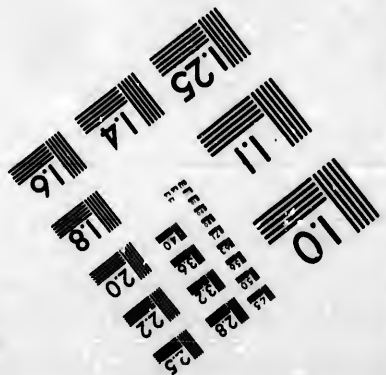
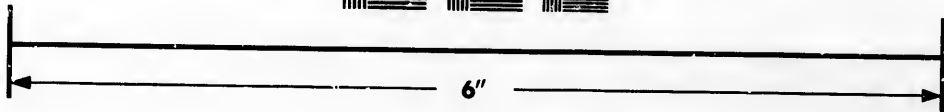
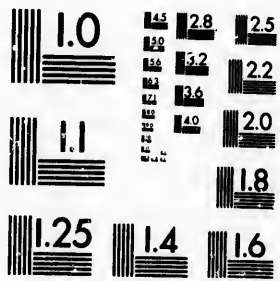


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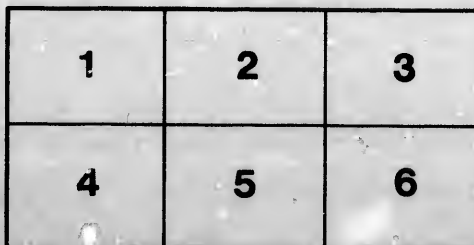
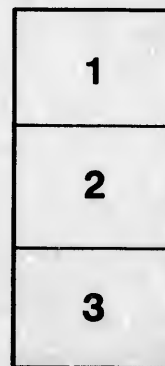
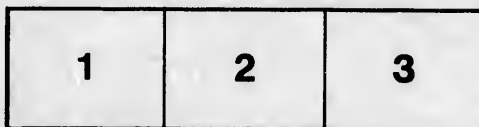
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Very Sincerely Yours  
C. Wilson



Can. F.  
RE



Very Sincerely Yours  
C. Wilson

C. W. C.

*Can. F* *T*  
RESCUED IN TIME.

A Tale.

BY

CORNELIUS WILSON.

TORONTO:  
WILLIAM BRIGGS,

WESLEY BUILDINGS.

*20*  
C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.

1894.

*W.P.*



Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year  
thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, in the office of  
Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

TH

J

UNAF

To my Wife,

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND, LOVING HELPMET,

AND

JUDICIOUS ADVISER FOR THIRTY YEARS,

WITH

UNABATED TRUST AND EVER-INCREASING LOVE,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

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GALT,

## PREFACE.

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IN presenting to the reading public the tale "RESCUED IN TIME," we do so with the hope that some "poor wandering one" may be led to look homeward and heavenward.

We have tried, in our simplicity, to present facts which have come under our notice during a lifetime, and especially during a number of years as a commercial traveller.

And while we have endeavored to present the evils of the "drink traffic," we have, at the same time, tried to show that there is an all-wise Providence guiding the affairs of men.

We have used simplicity of language and yet tried to be true to life. The characters in the tale are real,—those whom we have met and seen, though names are changed.

We pray that from the reading of these pages a little light may spring up in the heart of some one estranged from right and home.

C. WILSON.

GALT, ONT. 1894.

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Mrs. M

# RESCUED IN TIME.

## CHAPTER I.

“Falling with our weight of cares  
Upon the world's great altar-stairs,  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

“We stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
On what we feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.”

—*In Memoriam.*

“MOTHER, how cold it seems to-night, and the raging of the storm saddens my heart, as I listen to its pitiless beating against the windows. Oh! how my heart goes out for dear, dear father. Oh! how I wish him home with us, it is so lonely here; and to know he is somewhere out in this fearful storm to-night.” So spoke Maggie Morton, a beautiful girl of some eighteen summers, whose fair face and form showed a want of proper home comforts. Yet in form and gracefulness she had all the characteristics of a young woman of fine moral culture. Neatly, yet very plainly, dressed, her hair of raven black hanging loosely over her well-formed shoulders, made a beautiful contrast with her passing fair complexion.

Mrs. Morton was quietly resting after a hard day's

work. She had just returned from the outskirts of the city, where she had been engaged in toiling for some of the comforts their home had been so long without, except through her personal exertions. She bore the appearance of having seen better days. But premature old age has crept on. The lustre of her eye has passed into a vague sadness, and the face is prematurely furrowed with sorrow marks which only a "deserted wife" can feel. This, in Mrs. Morton's case, speaks of hardships and heartaches, which none but God can understand.

"Oh, Maggie!" replied Mrs. Morton, "if your dear father would but be himself again, and be free from that curse of drink, our home would again be what it once was. Oh, my daughter, how my heart goes out for him, and how it yearns for his return to his former self! And yet, for your sake, Maggie, I am willing to toil and suffer, until, in the good providence of God, the time will come when the dreadful temptation will be put out of his reach, and the curse of rum removed."

Maggie Morton looked full of sorrow, and her young face, all pinched and careworn, from the many hardships and cares with which her pure young life had been burdened, told that the springtime of life, at the summer morn of her womanhood had been blighted by the chilling blasts of adversity. Her naturally warm heart had been chilled by the sad fact that her father was a drunkard.

The room in which Maggie and her mother were sitting had few, if any, of the comforts of home, yet

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to them, it was "home." The floor was covered with what had been a beautiful tapestry, but time had done its work, even on that. Though it was scrupulously clean, and did duty still as the "parlor carpet," yet marks of age were perceptible in every part.

The table still contained the supper dishes, under which was spread a clean cloth of home-made material. The evidence would not incline a stranger to believe that they fared in a very sumptuous way.

In the room were a few chairs, and a corner "what-not," on which were placed a few "bric-a-brac" and "notions," which seem to be tell-tales of the days gone by. In the centre of the room was an old stove, doing such duty as it can when the stock of fuel is ever so meagre, though for many months its influence was little felt, while the storm and wintry blast of the night were holding high revel. The modest old stove could shed slight warming power, because there was but little fire in the grate and little coal in the bin.

"Maggie dear, you may bring me the old family Bible, whose teachings and precious promises have been such comfort and solace to us in the past; in this, our time of need, it will comfort us still." So, with all the reverence in a pure woman's heart, though sorely tried and troubled, the old Book was opened, and, as if directed by a supernatural power, opened as if (and why not?) to comfort them especially in this, their troubled hour of need, Mrs. Morton reverently reads: "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.



I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye also shall be also."

"Dear, dear mother," exclaimed Maggie, "how sweet to know that all the comfort in the Word just read was ours. Before we kneel in prayer, may I sing for you that old hymn and melody, which you taught me when a child, when home to me was my world, and you, dear mother, its sweet centre—home, with no blight hanging over us as to-night, when the curse of rum, legalized by men's votes, blights our lives."

"Yes, Maggie, your sweet voice always has in it something which brings back to me the memories of our home as it was when the sunshine was there. Yes, dear, you may sing, and my heart will go out to our dear Lord that His comforting grace may reach your poor wandering father, and bring him back to us, and make him again what he once was, the noblest of men. Your song of trust and our united prayers will surely reach the ear of Him who has promised to be with us to the end."

"Yes, mother, my heart is always made stronger when we recognize God, even in song."

So, in sweet tremolo, Maggie sings the grand old hymn:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

As Maggie finished, and the last note had died away, Mrs. Morton noticed the tears gathering in her eyes—poor dear girl, so young, and yet so old in

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pangs of heartaches. Why should the sweet purity and innocency of youth be compelled to suffer in order that the avarice of men and self may come to the front. How grand it is for us to know there is room for all our sorrows and heartaches in the shelter of the "Rock of Ages."

"Yes, mother, I am glad I can even now realize what it means, a very personal and comforting refuge; and, to us, in this our darkest hour of life, to feel that

"Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
A shelter in the time of storm."

Mother and daughter knelt together, and in sweet union of heart sacredly drew near to God in prayer; and, though their home had few comforts, yet unitedly they implored Him who reigns on high that the wanderer may return again.

In an audible, trembling voice Mrs. Morton pleaded with God that He would bring back again him of whom they had been robbed, and that the curse of strong drink might be forever banished from our land.

A sweet response came from the trembling lips of Maggie as she lifted her eyes towards heaven, imploring God's comforting grace and blessing on her dear, patient mother. In the secret chambers of her aching heart the poor girl holds the sweet memories of her early years—of the time when a fond father loved and dandled her often on his return. That was when the "rum curse" was unknown to them and their home.

Very keenly Mrs. Morton and Maggie felt their desertion, and the more so from the fact of the bois-

terous howling of the winds as they howled in the gloom of the cheerless winter night a "merciless wintry blast."

Yet, their unwavering confidence in an over-ruling Providence assured them that the husband and father would again be restored to them, though his interests in home, wife and child had long since been forgotten and buried in the grave of his ruin and love for strong drink.

Mrs. Morton noticed an uneasiness of movement in Maggie. She was aroused from a deep reverie by sharp knocking at the door. Arising, she hesitatingly approaches the door, a deep flush mantled her maiden cheeks—usually pale and careworn—well understanding the "rap-tap-tap." On opening the door she admitted the young man who was waiting, being none other than Willie Thompson, a bright young Scotch Canadian, inheriting all the buoyancy and life of a worthy son of Scotland's hills and Scotland dales.

"Why, Willie Thompson!" exclaimed Maggie, "you are here? And how are you? Mother will be glad to see you; walk in."

"I was hoping someone else would be kind o' glad to see me," said Willie, as he grasped her hand.

"Oh, well, certainly I am glad to see you," said Maggie, blushing.

"Not more so than I am, Maggie, to see you," said Willie. "I am just longing to see both of you again, and, stormy as it is, I made the venture."

On entering the room, where still sat Mrs. Morton

the trio of friends and, so far as Maggie and Willie are concerned, perhaps more than mere friends, made a pleasant group.

"Mrs. Morton," said Willie, as he approached, "you are not feeling just as happy in circumstances and cheerful spirits as usual."

Taking his proffered hand in hers, she tells him that she is sadder to-night than is her wont, because of the memories of the past, and the fearful howling of the storm, reminding her of the suffering of the homeless and outcasts. "My heart yearns," she said, "for my own dear one, who has become a wanderer, and who, at this moment, may be in need of comfort and cheer. Still, though a wanderer, he has a place in our hearts."

"Mother, dear mother," said Maggie, "you have meht you to help bear the sorrow, and best of all, we have y and lil Jesus, on whom we can cast all our cares, for 'He Scotlandca eth for us.'"

Yes, Maggie; and how often in the midst of our ggie, "yoolest heartaches we are cheered by the trust we e glad here in the source of all happiness and in the hope of some day having your dear father restored to nd o' glhome and to us."

Maggie, poor child, all this time seemed riveted to you," said chair in deep meditation. Suddenly catching the eye of Willie, she noticed his somewhat troubled cast you," said countenance, so strange in him, who usually carried you aga boyant, cheerful smile.

Maggie, rising and taking him by the hand, apolo-s. Mortand for the action, remarking in a voice full of

emotion, "Now, Willie, tell me, is there anything occurring to disturb your mind? I fear there is now tell me what it is."

"No, Maggie," smilingly replied Willie; "what there in my looks or actions to-night that would bring you to such conclusions?"

Turning to her mother, and placing her hand lovingly on her shoulder, Maggie said with a smile "Don't you think, Mother, that Willie might confide in us? and if any trouble has overtaken him, perhaps we can offer our help, or, at least, our sympathy. It is just possible that he has become over anxious about obtaining the long-promised position of Mechanical Superintendent of Government Drainage of some of the Western Counties of Ontario."

"Oh, no, Maggie!" replied Willie, "there is no trouble on that line; for see, I hold in my hand the papers confirming my appointment, direct from headquarters; also a copy of the *Gazette*, with my name and appointment duly gazetted—duties to begin with early spring-time. So you see, my little Mother, Inquisitive, that your fears are unfounded." "But I may tell you," he continued, as he drew nearer, "I do feel some unrest from what I was forced to see and hear, which, I am free to admit, possibly caused some color to come into my cheeks. If such has been perceptible to you, it is only because more evidence has been given me of the iniquity and the terrible character of the rum traffic. Just as I was returning from the office of the Government contractor, my attention was drawn to a crowd of brawling

boisterous men, who were uttering yells and shouts of blasphemy. The most conspicuous of the crowd, and the loudest in riot, was none other than Bill Stovel, who has just returned from the Central Prison."

Poor Maggie involuntarily shuddered on hearing Bill Stovel's name mentioned. She had felt and known enough of his history to compel her to heave a heavy sigh, which caused Mrs. Morton to raise her motherly eyes, and remark :

"May God help any who may be compelled to reside in the neighborhood of that poor outcast of society. A man bereft of every spark of manhood ; whose life and conduct has hurried a true, devoted mother to an untimely grave with sorrow ; and has broken the heart of Jessie Bowes, who, under an unlucky star, became his wife."

"I remember Jessie well, mother, and a sweet, dear girl she was. Had she listened to the entreaties of her best friends, and heeded her dear old mother's warnings, and not been blinded by the sophistries and blandishments of the dashing student dandy, whose whole life was made up of empty style and vacant 'dudism,' filled with a foppish disdain for everyone who, as he often said, 'had not a mind of his own.' Often he would twirl his cane and say ; 'What he termed an emphasis, that he would never submit to forfeit his 'liberty.'"

How often have I tried to persuade poor Jessie of the awful risk she was taking, when she was fully determined to marry the man who had M.D. to his name, and make her, as he said, 'Mrs. Doctor Stovel.'"

"Poor Jessie," sighed Willie, "she was deserving a better fate."

Mrs. Morton sat for some moments in a deep reverie then raised her eyes to Maggie, remarking as she straightened her weary form, that very often she thought of Jessie, and of what was generally thought "her splendid match," and of the festivities when "an heir was born to William Stovel, M.D., of Chinguacousy."

"Yes, I remember," said Willie, "the circumstances you speak of, as among the first of any importance occurring in the village where I was filling my first Canadian situation in the township of Chinguacousy. Having occasion to meet with Dr. W. Stovel, he then made his boast that his ability to be a man was within himself, and that he was not one of those who had to sign a pledge in order to maintain his manhood, disdaining those who did as 'temperance cranks.' In these days it did seem to me that there was a bright future before the young and very popular doctor."

Maggie listened earnestly to Willie as he related his early impressions. Arousing from what seemed a wakeful dream or reverie, her whole frame shook as she told of his career from its fair outset to his arrest and imprisonment for forgery and arson.

