forgive them, it was, alas! not in his power to forget, and a haunting sense of unmerited injuries was ever present with him. But the love he bore his master, and his master's only and motherless child, and the almost idolatry with which he regarded the pastor who had been the means of imparting to him the blessings of salvation, wrought golden threads into what would otherwise have been the hopeless web of his existence. And, above all, like a halo over his head, lighting up his path

with rays of heavenly beauty, shone the promised home, where the white and the black, the bond and the free, shall meet on equal terms; where his redeemed soul, free from earth's curse and earth's toil, would call no man master, but would take its place, with equal rights and privileges, amongst the innumerable company of heaven, whilst his body would find in the grave a refuge from the troubling of the wicked, and rest in peace till the resurrection morn.

Such were often on the Sabbath Sam Silva's comforting thoughts, and they gave a mild dignity to his countenance,—at least so thought Edward Bennet, as he sat looking at him now, watching with infinite tenderness the slightest movement of the child, who had fallen asleep on his bosom. Neither spoke for some time; but a sudden thought struck the young man, and, bending forward, he whispered, 'I say, Sam, you are going to England,—there are no slaves in England,—you can demand your freedom the moment you land. Isn't that grand?'

'Yes, massa,' he said quietly, without lifting his eyes.

'Well!' said the young man impatiently; 'did you know that before?' he added.

'Yes, massa,' said Sam again, hastily wiping

off a tear from the brow of the child which had fallen from his own eyes; 'Massa Knibb told me,' he added, in a low tone.

'And you'll do it,' cried Mr. Bennet eagerly. 'I'll back you, Sam; I'll stand by you; they dare not touch you. It's the blessed law of old England!'

Sam did not reply, but he seized the young man's hand, and, lifting it to his lips, covered it with kisses.

'You'll do it!' cried Bennet, laying his hand encouragingly on the slave's shoulder.

Sam lifted his eyes, humid with grateful tears, and said in a whisper, 'No, massa. You be very kind; but I promised my master before we left home to come back with him.'

'Cruel, selfish wretch!' cried the young man angrily. 'Such a promise is not binding, Sam. You surely would never remain a slave, when you have the chance of freedom?'

'Could not break my word,' said Sam; 'and, besides,' he added, pressing his lips to the brow of the sleeping child,—'besides, I could not part from Massa Harry.'

'You love *him* more than your liberty?' said the young man disdainfully.

'I could die for him!' said the slave.

'Easier said than done! All words, I suspect,' muttered the young man, as he relighted his cigar and walked away.

In a few moments he came sauntering back again. 'Sam,' said he, 'it's a mystery to me how you and the like of you can remain slaves, year after year, without doing something desperate for freedom: it seems to me *patience* gone mad.'

'Thought you blamed Massa Knibb, because you had been told he wished us to rebel,' said the negro quietly.

'Why, yes,' stammered the young man, in some confusion; 'it scarcely seems a minister's work, you know, Sam. But *you*—you, the poor sufferers—it was a mystery to me all the time I lived in Jamaica, how great, strong, stalwart fellows could submit, day after day, without ever turning round to strike a blow for freedom.'

One of the changes common to the expression of Silva's countenance flashed suddenly on Mr. Bennet, and startled him so much, that he almost sprang to his feet in a fright.

'Did massa never hear of the slaves rebelling?' said Sam.

'Why, yes—to be sure—I quite forgot,' said Bennet, quailing under the light which gleamed from the negro's large eyes; but it vanished as

suddenly, giving place to a sad, reproachful gaze, which smote the young man to the heart. 'Oh, Sam, forgive me!' he cried, with a choking sensation in his throat.

But Sam seemed to have forgotten both him and his offence; and, with an absent, far-off look in his eyes, he fell into a reverie, muttering to himself, '"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Ah, massa,' said he, rousing himself after a while, 'you can't know how hard it is for a slave to keep patience *here;*' and he pressed his hand on his heart, with a look of intense pain which affected Mr. Bennet still more. 'But, massa,' he continued, with another change which illuminated his countenance, 'I have a Master in heaven, who has made me free from a worse slavery than man's,—the slavery of sin; and, after all, Massa Bennet, what is this earth to the heaven to come?—what is short time to long eternity?' and he smiled, and stretched out his arms, even as the child had done, as though measuring space. 'We black slaves, who are free in the liberty of Christ,' he added, after a pause, 'can pity the white slaves of Satan, who serve a harder master than any of ours; for ours can only hurt the body, theirs can destroy both soul and body in hell.'

'Sam Silva!' cried Mr. Bennet, staring at him in great surprise, 'you would make a capital preacher. I wonder,' he thought to himself,—'I wonder if it's all real, or if he only repeats, like a parrot, what he has heard Knibb say! I say, Sam,' he continued, 'if that's the way you view it, I suppose you have no fear of death, and would be quite happy if the ship were to go down to-night?'

'Can't say that, massa,' the negro promptly replied; 'can't say I don't fear death—it's not in natur'.'

'That's not exactly what I mean,' said the young man, with some hesitation. 'I mean, you would not be afraid, you know, of what comes after death?'

'After death!' said Sam joyfully; 'oh no, massa! no fear then—no need to fear! The Lord will not forget poor Sam Silva.'

'I wish I were you,' muttered Mr. Bennet to himself, with a sigh. 'He's no hypocrite, that's certain; and no parrot either,' he continued. 'I wish I could get him roused to rebellion, though; he would be a second Touissant l'Overture, and Jamaica would be a second Hayti, with Knibb for prime minister.'

