

that such an unruly spirit could no longer be retained in the school, and that he must be turned out as soon as any occupation could be found for him.

In this juncture good Mr. Withers came to the rescue. He had several long talks with Arthur, and finding that he had a real inclination for the sea, he made interest among his shipowning friends to obtain him a desirable berth. After a little time this was arranged; and it was settled that the lad should go as an apprentice on board a barque that traded to the South American ports.

A week before the date of sailing Arthur finally left the noble institution to which he owed so much.

and went to stay at the house of his old benefactor in Edge Lane. Mr. Withers had arranged the matter in this way, partly because he knew how uncomfortable the lad's position in the school had become, and partly in the hope of being able to influence him for good by sympathy and advice. But the scheme turned out disappointingly. Arthur was moody and petulant, and it seemed as though, for the time being at least, his heart was completely hardened. The only person who could do anything with him was Ida, and even she seemed powerless to do much good. Hopeful at first, her patience was well-nigh exhausted before the day of departure dawned.

"There is nothing I wouldn't do for you, and you must know that," exclaimed the boy on one memorable occasion, after she had been expostulating with him in her usual gentle and persuasive fashion.

Ida laughed. "Well, it is not much that I am asking you to do, Arthur. I only want you to do what is right—to tell the master of the school that you are sorry for any trouble you have given, and to promise all that my father asks for the future."

"I don't mind, if I do it for your sake, Miss Ida," he murmured sheepishly.

"No, not for my sake, Arthur. You should do things because they are right—to please God, not

to please me or anybody else in the world," remonstrated the girl earnestly.

"I don't so much care about that; it's of you I am thinking, and if I thought you cared, I'd do anything you asked me, be it good or bad," he persisted.

"No, no, you must not say that, it is wrong and wicked of you. Of course, I should like to see you doing what was right. But what has that got to do with it? I can't make you wish for what is good or give you strength to do it. God only can do that; and you must pray to Him for grace. Don't you remember what you yourself repeated in that beautiful

chapter—'I am the Vine, ye are the branches . . . without Me ye can do nothing'? I wish, Arthur, you would really ask God and the dear Saviour to help you."

"I've asked you to help me, and you won't do it, and now I am going to be shipped right away to the other side of the world, and nobody cares what becomes of me. I wish I was dead, so I do!"

"It is not very nice of you to say that after all papa has done for you, these years back. You must know how fond we all are of you—of you and your brother and Maggie!

We'd do anything we could for you; but it is only God Who can really help you to be what you ought to be. O Arthur, I wish you would try!" pleaded the girl with simple pathos.

"I have tried, but it's no use. When a fellow tells the truth and does the right thing nobody believes him or gives him any credit for it."

Ida Withers looked surprised. "Did you tell the truth, *all* the truth, about what happened when you were at the gate? If you say you did, I, for one, will believe you, Arthur."

The boy flushed with pleasure. "I did tell the truth," he said, "and what's more, I stopped them from taking things out when I got to know about it. And then the master as much as told me I was a liar and a thief."



"I ONLY WANT YOU TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT."
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.