

sympathy, but they feel that he is a man like themselves; he has touched the human part of their natures, and the rest will be easy. Little Ned listened, for the minister was speaking of things with which the listeners were familiar; of sin, of sorrow, of temptations, speaking cheerful words of comfort, leading them step by step to something higher and holier than they had ever dreamed of. At last, in language they could all understand, he told them of another life, another world where sin and sorrow could not enter. The child listened, and as he left the building hunger and fatigue were forgotten. Only half comprehending what the clergyman had said, only remembering in a confused way that he had spoken of a brighter world; one wholly unlike this one, one in which there would be no more hunger and cold, no more blows and harsh usage, the little fellow started in search, resolved to find it. Surely it could not be very difficult to find, and it must be some place outside this great city. Little Ned started on his search, going towards the open country, toward the place where the moon was rising, never doubting, never fearing, but that he would succeed. Day after day he wandered on, eating berries which he found by the wayside, and occasionally asking for something to eat. He slept in the open air, for he knew no fear; his brain still weaving the golden threads; still talking to invisible spirits; his face looking so spiritual that one was not surprised that strange tongues spoke a strange language to the lonely boy. He has wandered on until his feet are sore