LITTLE FEET.

And why do you knit, my childless friend,
And why fly the needles so fleet?
The house is still
As a frozen rill;
There is an empty bed
And a vanished head,
A sobbing prayer
O'er a vacant chair,
Have you found some little feet?

And why do I knit in my lonely home,
And why fly the needles so fast?
No step is there
On my silent chair,
But out on the street,
In the snow and sleet,
All up and down
The busy town,
I have found the little feet.

And this is why I knit in my home,
And why fly the needles so fleet;
My little ones wait
By the golden gate;
Within the fold
They feel no cold;
But, soft and clear,
Christ's voice I hear:
" Go clothe my little feet."

ANNABEL

—OR—

THE TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XI.

A FAR JOURNEY RESOLVED ON—A PEEP BE-
HIND THE SCENES—"THE TEMPTA-
TION" APPROACHES.

" To America!" he repeated. " Why,
sir, in course you are joking."

" No, I am not ; I am perfectly serious.
We have just discovered that it is neces-
sary for Mr. Weston to go, and we wish
you to accompany him."

" Werry happy to do so, I am sure,"
exclaimed Jim, with hearty readiness.

" I knew he would," cried Annabel, in
joyous accents. " Thank you, Jim;
thank you a thousand times."

" There's not a bit o' need for you to
thank me, Miss Annabel," returned Jim.
" I'll go with Mr. Philip to the end of the
earth, proud and happy."

" Ah, but you don't know all that may
be involved in it Jim," said Philip.
" This is how it comes about. You know
why you were sent to Liverpool for this
desk ?"

" In course I do, sir. It was for Miss
Annabel to get the certificate out of it."

" Well, it turns out that there is no
certificate in it. Annabel expected it
was there, but it is not ; and for want of
it her parents' marriage cannot be shown.
But her father had a friend who was
present at the marriage, and who got a
copy of the certificate. This man went
to America, and I am going to try to
find him. Now, I shall be glad indeed
if you would go with me, for the search
may be a difficult and even a dangerous
one."

" Go! In course I'll go, sir; and as I
said before, sir, werry happy to do it,
and more now than ever, when I know
what you are going for."

" Jim you are a generous fellow," said
Mr. Laugton, an assertion which every
one was forced to make who knew Jim
Potts.

" Not a bit on it, sir," responded the
latter," with characteristic modesty.
" Generosity, as I takes it, is a doing of
summot you don't like for the sake o'
serving another. Now, sir, that ain't my
case at all. To go to America with Mr.
Philip is wot I likes uncommon. I'm a
bit restless in my natur, sir, as Mr. Phil-
ip knows ; I likes to see new places, and
to be moving about; so you couldn't have
asked me to do a thing I had more heart
for. Why, sir, it's as as is obliged, and
I thank you very much, sir, for think-
ing o' sending me what a gentman as I
have such a regard for. It's a rare treat
I'm getting, and so I looks on it, sir."

" Ah, Jim, you can't blind us," said
Annabel, " and you can't defraud your
excellences by calling them natural lik-
ings. You know that how your going to
America is to serve me, and yet you do
not know how great is the service you are
rendering. But Philip will tell you after-
wards."

" I can guess it, Miss Annabel," said
Jim, with a glance at Barnard Hayes.
" And if there is onething you may be
surer o' than another it is this, that Mr.
Philip and I will find the man we are a-
going to seek, if he is alive and within
the four corners of the country."

While Jim was saying this, and claim-
ing the attention of her husband, Philip,
and Annabel, Mrs. Langton glided past
the window recess where Barnard stood in
gloomy dejection, and when she was
close to him she hurriedly whispered—

" Meet me in half an hour in the
shrubbery."

None but the ear for which they were
intended heard the words, and ere any
of the others had time to notice that she
had moved from her place she was again
at Annabel's side, with her face so
fronting a moment before—smoothed
into an affectionate expression.

" I will pray for your success," said
Annabel in answer to Jim's inspiring
words. " That is all I can do."

" And a good deal, too, Miss if I may
be allowed to say so," replied Jim, with
a serious look—" a very great deal in-
deed. More nor any of us may know
about. Looking at all things back and
forward, and particularly the cause and
object o' our going, I'm in humble hopes
as how He who hears prayer and can
help us won't refuse to listen to your
asking, Miss Annabel. Only I fear as
how you will be lonely when Mr. Philip is
away."

" It shall be my care to prevent that,"
said Mrs. Langton. " Annabel will be
with me all the time, and I shall do every
thing in my power to keep her cheerful
and hopeful."

" Oh—I I thought of returning to
Liverpool," faltered Annabel.

" To Liverpool, my love? What to do
there? Rockstone is a much more
cheerful place than Liverpool, especially
now, when the summer is coming on."

" But—I scarcely think I ought to
stay at Rockstone in present circumstan-
ces," answered Annabel. " I—I would
rather return to Liverpool and resume
music teaching."

" My goodness, Annabel, you are dreat
ing. You teach music when you are
rich—you the owner of Rockstone ?"

" I am not legally the owner of Rock-
stone, and may never be."

" Now—now positively I will not listen
to any more. We shall all stay here,
and we shall do our utmost to make you
happy."

" No doubt of it, my dear," interposed
Mr. Langton. " I am your guardian,
you know, and have you in my keeping till
—you know when."

" There, that is settled," added his
wife, winding her arms lovingly round
Annabel's waist, and leading her to the
door. " Come," she added, " this has
been a trying and exciting evening for
you, and you must now retire to rest."

" A general " good night" was ex-
changed, and as the hour was late, they
separated, going away to their several
rooms, to think over the important de-
cision that had been reached, and, by
mutual consent, leaving further arrange-
ments to be settled on the morrow.