He was laughing softly to himself at his own

fancies, when the company from the cabin arrived on deck. They came in haste, and full of excitement, for the captain had just informed them that signals, inviting them all to dinner, had been hoisted on the masts of *The Falmouth*; and those who were possessed of pocket telescopes were trying to interpret the signals for themselves, and graciously allowing their neighbours to have a peep, when they tired looking at the various-coloured flags, of which they declared they could make neither 'rhyme nor reason.'

It was voted unanimously that the invitation should be accepted; and they cheered vociferously as they saw the reply gliding swiftly up the mainmast of *The Britannia*, and louder still when the captain reported that *The Falmouth's* reply was 'Come immediately.' No time was lost in getting out the long-boat, and both ladies and gentlemen crowded into it, as pleased and happy as so many children, the former having made a hasty extra toilet for the occasion.

'Good-bye, darling,' said little Harry's father; 'you'll be asleep before we come back. See you take good care of him, Sam.'

'Yes, massa,' said Sam respectfully.

'You won't weary, Harry?' said the father, as he kissed him again. 'You're quite safe with Sammy.'

'Oh yes,' said the little fellow; 'and with Mister Bennet—he loves me too.'

'What! are you not going, Ned?' said Harry's father, turning round in surprise.

Now Edward Bennet had fully intended to go and enjoy himself with the rest; but he was the creature of impulse, and the child's speech, and the soft touch of the little hand which he put so confidingly in his, never doubting for a moment that he would remain with him, altered his intentions in a moment.

'No,' cried Harry, before he could reply; 'he's *dood*, and would not go on the Sabba-day; nor him nor Sam would break the comman'-ment.'

'Hear to him!' whispered the father, not at all displeased at the implied censure on himself; 'hear to him! It's Sam puts all that nonsense in his head. Sam's one of those pious Baptist fellows; but he's very fond of my Harry, and would not let the wind blow on him, if he could help it, and I don't think he can get any harm from him in the meantime.'

Mr. Bennet listened gravely to the whispered apology, but made no reply; and, hearing a call to make haste, Harry's father ran off, and was soon seen, seated along with the others in the

boat, kissing his hand to his little boy, whom Sam held up in his arms to see them row off.

'"Pon my word, the parson's there too,' muttered Mr. Bennet.

'Hallo, Mr. Jenkins!' he cried, 'I thought you announced a service on board to-day! What are *you* doing there on Sunday?'

The clergyman looked up with an angry flush on his face, but laughed carelessly, and cried back, 'The better day the better deed, Mr. Bennet. I appoint you to supply my place.'

A frown was the only answer Mr. Bennet condescended to give; but Harry squared his little fists, and, dealing imaginary blows at the offender, cried, 'Oh, you bad, naughty minister!'

'Well done, Harry! Hit hard,' cried Mr. Bennet, convulsed with laughter, in which the child's father and the rest of the passengers joined, to the no small mortification of the clergyman. But Sam imprisoned the little hands, whispering, 'Fie, fie, Massa Harry!' and whilst the boy, pleased with the applause, was struggling to renew the performance, the boat rowed off, and the captain, who remained behind, joined the group on deck.

'Well, captain, said Mr. Bennet, we are *minus* a chaplain.'

'Yes,' he replied. 'The want of Jenkins don't matter much, but I regret having intimated the service to the sailors; and I requested him to remain and read prayers to them, but he said he would not miss the fun of dining on board *The Falmouth* for any prayers. You gave him his due, my little fellow,' he added, chucking the child under his chin.

'Yes, I did it,' said he, nodding his head exultingly.

'Massa Bennet,' said Sam respectfully, 'might not you read to the men?'

'Me!' cried Bennet. 'Me read prayers!'

'Did not mean that, massa,' pleaded the negro,—'meant the Bible. Might read a chapter to them, massa.'

'Do, Mr. Bennet,' said the captain eagerly. 'You've no idea of the bad effect on board ship of any supposed carelessness or omission. If I had not announced the service, I would not have cared; but, as the matter stands, I would consider it as a personal favour.'

'Why can't you do it yourself?' said Bennet.

The captain blushed scarlet. 'Mr. Bennet,' said he, putting his arm through his, and drawing him aside, 'it would never do, sir. I have a difficult part to act, and an oath *will* slip out at

times,—indeed, the men would not obey without it; and if I were to read the Bible to them, they would dub me a hypocrite at once. But they never heard anything of the kind from you, sir; and I would take it as a particular favour, seeing that sneak Jenkins has forsaken his post. If he had never spoken of it, I would not have minded.'

Edward Bennet hesitated: the task was distasteful to him. But he was a good-natured fellow, who disliked to say no; and the moment he consented, the captain left him, to give orders for assembling the men, afraid he might repent and draw back.

'Well, Sam, I am to be parson for the nonce: what shall I read?' said he, sauntering up to Sam Silva, who was busy teaching a hymn to his little charge.

'Seeing it's sailors, massa, I think you should read about the storms that Jesus turned into a calm,' said the negro, after reflecting a little.

'A capital idea!' said the young man eagerly. 'Find the place for me in your Bible, Sam,—do, like a good fellow.'

Sam did as he was requested, and the young man took the Bible, keeping his finger between the leaves at the place.

'Mister Bennet, be you going to *peach?*' asked little Harry. 'Sammy can *peach,*' he added, without waiting for a reply.

'Oh, Massa Harry, Massa Harry!' cried the negro.

'Come, Sam, confess,' cried Bennet gaily. 'I had no idea you tried the parson; confess.'

