

**Be Careful What You Sow, Boys.**

BY G. C. CASE.

Be careful what you sow, boys;  
For seed will surely grow, boys.  
The dew will fall, the rain will splash,  
The clouds grow dark, the sunshine  
flash;  
And he who sows good seed to-day,  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys;  
The weed you plant will grow, boys.  
The scattered seed from thoughtless  
hand

Must gathered be by God's command;  
And he who sows wild oats to-day,  
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed, boys;  
And not the briars and weeds, boys.  
The harvest time its joys shall bring;  
And when we reap our hearts shall sing;  
For he who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

**NEMO**

OR

**The Wonderful Door.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SHADY LANE.

What was it in the words and the tune of the hymn which Nemo had sung that made them cling to Abel, and sound in his ears, in spite of all his efforts to forget them? When he lay down to sleep that night, he seemed still to hear the child singing—

"No room, no room; ye cannot enter now."

And even in his dreams the song haunted him; for he dreamt that he was standing outside a beautiful house, the windows of which were shining brightly, and that he could hear from inside the sound of more lovely music than he had ever heard before.

Presently, as he watched, many people dressed in white came up to the door of the house and entered it, and after a time he saw Nemo and Amos coming up the road hand-in-hand. The door was thrown open to them at once, and a stream of light came out as they went in and fell on the road outside. Abel hurried to the door, that he might follow them in, and he would have passed into the light and the warmth inside, but the door was closed in his face, and he found himself left alone in the darkness outside.

Then he stood for a long, long time by the door, knocking and beating with his fists against it, but no one took any notice of him. He cried for Amos, for Nemo, for any one who was inside, to take pity on him and to open the door; but the hours passed by and no one came near him. The wind blew chill and cold, and he shivered as he stood by the door in the darkness, with his ear closely pressed against it, and as he strained it to listen for voices inside. But no one came to open to him, and he thought that he heard the glad music within turn to a dismal, mournful air, and all at once he was persuaded that they were singing Nemo's hymn—

"No room, no room; ye cannot enter now."

When Abel awoke, he shivered almost as much as he had done in his dream; but he roused himself, and, muttering that dreams were silly things, he at once set about the work of the day, and did all he could to forget what had passed the night before. But somehow or other, in spite of all his efforts, he could not shake off the remembrance of it, for as he drove along the very wheels of the cart seemed to be repeating—

"No room, no room; ye cannot enter now."

About midday they passed through a quiet little village where a funeral was going on, and the tolling bell seemed to Abel to be saying, "Late, late—late—too, too late," and to be just the echo of Nemo's words to him the day before.

They had left the forest far behind now, and had turned off in the direction of the moors. Already they had come across patches of pink and lilac heather growing by the wayside, and Nemo had brightened up at the sight of it, and had seemed more cheerful than he had done since the dog left them. Soon after, they saw, stretching out before them, the great moors they had crossed the year before, and over which they now

intended to cross in order to reach Everton. But between them and the moors still lay a green, fertile valley filled with trees, and at the bottom of this valley, and nestling amongst the trees, lay a large village, in which Abel hoped to do a great deal of business, and in which he intended to pass the night.

Near this village, and only a little way removed from it, stood two large houses, belonging evidently to wealthy men, for they were surrounded by gardens, lawns, hothouses, and stables, and were approached by smooth carriage drives, leading through fine masses of shrubbery and plantation. The high road divided the grounds belonging to these houses, and Abel made up his mind to call at both of them, and try to dispose of some of his baskets.

The house which stood on the right-hand side of the road was built of white brick, and was almost hidden by the fine trees which surrounded it. Abel did not venture to open the gate and to lead his donkey up to the grand entrance, so he stood waiting outside for some time, and looking down the road for some one who would be able to direct him. At length a boy in a smock-frock passed, and bade him drive about a quarter of a mile farther down the road, where he would find on the right-hand side a green shady lane, which led to the coach-house and stables of the great house.

Abel soon discovered this lane, and they turned down it at once. There was a wood on either side of it, and the trees met overhead, and made a quiet, cool shade, which was very refreshing to them after the heat and dust of the unshaded road. When they had passed some way down this lane, they saw to their right a large gate, and they found that this opened into the stable-yard, and that close by was the coachman's cottage, with a pretty garden in front of it, and that there were bee-hives standing in a small stackyard close by.

Abel opened the door, and at that moment a woman crossed the yard on her way from the cottage to the stables. He told her who he was, and why he had come, and asked if he might be allowed to show some of his baskets at the great house. Just at that time a gentleman came into the yard, and, after inquiring who Abel was, he bade him return to his cart and bring any basket tables or chairs that he might happen to have with him. He told him to take them up to the rose-garden, where his wife and daughters were then sitting, as he felt sure they would like to buy some.

