

## Choice Literature.

## GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.

BY JULIA A. MATHEWS.

V.

## CHARLIE'S JOURNEY

"My dear Hattie,—I am going to write you a monstrous letter,—a perfect rouser; but you needn't read it all at once, if you don't want to. If you are tired of it, throw it overboard until you are rested, and then begin at it again. The reason why it must be so long is, because I'll have to tell you all about my journey, for it was such jolly good fun. I couldn't help wishing all the while that you were along, for you'd have liked it first-rate. That Mr. Braisted, under whose care Grandpa put me, is a right good fellow, and just the best sort of a chap to travel with, for he's been everywhere, and knows everything, and can answer any question you choose to ask him. By the way, he and Grandpa played a trick on me, for when we reached Melville I found,—but no, I won't tell you yet what I did find. You'll know before you come to the end of the letter.

"We only went as far as New York the first day, because Mr. Braisted had some business to attend to there. We got in about ten o'clock, and took an omnibus at the depot to ride down town. A lot of other people jumped into the same stage, until we were stowed away as close as sardines in a box; and then a man who was standing at the door banged it shut, and away we went. It was an awfully tight squeeze; and an old woman who sat next me kept poking me in the ribs with the end of her umbrella, which she couldn't seem to manage. I was thinking of asking her what she meant to do with my bones when she'd pried them out; but seeing that she had a bag and a basket and an enormous bundle to take care of besides the umbrella, I let her poke, and bore it like a man.

"You never saw such a funny place as this New York in all your life. The houses are packed tight together in long rows, with a mean little bit of grass in front by way of a garden, line after line of them from street to street. That is, the dwelling-houses, I mean. But wait till you get down town, if you want to see packing. There they haven't even a blade of grass, or a tree, or any thing but brick and stone. And the people hurry about, and push and jostle one another so; they rush around as if somebody were dreadfully sick, and they'd all been sent off on the run for the doctor. And then 's scarcely a womankind to be seen down there; all men, and perfect heaps of them. But I liked it first-rate. I think it must be jolly to fly around so, and feel so busy and so big. I wished I lived in New York. Then there's lots to see too. Some of the stores and banks and churches are splendid; and Mr. Braisted pointed out all the handsome ones, and told me who they belonged to, and the names of them. I ask him to tell me softly, because all the other fellows in the omnibus looked so knowing that I did not want them to see I was a greenhorn. So he did; he's nice, I tell you.

"But you never saw such cubby holes as some of the offices down town are. Little bits of rooms, so dark that in lots of them they burn the gas all day long, and so dusty, musty, rusty, that you can't seem to believe that they make such heaps of money in them. But they do; and one of these days I'm going to live in New York, and have a little dark office, and pile up money, and build a beautiful house for Grandpa, and never let him work any more, but just sit in a splendid library, with books all bound in blue and gold, and read all day long.

"When Mr. Braisted had finished up his business, he asked me if I'd rather go up to Central Park, or down to the wharves to see the shipping. I chose the ships, of course; and off we went, after we'd had our lunch, to the piers. There's a new steamer lying at New York, called the 'Parthia.' She's a boat, and no mistake. Before I came off of her, I'd almost made up my mind to be a sea-captain instead of a broker, and I don't know but I may yet. She's a regular beauty, and I couldn't bear to go to shore again, and leave her. But our time was up before I was half through looking at her, and, of course, we had to go.

"The boat left at six o'clock, so we had our tea on board. It was jolly to sit down in the saloon, and order just what you wanted. If ever you go, take devilled crabs; they're prime. I saw the name on the bill of fare, and ordered them, because the name was so queer; and I thought it sounded rather nice to say, too, as if I knew a thing or two, you know. But, oh, wasn't I tired after we went upstairs? Don't you tell anybody, but it hadn't looked babyish, I should have liked to have gone right to bed. Mr. Braisted took me all over the boat, and showed me the machinery and everything, and explained it so that I could understand how it went. It was so interesting that it waked me up again; but when we went out on deck, and sat down, I didn't know how I was going to keep my eyes open. Of course, I didn't want him to see I was sleepy, because it looked so young and green, and I tried my best to fight it out.