'Never preached in my life, Massa Bennet,' said the negro; 'but you see, Massa Harry, he be with me at the prayer-meeting one night, and hear me say a word or two to the brethren.'

'Oh, I see you are up to it,' continued Bennet, 'and I don't see why I should not have a colleague in the work. I'll read, and you'll *preach.* The Reverend Samuel Silva!—it sounds well;' and he clapped the negro on the back, his eyes dancing with mischievous glee.

'Massa, massa!' said the negro a little reproachfully.

'Why, to be serious, Sam, where's the difference in speaking a word or two to the sailors and a word or two to your brethren?' said he. 'In my opinion, the sailors have more need of it, and it may do them good, Sam. Think of that! It's in the way of duty, perhaps.'

He had begun in jest, but, creature of impulse as he was, he ended in earnest. And poor Sam

was sorely puzzled, for he had often wished to address words of kindly warning to the sailors, who had been rather inclined to be kind to and make a pet of the black man, just as they would have petted any tame animal who happened to enliven their life on board ship; and now an opportunity was offered him,—forced upon him, as it were,—which, all unwilling as he was, he wondered if it would be sinful to neglect.

'Sam's to preach after I read,' said Mr. Bennet to the amazed captain, who had returned to say that all was ready. A hasty side glance warned him not to express the surprise he felt, and, with an amused smile lurking round the corners of his mouth, he led the way to the forecastle, where the sailors were already assembled. 'Come away, Sam,' said Bennet; and, accustomed to obey instinctively without consulting his own feelings, Sam followed, with little Harry perched on his shoulder. The crew were all seated in decorous order, some of them with Bibles in their hands, and every one looking clean and tidy, and withal well pleased; for that one of the gentlemen passengers should condescend to read to them seemed an unexpected honour, and one which raised them considerably in their own esteem. The presence of little

Harry, too, a favourite with one and all, added to the novelty of the scene, and each man was anxious to be the favoured one on whose knee the child would sit; and all envied the boatswain, who succeeded in coaxing him from the faithful negro's arms. Then Mr. Bennet, with a flush on his brow, and a feeling in his heart, that, once out of this scrape, nothing would ever induce him to do the like again, opened Sam Silva's Bible, and began to read. Warned by his previous experience with Sam, he read slowly and distinctly, and, in the silence which reigned in the ship and all around, his melodious accents fell audible and clear on each listener's ear.

First he read of the great storm which three words, '*Peace, be still,*' turned into a great calm. Then he read of the contrary wind, which tossed a ship hither and thither on the stormy billows, and of Him who came walking towards it over the waves, and who had but to set His foot on the deck to still the wind to a whisper, and bring the ship into port in a moment of time. Then, pleased with the respectful attention of his audience, he roamed through the four Gospels, reading whatever of story, miracle, or parable he thought likely to interest and please; and then, his task finished, he handed the Bible to

Sam Silva, saying, 'Now, Sam, it's your turn.' And Sam took it, and stepped forward to the front,—all traces of backwardness or hesitation having vanished during the reading. For what was the fear of man to Sam, who, listening with rapt attention, had been walking with Jesus by the sea of Galilee, listening, with Peter, and James, and John, to the words of wisdom which fell from their Master's lips? What was the fear of man to Sam, who had heard the gentle Ephphatha spoken, and seen the blind eyes opened, and the deaf ears unstopped? What was the fear of man to Sam, who had followed the funeral procession of the boy of Nain, and seen him restored alive to his weeping mother's arms? What was the fear of man to Sam, who had stood by the grave of Lazarus, and seen the dead come forth alive? No, Sam was for the time being far above the fear of man; and, taking for his subject the portions first read by Mr. Bennet, he delivered an address to the sailors, full of earnest entreaty and affectionate expostulation. It was clear Sam loved them all, though he certainly did not spare them; and whilst his faithfulness brought the tears into some of their eyes, it roused the pride of others. And one man was heard to whisper to

his neighbour, 'A black fellow like him, that can't even call his big toe his own!' whilst little Harry looked round, proud and happy, saying in a loud whisper, 'Sam *peach*ing!'

By and by Sam waxed eloquent, as, in language telling and forcible from its very simplicity, he brought before them the Syrian scene of the storm and sudden calm which followed, drawing so vividly the picture he saw himself so clearly, that some of the men glanced askance at the sea, almost expecting to see a majestic form coming silently towards the ship over the waters. Then the transition was easy from the natural to the spiritual; and Sam drew a still more vivid picture of the storm which rages more or less in every human breast, and of the Power which can turn it into a calm, even as He laid the storm by three simple words, 'Peace, be still!'

When he paused, the captain, who had been standing near, listening attentively with folded arms, came forward, and, patting him on the back, said in a kind, patronizing tone, as though addressing a child who had been reciting something learned by rote for the amusement of the company, 'Well done, Sambo, very well done!' Poor Sam! the words, the touch, and, above all,

the tone, roused him from his dream, and, blushing painfully under the spell-bound gaze of the sailors, he was once more the self-conscious, humble slave, and slunk away to the side of the vessel.

'I wonder if he's hypocrite, parrot, or true Christian,' thought Mr. Bennet, who had listened with breathless interest to Sam's sermon. 'If he's the last, I would give all, ay, and more than all, I possess to have a faith such as his. But would I exchange places with him even to gain that?' he added, with a gloomy smile. 'Nothing in this life, and everything in the life to come! Nay, Edward Bennet, such sacrifice is not required of thee! The gospel is as free to me as to him,—as free to the freeman as to the slave; and yet—and yet'— and, lighting his cigar, he walked thoughtfully away.

