ir, and then of her face. ears stream-eks, and she

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l have you w her more knew you had lifted. emselves in little rem-

a Protest-

re him that r principles, efore him, as Il the splen-his fearless-

ess, his free-sion of gain. was whiled his many ad-and then his

nd rest.

r," he sannie. I
say all t

, poor fellow , he clasped his hammock, ourse, Annie ald never be,

ald never be, a I began to ntil—. And no me all about at I had no bould box the sist, or horse-i's get hold of insteries and ined to me all hen the good to me, 'Do olie Church If Annie bes, and I bes.

hes, and I beres, isn't that
Jove he was
e had to say
zed; and we
re, sir, I hope
call to glory
nt any other

clier life, the hardly accept as a prelimin-ch; but now on of sorrow ath the apparage character, accessed, with is father had is conversion

re to see dad.
ger since we
e puts on his
down his hair
uite a beau.
y little scene
We were

We were
, and Jack's
e's great tendad said: 'I
d a wish that
, Aunie.' And
'I heard you,

on, I suppose," e entered the e trap for me; fell into it."

ne hours each
s old favorite
e theologians,
ed with. His
ure. She took
to read one of
as beyond her
ld Horace had

ngs. But she en he stopped nderstand the ie?"
cognize a word
is all."
think

the magician, ng the Horace, in Virgil. time, opening but he seemed

Thomas," she Greek to me; d so that you,

to read slowly
he Summa. He
ow, and apparire. But, the
than in former
nowed signs of

cle," she said t misgave her, hat Dion calls a of fighting and and lightning; th a course of

never read a of life.

She brought aggested; but a but alas! it was sorrow of the

angry.
w and trouble
said, "without
pictured mis-

; and looked manner. eek Testament, and she took it

must keep up der can I trans-

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