Turning to her mother, she added: "You remember how poor Jessie, in the saddest hours of her life, when her dear little daughter Minnie, through neglect and suffering, caused by the inhuman treatment of her drunken father, was ill from malarial fever. Poor

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Jessie, heartbroken, could bear up no longer. She sank into a quick consumption; and, having no home comforts, no one to make known her sorrows, no one to make home what it should be, in despair made you her confidante. And you so often spoke to her of Him who had proved such a friend in time of need to you."

"Yes; poor girl," said Mrs. Morton, "she was the victim of sad circumstances—but are not we sufferers too? Maggie, you and Willie may listen while I tell you of poor Jessie's awful time during little Minnie's illness. When, worse than a widow, her heart torn by an agony caused by ill-treatment, she would often sob herself to sleep, as she bent over the tattered cot in which her babe was sleeping herself away to that land from which no traveller ever returns. Poor Jessie came to our house one bitterly cold night, having little Minnie wrapped up in an old shawl—a remnant of better days—and hugging the poor, emaciated babe close to her heart, feeling keenly the need of some comforting words. I was glad, even in my own sorrow, to have an opportunity of aiding one suffering from what was my own experience—the evil of rum. Very anxious was I to urge her in her sorrow to look to God for help.

"Little Minnie had entered her fifth year, a bright little thing, always a source of joy to Jessie. But as she went on, the little one seemed to pine away just as if she was aware of the downfall of her unhappy mother. Disease had laid its wasting hand on the little wretched frame.

In five short years, what a change in the once



happy home! Comfort after comfort was taken from them until at last the poor, broken-hearted, patient Jessie, careworn, weak and wan, bent over the cot where lay the angel of her soul, burning up with fever. Listlessly the little one looked into her mother's eyes and in feeble infant whisperings asked, 'Mamma, has papa been here?'

"'No, my darling, papa has not been here,' poor Jessie replied, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"'Mamma, does papa know his little Minnie is sick—so very sick? I would like to see papa again to-night. You see, mamma, I am ever so much better—see how strong I am,' said the child, lifting up her little pale, withered hand to her head. 'See, mamma

"'My darling, it is not night now, it is the beautiful sunshine of the morning.'

"'Is it morning, mamma?'

"'Yes, my darling—see how brightly the sun is shining.'

"'But it is dark, mamma—lift me up.'

"'There, now, darling, is it bright now?'

"'Mamma, I can't see you,' and she held out her little, trembling hands and whispered, 'Mamma, oh mamma! listen, someone is singing—hark! do you hear them, mamma?'

"'No, darling, there is no one singing,' sobbed poor Jessie, as she bent over the cot.

"'Yes, yes, mamma; I hear them sing so sweetly. Hark! hark! up there! hear them. Oh! how sweet they sing; and mamma, it seems to me I hear your voice among them, and so many sweet voices.' The

with all her remaining strength she raised her head, but sank back upon the pillow, and opening her sweet blue eyes, sunken and glassy, she faltered: 'Oh, mamma, mamma, the sun does—shine—it—is—morning. Oh, it—is—a—pretty—sun—shine—to—see. Oh, mamma, hear—them—sing—let me—go—to—them.' And with up-lifted eyes the babe had gone to join the songs of the redeemed.

"Poor Jessie understood it all now. Hot tears fell fast upon the pale, wan face of her babe, for it is indeed to her the morning of eternity. Her little Minnie had gone to join in the songs of the redeemed around the throne."

Maggie and Willie, who were sympathetic listeners during Mrs. Morton's recital of poor Jessie's trials, were both bathed in tears. They resolved, by God's help, to be up and at work in disarming the monster "rum" of its power.

"Poor Jessie! dear, good girl," added Maggie, "she has indeed been passing through deep waters. She did not long survive her little Minnie, did she?"

"No, Maggie; she went into a rapid decline and in a few months she was laid beside her babe. Mother and babe doubtless sing together the song heard by little Minnie as she was stepping into the angel's chariot which was to carry her from this place of sorrow, tears and death. There they are among those who have come out of great tribulation with robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Willie Thompson, in agitation and excitement, rose from his chair, where he had listened until his whole

soul was fired. His expressive features betrayed his emotion. His countenance alternated between anger and pity. Anger that a poor, defenceless child should be made to suffer because of a greed for gold—because of men in power sanctioned, and the people hold such men in power. Pity, because there were so many to drag down, so few to help raise the fallen. Moving towards Mrs. Morton, and taking her hand in his, he bade her be cheerful and trustful, for better days were coming.

“May God speed them, Willie,” said Mrs. Morton.

“They are coming, never fear,” he answered; “but it is now late and I must bid you good-bye for the present.”

While still holding her hand his countenance seemed strangely flushed with the determination of doing something to break the power of “rum” and its awful work among men. In saying good-night he vowed an eternal hatred against the curse of the traffic in the bodies and the souls of men. Solemnly he pledged his young manhood to fight it as the foe of mankind, as the murderer of poor Jessie and her innocent babe, and to use all his powers under God to rescue the perishing and care for the dying.

“Well, Willie, before you go,” said Mrs. Morton, “I must tell you I am glad you came to see us to-night. Your company seems to do us good, and when you can, come again.”

“Oh, yes, Mrs. Morton, I’ll come when I can,” answered her guest, and, looking towards Maggie, he added, “You may look for me any time.”

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Maggie at this blushed and gave a glance towards her mother, which, if interpreted properly, had much of a meaning in it, though not a word was uttered.

As the door opened, the wintry blast found its way into the room, causing Mrs. Morton to shiver and call to Maggie not to trifle with the chill of the night blast.

"Yes, mother, just in a minute." And, so saying, she bade Willie good-night.

"Accept our warmest thanks," she added, "and our best wishes for your success in the new sphere of life upon which you so soon enter. I am sure your industry and intelligence, with your confidence in God, will make your future a success."

"Thanks, Maggie. Your words encourage me, and my coming here makes me realize I have friends, aye, more than friends."

"Yes mother, I'm coming now," and again, "good-night."

While in the act of closing the door and stepping into the night, the dreaded cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" was heard.

## CHAPTER II.

“At Yule time, in our chamber,  
We sit in warmth and light,  
While cold and howling round us  
Lies one black land of night.”—*Anon.*

WHILE this scene is being enacted in the home of Mrs. Morton, we will draw another picture in another place.

It is one of those popular, public resorts in a principal thoroughfare of the city, whose business and boast is, that it caters to the comfort and well-being of its “patrons”; which, withal, requires public sanction, and, for a sum of money, a “licence,” to dispense indiscriminately that which produces not comfort or well-being, but heartaches enough to drown the traffic forever.

In this place were gathered a number of the *bon-ton* and others of the neighboring parts, among them Jim Morton—the remains of a man of noble intellect, whose mind and brain, manhood and soul had been bartered for rum. A man who stood at the head of the legal profession, of which he had been a worthy member.

In his early college days he was the peer of his fellows, and the prospective comfort and joy of the honored home in the old land.

Jim Morton is here standing leaning on the bar of

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the saloon, with glass raised high above his head and with an idiotic leer on his visage, bearing unmistakable marks of a long debauch. Mumbling in incoherent utterances, he tries to give vent to some sentiment in ridicule of the "Women's Crusade" movement.

"G-go for them, Jim; you're the stuff. I (hic) like (hic) to hear (hic) 'telligent m-men like you t-talk (hic) Jim."

So spake Bill Stovel, who has just made his first appearance at his old haunts, since his release from prison.

"Keep still, will yer? Jim's all right, he is," shouted one of the crowd in the rear of the room.

"Guess he is all right," added Bill Stovel, with a demon-like sneer on his bloated countenance, "but to my mind his way of acting's more like an (hic) overgrown monkey—kind o' frisky. He's a great one, he (hic) is. S-say, fellers (hic), have Jim set 'em up for (hic) all hands—eh, boys?"

"Three cheers for lawyer Jim Morton. Ha! ha! ha!"

This last sally was made by one of those forming the bibulous crowd. The man behind the bar added his jest by telling them, "Jim Morton was once a mar."

Poor Jim Morton all this time acted as if in a dazed condition of mind, and being now reminded that he was "once a man," partially realizes what he now is, compared with the time when, full of young and buoyant fervor, and with bright prospects before him. Here he stood—glass in hand and contents untouched—amid the jests and jeers of those far below

him in intelligence when he was "a man," though bearing quietly the taunts and sneers of comrade sots, in his eye seemed to be kindling a fire which might at least repel those taunts. So, fixing his gaze on Bill Stovel, he cried out :

"You prison bird, you're no good. The very name you bear savors of crime; so to me the name 'Stovel' is obnoxious."

We will take the reader from the bar-room scene and its orgies, and bring you back to the boyhood days and home of Jim Morton, on the banks of the Ayr, in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

The garden of Ayrshire, in the west of Scotland, some eleven miles north of the old, historic town of Ayr, is the old ancestral home of the Mortons. A very ancient homestead was the Haugh Grange, cosily nestling in a heavy copse of woodland and broad lawns, in the vale of Hawforth Glen. Such was the home and manor house of Bailie Morton.

Young James Morton, the only son and heir of the Haugh Grange, was petted and fondled as the idol of the home. He had unlimited supplies of money on demand during his college days, while preparing for the legal profession in the Glasgow University. Unfortunately for him and his future, habits of drink had been formed in his early days, and formed by the glass of wine, held in the hands of earth's dearest friends. These habits played an important part in his after life, and brought misery, unhappiness and discomfort to many others than himself.

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Returning from his university course with highest honors, he was met by happy loved ones at the "Grange" to do him honor. The first to greet young Morton was his aged father, Bailie Morton, with a cheery smile and a "Weel din, Jamie, my man; an' ye hae cam' hame again—an' oot abin' them a'."

"Tuts, tuts, guid man," remarks his dear old mother, "ye mauna mak o'er muckle o' the laddie, or maybe ye'll feel o'er proud o' himsel'."

"Na, na! our Jamie is na cuiff; he kens lots o' earnin.' But come awa' into the hoose, ma laddie, an' just tell us a' about your success at the big Glasgow place."

Seated around the old hearth, the trio of the "Grange" seemed doubly happy at the opportunity of meeting again.

"Noo, guid wife," says the Bailie, "ye maun invite some o' oor Jamie's young freens in, sae they can hae a wee bit time o' daffin the gither. Ye ken weel, he's anco fond o' company, an' forby he's a lawyer, tae. Weel, guid wife, but its gran' just tae think o' it."

"Deed ay, Bailie" (as she delighted to call him), said the guid wife; "ye ken the young folks o' noo-a-days are no sae particular hoo they conduct themsels, as when you and I were young. Ye ken, tae, that whiles things are kin' o' loose wi' young college boys when they get a free swing o' themsel's. An', 'deed, guid man, I just thocht whan our ain laddie cam' hame, an' didna be wi' us but a minute or twa, but had tae run oot an' see some o' the lads we ken are no given tae too muckle in the



way o' bein' free frae the cups. As I was sayin' I just thocht I fancied I smelt somethin' wasna right, but maybe I'm mistaen. But, guid man, my heart wad break gin I thocht oor ain dear Jamie sud ever be the waur o' drink."

"Na fear, na fear o' him, guid wife," replied the Bailie, as he took a snuff from a beautiful silver box and holding it in his hand, he added, "Ye ken boys will be boys—all hae bits o' daffin. Nae fear o' oor Jamie. Hoosomever, guid wife, you ca' in Watty, an' tell him tae gang an' see the Thompsons, Hamiltons an' Gavins, an' bid a' the lads an' lassies o' the folks tae come ower to the "Grange" an' help mak merry, that oor ain Jamie is hame frae Glasgow, an' a full-fledged lawyer. Isna that gran', guid wife?" and he laughed right out, indulging in another snuff.

Watty was the manager-in-chief of the Haughton Grange, having been there for many years, as butler, waiter, steward, and whatever else was required of him. A fine specimen of the genuine Scottish character he was, being gifted with some degree of natural wit, and withal a large warm heart. Among his many charges, he had full charge of the wine-vaults. On the fact of his holding this position, he prided himself as being "prime minister of the Haughton Grange," and was always ready to cater to the wants or needs of the Grange or its guests.

So, in this case, in answer to a call from the Bailie Watty was all bustle and hurry—so much so, that he forgot to take off the apron he had on while engaged on some kind of work which required such. Hurry

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ing up to the hall of the Grange, he was met by Bailie Morton, all smiles, and snuff-box in hand, who informed him of what had been decided on, and that invitations were to be taken over to 'the Thompsons, the Hamiltons and the Gavins.

"Weel, weel, Maister Morton, just as ye say; an' gin I'm to go, '*tempus fugit*,' as the lawyer bodies say, I maun be off."

Without more ado, honest Watty is away on his invitation mission, and, in his usual merry way, we hear him as he hurries through the copse and over the lawn singing:

"There's nae luck about the hoose,  
There's nae luck ava';  
There's nae luck about the hoose,  
Whan oor guid man's awa'."

"Noo, guid man," says Mrs. Morton, "noo that Jamie's hame, and we're goin' tae hae a few o' his greens wi' him, we maun hae the best o' cheer for them in fine wine, the oldest cask i' the cellar, an' hae the folks tae do our ain Jamie honor." "Ay! ay! guid wife, this will be a prood day for us," chuckled the Bailie, as he indulged in the contents of his snuff-box, "'deed ay! 'deed ay! a prood day, a prood day, when they a' come in, an' toast after toast does roon the board, an' oor ain Jamie the one they delight tae honor."

"Ay, Bailie, 'oor bairn maks us a' prood noo; but gin years gae by, may his mither's God be wi' him, an' keep him as one o' His ain bairns a' along the long voyage o' life."

Just at this time, as the Haugh Grange was in the midst of its preparations for the festivities in honor of Jamie, the postman was seen coming up the front pathway, and making a quicker movement than was his usual gait. The old couple hastened to the front to meet him, and before he even reaches the verandah or porch, he is hailed by the Bailie with a good-humored :

"Good-day, John; any news for the Grange the day?"

"Ou aye, Bailie, a letter frae America, ou aye."

"Frae America, John, did ye say?"

"'Deed, its just that, Bailie," and a hurried movement handed it over to the Bailie.

"An' wha' can the letter be frae, guid man," said his wife eagerly.

"Ou' guid wife, I dinna ken yet, but I see the postmark bears Toronto, and it's in haste. As he turned it over and over again before proceeding to open it, he remarked that it must be a mistake, and in his perplexity he tried to sooth his astonishment by using the contents of his snuff-box again, "Sure enough, guid wife, it's for me, for it's my address :

" ' Bailie Morton,

" ' Haugh Grange,

" ' Ayrshire,

" ' Scotland.' "

"Sae it maun be yours, Bailie."