PART SECOND.

THE STORM.

'Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down comes her mast with reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder;
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.'

. . . . . .

'Now is the ocean's bosom bare
Unbroken as the floating air!
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day;
No image meets my wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.'

BEFORE the sun set the wind had risen, and it was no longer a matter of doubt that a storm was brewing. The captain of *The Falmouth* made signals that his guests must remain on board all night, and the captain of *The Britannia* shook his head, and wished the night well over. He

knew that his vessel was scarcely sea-worthy, for she had sprung a leak during a storm encountered shortly after leaving Jamaica, and the pumps had been in use almost every day to lessen the water in the hold; and, strange as it may seem, the honest tar, fearing the worst, congratulated himself that the bulk of his passengers were safe on board *The Falmouth.* He would have been happier still had none but himself and his crew been left to wage unequal war with the fury of the elements.

'The wind's up at last!' cried Mr. Bennet, holding on his hat with both hands, whilst he steadied himself with difficulty. 'We're going to have a jolly blow. I'm glad of it, for one. I'm sick of that dead calm: it was enough to make a fellow sleep for ever.'

'Ay, ay,' said the captain drily, as he hurried past to give some orders to the mate.

'It's glorious!' cried the young man, catching hold of Sam Silva, who approached, staggering like a drunken man.

'Where's little Harry, Sam?' he asked.

'Massa Harry asleep in his berth, sir,' replied the negro; 'he be very frightened for the wind, and glad to be put in bed.'

'Poor dear, no wonder!' said Bennet. 'It's

almost a pity, though,' he added regretfully; 'he may never see the like again in his life,—it's magnificent! and so sudden after the calm. What, Sam, *you* are not frightened, are you?'

'Yes, I'm frightened,' said the negro solemnly. 'Who knows, Massa Bennet, what may happen before morning? Oh, if my Massa Harry was only safe!' he passionately ejaculated. 'If massa had only been here!'

'Pooh, pooh, nonsense!' cried Bennet gaily; 'there's no fear of the good ship *Britannia.* Sam, I guess she's stood many a stronger gale than this.'

At that moment the vessel gave a lurch, which laid them both rolling on the deck.

'Halloa!' cried Mr. Bennet, as, laughing and breathless, he regained his footing,—'Halloa! Sam, this storm will teach us the sailor dance.'

'Oh, massa, this be no time for fun,' said Sam; 'we may be very near eternity.'

A flash of lightning and a peal of thunder such as he had never heard before prevented the jesting reply rising to the young man's lips, and the negro hurried below to attend to his charge, fearing the noise might have roused him from his sleep. Keenly alive to beauty in

whatever form, Mr. Bennet kept his place on deck, and enjoyed the storm. Never before had he seen such lightning, never before heard such thunder,—the warring of the elements affording to him an exciting contrast to the dead calm which had preceded it.

'This is something like a storm! I wish I could paint the scene,' he cried to the captain, who paused for a moment by his side. 'There's no danger, I suppose?' he added. 'She's a noble craft: look how the masts bend to the storm!'

'Ay, she's a noble craft,' said the captain, looking up with melancholy pride at the towering masts of his gallant ship, 'and she's stood many a gale as bad as this; but, Mr. Bennet, it would be wrong to conceal our danger from you. That confounded leak ruined her for bad weather. Our only chance was to keep down the water, and it's gaining fast, though they are working at the pumps without intermission. Oh, sir, if you and that child had only been on board *The Falmouth!*'

'Counting the negro as nothing,' muttered Bennet between his set teeth.

The anguish depicted on the captain's face, even more than his words, roused for the first

time a sense of danger in his mind; but, of a happy, sanguine temperament, his alarm lasted only for a moment, and he put down the evident apprehensions of the captain to a sensitive fear for the safety of the passengers committed to his care.

'It's curious what cowards these sailors are,' he thought. 'It would have been liker me to be frightened than him. We have the boats, captain, if the worst come to the worst,' he said, half in jest.

'The best boats went to *The Falmouth*,' said the captain. 'We have only one left worth anything: we must make the best of *it* when the time comes,' he added; and Bennet thought he heard a groan, as he again hurried away to shout some orders to the sailors.

'Humph! it's beginning to look serious,' said the young man, no longer able to enjoy the solemn grandeur of the scene.

'Seven feet water in the hold; she'll founder before morning, sir,' said the mate, to whom he had applied for confirmation or denial of the captain's fears. 'We'll be glad of your help at the pumps, sir,' he added. 'We have fewer hands on account of the men who rowed the party to *The Falmouth*.'

Bennet eagerly agreed to the proposal, and, in the excitement of working hard, almost forgot that in a few hours time might be for him no more, and eternity begun. But when another took his place, he again sought the captain.

'I expect the wind may fall as suddenly as it rose,' said the latter; 'and if we hold out till then, we may get on board *The Falmouth.* But it's no longer even a question of time: she may founder at any moment, and no boat could live in that sea. God have mercy on our souls!' he added as he turned away.

'I wonder if he knows what he's saying!' muttered the young man to himself. 'These sailors get so accustomed to being face to face with death, I don't believe they really realize the awful nature of the fact. If he were lying dying on his bed at home, he might not speak so carelessly about his soul.'

Suddenly the storm broke forth with renewed fury, as though the spirit of the ocean, unwilling to lose its prey, was making a final effort to engulf its victims ere the expected calm came. In the midst of the uproar, Sam Silva arrived on deck with his little charge. The child, petrified with terror, was clasped to his bosom,

whilst his hands were convulsively clasped round his neck, and his face hidden in the negro's shoulder.'

