

turn of events. The short winter's day was drawing to a close, and in the gathering dusk he too, at first, failed to recognize the ring leader of the motley group.

Uncle Ben, however, with his heart beating at first with some slight trepidation, and afterwards with sheer astonishment, quickly recognized the golden head and clear high voice of his nephew.

"Oh, it is! it is!" shouted Ronald. "Oh, Uncle Ben, I am so glad to see you, and Aunt Eleanor is not here—oh, how lucky I am! how glad I am! Dear Uncle Ben, I want you to buy all these pincushions; see, there are two crabs, and one green frog, isn't he pretty? the crabs are fourpence a piece, but you might give sixpence for them, for he'll have to sip so often at his mixture, and the frog is fivepence, but really and truly he's worth eightpence, for he's a great beauty—and here's one packet of needles left, and a bodkin. It's a very large bodkin, and would do nicely if you wanted to put tapes on any of your clothes in a hurry. Oh, Uncle Ben, please buy them all up at once, for he's quite starving, and he's very, very ill!"

Here Ronald's little voice choked, and his eyes grew misty.

Uncle Ben for a moment felt quite bewildered; he had long ago assured himself that nothing Ronald chose to do would astonish him very much, that any vagary, however strange, might be expected of so strange a boy—but now what with the surprise and annoyance of being suddenly interrupted in his drive, of having the damp November air blowing on his rheumatic old limbs, of finding the carriage suddenly surrounded by a motley group of village children, and he himself as suddenly deluged with a little shower of pincushions of grotesque shape, to say nothing of needles which stuck themselves over his thick carriage-rug; and last, but not least, having a hideous bodkin nearly thrust into his face with the remark that it would be of invaluable assistance to him in any sudden emergencies of his toilet. All these things were too much for his irascible old temper, and he threw back the pincushions, and those needles which he could secure, into Ronald's basket, with the remark, "You are a very bad boy, sir; how dare you rush about with those little village urchins? This is as bad, or worse, than your trick with the bonfire, sir! I'll catch my death from this cold and exposure, yes, of course, I'll catch my death. Here, sir, get into the carriage at once and shut the door, and deliver up that basket to one of those urchins—you have nothing to say to it."

"Yes, but I have, Uncle Ben; you don't, oh, you don't understand. It's Solomon's basket, and Solomon is very ill, very, very ill—he can't speak he's so ill, and he has such a dreadful cough. I have been carrying round his basket for him to try and sell his things, and to get him a little money; but I've only made tenpence as yet, and his mixture costs a shilling. Oh, Uncle Ben, do ask Andrew's to

turn the horses' heads, and let us drive down Duke's Lane—he's in a back room on the ground floor of No. 11 Duke's Lane, and you can't think how ill he is, and he has nobody with him. Do let us go there at once, Uncle Ben, I know you have only to see old Solomon for you heart to bleed. Oh, Uncle Ben, you are such a splendid brave soldier, and even though your wounds are aching, and the damp is bad for them, you will come with me to see Old Solomon?"

Uncle Ben began to wonder what influence this queer boy was having over him—he did not smile or respond in any friendly way. With all the force he was capable of he drew the boy down to sit by him in the carriage, and then putting his head out of the window he snarled some directions to the driver.

"No. 11 Duke's Lane, as quick as you can." Then as he drew up the window sash and reseated himself by his nephew's side, he continued, "Tut, tut, Ronald! this kind of thing can't go on, you know, it's absolutely past a joke that you should be taking up with all the beggars in the village; why, you may be getting all kinds of horrible infections, poking your nose into these low, dirty places! Now listen to me, sir. I won't tell your aunt this time, for if I did you'd never hear the end of it; but when we get to Duke's Lane you are not to stir a step out of the carriage—no, not a step, sir. I'll go in myself to see the man, whoever he is, and if he's in need I'll give him some charity; do you hear me, sir? you have got to obey me in this particular."

Ronald nodded brightly, "Of course I'll obey you, dear Uncle Ben," he said; "I'm glad you are going to see old Solomon."

When they reached their destination and Uncle hobbled feebly out of the carriage, Ronald shouted after him, "Be sure you tell Solomon to sip, sip, at his mixture, and to do it constantly, for that's what Mrs. Mason does."

Uncle Ben vouchsafed no reply, but drawing his circular cape tightly round him he walked feebly down the gloomy little passage which led to the small back room where Solomon lay. He was gone some time, a long, long time, Ronald thought, and when at last he came back, his rubicund old face was quite pale, and he trembled a good deal as he re-entered the carriage.

"You did not tell me he was so bad as that, boy," he said; "you did not prepare me for what I was to see."

"How is he now?" asked Ronald; "how is his cough? Has his mixture—"

Uncle Ben held up his hand to stop the eager torrent of words.

"He'll never cough again, Ronald," he said, in quite a subdued and gentle voice; "he was all alone, as you said, poor old creature, and when I went in he was just breathing his last; he tried very hard to say 'God bless'—I expected he wanted to ask God to bless you, Ronnie."

[To be continued.]

BAPTISED.

At Albion Mines, N.S., Ernest and Jane, son and daughter of Ernest and Jane Cooper, of Jacksonville, Florida.

On July 21st, received into the Church, at the Christ Church, Albion Mines, Elizabeth Ann Hoar.

MARRIED.

FINLAYSON-WELSH—At Stellarton, N.S., by Rev. Rural Dean Moore, Rector, Daniel Finlayson, of Thornburn, to Elsie Welch, of Westville.

TAYLOR-HOLDEN—At Trinity Church, Jordan Falls, on June 27th, by Rev. Dr. White, assisted by Rev. T. W. Johnson, George S. Taylor to Laura, daughter of James Holden, Esq.

GRIFFITH-WESTBY—At St. Mary's Church, Bellefleur, June 20th, by the Rector, Alfred E. F. Griffith to Margaret E. Westby.

DIED.

RUSSELL—Entered into the rest of Paradise, at New Ross, Lunenburg Co., N.S., on July 21st, Alma Russell, aged 28 yrs. "Let light perpetual shine upon her."

BOWSON—On July 26th, at Albion Mines, N.S., Margaret Jane Bowson.

HOLLANDS—On July 19th, at the Parsonage, Bonne Bay, Nfld., from bronchitis, Edgar Wilfrid Blanchard, infant son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Hollands, aged 55 days.

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