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"Weel, weel, guid wife, we'll soon see." And on opening it he reads as follows:

TORONTO, CANADA,

April, 1853.

To Bailie Morton,  
Haugh Grange,  
Scotland.

"RESPECTED SIR,—We have just had a communication from Professor Rankin, of Glasgow University, and, in accordance with a request made by us, he has kindly given the name and address of James Morton, a brilliant young student and the medalist of the year. As it is our purpose to enlarge our already extensive legal practice, we have decided to open a branch office in one of our western provincial towns. Upon the very high recommendation given us of your son, the clever medalist of the University, we offer him through you the position of manager. The high character he bears with the Faculty of the University gives us every confidence in his ability, and we are desirous, if possible, to have him come to Canada at once, and assume the duties of the office.

Trusting that he will, at once decide, and sail not later than June, we have the honor of remaining,

Yours respectfully,

Jones, Cassels, Brown & Co.

Bailie Morton was usually very sedate, but at the conclusion of the reading of this "surprise" letter he rubbed his hands in a gleeful spirit, tapping the lid of his snuff-box, and partaking a double portion of snuff, he said:

"It's unco guid fortune for our Jamie to hae his

name a' the way at the other side o' the seas already."

Almost forgetting himself in the exuberance of his joy, he turned towards his wife, and, with a broad smile, declared that "Oor Jamie is just sic anither as his faither, and nae doubt will be a credit to the Haugh Grange."

"'Deed I'm thinkin' sae mesel', Bailie," said his good wife, "an' we're sae prood o' Jamie, an' as ye say, 'hech! but he's iike his faither.' But losh keep me if here isna Watty back again; good, trusty Watty."

"An' wha's wi' him, guid wife?" asked the Bailie excitedly using his ever-present snuff-box.

"Whisht, Bailie, they're comin' in."

And, as Watty entered the gateway, his merry voice was heard humming some Scotch song.

"Heigh O! Heigh O! the weary body's back again Maister, you're goin' tae hae yer hands fu', for they're a' comin'."

"Wha's a' comin', Watty?"

"O maister, the Tamsons are comin', the Hamiltons are comin', the Gavins are comin', an' they a' say that it's gran' to be permitted to bid our Jamie a good hearty welcome hame frae college."

The Bailie again brought the companionship of his snuff-box into full play, and with a broad smile added, "That noo we maun put oor best foot foremost at the Haugh Grange."

"I was maist forgettin'," added Watty, "the Maister Tamson telt me his esteemed friend, Re

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Amos Trueman, wad be among the company, an' do his part in makin' the gatherin' maist enjoyable."

"An' wha is the Rev. Amos Trueman, I dinna ken him; do you, guid wife?" said the Bailie, and tapping the lid of his snuff-box expressively, added, "It must be the minister o' the Brigend kirk, o'er by there, an' if sae, Watty, I'm fearin' he will be on his ain big hobby o' temperance again; an' that'll no do, Watty, no' do, ye ken, for he's no the kin' o' folk to mix in wi' young bluid, 'specially college folks like our Jamie. Hoosomever, he may hae common sense enough to keep his auld-fashioned notions to his ain side o' the hoose."

"Side or no side," said Watty, with a twinkle in his eye, "when he talks on that subject he makes the folks wha' use rum, an' in particular the folks in his ain district, keep their places. An' 'deed, sir, my ain opinion o' him is, that the body is what they ca' a terror to evil-doers."

"Weel, weel, Watty; sae be it. You go noo' an' make whatever preparations may be needed about the hoose."

Just as the Bailie finished giving instructions to Watty, a carriage halted at the front gateway, and soon was making its way through the handsome drive approaching the front porch of the Haugh Grange, and without delay the Misses Hamilton and Gavin were gently helped to alight by the ever-obliging Watty, who, with one of his characteristic good-natured smiles, humorously hummed to himself,

"Hech! but ye've been lang a-comin'."

The Grange was brilliantly lighted up and all festooned and elaborately dressed for the occasion, so much so that it had the appearance of being prepared for bridal festivities.

The young ladies who had just arrived were royally welcomed by the Bailie and his guid-wife, who, he says "reigns supreme at Haugh Grange."

The attire of the young ladies, especially that of the Misses Gavin was in the direction of being flashy—too much so for the occasion.

"I am told," said the elder Miss Gavin, "that the Rev. Amos Trueman, of the "Brigend," is to be here. If so, he is very likely to point out the awful sin of using wine on such an occasion as this. Indeed, to my mind, Bailie, he is a perfect crank on the subject of temperance. It is only a few Sundays ago he preached a sermon on the sinfulness of even partaking of, or using wine at the dinner-table, just as if Minister Trueman was the *dictum dictotum* of the universe. For my part, I can see no harm in a glass of wine, and we don't hide the fact of our using wine, if even for our 'stomachs' sake.'"

The conversation was interrupted by Watty announcing the arrival of the Tamsons and Hamiltons, the older members of the family, who had remained behind in order to accompany the Rev. Amos Trueman, of the "Brigend," and who now rapidly drove to the front and were met by Watty, who aided them to alight. They were then met by Bailie Morton and his wife, who very graciously received them.

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The Bailie, in bidding Rev. Amos Trueman welcome, added: "It's a unexpected pleasure tae hae ye wi' us on the occasion o' our ain Jamie bein' hame frae the University, an' fu' o' honors, tae. An' would ye believe it, Mr. Trueman, we just hae a letter a' the way frae America, wantin' the laddie to go there an' act as chief manager o' a western office o' the law firm o' Jones, Cassels, Brown & Co., o' Toronto."

"So I am informed," remarked Mr. Trueman, "and I may say I am intimate with the Mr. Cassels of the firm, and some time ago my friend Cassels wrote me that he had opened a correspondence with the Faculty, and indeed, Bailie, I am glad to be permitted to join in the congratulations on the success, and, I may add, the good fortune of obtaining such a position."

Jamie and his young lady friends, on entering the apartment, were so engrossed in their repartee and laughter that they did not observe the presence of Rev. Amos Trueman. Trying to create a smile all round, Jamie approached the Bailie, bearing a young lady on each arm, asked him to look on his "Bonnie, bonnie bunch of roses O!" Bailie Morton rose to introduce Jamie to Rev. A. Trueman, who greeted each other with a hearty "glad to meet you."

Watty, dressed in his best, with one of his humorous smiles, informed the guests that lunch was waiting, and requested their presence in the dining hall, to which a general move was made.

Hanging over the Bailie's chair was the motto "Eat, drink and be merry." All being seated, as an act of



courtesy, the Rev. Mr. Trueman was requested to ask a blessing, and complied with becoming reverence.

Watty was now requested to bring on the best of the old cask wine.

"I prefer water," said Mr. Trueman, as he passed his goblet.

"So for me," said Mr. Thompson. "I am always better with God's pure water."

The elder Miss Gavin, noticing the act, and specially that of Rev. A. Trueman, asked the minister "if wine is not one of God's good creatures, and if Christ himself did not honor the wine at Cana of Galilee? If so, then why should we refuse to drink it?"

"To me, madam, wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging, and, my friend, if not for my sake, for my own dear mother's sake, I would not drink wine. To my mind every boy should feel towards his mother.

"I am so rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
The waters nectar and the rocks pure gold."

Watty, simple, honest-hearted Watty, had at this moment entered the room again, and in wonderment looking first at the Bailie and his wife, then, with half-comical side glances at the visitors, who were handling their wine cups, but who are apparently demented by the curt words of the minister. Watty in his simple cuteness, noticed the discomfort, and with a meaning twinkle, bowed himself out, singing as he went

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
Tae see oursel's as ithers see us."

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The elder Miss Gavin moved towards the Misses Thompson, who were in a *tête-a-tête* with one of the Hamiltons, and, with a fawning movement, asked her to join in an effort to dissuade Mr. Trueman from using this social hour and our company as one of those temperance times. "You know, Miss Thompson, ladies such as you and we, should belong to the liberal school on this question. How I do detest this everlasting hypocrisy and temperance humbug!"

"You are quite enthusiastic, Miss Gavin. I must admit I am open to conviction on this important question; but really, from what has transpired of late in our own home, and affected my own dear brother, I cannot and must not give my voice or presence in any way to encourage the awful and pernicious habit of social dram-drinking. And, Miss Gavin, let me add, that there may be no misunderstanding as to my position, that the responsibility resting on the sisters, sweethearts, wives and mothers of this land is great, and on that ground I must refuse to give any countenance whatever to what you are pleased to call the social glass."

Miss Gavin was somewhat crestfallen at the unexpected reception her idea had received, when the Rev. Mr. Trueman remarked to Miss Thompson that he was glad to hear that her brother Ben has at last seen how he was going in the social current and baneful custom of the times.

"Oh, yes!" that lady replied, "and I am so thankful to God my brother has at last come to himself. And indeed, Mr. Trueman, from conversation with

brother Ben on this very subject, I fear for our esteemed entertainer, young Morton, who has been his friend and college mate, that he is not free from the fatal fascination of wine. Would it not be terrible to think of the brilliant medalist of the year becoming a nonentity in his future—wherever it may be. We are only safe if we 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'

Miss Thompson's earnestness had the effect of kindling the moral fire anew in the warm heart of Mr. Trueman, whose eyes flashed and whose whole soul seemed to arouse itself. Rising to his feet, he declared himself ready to act and work in order that the world should be freed from such a power as can drag the best of men from virtue and honor to darkness and disgrace.

"I am reminded," he said, "of Milton's lines where he says:

'Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
And they so perfect in their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement  
But boast themselves more comely than before,  
And all their friends and native home forgot  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sky.'

Before Mr. Trueman had finished his Miltonic quotation, the Misses Gavin had unceremoniously left

the apartment in somewhat of a hurry, making their way into the room occupied by Bailie Morton and others of the older ones, who were all engaged in a very animated yet confidential conversation. At the moment of the entrance of the ladies the Bailie was heard to remark :

"My son Jamie must be one of those who can partake of God's good creatures; but, ye ken, in moderation, ha, ha! Just like mysel' ye ken." Partaking a pinch of snuff as he said so.

The Bailie did not notice the entrance of the ladies, until, looking up from his snuff-box, he cried out, "Bless me, guid wife, if here are na the Gavinesses." Turning towards them he filled a glass of wine for each of them, rising to his feet and lifting his glass bade them join him in drinking health to Jamie, saying: "Here's to oor ain Jamie, before he goes awa' ayont the seas."

Here the faithful Watty entered with a telegram and handed it to the Bailie, remarking: "It is vera important, Bailie; umph, vera!"

"Where is the messenger, Watty?"

"Down by in the hallway, Bailie. Did ye think I was goin' to bring him up amang ye here? Na, na, Bailie; I ken better than that."

"Watty, ma man," said the Bailie, as he read the despatch, "this is a telegram from the Allan Shipping Company, informing me o' the sailing o' the *Marque California*, on June the 6th, and it is required that all the passengers be on board on the morning o' the 6th. Noo, Watty, ma man, you ca' Jamie up the

stairs, an' tell him there's nae time to loose, an' he maun get a' ready the morn's mornin'."

"Deed ay, Bailie, 'deed ay!" said Watty, as off he goes to perform his part, humming to himself

"An' will he no come back again."

When Watty was entering the room where Jamie and his cronies had been spending the evening, it was not in the most orderly condition, and poor Jamie had very evidently been too socially inclined—he being in a state of almost maudling intoxication—the first sound that caught the ear of Watty was someone trying to sing:

"Gie him strong drink until he wink."

One of Jamie's cronies, noticing Watty, and eyeing him with suspicion, he too tried his power of song

"We'll not go home till morning,  
Till daylight does appear."

"Od'," says Watty, "I'm fearin' you'll no gae ham then, unless ye—"

"Wa-Watty, what y' want? do y' want me?" asked Jamie, as he tries to steady himself.

"Deed aye, Jamie; yer faither, the Bailie, has got a message frae somebody in Glasgow, tellin' him about some kin' o' California sale, or somethin' like that. Onyway the Bailie wants ye to come down to him, an' he wants tae talk wi' ye."

"Tell him, Wa-Watty, I am comin' down very soon, very soon, Watty!" and he made a big effort to get somewhat straightened up before appearing before his father and mother.

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In the meantime the guests of the evening departed one after another, some of them showing how close an attachment there was between them and the social wine cup; others of them not too well pleased at the out-spoken words of Rev. Mr. Trueman, and of the Misses Hamilton, as well as of the Thompsons.

Soon matters were all arranged for Jamie's departure. Here we may say that Jamie Morton, the idolized and petted son of the Bailie, and heir to the Haugh Grange, on his return from the University, found his young manhood and attainments flattered to such a degree that, to all appearances, the Haugh Grange had not scope enough for him.

On the morning of the 4th of June there was a busy scene in and around the old home, owing to the departure of Jamie for Glasgow, where his vessel, the *California*, was loading for the voyage.

Amid tears and affectionate farewells, Jamie Morton made adieu to friends and home and all their influences, and went forth out on the wide, wide world.

As poor Jamie left the gateway, he cast a look towards the rippling waters of the old Ayr, and lingering for a moment, broke out in Burns' lines :

“Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.”

On the following morning the Haugh Grange seemed deserted, since Jamie left for his far-away new home. When he arrived in Glasgow, having but

a little while before embarking, he was busy making preparations for the voyage, as very soon the *California* would weigh anchor, and move down the muddy Clyde. As the night of the 6th came on, a messenger arrived just in time, handing Jamie a letter sent post-haste from the Haugh Grange, enclosing a marked cheque for £1,000, which was arranged so that the captain would honor and cash it, if desired. This amount, added to what he already possessed would materially help him in a strange land.

On the eve of his embarking, he was in a deep reverie, and almost unconsciously leaned over the side of the vessel, watching the ever-rippling waters of the Clyde, as they were disturbed by the motion of some passing craft. As he was gazing out into the beautiful June gloaming, and at the forest of masts and stately vessels from every part of the world, his mind was again turned toward the Haugh Grange, as he was again immersed in reverie, and almost unconscious of his surroundings, a heavy hand was familiarly placed on his shoulder, and a well-known voice saluted with

"Hello! Jim Morton! where now, old boy? How are you, anyway? Off for a voyage, eh?"

"Such a stream of questions aroused him, and he was surprised to see his old college chum, Ben Thompson, who so hilariously piled up the questions.

"Well, Ben, my boy, I'm glad to see you before leaving. But say, Ben, pardon me, you are looking as if hard luck has been yours since we last met. But Ben, give me your hand, anyway. Tell me how you have got on since we parted in Edinburgh."