'Well, Sam,' said Bennet, in a tone of affected carelessness, 'the captain says we are all going to the bottom!'

Really alarmed and impressed by the awful situation in which he and his fellow-sufferers stood, the young man was himself shocked by the lightness of his own words whenever they were uttered, and the negro was still more so.

'Ah, massa,' he said reproachfully, 'it is only our bodies that will go to the bottom of the sea. Oh,' he added, in a tone of passionate sadness, 'if the Lord would only hear my prayer, and save Massa Harry! If *he* were only safe!'

'Always the child!' thought Bennet. 'Has he no thoughts of the more precious souls around him? I suspect if it came to his life or the child's, Sam would look out for number one like his neighbours.'

'Sam,' said he, 'if that child were drowned, I suppose you think he would be sure to go to heaven?'

'Sure!' said the negro promptly. 'But oh, Massa Bennet, do not you speak of his being

drowned; he be left in my charge. If his father had only taken him to the other ship!'

'It's the fidelity of a faithful dog,' thought Bennet. 'If we're all drowned, what would it matter?—he would never need to face his master without the child,—he forgets that. You and he will go to heaven together, Sam,' he said, trying to speak in a kind, soothing tone, though really in a state of irritation at what he considered the negro's insensibility to the claims of others upon his sympathy.

A sudden flash of rapture lighted up for a moment the negro's face, but the very next moment he wailed, 'But Massa Harry be drowned! Massa Harry be drowned!'

'And you'll be drowned too!' retorted Bennet; and the black man shivered, but made no reply.

There they stood, side by side,—the bondman trembling in every limb, his very teeth chattering in his head, keenly alive even to the physical discomforts of the situation; shuddering, too, at the thought of the approach of the king of terrors, but with no fears or misgivings as to the future, for his confidence was placed in another, and not in himself,—Sam Silva was nothing, but Christ was everything. And there

stood the freeman, outwardly calm and composed, showing no signs of fear or trepidation,—even what men call brave,—caring little for the fury either of wind or waves, rising superior even to the fear of death, as death; but that sharp conflict once over, looking forward with mournful dismay to the dark futurity which lay beyond. In the one the material had for the time being conquered the spiritual; in the other the spiritual had absorbed the material: and at that moment Edward Bennet would have been only too glad to have changed places with Sam Silva.

Suddenly the wind began to fall, becoming gradually less and less boisterous, and, ere daylight began to struggle with the darkness, the storm was over, and, had *The Britannia* been sea-worthy, the danger would have been over too; but the ship was sinking, and the captain ordered the boat to be launched without delay.

All was immediately hurry and confusion; for the idea of saving the ship once abandoned, self-preservation became the order of the day, and in an incredibly short space of time every soul on board was in the boat, save Sam Silva and his charge. Sam had got excited like the others,

and, assisting to launch the boat, had for a few minutes abandoned the child, and no words can paint his dismay and remorse, when, on returning to the place where he had left him, he was nowhere to be seen. Harry was a sharp little fellow, and had heard every word of the conversation between Bennet and Sam; and, equally disliking the idea of being drowned or going to heaven, he had, thinking the time was now come, managed to secrete himself during the confusion.

Wildly the negro flew about the deck, shouting, 'Massa Harry! Massa Harry!' but no sweet childish voice responded to the familiar call; and, bewildered by the desperate urgency of the case, he lost his presence of mind, and wasted the few precious moments that remained.

'Sam Silva! Sam Silva! where are you? Make haste! they will cut the rope, and you and Harry will be left behind!' shouted Mr. Bennet, in tones of agonized entreaty; and, 'Sambo! Sambo! quick! quick!' cried the captain, in loud, peremptory tones: but Sam was neither to be seen nor heard.

'We have not a moment to lose,' ejaculated the captain. 'If we only had the child, that

foolish fellow might take his chance: he must have lost his senses!' and again he shouted, 'Sambo! Sambo!'

At that moment Sam appeared, his face exhibiting marks of the deepest anguish; and, as he looked over the side of the vessel at the upturned faces below, he wailed out, 'I have lost Massa Harry! I have lost Massa Harry!'

'Never mind the child; jump for your life, Sambo!' cried out the mate.

Sam hesitated. Life was sweet, delay was death; and there was the boat waiting for him, voice after voice shouting to him to come. But his hesitation lasted only for a moment; for how could he leave the child behind him,—the precious child left by his father in his care,—his own darling Massa Harry? and with the despairing cry, 'Massa Harry! wait for Massa Harry!' he again disappeared.

'Captain, you'll wait for him,—you'll never leave him behind!' cried Bennet.

'It's one life against all that are in the boat, sir,' replied the captain. 'We have not a moment to lose. If I had only brought the child!' he added, with a groan at the thought of facing Harry's father, and, unwilling to give the order

to cut the rope, he again shouted, 'Sambo! Sambo!'

'Leave Harry, Sam,' cried Mr. Bennet; 'you know he's sure to go to heaven,' he added, utterly oblivious at the moment of how strange his words must appear to his listeners.

But no Sam appeared, and mutinous murmurs at the delay arose amongst the crew. 'She's settling down,' said the mate, 'and it will take hard rowing at the best to get clear, and not be drawn down along with her;' and, all unwilling as he was, the captain gave the word to cut the rope.

