

me I mun think of Christ, an' try to follow th' example He left us, an' tha' knows how kind an' gentle He was."

"Ay, it says in th' hymn-book, 'Gentle Jesus, meek an' mild.' Ben," added the child, looking timidly around, "art na' tha' feart to bide here alone at neet?"

"Feart! Nay, Jimmy, why should I be? I am as safe here alone as in a room full o' people. Father goes away at six an' I take him his supper at nine, then I come back an' go to bed, an' never see him again until six in th' mornin'!"

"Does he sleep most o' th' day?" asked Jimmy, wonderingly.

"He sleeps in the forenoon mostly, an' sometimes he goes out a bit before tea for a walk."

"He went out this arternoon, mother seed him go up th' street just before t' rain came; how it did come down, Ben, an' th' thunder an' th' lightnin'. Oh! I did wish as I'd never throwed yon apple. I meant it to hit Charlie Wills, I did, he'd been teasin' me all th' arternoon, an' I thowt I'd give him a real stinger on th' side o' his head, an' then I were real feart arter when I thowt I'd ha' to be kept in all alone; it were mean o' me to let Mr. Deane keep thee in instead though, that it were."

"I think tha' should tell Mr. Deane th' truth about it, not for my sake," said Ben, gently, "but because it's right an' pleasing to God when we tell th' truth an' tha' does na' need to be feart o' Mr. Deane, he's as kind as he can be."