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"Oh, Jim, hard luck! You see, Jim, I married an angel, and we have a darling little boy-baby. We call him Willie, wee Willie. And—well, I am sorry to tell you—but rum! rum! has been my curse. Only the other night, while on my way home, some of our old companions met me on Gorbals Street, in front of the Star and Garter Saloon, and while they insisted and begged me to join them in our usual carousal, I saw the angel face of my wife, and somehow, Jim, my boy, I made a resolve there and then, that I would be a man, and, if possible, be rescued in time. So, despite all their entreaties, I resolved to quit this time for good. You know I have been a disgrace to my name, home and manhood, and a heartache to my angel wife. In my profession, a nonentity. But I must quit now. It may go a little hard with me at first, but in a short time I guess I will be able to rid myself of all desire for those jolly and foolish rants and revels that we have had together—desires, Jim, brought on by the too ready blandishments and smiles of young lady friends, who laughed at the youth refusing the 'social wine glass' from their dainty hands. Yes, the resolution is a sudden one, but, by God's help, none the less firm.

"You see, Jim, after I was married I quit those associations and good fellows for a long time, and when I gravitated back to them. It is not that I loved my wife any the less; I just got careless and thoughtless. Sometimes I seemed to think that since I was providing her with all the material luxuries of life, she ought to be satisfied. I did not intend to



neglect her, you know, and thought she didn't care if I did come down town occasionally at night.

"Since these absences from home became so frequent I noticed that a change came over her nature. Her sparkling vivacity, that used to so charm and electrify me, commenced to wane. Still, Jim, she strives hard to be happy. But she is not the woman she used to be. Her face has grown wan, her cheeks sunken, and the merry gleam has left her eye.

"When I arise in the morning, with reddened eyes and no appetite, she looks at me pityingly and hugs the baby closer to her bosom than I ever noticed her do before. No, Jim, she has never spoken to me about it. You see, Jim, that is what sets me wild. If she would just pitch in and give me a good tongue lashing, her sorrowing look would not make me feel so like a dog. That look, Jim, tells me plainer than words that she feels I am just killing myself and will soon be lost to her.

"This morning she told the baby to kiss papa good-bye. There was a strange pathos in her voice when she spoke that I never heard before. And then she turned away and broke into low, sad sobs that she tried to hide from me.

"Good God, Jim, I did not think those things ever existed outside of novels or romances, or off the stage. Yes, Jim, that's the reason I have quit."

"Ben, my dear old boy, your wife is an angel, and you would be a devil to break her heart," replied Jamie, and he clasped the hand of Ben and bade him be a man.

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"Yes, Jim, I am sure of just what you say, and, God helping me, as I bid you good-bye, here's my hand, and I promise, though the boys are good fellows and I like them. But—but—er—she's the best friend I ever had or expect to have—and—and—well I'm going to be true to her. I must be off, Jim, the crew are all aboard and all hands are now piped on deck, so good-bye, Jim."

"Good-bye, Ben, till we meet again."

### CHAPTER III.

“For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand.”

—Isa. xli. 13.

THE door of Mrs. Morton's house had hardly been closed, as Willie Thompson left Maggie, when, as we have seen, the cry of “Fire!” rang on their ears. In the darkness of the night hurrying footsteps approached Willie as he stood transfixed, looking over the housetops and along the horizon, to see from whence came the glare of the fire. He was overtaken by the crowd rushing to the scene of the conflagration.

“It's the Atlantic Saloon, boys!” shouted one of the crowd as they hurried on.

Clang! bang! clang! rattled the fire-engine as it flew over the pavement of the thronged street.

“A big fire, boys,” was again remarked.

“Yes—but—but—.”

“But what?” broke in a burly, rough fireman taking a fresh hold of the hose as it unreeled.

“I tell ye, lads, it will be no play game to-night to battle that fire with such a windstorm as this is.”

“Clear the way! Turn on the water, lads,” shouted the captain. “Stand clear, there—raise the ladders. Don't ye see the faces at the windows? Quick! quick!”

Willie Thompson had already reached the scene of the fire, and found the whole structure filled with flames, whose lurid and forked tongues licked up the

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very dust. Cries of distress and fear were heard on every hand, and from all appearances the Atlantic Saloon was doomed.

The herculean efforts of the brave firemen seemed unable to cope with the mass of flame, as, fanned by the fitful gusts of the wintry wind, they appeared to laugh at every effort to quench their power. The inmates, at first sight, seemed to be all rescued, but the structure doomed. Now a strong-armed and brave fireman emerged from the burning building, bearing in his arms what had the appearance of a bundle of charred and burning clothing, but what in reality was the fainting form of one of the domestics, who failed to reach an exit in time. The brave fellow was soon surrounded by helping hands, and the burden was laid in a place of security.

"Hi, there, mate—any more in there, think ye?" cried one of the firemen.

"Yes, mates," was the answer, "and for God's sake hurry up, for there is a poor fellow still in the building. He is unable to help himself—raving like a maniac—calling for help."

As Willie Thompson heard this, his young manhood was fired, and, without any thought for his own safety, he rushed into the burning building in order to rescue his brother man, if possible. He groped his way through the black, stifling smoke and the fumes of burning rum and rum casks, and falling burning embers. Guided by the moans and cries of the poor fellow, he doubled his exertions and rushed on to the spot where the helpless victim lay. Grasping the dying man in his

strong young arms, he made a superhuman effort, and almost exhausted, succeeded in bringing to the pure air the poor unfortunate, who had become helpless in the "bar"—not so much from the effects of the flames as because of the rum fiend, with which he was reveling before the fire broke out.

Almost exhausted, he laid down on the ground his burden, and amid the cheers of the surging mass Willie Thompson sank, overcome by over-exertion.

"A friend o' the young un, I guess," remarked one of the onlookers.

"Looks as it might be his father," replied another.

At the last remark Willie roused himself and bent over the prostrate form of the man for whom he had risked his own life.

"I don't know him—a perfect stranger to me—but he is a man, and being a man, he is my brother."

Bill Stovel, with his usual boisterous, staggering gait, pressed his way through the crowd, and, looking down on the blackened and marred face of the rescued man, laughed at the idea of anybody trying to save Jim Morton.

At the mention of the name, Willie was reminded of the early friend and college chum of his father in Scotland. This aroused all his energy and he made an effort to have the man cared for, and soon had him placed on a stretcher and carried to his own private lodgings.

"Who may the brave young man be?" asked a bystander.

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an, he is; an' how tenderly he looked and acted, an' seemed all life when the name, Jim Morton, was spoken."

"Hi there you, hold up!" shouted a burly police officer, as he laid hands on Bill Stovel, who was boisterously behaving among those who were active in helping at the fire. Bill, in the midst of the confusion, instead of assisting, had stolen some bottles of rum. Being caught in the act, he is again in the coils of the law and on his way to prison. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard."

The Atlantic Saloon is in ruins—a mass of blackened, smoking embers. Oh, how speedy the retribution! How swift the penalty paid for its crimes against humanity! What a history! Blighting and ruining homes, breaking the hearts of wives, mothers and sisters, burning up young hopes, blasting pure manhood, destroying and blighting holy aspirations, and as an emblem of the lost souls destroyed by its curse of curses, it reeks in its own darkness of destruction. Ah, if its smouldering ashes could but speak and recall to memory the scenes, especially of the few hours before its destruction! Then its votaries were revelling in drunken orgies, destroying their manhood; and it had been almost the funeral pyre of Jim Morton.

During the remaining hours of the night, Willie Thompson watched over the poor fellow. In the early morning a gentle tap was heard at the door of the room occupied by Willie and his patient. On opening the door, the maidservant of the house handed him a small packet or bundle of letters found

on the spot where the poor man was laid, after being brought out of the fire. This packet was tied with a piece of faded pink ribbon, having the letters "M. M." wrought in with human hair, in monogram. The whole was partially charred, yet bearing the address quite legible:

"JAMES MORTON, Q.C.,  
"————— Street,  
"Toronto."

"Where did you get these, Katty?" inquired Willie, as he took the letters and looked on them in astonishment.

"Oh, please sir, a gentleman brought it just after you an' the poor man came in. An' he said as it fell from the poor fellow's pocket. An' he said he know'd it was he, 'cause he said he know'd him as was drinkin'."

"Thank you, Katty. I will keep the packet for him until he is able to be around again."

As Katty was about to leave the door, she asked hurriedly, yet with some timidity, if she could see the "poor man."

"Certainly Katty, come this way." And so on tip-toe she followed Willie into his own room. The poor girl, uncouth, was yet full of sympathy for the misfortune which had overtaken the "poor man," as she tenderly spoke of him.

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Katty, rising to her full height and lifting her hands exclaimed, "If that ain't Jim Morton, the man as was once Lawyer Morton. I knows him, I do, and I'm sure it is he, 'cause the mistress told me a' about him, as how he lived in grand style up town, an' used to drive out wi' his wife an' daughter, which we used to call Miss Maggie. An' she was an angel, too, she was; so good to the poor, she was; an' her comin' round was always hailed wi' delight. Often an' often I ha' heard her meet wi' a 'God bless ye, ma'am,' as she visited the needy ones o' the place. But laws me, sir, I ha' missed her for many a day, an' I expect poor, dear Miss Maggie is dead a long time ago—she ain't been round so long."

"Katty, do you know Miss Maggie?"

"Yes, sir, I does. An' what if I does, ain't she an' angel? An'—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Willie, in an excitement quite perceptible to innocent Katty.

"An' please, sir, do you know Miss Maggie? an' if you can tell me where I could find her? I would go a long way to see her again; 'deed I would, sir. For you know, sir, it was she who told me first o' the Good Shepherd, who careth for the lambs; an' she told me that He was now waitin' for me to become one o' his flock. An' oh, sir, my poor dark heart has been made to love every thing an' every body now. An' I am glad I can always feel he keeps me under



His lovin' eye. An' I love to sing the sweet song as Miss Maggie used to sing to me—

“Jesus sought me when a stranger  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.”

Willie, intently listening to Katty's honest and edifying talk, as she spoke in such glowing terms of Miss Maggie as her benefactress, unconsciously loosened the ribbon fastening the packet just handed him, still holding it in his hands. Quite unconsciously he dropped a part of it, his mind was so agitated at the mention of the name of “Morton,” and especially of Maggie and her mission of love to her fellows. Can it be possible that this is the James Morton of my father's early friendship and college days in Glasgow University. Can it be that God has placed him in my humble care, to aid in the restoration of him again to home, family and friends ? There was a tear in his eye as he thus soliloquized. It was noticed by Katty, who apologetically approached him.

“Please sir, I hopes I ha' said nothin' to offend ye ? I am feared, an' excuse me an' I'll go.” So making a move towards the door, casting her eye downwards, she picked up a detached piece of the packet and handed it to Willie, and retired, wishing the poor man may soon be better.

“Thank you, Katty ! I am very glad you came in, and to share your warm-hearted sympathy in this poor man's misfortune.”

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Willie, on trying to replace the detached fragment of one of the letters which Katty found on the floor, fancied he knew the hand-writing, and upon a closer look, his astonishment was unbounded, for the well-known signature was none other than that of his own dear father. A letter written from Glasgow some four years previous, and addressed to his old friend and college-mate, James Morton, Q.C. It ran as follows :

GLASGOW, June—, 18—.

MY DEAR MORTON,—It is so long since I have heard from you that I am not sure if this will ever find you. Great changes have taken place since our parting, on that beautiful June night, on board the barque *California*, as she was preparing for her voyage, carrying you from me. 'Twas then, dear Jim, that I told you I had resolved, by God's help, to give up the "wine cup" and be a man. As I told you then, my angel wife and baby boy would henceforth be cared for by me. My boy Willie has grown to manhood and gone to Canada, making an engagement as engineer on some public works. I expect, perhaps, he may find your whereabouts. I am intending, at some early date, to make my son a visit and will try and hunt you up.

Trusting your early brilliant career has been followed by success, and awaiting an early reply,

I remain your old friend,

BEN. THOMPSON.

P. S.—Kindly remember me to Mrs. and Miss Merton.

On finishing, the crumpled and worn letter seemed for the time to partially daze the reader. "Can it be

possible," he thought, "that God has used me as an instrument to help this poor man, an outcast from society. This self-ruined man, friendless and homeless through rum, with life blasted, hopes all gone, his home blighted and loved ones broken-hearted. Merciful God, what a picture! How long, O Lord, how long must this iniquity and curse be permitted to run rampant and unchecked? And this, my father's early friend, but dearer still, Maggie Morton's own, long-lost father." In the excitement of the moment, he struck his clinched fist on the table, saying, "the man Morton must be saved, must be saved!"

The blow upon the table, added to the earnestness of Willie's words, seemed to bring back what little of life was left in the shattered, burned frame of Jim Morton, who, in a seeming delirium, holds out his trembling hand, and trying to open his swollen eyes, whispered, "Maggie, Maggie, are you here? Where am I? and then in a hoarse voice, as he stared at Willie, he asked, "Who are you? Back! back! 'tis you Bill Stovel, 'tis you! 'tis you!! I know you,—'twas you who held me down until the fire choked me." And in a paroxysm of terror he sank back on his pillow.

Tenderly and kindly Willie bent over the wasted form, blasted and blackened, but a frame holding the remnant of a life lost to the world.

"Please sir," said Katty, as she opened the door of the sick chamber, "here is a gentleman in the hall as wants to see you, an' sends his card, an' here it is, sir."

He picked up the card from the stand on which

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Katty had placed it, and read the name "Dr. Hamilton," and, repeating it audibly and meditatively, said, "Who can he be? Tell him to come in, Katty; there's a good girl."

Katty opening the door for the doctor, he was ushered into the room where, meeting Willie, he calmly offered his hand, saying, "Mr. Thompson, I believe?"

"Yes! and I have the pleasure of meeting Dr. Hamilton. Be seated Doctor, I am pleased to meet you."

"I understand you are the gentleman who so bravely rescued a man from the burning of the Atlantic Saloon, and who, as I am informed, is under your care."

"Yes, Doctor, under God, I am the person." To me it seemed an impossibility, yet with no great inconvenience was the rescue made, and yet a miracle.

"Was he a friend of yours, Mr. Thompson?"

"No, not a relative, but—a—a—well, a 'man,' hence my effort to save him."

"Your bravery, or I should say your philanthropy, sir, caused me to come and offer any assistance in my power, whether professional or financial, and if possible, under the providence of God, to give relief, at least, to his sufferings."

"Your kindness, Doctor, will have its reward. There is no work lost when done for the Master, 'for inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

"Yes, Mr. Thompson, that was impressed upon

me by my dear mother, in my boyhood, in my early Scottish home."