"By and by, he asked me if I was tired, and said I seemed to be growing so still. I said I was thinking; and so I was, thinking how nice bed would feel. But I thought it would be kind of grand to sit up until twelve o'clock. I wanted to make a good impression on these chaps here, and I thought it would be a good thing to say, in a careless sort of way, you know, that the night had been so fine, we had not left the deck until midnight. It seemed to me I was just thinking how well that would sound, and wishing that midnight would hurry up, when Mr. Braisted put his hand on me.

"'I'm not asleep sir,' said I, jumping up. Down, Caspar.'

"For as my hand moved, I felt something shaggy, and thought it was Caspar's coat. Oh, how Mr. Braisted did laugh!

"'That is not Caspar,' said he, 'but my shawl. I threw it over you lest you should take cold. Caspar is safe at home in London.'

"Didn't I feel too cheap! I couldn't say a word.

"'You've been asleep for an hour,' said Mr. Braisted after a minute; 'and now I think you had better go down to the

state-room. You will take cold out here, the air is growing so fresh.'

"Of course I went, for I felt too much cut up to say anything, and in five minutes was in my berth, and knew nothing more until we touched the Fall River dock next morning.

"Then came the best part of the journey: the ride on the top of the stage-coach, from Fall River to Melville. It was a lovely, cool day, and the road runs right up through the mountains, over such high ground that we caught the full sweep of the brisk wind. Oh, it was grand! Mr. Braisted liked it too, only that his seat was next to a man who had a sick-headache. I whispered to him that I'd change with him, for he got so pale every time the man felt qualmy, that I was afraid he'd be ill too, but he wouldn't do it. The coachman watched the poor fellow with the greatest concern, and by and by he said, shaking his head as gravely as a judge,—

"It's awful bad to have the sick-headache when you're going to coach it, for one never knows what's a-comin'."

"I just roared. Mr. Braisted tried hard to hold in, but his lips quivered and twitched and his eyes danced like two fire-flies, and then he couldn't stand it another minute, but broke out in the merriest laugh you ever heard. Old coachee was as mad as a hornet for a moment; but he got over it after a while, and told us lots of impossible yarns, which we pretended to swallow all in good faith, and we parted at the Melville Seminary, the best possible friends.

"And here comes my story. When we opened the gate, and went into the grounds of the seminary, it was mid-day, and I saw a lot of fellows out on the lawn playing ball. In a minute there was a shout, and a rush, and down they all pelted, big boys and little boys together, in one big crowd; swarming around Mr. Braisted, shaking hands with him, holding fast to his arms, to his coat, anything they could get hold of, as if they were going mad over him.

"And what do you think it all meant? Why, he is the principal of this school; and the reason that neither he nor Grandpa told me, was because he wanted to get acquainted with me, and he thought I'd be shy of him if I knew who he was. He is acquainted with me, and no mistake; for he was such an easy kind of a fellow to make friends with, that I talked to him as if he was another youngster, and told him how much I knew, and how much I didn't know too; and what I wanted to do with myself, and how I was going to try to make such a man of myself as Grandpa might be proud of, and all about it; only that I didn't tell him how bad I am. I'm glad now that I didn't know who he was, for I feel real easy with him as it is; and if I'd been told that I was to make this long journey with the principal of the school, I suppose I'd have felt awfully poky and stiff, and wouldn't have grown acquainted at all.

"Now I must tell you some about the school. I thought it was a very small affair; and I suppose it is as boys' boarding schools go; but there's quite a pile of fellows here, after all. Twenty of us, all told. Two classes; one of big chaps, sixteen to fourteen years old; and my class. We run from eleven to thirteen; but there's only one elevener. He's a small chap, the youngest of the lot, and very little for his age; but the very pluckiest youngster that ever played a match. You ought to have seen him yesterday. We were all turning somersaults over a heap of sand that happens to lie on the lawn near the road (they are going to fill in a hole in the road with it), and he was trying to do it too, but he couldn't; his legs being short, he couldn't butt the heap near enough to the top to go safely over. He fell short every time, and at last Will Perkins, the tallest boy in the school, calls out,—

"'Stand away there, Harry Clifford; you'll never do it, and you're in the way.'

