

and a feeling of weariness steals over him; he looks around and finds that he is no nearer than when he started to the bright world which the clergyman had talked about. So he resolves to turn, to go back to the place where he had seen the minister, and ask him to show him the way. Back he turns on his long journey. Step by step, slowly and wearily he trudges along, his eyes have grown larger, his skin more transparent, and each day finds him a little weaker, but he feels that he must go on. Strange voices are speaking to him more frequently than ever, and his dreams are filled with visions of the new world of which he has heard, and now he has almost reached his journey's end, but it requires a great effort for him to move, he is so foot-sore and weary, but the voices are urging him on and at last the building is in sight. He drags himself wearily to the door. It is night and the door is open—the place is deserted, but he throws himself down on the floor with a sigh of contentment. The next morning they found him with his hands clasped and face upturned to the skies. The blue eyes were opened wide, the lips parted in a happy smile, and poor little lonely Ned had found the "bright world."