"Pardon me, Doctor, but what part of Scotland do you claim as your early home?"

"Well, our ancestral home was in the west of Scotland, on the banks of the Ayr, near the old manor house of the Haugh Grange, the home of the Mortons, usually called 'Baillie Morton's Grange.' And indeed, sir, one of my earliest recollections was of a great gathering at the 'Grange' to bid farewell to the heir of the Mortons, who was leaving home to fill an important legal position in one of the leading law firms in Canada; James, I think, was his name, though spoken of familiarly as Jamie. Excuse me, Mr. Thompson; you are not ill, are you? Perhaps the strain upon your nervous system has been too great."

"Oh! no, Doctor, I am not ill; but I was thinking while you were speaking, how wonderful are God's ways." Taking the letter found in the packet, he passed it to the doctor. Surprise was pictured on the doctor's countenance as he read the letter, and a look of amazement and wonder flashed over him.

"This is marvellous!" he said, "and your charge is none other than Jamie Morton, who, years ago, left the Haugh Grange, of which your own family and mine were guests at the same board, and on the same occasion. How true it is, Mr. Thompson, that:

'God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.'

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"And so, Doctor, we are friends," broke in Willie, "and under God we may yet rescue poor Morton from the thralldom of rum, and restore to home, family and friends a sinner saved by grace."

"Your patient, sir, is breathing very heavily. Permit me to diagnose his case and see what can be done for him. You have risked your life, in fire, for one to you unknown, and a stranger, and surely I can employ a little professional effort and time. I will do what I can for him, yet not for him alone, but for the Master, who has done so much for me and saved me from the dread appetite for rum."

Softly and carefully approaching the bedside of the injured man, with the tenderness of a sister's hand and the eye of a thoroughly reliant practitioner, the doctor took the temperature and noted the pulse of the yet insensible victim of rum and of fire; carefully noting, also, the respiration, as unevenly it came and went. The eyes starting from their sockets, the heavy breathing and heaving of the chest, all denoted a terrible struggle for life within. The doctor resumed his seat, and, looking upon the patient with a far-away look on his face, and half audible voice, soliloquized: "Is this all that remains of the heir and only son of my father's old friend, Bailie Morton? Is this the buoyant, gladsome and successful medallist of the Glasgow University? Is this the youth who was honored as the successful candidate for the position of manager and confidant of the law firm of Jones, Cassels & Brown?"

Bowing his head, he asked God's help in silent

prayer, as he bent over the prostrate, unconscious form.

"How do you find our patient?" asked Willie.  
 "What chance is there for recovery?"

The doctor replied that his case was critical and would require the closest care, the best of nursing. "You see, sir, his constitution is nearly all gone, and, in view of the fearful strain upon his shattered frame from the inhalation of the heated air and from several contusions and severe burns, caused by falling embers, united with the poverty of the blood, it will be almost a miracle if he is ever brought back again."

"Can you give any hopes at all, Doctor?" eagerly asked Willie.

"Yes, there are faint hopes, and we must do our best and trust in God for results."

"Thank you, Doctor, for your words of encouragement," said Willie; and grasping his hand and confidently telling him that he is specially interested in this man's case, and in his recovery, he said: "You are my friend, be seated, and I will tell you all."

"A romance in real life, I presume," replied the doctor, with a half smile.

"Indeed it does seem like a romance, Doctor, to think how Providence has led me in all this matter. It is only a few months ago that I was present at one of the provincial conventions of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. While there, my attention was drawn towards a young lady who was taking an active part in the work. From her retired manner and movements I could see that there was a some-

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thing which cast a shadow over her young life and gave evidence of a heavy weight on her young heart. There was something about her that told me she had seen better days. I learned her whole history. How her father had been an honored member of the best society and stood at the top of his profession—a noble soul, whose home was one of comfort and of elegance. This dear young woman, 'Miss Maggie,' as we called her, was one of the purest and sweetest young ladies in the community, and a blessing to all around. She was ever on the look-out for some work to do for the Master. Her face was the sunshine of many a troubled home and heart. Though having heartaches of her own to carry, she was ever the same Angel of Mercy to those in need. Her pure, innocent life had been marred by her father becoming addicted to drink; and going from bad to worse, until he was without a home and wandered so far from right as to be lost to all around him. Home gone! Comforts gone! Wife heart-broken! Reputation—all—all bartered for rum, accursed rum!

"Mrs. Morton and Miss Maggie were driven to toil for themselves and battle with the cold world. Amid it all they put their trust in God, and He cared for them. It was only a few months ago that the dear girl told me, with streaming, tearful eyes, that as her father was leaving their poverty-stricken home, she gave him a small piece of rose-tinted ribbon with the monogram 'M. M.' worked in it with her own hair—beautiful raven hair—the only reminder she had to give.



"Still, I found the dear, faithful girl bearing up under all this, praying and trusting that some day her dear father might be saved and restored to home and to them, if even through fire.

"Being children of one common Father, and that Father a king, we ought to aid and succor one another in time of need. And, doctor, I am free to confess that my visits to them led me to really wish myself something more than a visitor."

"Really, Mr. Thompson," said the doctor, smiling, "you are to be congratulated on your evident success, for from the ardor and ecstasy you put in your story I would almost imagine you had succeeded admirably. Indeed, I almost envy you."

"Indeed, Doctor, I look upon the whole matter as a direct guidance of Providence."

"Mr. Thompson, I am more than glad I was led here, as I supposed, on a philanthropic visit, and I am satisfied it will prove a blessing to both of us."

"Excuse me, Doctor"—

"Come in! Come in!" This was in answer to a gentle tapping at the door of the apartment where the two friends sat, and in which also their patient lay.

"Well, Katty; what is it?"

"Please, sir, here is a paper found on the front door-step, an' I just was thinkin' you would like to see it."

"Thank you, Katty, and what paper is it?"

"Please, sir, an' I don' know, but I think there is somethin' 'bout the fire. But, please sir, how is the poor man as you brought here? An' do he be any

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better, sir? An' do you think he will get well again? For, sir, it will be a pity for he to die away from home. Someone as was there said he was drunk, an' could not get out, an' oh, dear, it would ha' been awful for he to die drunk, for Miss Maggie used to tell me as no drunkard could go to heaven."

Willie, turning to the doctor, remarked that this was one of Miss Morton's trophies who, though uncouth, has imbibed many of her pure precepts.

"So I notice," said the doctor. "Your heart is on the right side. So you are acquainted with Miss Morton, Katty?"

"Please, sir, I am; an' the dear lady taught me to love Jesus, an' ever since then my whole life ha' been changed; an' sir, afore that time I had no interest in life. But now, sir, I am happy, an' mistress tells me as a' my life is in song."

"Do you like to sing, Katty?"

"Oh! yes, sir; an' I sings sometime the songs Miss Maggie learned me, and I feel like singin' all the time.

'My heart wi' joy is ringin'  
I'm happiest when I'm singin'.'

"Well, to be sure, Katty, it is worth a good deal to have such a happy heart, and one filled with the Master's love."

"Please, sir, I oftens think that it means a big lot o' things to be a Christian."

"You are right in that, Katty, for it is only the true followers of our Master whose hearts are fitted as vessels of thankfulness and song."

"Please, sir, an' I knows as how Miss Maggie used to tell me that I was a 'Child o' the King,' and cause o' that I oftens sing:

'Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the Heavenly King,  
May speak their joys abroad.'

An' oh ! sir, I may not know much o' book learnin', but I knows I am happy.

'Jesus, all the day long, is my joy an' my song.'

An' I see God's great mercy to me; thanks to the teachin' o' Miss Maggie."

Katty's quick ear hearing the sound of her mistress' call-bell, immediately retired from the room, and as in the act of closing the door her sweet, yet untaught voice rang out :

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of his love in the book he has given ;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,  
Still it is dearer that 'Jesus loves me.'"

"Doctor, Katty is a gem in the rough, and the hidden brilliancy some day may sparkle. But see Doctor," added Willie, as he nervously opened up the paper, "here is an account of the fire with great head-lines: 'Terrible and almost fatal fire. Total loss of the Atlantic Saloon. A brave act of rescue—an unknown young man rescues a man from the flames. The arrest of the notorious gaol-bird, Bill Stovel.'"

As Willie read the head-lines, it seemed to unsettle

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his mind for the moment, so much so as to draw the attention of Dr. Hamilton, who had been a silent but wondering witness, to the changing color, coming and going on the countenance of Willie.

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "you are the 'hero of the hour;' indeed, I almost envy you."

"Doctor, if I did not know you I would regard your words as flattery. But as I listen to you, I am more than ever determined to be and to do for God, and in an especial way, by His help, to act for this poor victim who has become my special charge."

As Willie was uttering these words his attention was drawn to the sick one. He noticed a restlessness in the patient, whose emaciated hands and arms were pawing the air and acting as if warding off a blow. The expression of the face, the "unspoken words," told the watcher that while the body was almost paralyzed there was an awful inward soul struggle.

"It is rest, absolute rest, he needs, Mr. Thompson," said the doctor. "I will leave with you a few powders to be given if his restlessness continues. A change may take place in about ten or twelve hours."

"You are still hopeful, Doctor?"

"Yes, though my hopes are not of the most sanguine, tho' 'while there is life there is hope.'"

"Thanks, Doctor. Be sure to return as soon as you can."

Grasping the doctor's hand, Willie gave an expression of appreciation of his professional and Christian help.

And now, alone with poor Jim Morton, Willie Thompson had time for thought and meditation. How like a dream the last few days had been, and what lessons had been learned. Lessons of patience, of trust, and of comfort.

How swiftly his thoughts flew. Now at home by his mother's side in childhood ; now kneeling at her feet and feeling again the warm, loving imprint of a mother's kiss ; now busy in mechanical studies preparatory to the battles of life looming up before him in a far-off land ; now in sympathetic converse with Maggie Morton ; now beside the victim of fire and rum, whom God had been pleased to place in his care.

Turning towards the bed on which lay his patient and bending over him, he listened to his heavy breathing, and noticed a faint movement of the swollen lips as if in the attempt to speak.

A gentle tapping at the door aroused Willie from his reverie, and on looking he was met by the kindly and sympathetic Katty.

"Well, Katty ; what is it ?"

"Please, sir, an' ther's a poor woman down in the hall as wants to see you ; an' oh ! sir, I knows she's in heaps o' trouble, for I heard her a' sob an' sob, an' she says as she must see you."

"Do you know her, Katty ?"

"No sir, but I knows she's in trouble, as somehow she—"

"Well, Katty, show her to the room !"

"Yes sir. An' how is the poor man, as is so bad"

"He is resting nicely, and on the whole, Katty

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think improving ; and with care and the blessing of God, will soon be better ; at least, Dr. Hamilton says so, and I am sure we can trust the Lord for the rest."

"I hopes so, sir, I do! I do!"

"Show the lady up, Katty."

"Yes sir." And off through the hall-way she goes humming to herself :

"Rescue the perishing  
Care for the dying."

The door of the apartment was slowly opened and astonishment was depicted on the countenance of each as their eyes met. A double surprise was in store for Mrs. Morton, for, no sooner had her eyes met the gaze of Willie Thompson, than she burst into tears and exclaimed from the fervency of a mother's heart :

"Thank God! its you, Willie. I don't know why, but I expected to meet a stranger. I was very anxious, after reading the account of the fire, and noticing that some poor unfortunate had been rescued, and feeling my own heart's loneliness because of my wandering one, I felt that I could at least offer myself as nurse if occasion needed. So you are the 'brave young man' who risked his life to save a fellow-being who was perishing in the flames at the Atlantic Saloon, and still caring for him in your own room. Before coming to offer my services, Maggie joined me in prayer that the poor victim might be restored again to his family and friends.

"Since my own dear husband has gone so far from sight, and been lost to us and home, I am anxious

more than ever to offer my help to lift the fallen. And God alone knows how glad I feel to be permitted so to do at any time, or even to speak a kind word.

"'Tis thus, Willie, I was led here to-day, just to see if my services could be of any use. My heart is glad to know that it was you whom the Master honored in being the instrument in His hands of rescuing a man from the fire."

"I am glad, Mrs. Morton, you are here. But you flatter me, not only by your kind words, but by the emotions written in your motherly countenance. But please be seated, you need rest, you must be wearied from your long walk and over anxiety."

"Willie, do you know who your unfortunate patient may be, or where he is from? No doubt there is a vacant chair, an empty place in some home circle."

Tears welled up in Willie's eyes as he made an effort to answer Mrs. Morton's queries.

"Yes! yes!" he faltered, "I know now who my patient is, but only since he has been here and placed in my care, and that of a skilful physician whom God sent just in time. And now, if you promise to keep calm, I will tell you who the poor fellow is; but before going further I will tell you how Providence brought him to my knowledge and identity: A few hours after the rescue and the wonderful deliverance from an awful death by fire, when I was busy caring for him, the maid of the house handed me a packet of letters which had fallen from the pocket of the victim's tattered coat as he was brought

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from the burning mass and laid on the ground, as I thought, dead. See, Mrs. Morton, here is the piece of rose-colored ribbon which held the packet together—a monogram 'M. M.' beautifully wrought with human hair."

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" sobbed Mrs. Morton, as she looked with bated breath. "Can it be—that—oh! let me look at the ribbon," she cried in anxious wonderment, and with tears streaming down her careworn cheeks she asked to see the patient. Tenderly invoking God to give His grace to Mrs. Morton, Willie took her by the hand and lead her to the cot. She bent lovingly over the blackened, wasted and burned form, and rose in all the grandeur of a troubled, yet trusting womanhood, a heart bursting with gratitude to God for this hour. Hot tears fell upon the cover-lid; she looked up to Willie, and with a grateful expression of joy exclaimed, amid her tears and sobs: "'Tis he, my own, my darling husband!—thank God!—' a brand plucked as from the burning.'"



## CHAPTER IV.

“ My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam ;  
And thou must go : but never, when there,  
Forget the light of home.”

—HALE.

OUR next scene is one of confusion and the hurrying of carters, draymen and passengers, with the accompanying bustle of completing the consignments of bulky merchandise, and the “heave-o ! heave-o !” of the sailors as they are placing in the hold the baggage of the passengers and clearing the deck of all cumbersome, “not wanted” stuff, in order that the ship’s deck may be clear.

Captain Bell and his first mate, Mr. Fowler, came aboard and found everything ready, and the clearance papers of the vessel on the cabin table.

“ Now, Mr. Fowler,” said the captain, “ see that the hands are all at their post.”

“ Ay, ay, sir ! at their post they are, and the tug *Hercules* alongside ready to start the vessel on her long voyage. Now lads, haul in the gangway there ! Be spry, now !” shouted Mr. Fowler, the mate.

