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night did he lie awake weeping as if his heart would break. It is almost impossible of belief, but Mary, hearing him crying, and affirming that he kept her awake, rushed into his tiny room, and on this, the first night of her widowhood, when surely sorrow might have given tenderness to her bosom, beat him so sorely that the woman on the next floor, whom none suspected of pitifulness, cried shame upon her in the hearing of all the other tenants of the house. Then the boy wished that he could die, and be buried with the only friend he had ever known.

"And well indeed might he form such a wish, for a cruel life did he live from that day on. There were no societies in those days for the protection of children as there are now, thank heaven! in these better times. Of course, even in Quality-row there were some remnants of human feeling, and the neighbours could not help noticing that the boy was ill done by, and some of them did not hesitate to speak; but it was of little use, for Mary was not a

woman to brook much interference, and the sharpness of her tongue and the weight of her hand were so well-known among the folks around that remonstrance was not pushed too far. Of course, there was no more schooling for the boy; Mary took in washing, and he was of too much use to be spared. In the actual work of the wash-kitchen and in fetching and carrying the clothes he was kept slaving from morning until night. Often the baskets were heavy and the toil was hard for one so young, and many a night the child was almost too weary to drag his tired limbs to bed. Once he formed a design of running away, but Mary got wind of it, and so punished him that he never dared even to think of such a thing again. Once he knocked timidly at the door of the workhouse, but before it could be opened incontinently fled. He learned no games, for he had no time to play. He formed no companionships for the same reason. Only for one hour in all the seven days could he be said to live, and that hour was on the Sunday

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afternoon, when Mary, wanting a nap, thrust him forth to the Sunday School. Cowed and crushed though he was, the child had wit enough to make the best of that one opportunity, and, in his longing for knowledge, so applied himself as to learn almost all his teacher had to impart. He was a strange, silent sort of a being, wonderfully strong and healthy, notwithstanding all his hard treatment and poor and scanty provender, but shy and reserved of manner and old-manish in his ways. How could he be otherwise who never knew a childhood and never really tasted love?

"In this terrible way two more years passed over. Then it happened—the event which our friend is convinced, from internal evidence, could never have occurred. Let me see—he said it was psychologically impossible. Thank God he is wrong!

"It was on a winter's night, and the boy had been sent with a basket of clothes to a house at the other end of the town. It is standing yet; indeed, it is the very house I am living in to-day. 'Twas dreadfully cold, and the child was almost perished, for his feet were bare, and his garments were in rags. As he returned he came opposite the door of 'the Ranter Chapel,' as the Primitive Methodist sanctuary was called in those times. The door stood open, the place looked bright and inviting, and the boy crept in, and stole, with his basket, into an empty pew just within the entrance. That night the good people were holding a revival meeting, and the brother in the pulpit was a blind man famous as an evangelist. He was not much of a preacher, I have heard, but a wonderful singer, and the place was almost full. It was very warm, and the tired boy fell asleep. He said afterwards that as he slept he dreamed that he was in heaven with Joe Meadows. Suddenly he was awakened by the grip of a hand upon his tattered sleeve. He looked up; Mary had found him! 'Get out, you little rat,' she hissed, and the child, terrified, ran home over the snow-covered ground. But too well did he know what lay before him. On his hard bed in his closet of a room he lay, trembling and waiting for his tormentor to return.

"But the time went on, and Mary did not come. St. Andrew's clock struck eight—nine—ten—and still she lingered. The bairn was just in the act of opening the door to look

down the street when he heard her footfall upon the threshold, and fled back to bed in a sweat of fear. She lifted the latch; he could hear her come into the kitchen. She fumbled with the fastenings of his bedroom door. He trembled, and cried out as he had done so often before. 'Oh, dunna, dunna bate me,' he wailed. She came through the darkness toward his miserable bed.

(To be Continued.)

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