

CHAPTER III.—MISSING.

"O my heart is sick a-wishing and waiting :

The lad took up his knapsack, he went, he went his way ;
And I looked on for his coming, as a prisoner through the grating
Looks and longs, and longs and wishes, for its opening day."

—JEAN INGELow.

"Whereupon, O King, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."—
THE APOSTLE PAUL.

Pride, passion, and remorse played sad havoc with young Barton, as he fled from the scene of his evening's exploit. A sense of wrong and oppression also lay upon him, a feeling that things around him were not as they should be, and that he could do nothing to right them; in a word, he was not in his best or happiest place. Add to this the wonderful stories that Catchpole had told him of the lands beyond the sea, and the fact that after what had just occurred he hardly dare remain in his native village, and we shall not wonder that, ere he reached his mother's door, his resolve was finally taken to quit his native land at once and forever.

Gathering his little wardrobe together in one small bundle, he bade his mother a hurried farewell, promised to help regularly in her support and to write her often, and turned his back on the home of his youth—as he firmly believed—once and for all. Many a fond look did he throw toward the little cot as it lay bathed in the moonlight, and sadly enough did the trees whisper to him as they moaned above him in the night breeze, but he halted not until he found himself before the door of Master Catchpole, in the midst of the village. With a timid knock Edward entered the old man's abode. He found him still at his work, "cobbling the shoes of the parish." A very brief story had Edward to tell, and it was soon told.

"Now," said the old man at the close, "two things I'll do, Master Ned, for 'e. First, I'll *look* after your mother as you do ax me. I'm not old, my lad, yet. Livin' here all alone so long do make folks think I be, but I'm not yet sixty. Your mother's the only 'oman that ever made me think I should like to change my lot, an'—, but thur, let that a be. I'll look after her 'owsomdever, if she'll let me. Then, secondly, my lad, there's yourself. Now, I have a got a few suvrins by me, an' you must take some on 'em. Now, *no* objectin', I'm only a *lendin'* on 'em to you, for, Edward, I wouldn't *give* neyther you nor nobody else—no, not a *shillin'*. My *worst* enemies can't accuse me of *givin'* anythin'. There was once a Methody preacher cum this way, an' c'd *very nigh* converted me, but I found out *just* in time as it would cost some coppers to be a Methody; so I give up *all* thoughts o' religion *at once*, an' stuck to me parish church. But you take these five suvrins (which he then forced upon the unwilling youth). You've a got a wary way afore you, an' you'll *want* 'em. When you