At that instant Sam Silva appeared once more with the child in his arms. He had found him in his crib, his head buried in the bed-clothes, innocently hiding from the threatened danger. To seize him in his arms and spring up the cabin stairs like lightning was the work of a very few moments; for, with the child in his arms, Sam's presence of mind was completely restored. Another moment and they might both have been safe in the boat; but the terrified child, divining his intention, tightened his grasp of Sam's neck, and kicked and struggled in a manner which precluded all freedom of action.

'Throw him down, and jump yourself, Sam; the rope's cut,' cried several of the men in one breath; but Sam took another way of it. Forcing with loving violence the little hands from their convulsive clasp, and pausing not even to take one last kiss, he held him out at arm's length over the ship's side, and just as the boat glided swiftly away, he dropped him into Mr. Bennet's outstretched arms, crying, in clear, firm accents, 'I give him to you, Massa Bennet; you give him to his father.'

Mr. Bennet could not speak; but as the half-conscious child hid his eyes on his shoulder in a panic of terror, he clasped him to his bosom, and the action was enough for the faithful, trusting Sam.

'Farewell, Massa Bennet!' he cried, in a grateful tone; and, obeying a sudden impulse, the remembrance of which surprised him not a little when he thought of it afterwards, Mr. Bennet disengaged his right hand from the child, and, looking back, pointed upwards. Sam understood him at once, and, with a smile, cried something which was inaudible to those in the boat, already at a considerable distance from the ship.

'Can he swim?' asked the captain, in a hoarse voice.

'Not one stroke!' said a sailor, as he passed the back of his hand across his eyes, adding an oath, really intended as an expression of genuine sympathy.

'Oh!' cried Mr. Bennet, in a tone of anguish, and as though suddenly awaking from a dream, 'could we not have waited for him? can we not return yet?'

'Impossible!' cried the captain; 'she's going down fast. Our only chance is to be far enough away to save being sucked down after her. I wish we were all safe on board *The Falmouth.* Row for your lives, my men;' and the boat flew rapidly on, the distance between it and the ship becoming perceptibly greater at each stroke of the oars.

'After all, he's only a poor nigger; I'm glad the child's safe,' Bennet heard him muttering to himself; and with a choking sensation in his throat, the young man clasped still closer the charge given him by the faithful slave,—faithful to the last, faithful even to death,—and as the occurrences of the last few hours rushed through his mind, large tears fell from his eyes on the curly head of poor Sam's 'Massa Harry.'

At length safe beyond the circle of water clearly defined around the sinking vessel, they

paused on their oars to watch the solemn scene, and see the last of the gallant ship on board which they had felt so safe only the day before; and, as the morning sun suddenly broke forth in all his splendour, the form of Sam Silva was distinctly seen kneeling on the deck, now nearly on a level with the water, his hands clasped as though in prayer, and his eyes raised to heaven. Various exclamations broke forth from the sailors at the sight, the man who had spoken before announcing his conviction that 'Sambo was *sartain sure* to go aloft;' whilst Mr. Bennet gazed till he could gaze no longer, and then, shuddering and shivering, he closed his eyes, and never opened them again till roused by the arrival of the boat at the side of *The Falmouth.* Sam's figure, as he knelt upon the deck of the sinking *Britannia,* was ever after associated in his mind with that of the martyr Stephen; and who can tell but that at that moment the black man's spiritual vision was equal to that of the bold defender of the truth, and that, like him, he saw the gates of heaven standing open ready to receive him!

That scene Edward Bennet never forgot,—it proved the turning-point in his career; and when tempted at any time, during a long life of Chris-

tian faith and hope, to forget the realities of eternity in the trifles of time, his wandering thoughts were always recalled to a sense of their supreme importance by the recollection of the faith, fidelity, and courage of the negro slave, SAM SILVA.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM OLIPHANT & CO.,

57, FREDERICK STREET,

EDINBURGH.

———o———

ADAH, THE JEWISH MAIDEN: A Story of the Siege of Jerusalem. In crown 8vo, Illustrated. Price 5s.

LAURENCE GILLMORE, PEASANT AND PASTOR. By the late Rev. A. WILLINS. Illustrated. In small crown. Price 2s. 6d.

THE NOBLE PRINTER OF THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE: A Story of John Gutenberg. In crown 8vo, Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d.

JOSEPH PILMOR; SAM SILVA; And other Stories. By the Author of 'Tibby the Charwoman,' etc. etc. In extra foolscap, Illustrated. Price 2s.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*THE SLAVE, THE SERF, AND THE FREE-*MAN. Translated and adapted by Mrs. CAMPBELL OVEREND. In neat small crown 8vo, with Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

THE STORY OF AIMEE; or, A Life's Discipline. By the Author of the 'Diamond Wreath,' 'The Wish and the Way,' etc. *Uniform with the above.* Price 3s. 6d.

SCRIPTURE STORIES IN VERSE. With Sacred Songs and other Pieces. By JOHN EDMOND, D.D., London. In extra foolscap. Price 3s.

THE BESIEGED CITY, AND THE HEROES OF SWEDEN. Translated and Compiled by Mrs. CAMPBELL OVEREND. In extra foolscap, with Illustrations. Price 2s.

THE WANDERINGS OF MASTER PETER IN SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE. Translated and Compiled by Mrs. CAMPBELL OVEREND. *Uniform with the above.* Price 2s.

JOSEPH THE JEW: A Tale founded on Facts. By Mrs. SCOTT, Author of 'Tales of my Sunday Scholars,' etc. A New Edition. With Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

MARY MATHIESON; or, Duties and Difficulties. By the same Author. *Uniform with the above.* An entirely New Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

EDINBURGH: W. OLIPHANT & CO.

