

THE ADVENTUROUS ROAD.

Audrey did as she was bid, and as by this time Mammy had a fine fire burning and her draughts all turned to heat the oven, she came over and stood beside the little girl, who laid the Book on the table and opened it.

It was full of colored illustrations, and Mammy Rachel beamed with delight as she turned the pages and showed them to Audrey.

“Look at dat now, honey! Dat am Jesus bressin’ de lil’ chillen; an’ dar He is agen, feedin’ all them hungry people. Look at Him hangin’ on de Cross, honey chile; ain’t that a purty pieter? Bress de Lawd! An’ look at them lovely angels, all dressed in dazmlin’ white! Please God, dis ol’ black mammy agwine to look like dat some day.”

“Did you pick up this beautiful Bible on the road, too?” asked the little girl, who had been puzzling over the question for some time.

“No, chile, no. Kind lady give it to me once upon a time a long while ago. It’s on’y paper books what folks drop on the roads. I nevah tol’ dat lady I dunno mah letters,” Mammy chuckled, “de pieters look too good to me, and I jes’ natchelly wanted dat Book real bad. So she gave it to me when I promised her I’d read in it every day as long as I live untel mah dyin’ day.”

“But you *can’t* read; you said so,” objected her listener.

“Sho’ I c’n read *dat* book, honey. I read all them purty pieters mos’ every night, and they is powerful consolatin’, missy; more consolatin’ than de mostes’ sermons as I hear preached.”

Mammy Rachel turned away and began to mix flour, lard and water together for the biscuits, while Audrey