

Finding Fault.

The winds refused to blow;
 "No use," said they, "to try,
 From north or south or east or west,
 These folks to satisfy.
 The North Wind 'is too cold!'
 The West Wind, 'bold and rough,'
 The East is 'chilly,' they complain;
 The South, 'not cool enough!'"

And so the windmills stopped,
 And ships lay idly by,
 The sun beat down from morn till night,
 Because no clouds could fly.
 The people sighed for wind;
 "Blow hot or cold," said they,
 "From north or south or east or west,
 'Twill be the wisest way!"
 —Youth's Companion.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH THE GATES.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the village looked even prettier than it had done the night before.

"Wouldn't it be nice, Abel," said little Nemo, "if you and me and Father Amos could come and live in one of these little cottages, and never go away no more?"

Abel was in good spirits that morning, for they sold many baskets, and the cart was growing far lighter and less crowded than it had been when they left home. After going through the village from house to house, they came to the pretty lodge, covered with climbing roses, and standing just inside the park gates, which they had seen the night before. A carriage was just passing through the gates as they came up, and a woman in a white apron was holding the keys in her hand, and was curtseying to the people in the carriage as they drove through. When she turned round to go back to the lodge, she caught sight of the basket-cart on the road outside the gates.

"Oh, it's you!" she said; "I've been watching for you passing all the morning. I was to tell you to go up to the Hall, as my lady wants a basket-table; but come inside, and let me have a look if there's anything I want. I haven't seen a basket-cart not for years, I haven't,—not since I lived at Custing-ham."

So the golden gates were thrown wide open, and Abel and Nemo drove through upon the broad carriage drive. Two little boys about a year and a half old ran out of the lodge and held on to their mother's dress, as she looked at the baskets and chose what she wanted.

"Now you must keep straight up this avenue, till you see the Hall," she said; "it's almost a mile off, but you can't miss your way. Little Miss Elsie will be looking out for you, I should think; she came to tell me I was to be sure not to let you go by; you'll maybe meet her on the road. You see I was nurse up at the Hall, and I had her when she was a baby, so she never misses a day but she comes to see me and the twins. Good-day. I shall see you as you pass through again."

"Isn't it beautiful, Abel?" said Nemo, as they drove up the long avenue of beech trees, and saw through the trees fresh beauties everywhere, bits of blue hills in the distance, streams dashing over grey stones and moss, winding paths with rustic seats, squirrels climbing from tree to tree, rocks covered with moss and fern, rabbits darting from side to side of the road, and overhead, through the pale green leaves, the bright blue of the summer sky.

"Isn't it beautiful, Abel?" said the child, with a sigh of content. "Don't you think, if we go on, we shall come to the city of God? Father Amos told me one day that the gates were made of gold."

"No, Nemo," said Abel, "there's no city up here that I can see; but look, we're coming in sight of the Hall."

They had left the trees behind, and had come out into a broad open park. To their right was a lovely lake, shining in the sunlight like a large looking-glass, and round the lake pink and white and lilac rhododendrons were growing, their pretty flowers dipping into the water, and reflected by the smooth, placid lake, till it seemed as if they were growing under the water as well as on the bank. Close to this lake stood the house; Nemo had never seen such a splendid place before.

"I think it must be heaven, Abel," he said.

"Look," Abel said, "here she comes!" It was the little girl in pink, who had given Nemo the picture. She was running quickly towards them, with her white sun-bonnet in her hand, and her long fair hair falling over her shoulders. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said. "Alice told me she would send you. May I get in your cart and ride back?"

Abel lifted her up, and put her on a small basket-chair near Nemo.

"What's that?" she said fearfully, as she looked at the bottom of the cart.

"Oh, it's only a dog, little miss," said Abel. "He's very quiet; he has got shot, and he's very near dying, so we've covered him up with an old coat."

"I have a dog," said the child, "and his name is Prince; what is your dog's name?"

"I don't know, miss," said Abel. "He isn't ours, you see; we've just took him in till his master comes for him."

All this time Nemo had been looking at the little girl without speaking; but now he asked the question which had been on his mind the whole of the day. "Did you ever see you talking door?" he said.

"What does he mean?" said Elsie, turning to Abel with a very puzzled face.

"He means his picture, little miss; his mind's been running on it ever since you gave it to him."

"Oh, I see!" she said. "I am the door; you mean that?"

"Yes," said Nemo; "but how can a door talk?"

"Oh, it isn't a real door," she said; "it's Jesus, you know."

"But it says, 'I am the door,'" said Nemo.

"Yes, but it means that Jesus lets us in. Oh, I know what it means quite well, but I can't tell it rightly; Arnold will tell you, I'll ask him. Oh, here he is!" she cried, as she caught sight of the young man who had spoken the night before, and who was coming towards them on a path by the side of the lake.