“ Ay, ay, sir !” and the rattling of the chains and ropes tells that the mate’s command is being complied with.

“ Cast off there, lads ! Let go the lines !”

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"All clear there?"

"All clear, sir," and the old *California* faces oceanward.

'Tis some two hours since Jamie Morton had parted with his college friend, Ben Thompson, and he now realized, for the first time in his life, that he was alone among strangers. He leaned on the bulwark thinking of the words just uttered by Ben before parting, and how his whole soul seemed on fire as he related his determination to be a man, and that his angel wife should not die broken-hearted by his drinking habit; and how, for her sake and that of his baby boy Willie, he would be a man.

The barque *California* had made quite a distance down the Clyde ere its movements were noticed by Jamie Morton, who had been in deep reverie and tearful thought. Indeed, it is possible he would have remained longer in this almost oblivious mood, but for being aroused by the noise made by a company of young men who were trying to be hilarious by singing; but from the maudlin mixture of the sounds and their efforts at tuning, it was very evident they had some special spirit-help, which acquisition did not lend harmony to their song.

The sounds of the singers had hardly died away when the stentorian shout of the watchman on deck was heard: "Hello! you fellows there, stop that 'ere sing-song o' yourn' an' get below, an' lights out. All hands below now an' lights out—all out—that's the word passed. Hi there, y' lubbers, d'ye hear?" The

remaining parties on deck were those who as yet had not entirely settled down to the regular habits of

“A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep.”

Some of them were in quiet contemplation, others very hilarious, while not a few were looking sad enough.

The beautiful June moon shone out in all her splendor; her silver reflection thrown back upon the bosom of the waters at the mouth of the Clyde. Quiet, restful, only the ripples on the placid waters, beautiful, graceful undulations caused by the onward movement of the powerful tug *Hercules*, breathing heavily as in its might it drags its burden oceanward, and out on the heaving Atlantic.

The deck was now cleared and the sailors were preparing for the coming of a new day, when the tail of the bank will be left behind.

“Hi there, lad!” shouted a big, burly sailor, as he laid his hand on Jamie’s shoulder, who, poor fellow, had been overcome by the excitement of the last few hours, and the thoughts of home and friends left behind.

Making no answer, he slowly rose and entered the cabin, and throwing himself carelessly into his hammock, was soon fast asleep.

The continual and ever-hurrying tramp, tramp, tramp, and merry “heave-o! heave-o!” song of the sailors, did not permit of much sleep. Especially is this the case to those who may be timid, or inclined

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An ocean voyage has always its enjoyable times, as well as its hardships. Especially is this so in an emigrant ship such as the *California*, freighted as she was with some eight hundred souls brought from England, Ireland and Scotland, a world within the wooden walls of a ship and under the old Union Jack.

Families, as a whole, were there; strong and hearty sons of toil were there; young men and maidens; aged sires and matrons were there; all bent on bettering their conditions in the new country. In many cases tears were still welling up in the eyes of those who, only a few hours before, had bid good-bye to dear friends, perhaps to meet no more until life's battles have been ended.

Others there were, whose hopes and aspirations were built upon the fact that, at the end of their voyage, loved ones awaited them, and in their case it would be a happy reunion of friendships. In all this vast crowd who were voyageing westward, few there were who did not feel sad at the thought of casting a lingering, last fond look at

“Scotland's hills and Scotland's dales.”

The heavy and deep breathing of the sleepers told that for the present the fatigue and excitement have brought oblivion and repose upon them.

At length quick, hurried tramping on the deck, and glimmering streams of light, told that the early hours of their first morning at sea had begun to

“ Dawn on the waters, purple and bright,  
 Burst on the billows the flashing of light ;  
 O'er the bright waves, like a child of the sun,  
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on.”

Already the broad sweep of the Atlantic ocean was all around them. The distant horizon told that home and native land were left behind and were fast receding from view.

The tug *Hercules* was cast off and farewell cheers were given and returned, and the last links binding them to home and home associations were now severed, perhaps forever.

The beautiful June morning with all its health-giving atmosphere gave new zest and appetite for the first regular meal at sea. Curiosity and wonder were expressed on every countenance.

The young, the middle-aged and the oldest of the company expressed a feeling of delight as the vessel glided so gallantly on the bosom of the deep, glassy surface, calm as if only awaking out of a restful sleep.

Jamie Morton did not rest much, or in any way composedly, during the first night in his stateroom. His mind had been occupied with the thoughts of what had transpired at the Haugh Grange but a short time before. The earnest, honest conversation with Ben Thompson had started a new train of thought, and new determinations were born which, if lived up to would fortify him against what was Ben Thompson's foe, and might in time prove his. The manly stand taken by Ben at that parting moment was just in

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keeping with the bold and fearless words of the Rev. Amos Trueman, also of the Misses Hamilton, on the night of Jamie's departure from the old home. This aroused and kindled a new feeling; a new life apparently came into his heart. Would it remain, or would it die?

In this thoughtful mood and almost reverie, Jamie Morton was pacing the cabin floor, when a big, uncouth-looking stranger, also a cabin passenger, approached him, and entering into conversation, asked if he is a professional gentleman. Apologizing for his boldness.

"Why do you ask, sir?" coolly answered Jamie.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, sir, but as I am your fellow-passenger and going to Canada in the interest of a trust and loan company of Edinburgh, I am intrusted with important matters, and from your appearance and professional make up, I made bold to, ah—introduce myself as a kindred spirit, and if mutually agreeable I would gladly form a companionship to aid us in killing time which, of course, during a monotonous voyage would add very much to our pleasure. However, I hope there's no harm done."

"Oh! none whatever, sir!" quietly answered Jamie. "Yes, I am a professional, at least one in embryo, a young professional, you know, just a fledgling."

"Oh! I see, I see! Well, we may at least be mutual friends."

"Your name, sir?" asked Jamie.

"Ah! not a handsome name, sir," handing his card.

"'Tis an odd name, indeed. 'Bernard Stovel, of Edinburgh,' eh?"

"The same, sir."

"So you represent the Edinburgh Provident Loan Company? A responsible position, to be sure, Mr. Stovel."

"Yes; I have the honor of being the General Manager, and am now on my way to Canada to make arrangements for some of our idle capital in that part of the world, believing it to be a good field for investment, I have letters of introduction to Jones, Cassels, Brown & Co., of Toronto, an eminent legal firm of that city."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and I—but you seem to be surprised at the name, or it may be I have dropped a word out of place; if so, I hope you will pardon me."

"Oh! no, not at all, Mr. Stovel—not at all; only it does seem strange, and quite a coincidence, that we should thus meet, as I am on my way to join that very firm as junior manager of one of their western offices."

"It is strange, isn't it now?" said Stovel, with an air of complaisance. "May I ask your name, then?"

Morton, James Morton."

"Ah! Mr. Morton; that name is quite familiar to me. I am acquainted with a family of that name in Ayrshire, with whom our company had some real estate transaction some few years ago—some additions being made to the estate at that time. And I remember, with pleasure, the geniality and genuineness of

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the true Scottish hospitality I found in the gentleman—Bailie Morton, if I mistake not, that was the name.”

“That is my father’s name,” said Jamie, somewhat astonished, “And the transaction you mention was concerning my own home; though I must confess I am ignorant of any such transaction.”

“Indeed, Morton,” added Stovel in a familiar way, “it does seem strange,” and he strokes his whiskers—upon which he prides himself—and tries to hide a something in his looks which he feared would be noticed. Had Jamie Morton been an expert physiognomist, he would have seen that something, which was hidden.

“Well, now, my dear Morton, we may very comfortably, and I truly hope, agreeably, enjoy each other’s society, and while away the monotony of the voyage. By the way, Morton, do you ever indulge in a drop of anything to cheer drooping spirits, or chase away the *ennui* felt at such a time as this? I have a supply of the very best in my stateroom; come, and we can enjoy a —”

“Well, Mr. Stovel,” interrupted Jamie, “to be honest in the matter, I have in the past; but since I parted with a very dear friend just before leaving shore I have resolved to stop and even refuse a single glass.”

“Why, Morton, you do not mean to say that under such circumstances as these you think it wrong to enjoy a social glass? For my part, I am always found on the side of temperance, and then I have always



been taught, even from infancy, 'that in order to be a free man it is manly to be able to take it and let it alone.'

"Yes! yes! Mr. Stovel, I understand that; but one of my dearest friends, as I have already told you got my promise, and I cannot forget so easily."

"Mere sentiment! mere sentiment, Mr. Morton" retorted Stovel. "The only danger to be feared is when one takes too much; and surely, Morton, you are man enough to control *your* appetite. Come along and join me in a social hour and toast to the land we left."

This seemed to touch Jamie's pride, and he replied that, as far as being able to control himself, he had no fear, as he prided himself on being a "scion of the old stock of the Mortons," and taking hold of Stovel's arm he submitted and walked to the stateroom of Bernard Stovel, and—and—well, was caught in a trap.

Bernard Stovel had again kindled the slumbering fire, which was still smoldering in the bosom of Jamie Morton, and the resolution formed at the parting of his friend, Ben Thompson, has been broken, and conscience said to him in ringing tones "Jamie Morton beware, the tempter is nigh."

The heavy rolling and pitching of the ship reminded the passengers that the Atlantic swells had come, and the whistling of the winds through the rigging had something of weirdness in it which, with the lapsing of the ship, created a spirit of rebellion in the region of the stomach.

"Looks like dirty weather, I'm thinkin'," remarked

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a stoutly built old gentleman as he came on deck, holding on firmly to his broad Kilmarnock bonnet, at the same time joining a knot of men who were engaged in earnest conversation under the shelter of the companion-way.

"Ay, sir! 'tis that; but I'm thinkin' there's mair kin' o' storms than win'storms," replied Sandy Turner, a tall, well-built, robust Scotchman, who seemed to be spokesman for the company, and stepping towards the stranger, he said: "We were just talkin' about they twa men bodies ye see over there. D'ye ken them?"

"Ay, 'deed ay; I ken the young chiel an' his father afore him, a fine auld laird he is, an' I was just thinkin' to mysel' he wasna in the best o' company."

"An' wha may the big chap be, think ye?"

"I dinna ken; but I heard, just by a chance word, as I was passin' them, the big chap tellin' the ither his name was Stovel, o' Edinburgh, an' I noticed him takin' the young laddie doon to his room in the cabin."

"Just as I thoct," said Sandy, "he isna a fit companion for the young chiel, an' we'll better put him on his guard."

Just at this moment, Jamie Morton was passing the spot, who were thus conversing, his attention was drawn to their earnestness and demeanor, and hearing Stovel's name mentioned, he asked, "if he was known by any of the company."

"Oh! not specially," replied one of them, "only I may say that just as the ship was getting under way, at the midnight quiet, a conversation was overheard between this man and another, who seemed well

posted as to who you were, and that you had just received by special messenger one thousand pounds as a parting gift from home, which at any hazard must be got from you. We know enough to warn you, young man, that you are not in good company."

This was spoken in sober earnestness, and by one whose visage would satisfy a student of physiognomy that he was a judge of human nature.

The color came and went on the cheeks of Jamie Morton, who, at the same time, retorted half angrily, "that there was no danger of his being 'outdone' by Stovel," his new-found friend, "and that their suspicions were unjust, as the stranger was a business gentleman of high standing in Edinburgh, going to Canada on important business with the very firm with whom he was himself engaged." "And further," he added, "he knows my own people well, so you need offer me no more warning on the matter."

"Oct', young man, he kens o'er muckle, an' that ye'll fin' oot."

With a scowl of displeasure Jamie Morton turned on his heel, leaving the company, with a look that meant that he was able to care for himself.

"What think 'e, lads!" said Sandy Turner, as he gazed after Jamie; "is this no a case o' 'come into my parlor said the spider to the fly?' un' we'll just wait an' see, gin it will no be too late for the laddie!"

"He's as blin' as a bat, an' that to his best interest," dryly added one of the listeners; "for to my mind, as to my ain certain seein' an' hearin', this man Stovel

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"Yes, I'm thinkin' time *will* tell when it is too late for the victim o' his villainies; for ye can depend on't, he has certainly wormed himsel' into young Morton's confidence—for look ye! at this very moment, see! the fellow acts as if he is suspected o' something."

This was spoken by a stout young man who had listened to what was going on among them. His firmly set lips and determined expression of eye told that he was not to be misunderstood in what he said. Raising his voice to a high pitch, which had the effect of causing others to look around, he exclaimed: "No young man on board this ship will be injured, either morally or socially, if I can help it." This was greeted with a hearty cheer.

A passenger here was offering one of the sailors a glass of whiskey, which the honest tar declined, saying with a laugh, "No thank 'e, sir, I never drink whiskey; besides, it's too early yet," and patting the passenger on the arm, he said, "I've had three glasses already." This drollery of the sailor had the effect of creating some laughter, and he moved off singing as he went:

"Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' thro' the rye,  
Gin' a body treat a body  
Need a body cry?"

While this was going on there were dark, ominous clouds scudding across the sky; gusts of wind were giving warning that there was trouble in the air.

Orders had just been passed that all baggage and movables, on deck and below, must be properly lashed and made secure.

"Mercy on us! it's an' awfu' lookin' sea the day. Div 'e think, sir, it's goin' to be dangerous?" asked an elderly woman, as she tried hard to make her way to the cook's galley, tea-pot in hand.

"Ay, my guid woman," said another passenger, "I'm feart for 't, 'cause I heerd the captain tellin' the mate to hae a' the hatches put down, an' a' the passengers ordered below. But are ye feart, woman? Do ye no think God can take care o' ye on the sea as weel as on the land? My mitier aye telt me to put a' my trust in God, and I wad never be confounded," and bringing a small pocket Bible from its hiding place in her bosom, she opened it and reverently began reading: "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee."

"'Deed ay, mem, that's guid; an' it's fra' the guid auld Book, an' I'm thankfu' to ye for readin' to me."

Just as these words were spoken, Jamie Morton was passing. He paused, but more from curiosity than otherwise, and apologetically approaching the two women, asked the repetition of the last part of the Bible quotation. This being given, Jamie, in tremulous tones, thanked the woman, remarking that he had always been in mortal dread of becoming a victim of fire.

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to kindle a fire in our ain breasts, which, unless quenched by the grace o' God, will in time become a consumin' fire, an' burn up our best intentions, our womanhood, ay, an' manhood. An' on this subject, sir, I feel very keenly, for my ain' dear brother became a victim o' a fire, caused by the fiend o' rum. I refer to the time my poor, dear brother was a student in the medical university o' Edinburgh; an', sir, since that time I can gie no quarter to rum, or the traffic in 't; an' to my mind there is no neutral ground on the subject, we must either be on the side o' rum or on the side o' its extermination. An', sir, no young man is safe who is na fixed on the side o' right an' no rum."