"I thought he'd be mad, for he's a spicy chap; but he locked up at Will, and, with a funny nod, says,—

"'Yes, I will do it, too. I'll stand out of your way, if you want me to; but I'll go over that sand-heap before long, I can tell you.'

"He turned off, looking as pleasant as could be; and a minute after I saw him practising by himself on a knoll not far from us. For a whole half-hour that fellow tried it over and over, and at last he did it, half a dozen times in succession. Then he came back where we stood, fell into line, and when his turn came, went for the sand-heap. Over he went, as straight as Perkins himself; and then didn't those chaps cheer! I tell you it did me good. I just had to go and shake hands with him.

"Does that make you think of anything, Hattie? It does me. A big, steady, hearty fight; and a victory too. Little Clifford has helped me already. He seems to like me, and I'm glad of it, for I like him. I wouldn't wonder if we were first-rate friends, for we room together, and we get along prime. By the way, Hattie, it isn't half so hard for me to keep the promise I made you, to say a prayer every night and morning, as I thought it would be; for Charlie says his too, and as we're the only two in our room, it's quite convenient. Did you know that Grandpa had put one of those picture-texts in my trunk for me to hang up in my room? It says—

"'Him that overcometh . . . I will write upon him my new name.' I am going to hang it at the foot of my bed, so I can see it when I wake up in the morning.

"I like all the boys pretty well, even Will Perkins. He's a bully, but he can be nice if he chooses. The other boys give into him like everything, partly because he's got lots of money, and treats them if they do, and partly because they are afraid of him if they don't. I don't think Mr. Braisted knows half what a bully he is, or he'd put a stop to some of his pranks. He never will know, though, for they're all strong on not backing down on any fellow here. They stand by one another through everything. Give lots of love to Grandpa. I wrote to him yesterday. Perhaps I'd better send a little to Aunt Harriet too, for she kissed me when I came away, and she put some candy in my lunch-basket. I think she was kind of sorry, only she didn't want to say so. If she is real sorry, I'll forgive her, but if she isn't I won't.

"Don't forget to write to me every week as you promised. I forgot to tell you that another teacher besides Mr. Braisted lives in the house, Mr. Travers. Grandpa is going to write every week too.

"Your dear old CHARLIE.

"P. S. How is that for a letter? I'm tired to death. How are you?

"P. S. I'm trying, Hattie. True and hearty, I am."

VI.

## MR. BRAISTED'S BABY.

Charlie's introduction to his school life had been very propitious. Mr. Braisted, an old friend and college chum of Dr. Mason's, had happened to be making a visit near London at the time of the boy's last disgraceful exploit; and knowing that, while he was a most genial and kind hearted man, he was also exceedingly strict and punctilious with regard to the discipline to be maintained in his school, the doctor went at once to see him, and ask if he would admit Charlie into his establishment. Confiding to Mr. Braisted the story of his grandson's unfortunate early life and training, his present characteristics, so strongly marked both for good and evil, and his apparently earnest desire and effort to conquer his grave faults, Dr. Mason had placed him under the care of his old friend, hopeful, as usual, of the very best results from the change.

And Charlie himself was no less sanguine of success. He had had, on the evening before his departure for Melville, a long and serious, but very happy talk with the doctor, and had gone up to his room when it was concluded, with his grandfather's kiss yet lying warm upon his cheek, and his grandfather's parting words of blessing lying as warm upon his heart, more strongly determined than ever to be worthy of his grandfather's name.