BOOKS PUBLISHED AT 3s. 6d.

WILLIAM FAREL, and the Story of the Swiss Reformation. By the Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn, Author of 'Young Calvin in Paris,' etc. Crown 8vo, with Frontispiece, price 3s. 6d.

'Its facts are grouped so skilfully, and its scenes portrayed so vividly, that it equals in interest any romance.'—*Literary World.*

'We have read it with intense satisfaction, and commend it with all possible earnestness to young and old.'—*Christian Witness.*

CLIFFORD CASTLE: A Tale of the English Reformation. By Mrs. Mackay, Author of 'The Family at Heatherdale,' etc. Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

EASTERN MANNERS Illustrative of Scripture History. By R. Jamieson, D.D. Fifth Edition. Illustrated. In Two Volumes, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. I. Old Testament History; Vol. II. New Testament History.

DUNALLAN; or, Know what you Judge. By Grace Kennedy. Crown 8vo. Ninth Edition. Price 3s. 6d.

THOUGHTS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE. By Francis Lord Bacon. Selected from his Works by the Rev. J. G. Hall. With Preface by the Rev. John Cairns, D.D., Berwick. Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE. By the Rev. A. Morton, Edinburgh. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

Contents:—

Part I.—1. Home. 2. The Husband. 3. The Wife. 4. The Father. 5. The Mother. 6. The Child.

Part II.—1. The Family Circle in Prosperity. 2. The Family Circle in Adversity. 3. The Family Circle Dispersed. 4. The Family Circle in the Grave. 5. The Family Circle in Eternity.

THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES; Viewed in connection with Egyptian Antiquities. By the Rev. Thornley Smith, Author of 'The History of Joseph.' Second Edition. Beautifully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

THE HISTORY OF JOSHUA; Viewed in connection with the Topography of Canaan and the Customs of the Times. By the Rev. Thornley Smith. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS, ALL SUITABLE FOR HOME READING AND SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES, ARE PUBLISHED AT

HALF-A-CROWN EACH,

Neatly bound in Cloth, foolscap 8vo.

Edged Tools.
By the Author of 'Win and Wear.'

Witnessing for Jesus in the Homes of the Poor: A Narrative of Mission Work in New York.

The Great Pilot and His Lessons.
By the Rev. Dr. NEWTON, Author of 'Best Things.'

Anna Ross:
The Orphan of Waterloo. By GRACE KENNEDY.

Father Clement.
A Roman Catholic Story. By the same Author.

Joseph the Jew.
A Tale founded on Facts.

The Lost Senses.
Deafness and Blindness. By JOHN KITTO, D.D.

Mary Mathieson; or, Duties and Difficulties.