Bernard Stovel, sauntering near the spot where the conversation was going on and hearing the words uttered in such earnestness, moved toward where Jamie stood. Touching him on the arm from behind and calling him to one side, he remarked: "This is all bosh! all bosh, I tell you, Morton. You are not here to be lectured by a silly woman, who had better be engaged in caring for her friends below. It is not a woman's sphere to preach temperance and quack gospel." Looking daggers at the good woman who had the audacity to speak, he asked Jamie to come along down to the cabin with him and join in a social hour.

Poor Jamie abruptly left the lady, going off arm in arm with his new-made friend, Stovel, towards the cabin.

Just as the door was opened a terrible crash was heard, which caused them to look at each other. The

ship trembled and shuddered under the shock, and careened over almost to the gunwale. Officers and crew were immediately at their posts. The rattling of the rigging, the whistling of the winds, the confusion of cries, the hurrying of footsteps hither and thither, compelled them to stand aghast.

Rope-ends were flying, sails torn into shreds, and amid all it was discovered that the main mast had gone by the board and was dragging in the angry billows of the deep.

Hundreds of frightened passengers were running to and fro in wild excitement, some yelling in a frenzy of fear, others crying hysterically, some praying, perhaps for the first time, and huddling together in family groups, thinking their time had come.

"Hard a-port!" shouted Captain Bell.

"Ay, ay, sir; hard it is."

"Hold her there, lads!" again shouted the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Clear the boats!" commanded the captain, "make ready for the worst."

"Hold her to the wind, lads!"

"Ay, ay, sir," came in quick response.

"Cut loose the fallen mast. Let go there, lads!" again shouted the captain.

"There lads! Steady her!"

As this last order was given, the ship's carpenter rushed out on the broken mast, clinging to the snapped ropes, freely using his hatchet, cutting here and slashing there, freeing the heavy, floating debris bearing down on the side of the ship, almost to overturning

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"Stand clear there, lads!" shouted the mate. "Quick, now! Quick! There she rights, but disabled."

The terrible strain during the ordeal through which the vessel passed caused the lading below to shift, making it, for a time, almost impossible to use the steering gear successfully.

An examination of the ship's condition was made immediately, and on its righting it was more comfortable for the frightened passengers.

The carpenter reported the necessity of having the pumps put in operation, which was soon done, and amid the "heave-o! heave-o!" of the sailors, it became very apparent that some new peril was showing itself.

While the examination of the cargo was progressing, the carpenter, below among the varied kinds of boxes, bales, casks and cases, fancied he heard a moaning, or sound of some one seemingly in pain, somewhere near by. Upon searching for the cause of the sounds, he found a poor stow-away huddled between some of the boxes and cases. The poor fellow was almost famished. During his confinement of almost two weeks his little stock of eatables was consumed, and in his close quarters he had almost succumbed. His privations had told on his already weak constitution. So, more dead than alive, in his filth and fear, he was brought on deck and taken before Captain Bell, who somewhat sternly asked him how he came to be there.

"Please, sir, cap'n, I hopes you will forgie me; but, but, I hae nae freen's to help me, an' nae money, an' I thoct if I was in Canada I wad make a livin'; oh!



cap'n," and dropping on his knees he pleaded to be let go, and promised that he would work for the remainder of the voyage.

The captain's kindly eyes seemed to moisten, and beckoning for Mr. Fowler, the mate, he bade him have the lad cleaned and cared for and set to work, remarking further, "you know we can't have any dead-heads of land lubbers on board the *California*."

"Ay, ay, sir!" quickly responded the mate. "So come along, my young covie; what's your name, lad?"

"Please, sir, my name is Bob Rogers."

"Where are ye from?"

"Paisley, sir."

"And how old are you?"

"I'se seventeen, sir; I think I am, but am not sure."

While the mate was thus finding out what he could, many of the passengers were wandering around, and wondering what it all meant. Being informed of the occurrence, curiosity was aroused; but among the most curious was Jamie Morton, followed by Bernard Stovel.

The mate soon made his appearance, having finished scrubbing the hulk, as he termed it; adding good-humoredly: "Now, lad, you'd better take off these rags o' yourn."

"Please, sir, I hae na' ither tae put on, an' I canna go naked," whimpered the lad. "My auld duds arna braw, but gin ye —"

Here Jamie Morton suggested to the mate that if permitted he could fit the lad with a suit which he could spare.

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"All right, young man," said the mate. "If ye can help the lad in that or any other way, no one will prevent you."

"Thank you, Mr. Fowler, I will gladly avail myself of the opportunity of doing a good turn to a fellow in time of need," and, turning to the lad, he bade him follow to the cabin. Jamie and the stow-away were about entering the cabin door, when Bob caught a glance, in passing, of Bernard Stovel which caused him to fairly shudder as he looked at him. He would have avoided passing Stovel had it been possible. Bob, poor fellow, heaved a sigh of relief as he was safe in the cabin.

Jamie, having led the way, turned and facing Bob enquired again: "What did you say your name was?"

"Bob, sir; Bob Rogers."

"Ah! yes, sure enough, Bob Rogers, eh? Well, Bob, I will permit you to wear this suit of mine on the condition that you will be a good lad, and give me a helping hand at any time I may need you, when off duty."

"An' please, sir, you can count on me at any time."

"By the way, Bob, I noticed as we were entering here and passing my friend Stovel you seemed uneasy. Did you ever see him before?"

"Deed an' I did, sir; an' hear him, too."

"Where, when, and how, Bob?" eagerly asked Jamie.

"Well, sir, ye see I'se poor; but, sir, I'se honest, an' I don't think as how this man—Stovel, did ye say?—is

what he says he is, for I heerd him an' another pal o' his, as was talkin' and plannin' thegither doon i' the hold o' the ship, near where I was hidin', on the night o' the sailin'. An' ye see, sir, as how they were about some one as they called a greenhorn, wha had come frae Ayrshire; an' as how he had got a thousand pounds frae his faither, an' had got a' the particulars frae the messenger wha' brocht it. An' a' about where it came frae, an' his faither's name, an' as how he was goin' to Canada, as a young lawyer, an' a' about him; an' then they —"

"Stop, Bob!" interrupted Jamie, "did you hear them mention any name?"

"Please, sir, I did."

"Tell me what name did they speak of?"

"I think, sir, it was—ah—it was Morton; ay, that's wha' the name was, an' Bailie Morton, I'se sure that's the —"

"Are you quite sure of the name?" asked Jamie, excitedly.

"I'se sure, sir; but is you a —"

"Enough, Bob, my lad! that will do," again interrupted Jamie, and he rose to his feet in an excited manner.

"Please, sir, an' I hopes I hae na offended ye, as how I would feel very bad if I has."

"Bob, I am, indeed, the 'greenhorn' and the young Morton they were talking about, and I may need your help sometime, and hope you will stand by me in time of need?"

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There had been a wonderful time of confusion and alarm, caused by the breaking of the mast. This having in a measure subsided, and a jury mast erected, a fair wind gave an opportunity to put on full sail. The old craft sped, or almost leapt, over the watery deep, bringing her human freight every bound nearer the shores of the land of the setting sun.

The monotony of the voyage was often interrupted by some little matter, and sometimes by one of a more serious character.

Eight bells having just been piped, the boisterous and hurrying crew made a change of shift and at once took to their respective posts, ready to obey any command from the officers.

Mr. Fowler, the mate, excitedly coming on deck, gave an order to man the pumps.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the ready sailors.

The deck was cleared, all hands were soon busy at work, scrubbing, cleaning, and fixing things in general.

"Hi there, you land lubber!—this way you!" roared the mate, addressing Bob, the stow-away, "get a move on ye an' clean up the cook's galley, and make haste or you'll get the knot-end of the rope. D'ye hear?"

Bob, poor fellow, afraid of his life, makes his best effort to please and to do his work, and do it well. While engaged in the galley he was accosted in a rough manner by Bernard Stovel, who, thinking his

act unseen, gave the poor fellow a heavy kick as if he was a dog, hissing through his teeth, "get out of my way, you scum of the earth."

Bob, smarting with pain, and crying out for help, was noticed by a lady passenger who was near by at the time. She, leading a sweet little girl by the hand, made enquiry as to why he called for help, "are you ill, my poor lad?" said the lady, "or what is the matter?"

"Please, ma'am," replied Bob, sobbing and pointing towards where Stovel had gone, "that big fellow o'er there, as passed here afore ye came up, kicked me, an' says he'll throw me overboard afore I get to Quebec."

"Poor lad! and who is he? Do you know him?"

"No, ma'am, only I hae seed him; he's a sharper, I knows that," whimpered Bob, "an' he's on to some dirty work afore we land."

"I'm sorry for you, my lad! Have you no friends on board?"

"No ma'am—y-yes, ma'am, I was maist forgettin' I hae a freen' too, a Mr. Morton as gived me this suit o' clothes I hae on, an' I'm gey an' proud o' them. An', ma'am, as I was very anxious to hae my work a' done an' fixed up ready for the morn, it bein' the Sabbath day, an' kirk services to be held, I wanted to be ready an' be there; as how my auld mither, afore she died, made me promise aye ta gang ta the kirk; so as the kirk is to be on deck the morn, I maun be there an' no miss it. That's a bonny wee lassie ye hae, lady; I'se warrant she has a pretty name, noo."

"Yes, my lad, this is my dear little Pearl."

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The lady and her little daughter were on their way to Canada, and she expected to meet her husband, who had preceded her, and was eagerly awaiting their coming.

The sweet little girl prattling and full of joy, her morning of life was sweetened by the nectar of the most beautiful flowers in the garden of God's kind providence. Her golden curls trembled as they were kissed by the breeze.

Before parting with Bob the lady gave him a silver crown, telling him to be a good lad, and not to forget his mother's dying words, but to do his duty like a man.

Bob, with the picture of wonder on his face, looked at the silver crown, then at the lady, and said: "An' please, ma'am, is this a' for me?"

"Yes, my lad, it will be of some use to you when you land in Canada."

"Thank 'e, ma'am," and with a tear starting down his cheek, he vigorously prosecuted his task of cleaning the galley, which was assigned him, after which he went to his bunk, wearied and worn, though somewhat encouraged.

Again, another beautiful Sabbath morning has dawned upon the bosom of the deep, bringing with it a calm peacefulness that pervades the whole scene. The *California*, bearing its human freight, seemed as if aware of the sacredness of the day. Her sails hung limp, and flapped listlessly against the yard-arms and masts; not a ripple was on the glass-like surface of the sea.

Anxious, curious crowds were gathering around the quarter-deck, as the hour for divine service drew near.

The Rev. D. D. Thomas began the service, and a solemn awe spread over the multitude. All heads are reverently bowed, as in a clear voice he lined out one of Wesley's beautiful and soul-inspiring hymns, making a few crisp comments on the sentiment expressed in the hymn, so well adapted to the occasion and surroundings.

“Lord, whom winds and seas obey,  
Guide us through the watery way ;  
In the hollow of Thy hand,  
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

“Save, till all those tempests end,  
All who on Thy love depend ;  
Waft our happy spirits o'er,  
Land us on the heavenly shore.”

The voices of the assembly rose and fell, a volume of song, attuned to the majestic “Old Hundred,” so familiar to everyone, that it seemed to rise and swell until heaven's arches reverberated as an answering echo to the worshippers' hearts, and the song of praise reached the ear of Him who reigns on high.

It was a solemn hour, and many were the tears bedewing the cheeks of young and old, as thoughts of home and absent ones welled up in their memories and hearts.

Yet the ship's company were not all engaged in the service. Some were idly rambling round the deck

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One, more conspicuous than others, was Bernard Stovel, who, accompanied by other rough characters, was carelessly jesting and scoffing in a part of the ship near by.

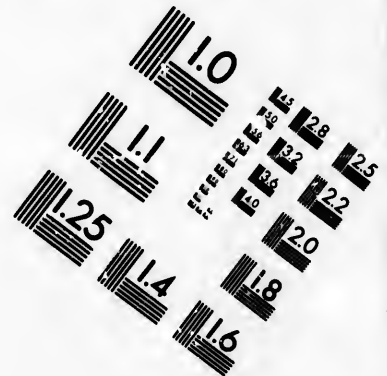
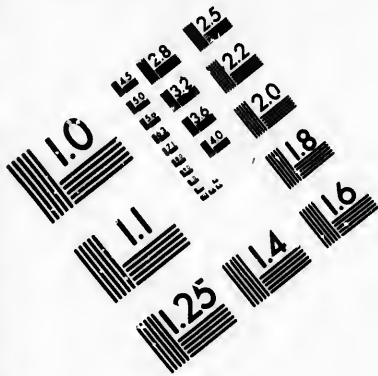
Jamie Morton was an attentive listener, and from outward appearance a devout worshipper. His mind taking him back again to the old home, the old family comforts, the old-time teachings of his pastor at the Haugh Grange Kirk. He felt very keenly that after all it was well to do right, and remembered how often he had been told to "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you."

Among the many who were devoutly worshipping was Bob Rogers, the stow-away, who was still smarting from the abuse received from Stovel. After the service, Bob, moving in a leisurely way towards the fore-castle and gazing out over the beautiful mirror-like surface of the ocean, came near to where Stovel and his mates were lounging. They began to jeer and make sport of him as "the mongrel hypocrite and pauper stow-away and coward."

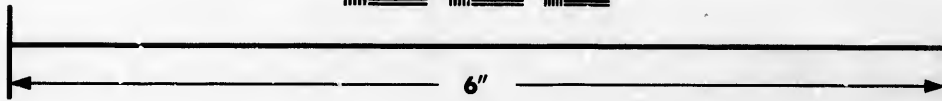
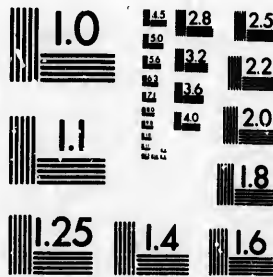
Bob, on hearing this, drew himself erect in his young manhood, and staring Stovel straight in the eye, replied: "I'se poor, sir, but I'se no coward; an', sir, I'se honest, an' I knows as how I am here at the mercy of the cap'n, an' I is no coward, as ye say; and sir, if ever opportunity offers, I will prove to you, an' the whole ship's company, that it is you, an' not me, wha' be a coward." As Bob so bravely finished his own vindication and cowed the braggart Stovel, it







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brought a burst of applause from some of the listeners which compelled Stovel to turn and walk away.

