

when he passed his uncle's gate. He was very fond of them; and though he was but a ragged and friendless boy, his kind and gentle manner won the children's love, and they would run out to meet the orphan boy when they saw him coming back from work in the evening, and entice him to play with them, though their father did not know it.

The master was a hard and strict man, who had raised himself by his hard work, and despised every one who had not done the same: the highest point of his religion seemed to be that he was independent and could support himself, and was beholden to no one but himself for it. He had but one relation, a sister, and she was Harry's mother. She had struggled a few short years against all the sorrows of deep poverty, and had at last sunk under it, leaving her two children orphans.

Her many applications for help had lain unheeded on her brother's board; and when he heard of her death, his conscience stung him, and he sent for her boy, offering to give him work and to pay his journey.

Having done this, he thought he had done all he need, and his conscience was at rest. He soon returned to all his selfish and hardened feelings towards his sister's family, and seemed to hate her orphan boy, for no better reason than that he was the one object in the world he ought to have been kind to.

Harry bent meekly and gently under his uncle's unkind reproaches, and bore them without a murmur. Young as he was, his mother's death had sunk deeply in his heart, and he tried to live as he thought she would have had him.

It was on the evening I have mentioned that Harry was coming home much quicker than usual towards his uncle's house: as usual, the little girls were at the gate, peeping through the pales for the appearance of the orphan.

"Harry, here comes Harry!" cried the younger one, starting forward and jumping for joy.

But Harry did not seem inclined to play this evening.

"Is uncle at home?" asked Harry, pushing past them into the garden.

The children looked surprised.

"No, no, Harry; father's just gone down to the mill-pond. You can stay and play with us to-night; Mary and I shall like it so. Don't look so grave, Harry," said the little girl, taking his hand, and looking up in his face.

But Harry's face gave no encouragement.

"Which way did uncle go?" asked he again quickly; "which way did you say, Lucy?"

"Down there by the mill-pond, and he said he shouldn't be back till late."

At this moment a number of factory men passed quickly by the garden. They were talking quickly and low; their faces showed no good purpose; and Harry noticed most of them were armed. He caught several words as they went by: "Strike, strike for wages. Fire house and factory; won't it burn well? Keep up to the point." The men were in large numbers, and walked fast by. Harry felt there was no time to be lost, and he broke from the children, and darted across the garden in the direction of the mill-pond. The evening was fast drawing in; all the way as he ran he heard the distant tread of men and the suppressed buzz of voices, and he felt more and more sure that some great outbreak was at hand. He never ran so quickly before: it was at least a mile and a half to the mill-pond, and field, lane, and ditch fled before Harry's feet. On turning a sharp corner of a lane, he suddenly came in front of a boy who was walking quickly. On seeing Harry, the boy stopped, and seemed inclined to turn. It was Archie.

"Archie, Archie!" cried Harry, panting for breath, "stop; hear me one word, just one word;" and he was so out of breath he could not speak more; but seizing Archie by the arm, held him tightly. The other struggled in vain. "No, no," cried Harry, "I will not let you go, you shall hear me. You're going a bad course, you know you are; this night will be your ruin if you don't hear me. Archie, Archie, you did love me once, you did hear me once! oh, hear me once more, this once, just this once, and give up your wild work to-night." His manner was so earnest that the tears started to his eyes, and his voice became so

full of real meaning that Archie ceased struggling, and was still. He had a conscience, and he did feel it speak within him. Harry saw the power he was gaining over him, and was on the point of using it to the full, when five or six men suddenly turned the corner. "What, Archie, you fool, you're been going to be made a saint of in that way? Come along with us!" and with a loud laugh the men dragged him off. The being laughed at was too much for Archie, and he yielded without resistance. Harry gave one bitter, sorrowing look after him, and darted off on the work he had to do.

Everything which Harry had seen or heard on his way convinced him more than ever that bad work was going on that night. His uncle had gone to a small house near the mill-stream to speak to a neighbour. Harry met him coming out.

"Uncle, uncle," cried he, "make haste; there's mischief, sad mischief! There's a strike in the mill: all will be up if you don't make haste!"

His uncle met Harry as surlily as usual, but was startled at his stern face and earnest manner. "Ask no questions, uncle, but come with me; every minute is worth gold."

Long before Harry and his uncle had reached the village the outbreak had begun, and the wildest confusion filled everything. The evening had closed in, and the dark sky served to show here and there the flames of pale light going up through columns of smoke, where in different parts the workmen had fired the mill. Loud cries and voices were heard all round: "The master! find the master! throw him on the fire if you can find him; who knows where he is? to his house! let us sack his house; he's somewhere hid there, I'll warrant."

Such were the alarming cries which met the master's ear as he rushed towards his house. He had to pass by several groups of men, and was only saved by the darkness and confusion from being found out.

