

CHAPTER X.

IN THE HEREAFTER.

TOMMY VINCENT lay under the broad spreading branches of an elm tree one sunny Sabbath afternoon, the blue sky above, the green sward beneath, and the sweet-voiced birds filling the balmy air with melody. But to none of these was the attention of the youth directed; there was a look of perplexity in his face, as if he were vainly trying to solve some knotty question, and ever and anon the hand that supported his head was passed thoughtfully across his troubled brow. A book lay open beside him, the breeze idly fluttering the leaves, but the owner was lost to everything,