

Indeed it was very hard work; he could not walk straight to save his life; he did not know whose barn it was, but he managed to get in. He had slept soundly for two hours or more when he was awakened by something trampling over him. He sprang to his feet without knowing where he was. Two or three head of cattle rushed out of the barn. He had left the door open.

Upon looking around, he found he was in Mr. Wilder's barn. If he had been in any other barn he would have done just the same. It was not the spirit of revenge, but the spirit of mischief put into his head by the rum he had drank that night that prompted him to light that match and place it in the hay. He only waited till he was sure it would burn, and then, too frightened to look back, he sped along the road. He walked rapidly for some time, when a straw on his coat attracted his attention.

"There may be more. I wouldn't care to be caught with straws about me just now," he thought.

Taking off his coat, he found a good many straws,—quite a handful. What should he do with them? If he threw them down he might be traced by them. So he carried them along, carefully looking for a hiding-place for them. Just before him was a tree by the roadside, and he was sure he saw a man sitting on a rock under the tree, resting his head against the trunk. Ves never was a coward. He possessed all those qualities so prized and admired by highwaymen, and blacklegs in general.

So he cautiously crept within a few feet of the figure, and then he arose to his feet and quietly placed the straws in the pocket of the sleeping boy, saying to himself, "I'm glad I took this road."

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN APPEAL TO A HIGHER POWER.

A sense of gladness comes over us as we watch the sun kiss the gladsome playful waves good-night, and sink behind them, leaving them gloriously beautiful with the colors of the bow of promise.

A cloud overspreads the sky. We have had a beautiful dream; now comes the reality, the life not meted out by an all-wise and loving God.

Nay, he had placed the barriers of a praying father and