"Arnold," she called, "come inside this funny little cart, and look at this poor dog; he's been shot; isn't it a pity? And the little boy in the red cap wants to know about the picture, and I can't tell him, and I said you would tell him better than me."

"I'm glad you've come," said the young man to Abel. "My mother wants a few basket tables and chairs. Oh, I see you have some—that's right. If you will come up to the house, I will send them in for her to see. Why, there's the little boy I saw last night. What's his name?"

"Nemo, sir," said the child, touching his little red cap.

"Nemo? what a very curious name!" said the young man.

"Yes, it's rather a queer name," said Abel, "but then it's uncommon, that's one good thing about it. There's such a lot of Dicks and Toms and Harrys and Bills, but I never heard tell of another Nemo."

"Do you know what Nemo means?" asked the young man.

"No, sir, I didn't know it meant anything," he answered.

"Oh, yes, it does; it is the Latin word for nobody. So you are little Nobody," he said, smiling, as he patted Nemo's rosy cheek.

"Little Nobody? Why, that's very strange!" said Abel,—very strange, indeed! Little Nobody? Why, I never knew it meant that before!"

"Now you must tell him about the door, Arnold," said the little girl; "he can't understand how a door can talk."

"Nemo," said the young man, "come out of the cart and walk with me to the house, and I will tell you all about it."

So, with Nemo holding one hand, and Elsie the other, Arnold walked up to the great porch, beneath which was the high door leading into the beautiful house.

"This is my home, Nemo," he said, "and I am going to take you into it; how must we go in?"

"By the door," said little Nemo.

"Yes, by the door. Can we get in any other way?"

"No, the windows are too high up."

"Then the door is the only way in, is it?"

"Yes," said Nemo, "the only way."

"Now," said Arnold, "I am going to show you something in my pocket."

He took out a bundle of letters and papers, and from amongst them he brought out a photograph, and held it up before the child.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Oh, I know," said Nemo; "it's the little pink lady,—it's her," he added, pointing to Elsie.

"Yes, it's me," said little Elsie.

"But you are not made of paper and cardboard, are you, Elsie?" said her

brother, laughing. "This photograph is nothing but paper and cardboard; how can it be you, then?"

"But it is me," said Elsie,— "at least, it's like me, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is it—it is a picture of you, so like you that we say, 'That's Elsie.' Now, Nemo, you remember your picture. There stands a door, and that door is a picture, not of Elsie, but of the Lord Jesus Christ; it is so like him that he himself says, 'I am the door.' How is it like him? It is like him because of what it does, and because of what it is. What does the door do? It lets us in. What is the door? It not only is the way in, but it is the only way. Just so the Lord Jesus lets us into the way to heaven, and he is the only way in. No other door, no other way. We must come to him, or we shall never get inside."

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

"Do you see, Nemo?"

"Yes, I see now," said the child.

"Then will you come to him, my little lad?" said Arnold. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; he will not turn you away."

By this time the door had been opened by a footman, and Arnold led the children inside, whilst the man followed with some of Abel's basket chairs and tables. What an afternoon of happiness that was for Abel and Nemo! The lady bought nearly everything they had in the cart,—not only the chairs and tables, which she wanted for use in the garden, but clothes-baskets, and stools, and a work-basket, and a number of smaller things beside. Then Abel and Nemo had dinner in the servants' hall, and the poor old donkey had some hay in the stable; and afterward Arnold and Elsie showed them the beautiful gardens behind the house; and Nemo was more sure than ever that they must have come to heaven—he did not think any other place could be half so beautiful.

As they drove down the avenue late in the afternoon, the bright sunshine had passed away, the hills were covered with mist, and a cold, damp wind met them as they went towards the lodge, which made Nemo shiver as he sat by Abel's side.

"Go farther into the cart, child," said Abel; "you're as cold as ice."

"But I like to see out," said the child.

"Look out of the little window at the back, then," said Abel. "See, I'll put your chair there. We've got plenty of room now. I never had such a clear-out of baskets in my life."

So Nemo went to the other end of the cart, and peeped out of the tiny square window, which was not so big as his face, and for some time they drove on in silence. Abel was reckoning up the money in his bag, and was thinking that after all it was a good thing that he had come to the new country; and Nemo was repeating softly to himself the text he had learnt, and which he now understood so well—

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

Suddenly, however, the child sprang to his feet. "Stop, Abel, stop, stop!" he cried. "He's there! I saw him!"

"Who, child, who?" said the little man.

"That man who came in the night, Abel! I know it's him. Stop the cart, and let's give him his dog."

Abel hastily pulled up, jumped from the cart, and looked down the avenue.

"There isn't anybody in sight!" he said.