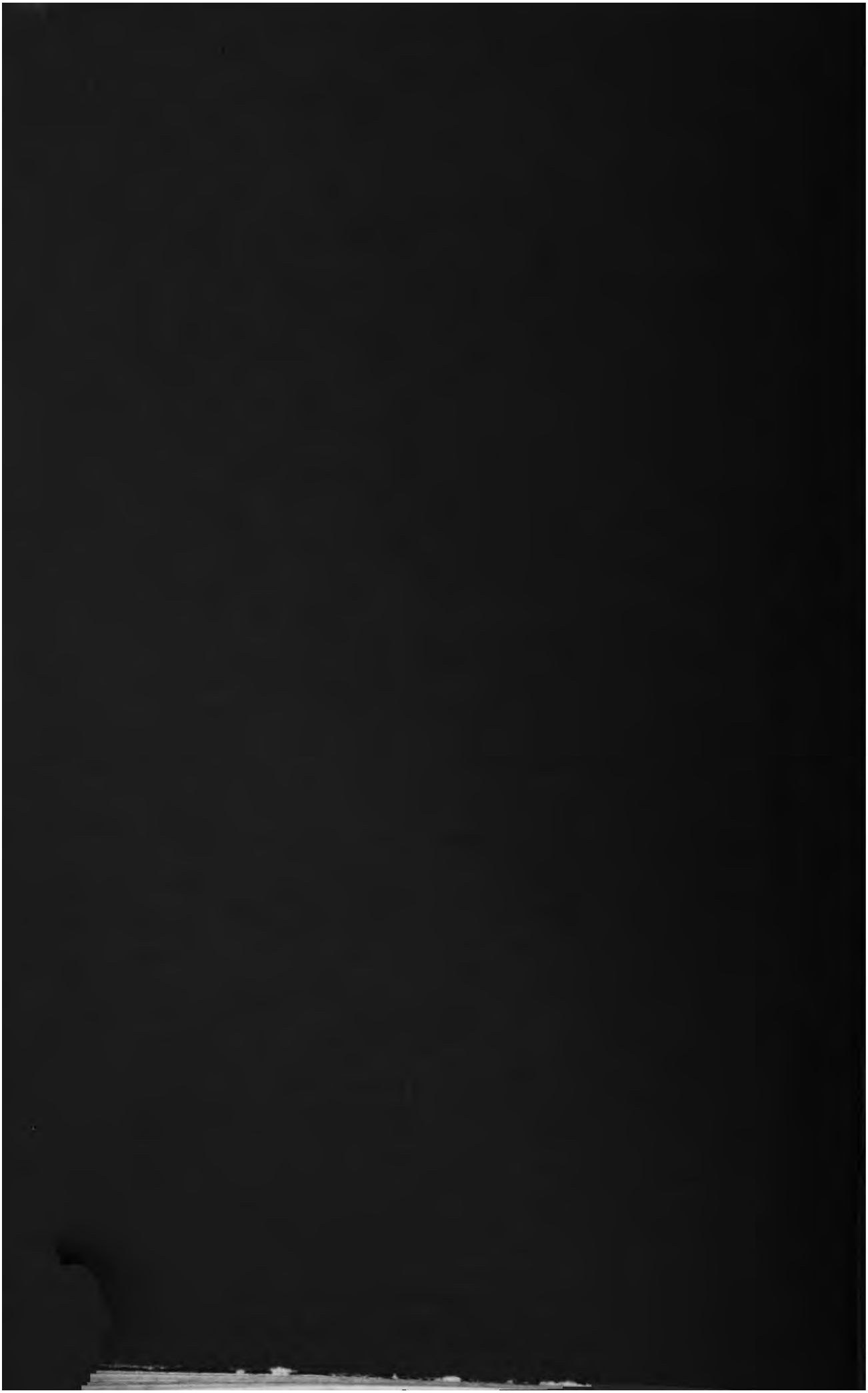
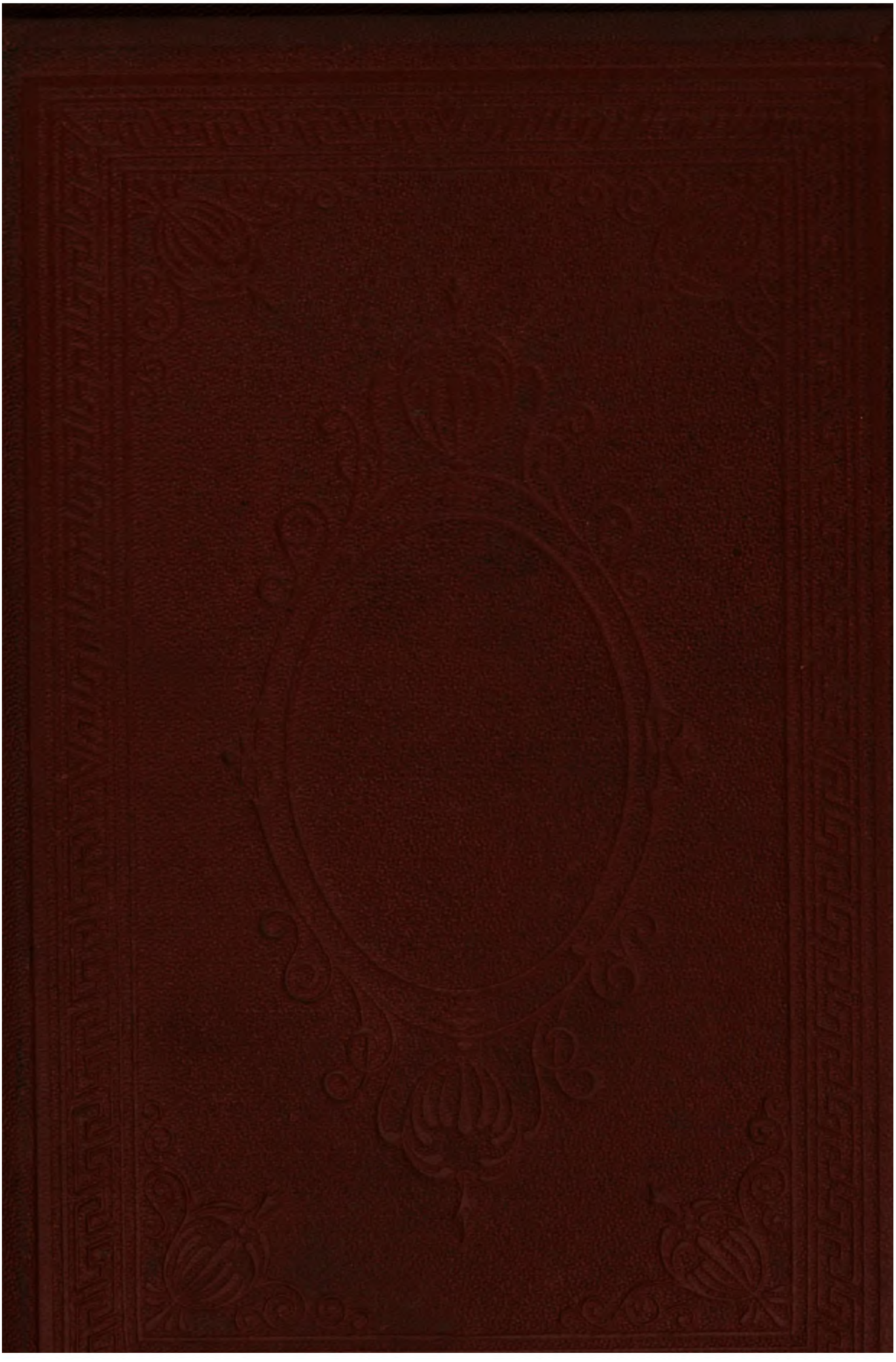
The Orphans of Glenulva.
A Tale of Scottish Life.

The Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, Dundee.

Tales of the Covenanters.
By ROBERT POLLOK, Author of 'The Course of Time.' With Memoir, Portrait, Vignette, and Illustrations.

Tales of the Scottish Peasantry.
By Rev. HENRY DUNCAN, D.D., Author of 'The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.'

Anecdotes on the Old Testament.
By JOHN WHITECROSS.

Life of Mary Lundie Duncan.

Katie Johnstone's Cross; or, The Discipline of Life.