The fire now broke out at every part of the mill, and being of wood, it burnt rapidly. The scene was terrible: the little village, lit up by the lurid glare of the fire, which now curled and flared towards the sky, lighting up every cottage and tree around, and throwing its pale light on the slopes of the hills near; the figures of numbers of men standing tall and dark against the light of the flames, as they strove to spread the devouring fire,—all made up a picture of terror.

The master had made straight for his house, while Harry had left his side, and darted down the street after a figure he fancied was Archie's.

"My children, my little girls! for pity's sake, save them, my poor, poor children!" was the cry Harry heard, as, hot and breathless, he came back from his useless pursuit of what he thought was Archie. His uncle was standing distracted outside his house, which had been set fire to; and being built of wood, instantly caught. A number of men were making their way down the street towards him; while he, utterly careless of what happened to himself, was standing in silent agony looking at his burning house. "My children, my children!" cried he.

"Look to yourself, uncle," cried Harry, "I'll save them;" and then the boy dashed into the volumes of smoke which burst out from the house.

The men who were making towards the master stopped on seeing the act of the orphan, and stood gazing at the flames he had entered so boldly. Wild and fierce as they were, it seemed to damp even their fury to see the courage Harry showed. "Save the lad, if you've any feeling in you," cried a voice from the crowd, which was now swelling thickly from the crashing and falling factory round which they had been gathered. The men seemed to hesitate; the master stood by utterly regardless of his own safety, watching the point at which Harry had rushed in. At this moment a boy came up and joined the crowd, and he was black with smoke and dirt, and seemed bleeding; he looked as if he had been using violent exertion. He went up to one of the men who were looking at the flames, half-frightened at the work they themselves had done. "I've done it," said he. "What are you all standing here for? Where's the master? you'd better secure him, for the red-coats

are coming down upon us, and they say they're not two miles up the road. I've done my work, anyhow."

"What work?" said the man whom he addressed. "Why, stove in the master's door, and set fire to all the stores, and there is not a fraction of the lower house but is set blazing."

"Brute!" shouted the master, rushing at Archie, who had not seen him to this moment. "Inhuman wretch, then you've killed both my children, and Harry with them;" and making a clutch at Archie's throat, he fell forward, overcome by the agony of his feelings.

"The children and Harry!" said Archie in dismay. "I was told there wasn't a soul above or below, and it was only the old house I should burn. The children and Harry!" said Archie, making a start towards the burning house.

At this moment the wind blew away the flames which curled round a window, and for a minute left the opening clear into the room, showing only the blackened edges of the scorched frame.

Harry rushed to the opening: one child was on his arm, and the other clung round his neck; he had tied it to him with some sheeting from the bed; the boy appeared scorched and blackened with the flames which were rolling round him. "Save the children," shouted the gallant boy; "catch me if you are able."

So saying he disappeared for an instant; in that instant the mass fell in with a crash; but not before Harry had taken his spring and leap from the falling casement out into the street; the fall was not great, but he was heavily burdened, and he had to use no small dexterity to fall so as to save the children.

A shout of admiration was raised by the men as he fell, and in a moment a crowd had gathered round him.

He fell on a stone, and was stunned by the fall; they took the children from him; they were too frightened even to cry; and some said Harry was dead.

"Make way, make way!" cried Archie, pushing through the crowd; "Harry's dead, and I've killed him! Harry, Harry, look up and speak to me, there's a good lad; do look up and say I'm not a murderer." And Archie bent over the pale face of the orphan, and held his cold hand between his own. But Harry did not speak or move.

"He's a fine fellow," cried one of the men; "who would have thought he had so much spirit in him?"

"No! that pale face of his never seemed to speak much for him in that way neither."

(To be Continued.)

Rev. Sylvanus Lane

Of the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, makes a good point when he says: "We have for years used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of five, and find it fully equal to all that is claimed for it. Some people are greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but how the patent can hurt a medicine and not a machine is a mystery of mysteries to me."

Hood's PILLS cure Liver Ills.

Peggy's Fortune.

BY MARGARET SPENCER.

That Peggy Ward should have one thousand dollars sent to her in a letter, "every mite her own," Aunt Joanna said, was amazing! But everybody was glad, for they loved Peggy well. This is the way it came about.

At sunset in February, 1880, a strong gale was blowing, a heavy sea running, and the keeper of station No. 4 had kept close watch all day of the vessels on the treacherous Jersey coast. To his practised eye storms were gathering from the northeast and southwest, boding ill and not good.

A little girl, not more than ten years old, stood in the open doorway of her home, talking to a big, bronzed man, cheery looking and strong; dressed in a great-coat and thick Scotch cap.

The surf came tumbling in and roaring on the wide beach. The sky was thickening, and the wildness of the gale would have soon housed another than Peggy.