"Oh, I know he's there—I saw him," said the child. "Lift me down, and I'll show you where he is."

He took Abel's hand and dragged him hastily to some rhododendron bushes, which were growing under the trees by the side of the road; but, though they looked carefully behind them, no man was to be seen.

"He must have run away," said Nemo.

"Nonsense!" said Abel; "what should he run away for?"

"Well, I'm sure he was there—quite, quite sure; he put his head out from behind this pink bush, and he looked out after the cart."

"Nonsense, child! you've been dreaming!"

"No, I haven't," said little Nemo. "Why won't you believe me? Call him, Abel."

The little man shouted several times, but there came no answer; he went amongst the trees for some distance, but he saw no sign of the man, and at length he told Nemo again that he was sure he had made a mistake, and they drove on as before.

But the child was so firmly convinced that he had seen the owner of the dog, that, as they passed through the lodge-gate, Abel asked the woman if a man in a ragged cloak and an old felt hat had passed through a short time before.

"No," she said, laughing; "I shouldn't open the gates to such as him."

"Now, Nemo," said Abel, "you see it must have been a shadow you saw, dear, don't think of him again."

Abel was, however, very thoughtful himself as they drove on. It was very strange, he thought, the child seemed so sure that he had seen the man, and yet if it were he, why was he hiding from them, and yet following them like this? Then there was another thing which Abel was turning over in his mind, and that was the name of Nemo. He saw now why that name had been given to the child.

Nemo, Nobody.
 From Nemo, From Nobody.
 For Nemo, For Nobody.

The poor child was to be Nobody, without a name; he was a present to him from Nobody,—for it was never to be known who had left him; he was left to the care of Nobody, or anybody, as the case might be; the one who had left him not caring in the least what might become of him. Poor little Nemo! Abel felt that he would love him more than ever, now that he knew what his name meant.

As the night came on it grew colder and colder, the wind was so strong that the poor donkey could hardly get along, and the rain came driving into the cart, until everything inside became damp and chilly.

"We can't sleep in here to-night, that's clear."

"Where shall we go?" asked Nemo.

"I don't know," said Abel. "There ought to be a village somewhere hereabouts, but I can't see any lights."

Presently, however, they passed a dark shadow on the road, which Nemo made out to be a man with a bundle on his back.

"Hulloa there!" cried Abel.

"Hulloa!" said the man in a cheery voice. "It's a rough night, master."

"It is a rough night," said Abel. "Is there any place near where we can get a bit of shelter?"

"Well, you've a mile to go yet, master," said the cheery voice, "and then you'll get to Jemmy's, and Jemmy will take the best care of you a man can."

"Is Jemmy's an inn?" asked Abel.

"Well, yes, it's a sort of a kind of an inn," he said; "but it's very comfortable, very comfortable indeed, as cosy a place as any man could wish."

"Are you going that way?" said Abel. "Will you have a lift?"

"Nay," said the man, laughing; "I can walk a bit quicker than your steed. I'll go on and tell Jemmy you're coming."

As they went on their way towards the inn, something happened which gave Nemo great pleasure. The poor dog, which had been lying at the bottom of the cart ever since his master left him, and which had been either sleeping uneasily or moaning with pain, got up on its feet and walked to Nemo, who was sitting at the back of the cart, and laid its head on his knee.

"Good dog, good dog," said the child, as he patted him. "He knows me now, doesn't he, Abel? What shall we call him?"

"We must try and find out what his proper name is; he will never answer well to a new one at his age. Try a few names, Nemo."

So the little boy called out, "Rover, Carlo, Dash, Fido, Prince, Major, Lion, Trusty," and all the other dogs' names which he could remember; but the poor animal took no notice of them; it was quite clear that none of these was the name by which he had been called.

But when, a few minutes afterwards, Abel called out suddenly, "Nemo, Nemo, there's Jemmy!" the dog started, turned round, and limped at once to the front of the cart, where Abel was sitting.

"I believe Jemmy is his name," said the child; "did you see how he turned round when you spoke? Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy!"

But though Nemo repeated the name again and again, the dog never moved. "No, it can't be Jemmy," he said; "yet didn't he turn round quick when you called? Wasn't it funny?"

"I hope his name isn't Nemo," said Abel in an awestruck voice.

"Oh, I wonder if it is!" said the child. "Nemo, Nemo, Nemo!"

At once the dog obeyed the call, and, leaving Abel, turned round and limped to where the child was sitting.

"It is Nemo," said the boy; "I'm sure it is!"

"I don't like it at all," said Abel in a solemn voice. "I don't like it at all."

(To be continued.)

Artificial clouds produced by the combustion of liquid tar and solidified petroleum, have been used with success to prevent frost on the Swedish-Norwegian frontier.