Abel was only too glad to do as he was told, and the coachman's wife offered to show him the way to the rose-garden. "But what shall I do with my cart?" he asked; "is there any place in which I can leave it?"

"Oh, it will be all right outside," said the woman. "No one will come down the lane. I see you have a boy there; he can hold the donkey, can't he?"

"Yes, he can hold it," said Abel doubtfully, for he did not like the idea of leaving Nemo alone.

But the woman did not notice his hesitation, and assuring him that the rose-garden was not far away, and that she would carry some of his things for him, she took hold of two basket-chairs and led the way to the gardens, leaving Abel to follow her as quickly as he could.

"Sit still, Nemo," said Abel, "and just hold the reins; I shan't be long."

"Oh, it's nice here," said the child, who was turning over the leaves of a book. "You needn't be in a hurry, Abel; I'll take care of everything."

The little man then hastened to follow his guide up to the gardens, where he found the lady and her daughters; and they were so pleased with his goods that they bought everything he had brought to show them; and Abel hurried back with empty hands and with a pocket full of money, to tell Nemo how well he had prospered. He had been away about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and he wondered if the child would be tired of waiting.

He opened the stable gate and turned into the lane, but to his surprise he could see nothing of the cart. The lane was a very winding one, so that he could not look far down it, and he concluded that Nemo must have driven on a little farther, though he felt somewhat surprised that he should have done so after he had bidden him to remain where he was.

No knowing in which direction the cart might have gone, he went first towards the high road which he had left, thinking that perhaps the child was waiting for him at the place where they had turned down the lane. But seeing no sign of the cart in that direction, he came quickly back, and ran as fast as he could down the lane beyond the stables. To his great joy, about a quarter of a mile from the coach-house gate, he saw in front of him the cart, safe and sound, standing by the side of the road, whilst the

donkey was nibbling the ferns and grass that grew on the high bank by the side of the road.

Abel hurried forward, only too thankful that he had at last caught sight of the lost cart.

"Nemo," he cried, "turn round, we're not going that way! Be quick!"

But no answer came from the cart. "He must be very much taken up with what he's reading," said Abel to himself.

"What a boy he is for a book, to be sure!" So he called out no more, but went quietly forward, intending to surprise Nemo by climbing on the back of the cart and looking at him through the little window. He soon came up to the place, and the donkey, hearing his footsteps, turned round to look at him; he mounted on the back of the cart and peeped in; expecting to see the child curled away in his usual corner and intent on one of his story-books, of which he had brought a good supply with him.

But, to his horror and dismay, no child was there. Nemo was gone; his little darling, the very joy of his life, had disappeared.

"Nemo, Nemo!" he cried, with a wild piercing cry, "where are you? Come back to me, Nemo!" But no answer came, although he cried aloud till he was hoarse; no sound was to be heard but the buzzing of the flies under the hedge, and the cawing of the rooks in the trees near the great house.

Turning the donkey round, Abel drove back as quickly as he could to the stable, calling Nemo all the way; and then he sought out the coachman's wife, and told her his boy had disappeared, and begged her to find out if any one about the stable-yard had seen him. There was, however, no one near the stables at the time except a lad who was employed in the gardens for part of the day, and who had come in tired, and had fallen asleep on the hay in the loft. Nor was there any one in the coachman's house but the baby and a little girl who was looking after it, and who declared that she had never been out of the kitchen, and had not even seen the basket-cart go by.

In the greatest distress, and with every kind of fear filling his heart, poor Abel went on towards the village, asking for news of Nemo from every one he met on the road, but receiving none, and becoming more and more disheartened and miserable every moment.

As soon as he arrived at the little inn, he left his cart there, and went to the house of the village policeman and told his sorrowful tale. Then they set forth together, and wandered about until late at night, looking for the child in all directions, and making inquiry of every one in the neighbourhood. But no one had seen Nemo, no one knew anything of him, nor was it until late that evening that they discovered the slightest clue to the direction which he had taken when he left the cart.

Then, whilst they were searching the wood on the opposite side of the road to the coachman's house, Abel's foot stumbled against something, and, picking it up, he found it to be the book that Nemo had held in his hand when he last saw him. This book was lying about a hundred yards from the road, at the foot of a Scotch fir tree. They now looked eagerly about for footsteps, but the ground was too dry for any to be seen, nor, although they returned to the spot with lanterns and searched until late at night, could they discover anything further.