Of any higher motive for striving to form a pure and noble character, Charlie had no thought. He saw plainly (for not even the eye of a careless, frolicsome boy could fail to notice it), that Dr. Mason's whole life was influenced and controlled by a power of which he knew nothing in his own experience; but although through all these past five years he had been lovingly taught of that Friend who was so dear to the old man's heart, he had not chosen Him as his own friend. Even the brightly illuminated words of the beautiful text which Dr. Mason had secretly laid in his trunk, did not bring to his mind any great desire to have the "new name" written on his forehead. The twining vines and flowers wreathed themselves, as he thought of it, rather about the name of his grandfather, than that of the mighty Friend, the love of whom would have been so complete a defence to him in this time of his need.

Charlie had not been mistaken in his estimate of the characters of the two boys in the school, who had made the strongest impression upon him in the few days during which he had known him. Good natured, merry Harry Clifford, with his determination, his earnestness, and his high principles, was the best companion a careless, vacillating boy like Charlie could possibly have had; and the tie between them bade fair to become both strong and lasting. Within the first six hours after their meeting, Harry had been made aware of the amount of Charlie's allowance, and the value of his possessions in the knife, marble, and twine line. He knew that he had a dog, named Caspar, whom he loved as dog was never loved before; and an aunt, named Harriet, who occupied exactly the opposite position in his heart; and before the week was out, he had heard the whole story of his early life, and its unhappy results,—his efforts, his failures, his grandfather's loving trust in his final success, and his own fixed resolution to win the victory for his grandfather's sake; and more than that, he was pledged by his own voluntary promise to give him all the aid in his power in the accomplishment of his work.

All that Charlie could tell was told, and then Harry returned the compliment, and unfolded his confidences. Like Charlie, he was fatherless; but he had a mother, and being her only son and eldest child, felt himself her guard and protector. For the present, he said, he had been forced to leave her to attend to his education; but as soon as his studies were ended, he intended to return home, and settle down for life in the old homestead. He never meant to marry, but to give up all his days to his widowed mother. His little sisters, he thought, would probably, like all young ladies, leave home when they were grown up, but he should never desert his mother.

There was something very beautiful, even to Charlie's boyish eyes, in this complete devotion. Harry was so slight and delicate in appearance, that it seemed as if his mother might, for many a year, feel the need of watching carefully over him; but he never seemed to doubt for a moment either his ability or his right to support, defend, and watch over her; and he took such a pride and delight in speaking of himself as her natural protector, that Charlie, in spite of his teasing, roguish propensities, had not the heart to laugh at his pretensions.

Less fortunately for himself, Charlie had also, notwithstanding his slighting mention of him in writing to Hattie, formed a close intimacy with William Perkins, the oldest scholar in the seminary. He was very much what the letter had described him, an open-handed, liberal young fellow, with plenty of money to spend, and great readiness to spend it, not only on himself, but on others as well: full of life, wit, and resource, but domineering, obstinate, and arrogant as boy could well be. He had taken a fancy at once to Charlie's bright, intelligent face, and had admired, petted, and flattered him, until the boy, in spite of his first impressions, was won over completely, and, in a week's time, would have done any thing within his ability to aid or to please him; and the sound of the pet name, "Brownie," which Will had bestowed upon him, spoken in Perkins' winning voice, would coax him on the instant from the most enticing game, or the most absorbing book.

Harry had taken the greatest delight in showing Charlie everything that was to be seen in the seminary, or around it; but whatever he exhibited, whether it were the ball-ground, the cricket-field, the best points for fishing in the brook, or some of the many curiosities which Mr. Braisted had collected in years spent in travel, he had always kept before his mind's eye something more rare and beautiful still, which he had yet to place before him as the crowning delight of Melville Seminary. That he was in some way to be hoaxed, Charlie was fully aware; no one could look into Harry's dancing, merry eyes, as he spoke of "the Great Unknown," without being quite satisfied that he meant mischief; but he would give no clew by which his friend might guess what it was that had been so long kept in the background; waiting until he was thoroughly acquainted with all things else about the establishment, before it was revealed to his anxious eyes.

(To be Continued.)