about your home. He didn't know what he did to you. Poor Ned.'

'Ah!' Something between a pitying groan and a triumphant sigh broke from the children.

'Davie wouldn't change with him, would you, old man?' said George.

For answer, Davie proudly drew his mother's hand close round his neck again.

'No, yours are not the worst sort of troubles, after all,' she said fondly. 'You are not the first that has had something to put up with, Davie, and you won't be the last. Many a hard word I have heard said to your father; and he felt them, too; but he would only give a civil answer, and afterwards look round at me in his sly way, and say, "It'll all rub off when it's dry."'

Davie's little face brightened wonderfully, for he remembered his Sunday clothes. His father's name brought to mind the object he worked for, and he asked, 'Will my money always go to pay the debts, mother?'

'That will depend on how we prosper, Davie,' she answered. 'I hope it will, as long as you earn it. But you are only to stay for the summer, you know. You must go to school again in winter, and work hard enough to make up for lost time, or you will be sorry for it all your life. That's three things I have settled with myself. We are not obliged to pay this money by any particular time, and we won't work for it so as to hurt your future, or hurt our health, or forget our God. And out of every pound we earn, above what I pay for help, and the rent, we will take sixpence for God. Perhaps we can do a little more after this year; but that we will do for the first, if he prospers us beyond what we must spend to keep going.'

'Do you really think we can do it, mother?' asked George. He could see the difficulties better than the younger children did.

'I can only tell you what someone else did, George,' said his mother. 'I told you the other side last night. Now hear this. There was a young man left our town owing debts that came to over nine pounds all together. Some of it was to my father. He had been a bad-living young fellow, and your grandfather said it was what we might have expected. But by-and-by, the Lord changed his heart; and then he remembered the money he owed. I don't know what he was earning then, but I know at one time he had only eighteen shillings a week, and a wife and four children to keep. And yet he saved up nine pounds. It took him years to do it. And he came back and paid up every debt; and then he preached in the market place, and all the town turned out to hear him. If he could do that out of his money, we can pay our debts in times like these, out here, if our health and strength are spared to us, and God prospers us. At any rate, we'll try.'

There was a chorus of 'Yes, mother.'

Then Mrs. Marriott said they must have a story before Tottie went to bed, and George read from one of the dear old shabby books she had kept, the delightful story of 'The Kind Man who Killed his Neighbor'—of course, with kindness.

Next morning a happy little boy went jogging out of the town, on the top of the coach that passed through the Rakawahi. The clothes in his bundle were all mended, and the wounds in his heart bound up with ointment that was healing and tonic in its qualities. He had a reason for enduring hardness; he worked for the honor of his father's name. And he was going to try if he could kill Ned.

In this, I am sorry to say, he never succeeded. Ned's ill-will would sometimes appear to have had a deathblow, but it always came to life again. Before the end of the summer, however, Mr. Foster had quite made up his mind which of the two boys was the better worth keeping through the winter, and he offered that Davie should stay on, going to school at Rakawahi. His mother consented, on condition that he came home for Sunday once a month. Ned came back the following summer; after that, he went 'for good.' We will hope it was so, and that he came to a good end after all. If he did, I am sure he had what was equivalent to sundry good thrashings first. As Luther says, 'Hard heads need sound knocks.'

CHAPTER IV.

The New Year brought answers from England to the letters telling of Mr. Marriott's death. His wife's relations were anxious to help her, though their own means were limited. Mails came and went only

TOTTIE PAYS THE LAST OF THE DEBTS.

once a month in those days. By the time the return mail left, it was evident that a laundry, well managed, ought to be a success. Mrs. Marriott asked her brothers if they could buy the piece of land on which her lean-to stood, letting her pay them five percent on the cost as rent for it, with leave to purchase it from them if she became able to do so. This would make her literally 'sure of her ground,' without loss to them.

They consented gladly—bought the lean-to into the bargain, and would take no rent for the first year. By the time Christmas came round again, all the little debts owed to poor people were paid off. Then came a hard struggle. It was necessary to add to the building, and to employ more helpers, at four or five shillings a day each. Even at that price, good workers were hard to find, for respectable women were in constant demand for washing in ladies' own houses. As time went on, however, good helpers came one by one. Mrs. Marriott always said God sent them. Some were widows like herself, or women with sick husbands, and her sympathy in their heavy task attached them to her.

As the third year rolled on, the workers began to ask each other how it was that a woman with a flourishing business like hers still lived so frugally, and never took a pleasure that would cost money. 'You can't say as she scrimps us,' said a candid washerwomen, 'but she do scrimp herself and them children!'

And 'them children' felt it sometimes, when they saw the children of women who came to wash dressed much more smartly than they were, and going out for jaunts and excusions they never thought of taking. They had their moments of sharp mortification; everyone must, who will not spend money as his neighbors do; but locked in the desk their mother had brought out from England, was something that made up for it all—a little packet of receipted bills, lying beside the accounts still unpaid.

There are men and women who would gladly renounce or suffer anything to have that word 'Paid' stamped upon their bills, who will never live to see it—borne down by sheer misfortune, or the wrong-doing of others. Let not this story wound their wounds.

At last—it must have been about the end of the fifth year of her widowhood—Mrs. Marriott had but one more bill to pay. She had left it to the last, as the sum was large, for her—twelve or fifteen pounds—and the creditor, a corn merchant, was well to do.

Davie was still at Mr. Foster's, and very happy there. He was trusted like a son, and fortunately for him and her parents, his