The country policeman was a kind and active man; he was thoroughly touched by the dwarf's anxiety; and he showed so much sympathy and feeling, that Abel unburdened his heavily-laden heart by telling him Nemo's strange story, and by describing to him the man they had seen on the moors, and by relating to him the extraordinary disappearance of the dog, and all the strange and suspicious circumstances that had clustered round them ever since they had had that mysterious encounter on the moors.

The policeman was strongly of opinion that the child had not wandered away nor been lost in the ordinary sense of the word, but that his disappearance was in some way connected with the strange man who had frightened them so much before. This thought made Abel very miserable, yet he could not but own that there was every probability of its being correct.

It was terrible to have to give up the search on account of the darkness of the night, and to have to go to bed in the village inn, in awful uncertainty as to the fate of his own little Nemo. He never closed his eyes, but lay awake, turning over in his mind first one plan and then another which might lead to the discovery of the child. And as soon as dawn came, Abel was on foot again, wandering through the woods, searching on the moors, and inquiring at the cottages, as he had done the night before.

Later on in the day the policeman went with him to the house of the county magistrate, and he told his tale to him; and notice of what had occurred was sent to the other police stations in the neighbourhood, and an advertisement was drawn up for insertion in the county newspapers, describing the child, and offering a reward for any information which might lead to his discovery.

For a whole week poor Abel hovered about the place, trying to obtain some news of his lost darling, but at length he felt it was of no use to remain longer, for by that time Nemo had probably been taken many miles away, so he inquired which was the nearest way home, and set off on his lonely dismal journey back to the town. How should he tell Amos what had happened! How could he ever bring himself to break to him the terrible news that their little lad was gone!

Leaving the donkey in the stable on his arrival he went to the house in which Amos lived, and slowly ascended the steep staircase. Amos knew his step, and opened the door at the top.

"Why, Abel, my lad," he cried joyfully, "it does my heart good to hear thee. I've counted the days till thee should come. Where's the child? Bring him up, and we'll have tea together. The kettle's just on the boil, and ye shall have a good cup of tea to refresh ye after your drive."

Abel made no answer, but came slowly on, and when he entered the room he had no need to speak, for his face of utter despair and misery told its own tale.

"Abel, my lad, what is it?" said Amos. "Tell me quick. It is some heavy sorrow—I know it is! Is the little lad dead?"

"No, not dead, Amos, not dead!" said Abel.

"Thank God for that," said the old man in a trembling voice,—"thank God for that! Then he is ill, Abel, ill, and likely to die—is that it?"

"No, not ill, Father Amos, not ill—at least, not that I know of; but he is gone."

"Gone! where, Abel?" asked the old man.

Then Abel told him the whole sorrowful story; and they sat together until midnight, talking it over, and sharing their fears and surmises and suspicions regarding it.

Abel did not forget to tell Amos that he had also lost the dog, and they both agreed that the two disappearances were very closely connected together.

"Before we part, Abel, we must tell the Lord about it," said the old man; "let us kneel down together," and taking the dwarf's hand in his, old Amos prayed in a trembling voice, often choked by sobs: "O Lord, thou knowest how we love our little Nemo, our own little lad, the only treasure me and Abel has got. Lord, we know not where he is this night, but thou knowest. Lord, be with him. Lord, save and keep him from all harm to body and soul. Lord, bring him back safe to us, if it be thy blessed will. O Lord, have pity on us, for the Saviour's sake. Amen."

He could say no more, for words failed him; nothing but sobs could be heard, and Abel wept as he had never done in his life before. It was a very terrible blow which had fallen on these two men, and neither of them had as yet recovered from the first shock of it. But the old man had a friend, ever present and ever full of love, on whom he could rely for help; the young man had to bear his grief unaided and un comforted. He had not prayed when Nemo was with him and when all went well, how could he pray now?

So Abel was alone in his desolation.

(To be continued.)

**WHITE AND RED ROSES.**

The white and red rose—the York and the Lancaster—are associated with war-like memory. For as fierce and deadly a battle as any recorded in English history was fought upon a field where a rose peculiar to the spot used to grow. It is a rare plant now; and the reason for this is explained in an account of the Yorkshire battles. Mr. Leadman, after describing the terrible conflict at Towton, England, on Palm Sunday, 1461, says:

"I cannot conclude this story of Towton Field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the 'Field of the White Rose and the Red.' They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but visitors have carried them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is shameful, for the little plants are unique, and said to be unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white with a red spot in the centre of each petal. As they grow on the under-surface reddens."