"Wha can the big fellow be?" enquired one of the bystanders who had joined in the cheering.

At this jocular query, an elderly gentleman remarked, with nervously clinched fists: "Weel, weel, whaever he is, he isna a gentleman, or he wadna kick a poor wee laddie like Bob Rogers." Having been an eye-witness of the whole matter, he had also some suspicion as to who and what he is or was. He had quietly determined to watch his movements as he had noticed him enticing others to join him at the card table.

"I saw him," he said, "the other night in company with a young friend of my own who had got into his web an' lost what little funds he had, and felt so ashamed of himself that he requested me to say nothing about it. I tell 'e, men, he's nae common customer, an' he must be closely watched. Od, it maks my blood boil when I think o't. An' the likes o' him ca'in the wee laddie a stow-away coward. An' coward-like his ain sel', he slinks away when he thinks he's safe. My faith, the wee laddie is far mair o' a man than the hulking big fellow they ca' Bernard Stovel."

During this warm expression of opinion, Stovel and Jamie Morton were engaged seemingly in very earnest conversation, while others were listlessly lounging on the gunwale admiring the beautiful calmness of the ocean.

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footsteps mingled with anxious enquiries of "What's the matter?"

"A child overboard!"

"Quick! Quick! Lower the boats and man them. Throw out the life line!"

But before the boats could be lowered Bob Rogers sprang into the sea, and with strong, bold, sure strokes, soon reached the drowning child, then with a strong arm he held it above the water and gallantly made for the boat as it is pulled toward the place where he was bravely struggling. In the meantime a life line was thrown towards him, but it fell beyond his grasp. The boat at last was within reach, and quickly the poor fellow was drawn out of the waters and was soon in safety on board.

The frantic mother, now beside herself with joy, clasped her child in her arms, and then with an outburst of grateful tears, hurried to thank Bob for his brave act in risking his own life to save that of her child. A loud cheer rang from stem to stern at the success and bravery of Bob.

Captain Bell and his first mate, Mr. Fowler, appeared on the scene and found poor Bob lying on the deck quite exhausted, yet the hero of the hour.

Jamie Morton, leaving his companion Stovel, made for the place where Bob lay, and, tenderly bending over him, requested the privilege of having him taken to his own room in order that he could care properly for him. Captain Bell willingly granted the request, and soon Bob was in snug quarters, and under the care of a good nurse.

Bob, in a short time, revived enough to open his eyes and feebly enquire: "Is the wee lassie safe? I remember nothin' after gettin' hold o' her i' th' water."

"Yes, Bob," replied Jamie, "she is safe and is now in her mother's care. You are a brave lad, Bob; a brave lad!"

"Weel, Maister Morton, I is glad; I is very glad, I be! I be! Maister Morton."

"And well you should be, Bob. It was a brave act indeed."

"An', Maister, be I a coward then?"

"No, no, Bob! You are brave, indeed you are," said Morton.

Falling back on his pillow, Bob whispered: "I'se glad I be."

At this time, while Jamie was tenderly bending over the poor fellow, the grateful mother hurried to find her child's rescuer, and upon entering the cabin rushed toward the prostrate lad, and in an ecstasy of thankfulness, mingled with her tears of joy, begged permittance to be his attendant until such time as he would be himself again.

"A brave lad, ma'am!" said a bystander.

"Indeed he is a brave, good lad!" said the lady, "and if he is spared to recover from the shock he will be a hero in more respects than in this case. Poor lad! poor lad!" she continued, "he needs rest and good nursing."

"Do you think, madam, he is dangerously ill?" asked Morton.

"Oh, no! not necessarily so," she replied, "yet his

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system has got a severe shock, and will require skill and careful nursing."

On examination the ship's doctor informed them that the weak state of his body was no doubt due to the lack of proper food and nourishment, not only during his confinement as a stow-away, but for months before. The shock was too much for his nervous system, but in a few days he would be all right.

The watchers noticed, every now and then, a jerking and starting, as if in a fright, the boy apparently trying to rise from his cot, as if anxious to escape from something or someone who was trying to hurt him. He kept muttering incoherently. "He's a bad 'un, an' is settin' a trap for some 'un! I knows it. Hark 'e, he's boun' to hae that thousan' pounds o' the young man."

At these raving utterances, Jamie Morton recalled the conversation which took place between himself and Bob. His countenance changed color so perceptibly as to be noticed by the lady who was assisting as nurse.

"Are you ill, Mr. Morton?" she asked.

"No, madam," he replied, "but—no, not ill, but I—"

"Please drink this," said the lady, as she hurriedly handed him a glass of water, "you are worn out, Mr. Morton."

"Thank you, I feel better now. I must see to this matter this very day," and apologizing for abruptly leaving, he made his way to the quarter deck. Here he found a crowd of roughs engaged in a game of

cards, and among them Bernard Stovel unconcernedly puffing his cigar.

"Hello, Morton!" familiarly shouted Stovel. "I had begun to think it was you who had gone over-board. Where have you been?"

"No, Stovel, it was not I; had it been, perhaps you would have been chief mourner on the occasion; or had it been *you*," emphasized Jamie, "perhaps there would have been few mourners."

These words were accompanied by a look, enough to freeze the warmest of would-be friends.

"Ho! ho! Morton, what's up now?" said the unabashed Stovel; "has that brat of a stow-away been stuffing you?"

"Enough! Stovel," retorted Jamie Morton, a flush of indignation mantling his cheek. "If you mean the brave lad who risked his life for a strange child, while you were a careless, unconcerned looker-on. As to being a brat of a stow-away, he is a *man*, to which title you have no claim; and let me here say, and repeat, I am the lad's friend, and whoever injures him injures me; and the man who kicked a poor, friendless lad is a coward." So saying, he turned on his heel leaving Stovel standing like a statue, and bearing the look of rage of a wild beast at bay, his eyes flashing fire and revenge pictured in his face, looking after Jamie, and hissing through his teeth, "We will see, my covie! We will see!"

"An' wha is he, anyway?" asked an elderly Scotchman, as he kept looking at Stovel, and added, "He's a rum un, he is"

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"Rum un or no," replied another, "he is worth a-watchin'. I seed 'im mair than once look daggers at the wee laddie, an' saw revenge in his eye."

At this last remark, Sandy Turner, in his true Scotch simplicity, said, "I'm goin' to test Stovel, as ye ca' him, an' we'll see what he is made o'."

"'Od, Sandy, man, what will you do? Can ye no read human nature enough to tell by his looks he's a sharper?"

This sally, at Stovel's expense, was made by one of the company. Stovel, overhearing it, moved towards the cabin, frowning as he did so, and making an effort to act indifferently.

"I'm thinkin'," said Sandy, "that we should raise a wee bit o' a purse for Bob. An' just tae begin it, here's ma wee bit mite o' half o' crown."

"An' here's mine, to help it on," added another.

Jamie Morton, hearing what was going on, joined the party and said, "Here is my mite," handing a sovereign, which, with the other sums, made a respectable little purse.

Immediately after this, Sandy moved in the direction of the fore-castle, where Stovel was listlessly lounging. Sandy respectfully asked him to gi'Ve a helping hand in making up a purse for the poor lad who had been so brave in saving the wee lassie.

"What do you want of me, sir?" gruffly asked Stovel.

"Oh, no very muckle," and handing him the paper containing the names of those who were helping, he said: "We just want you to help, for charity's

sake, the wee laddie, Bob, the stow-away, and rescuer of the wee lassie, at the risk o' his ain life, ye ken, sir; that's a'."

"No, sir," said Stovel, with an oath, "he had better be in the poor-house in Paisley, instead of begging from decent people here as a sneaking stow-away rascal."

"Weel, weel, Maister Stovel, ye needna unless ye like. As to the difference between you an' Bob Rogers, he's a man, an' that's mair than I think you are."

"Be careful, sir, I'm not to be trifled with. You are but a —"

But before the sentence was finished, Sandy had moved away from him, having his Scotch ire fully aroused, and uttering as parting words something that ought to burn into his very soul.

With a frown and a flash of hate depicted on his face, Stovel moved towards his berth. His heavy tread as he passed the room where Bob was being cared for, caused the inmates to look around; and on doing so they caught a glance of his perturbed visage, which was that of a man who had been foiled in some important scheme.

Bob was in a fair way of recovery, though very weak, and enquired, eagerly, "If the wee bit lassie was a' right again?"

"Yes, my lad," answered the mother of the child, "give yourself no uneasiness on her account, for under God, she is quite over her fright. My heart went out to God for you as only a mother's can

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So, if we are permitted to reach land, I want you, my dear lad, to remain with me, at my home, for a time at least."

"Thank 'e, ma'am, an' gin' ye let me I'se aye be at your service."

Hurriedly Jamie Morton entered the room, and in great glee informed them that land was in view. He had heard Captain Bell ask Mr. Fowler, the mate, to prepare for the reception of the pilot, who was seen from the lookout aloft. "If the wind kept fair," he said, "they would cast anchor before Quebec in about twenty-four hours."

"Please, Maister Morton, may I venture up on deck?" asked Bob, in an ecstasy of joy at being so near the ending of the voyage.

"Oh, I think so, Bob. What is your opinion?" he added, addressing the lady who had been so faithful as his nurse.

"Yes, Mr. Morton," she replied, "there can be no harm, as the lad has improved so, and the fresh sea breeze will be invigorating; so, if you will accept of my assistance, we can have him on deck and no danger will be incurred."

They made towards the deck, and on the companion-way were met by Bernard Stovel, who, in a sycophantic manner, approached them, remarking blandly that the voyage is at last coming to an end, and adding, in a suave way, that he "would be pleased to have the privilege of accompanying them to the deck."

Turning smilingly to Bob, he remarked, "So our young friend is able to be about again, and, if accept-

able, I offer my congratulations. I assure you I only require an opportunity to show myself a friend."

"Very well, Mr. Stovel," replied Jamie, "we will be pleased to let by-gones be by-gones; won't we, Bob?"

"Maister Morton," said Bob, soon after, "I'se not sure o' that fellow's freen'ship; I knows he's in for some dirty work, he's gettin' o'er sweet a'thegither."

"Bob, lad, are you not a little too suspicious? Stovel seems quite penitent."

"Yes, yes, Maister Morton, I knows a' that; an' if you —"

"But, Bob, its getting late," interrupted Jamie, "and we must get out of the breeze, which may be too keen for you."

"Maister Morton," said Bob, "does ye really think that man Stovel is honest?"

"Why not, Bob? I would think from the way he professes to repent of his actions that he was; but, Bob, here he comes and we will see."

"Ah! glad you both are here," said Stovel, as he entered the room. "Bob, I hope the outing has had no bad effect on you?" and, without waiting for a reply, he added, "you must be tired and had better retire and rest well during the night, preparatory to disembarking on the morrow. Don't you think so, Mr. Morton?"

"Yes, Bob, my lad," added Jamie, "that is right, you will require all the rest you can get, and I will see to it that you are not disturbed," and he assisted him to his bunk.

Bob whispered in his ear, "Beware, Maister Mor-

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ton, I'm thinkin' there's bad work ahead. Mind what I say, Maister Morton, beware."

Here Stovel offered a glass of wine to Bob, telling him it would help him to rest better, and also handed one to Jamie. Unsuspecting Jamie, as a token of renewed friendship, drank with Stovel, each wishing health and prosperity to the other in their new home.

While Stovel was in the act of making response, Bob, suspecting something wrong, and failing to catch the eye of Jamie, to warn him again to beware, emptied the contents of his glass on the floor behind his bunk, and returned the empty glass with a "Thank 'e, sir."

It took but a short time until the drugged wine began to do its work. Jamie Morton was a victim of villainy and soon became unconscious; this was noticed by Bob, whose suspicions were too true. He feigned unconsciousness also, and then Stovel moved towards Bob and bent over him to make sure that the drug had taken effect. He chuckled to himself and leeringly muttered, "Now I've got you."

Proceeding unseen, as he supposed, to the trunk of Jamie, containing the thousand pounds of Bank of Scotland notes, with the dexterity of an adept of such a business, he secured the money and hid it in his belt, and at once left the apartment, after making sure, as he thought, that no one saw him.

Bob, an eye-witness to the robbery, arose and made an effort to arouse Jamie, which for some time seemed out of his power, as the drug had not yet lost its

effect. At last he was pleased to see signs of returning consciousness.

"Bob, is it you lad?" said Jamie.

"Yes, Maister Morton."

"Has anything happened? Have I been sick? Where is Stovel?" and before Bob could answer him he arose with a confused mind, and feeling a stupor upon him he wondered what had happened.

Bob, in his own quaint way, told him how Stovel had first drugged him and then proceeded to rob the trunk.

"My trunk, Bob?"

"Yes, Maister Morton."

"Tell me, Bob, did the villain succeed?"

"Ay, sir, he did; an' I seed him put the money in his under belt an' chuckle as he did so."

"But, Bob, did you not drink the wine, too?"

"Na', Maister Morton, I throw'd it out behind my bunk."

"Bob, my lad, you are brave, and God will reward you."

He took from his pocket a memorandum, which gave the numbers and series of the ten one-hundred-pound notes, thus preparing himself to prove the notes to be his, no matter where they might be found.

So great was his agitation that he would have rushed at once to Captain Bell and had the scoundrel arrested, but on second thought he decided to wait until they were near to Quebec, and then to procure assistance from proper officers.

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full view. All hands were ordered on deck. Then confusion, hurrying and bustle was supreme.

Jamie here made Captain Bell acquainted with what had occurred, and what Bob, the stow-away, had seen, and proposed to have Stovel placed under arrest at once.

Captain Bell, taking in the situation, at once proceeded to where Stovel was standing. Placing his hand on his shoulder, he said, "You are a prisoner in the Queen's name."

"A prisoner!" exclaimed Stovel, "for what, pray? Captain, there must be a mistake."

"No mistake, sir, you are arrested for robbery on the high seas."

Stovel, standing on what he termed a gentleman's dignity, suggested that if a robbery had been committed on board the ship, the only likely one to do such a thing "would be that young brat of a stow-away."

Captain Bell, however, made the arrest of Stovel, who was soon surrounded by many of the curious and wondering passengers. Among them Sandy Turner, who, in his broad Doric, remarked, "I telt ye sae."

Mad with rage, Stovel demanded his accusers to be brought before him, and declared that he was prepared to defend his honor.

Captain Bell, reminding him of the seriousness of the charge, pointed to Jamie Morton and Bob Rogers, saying, "There are your accusers."

Stovel, with the look of a demon, glared at Bob, and hissed through his teeth, "I will conquer you yet."

The captain reminded Bob of his position in this case, and that it was of the utmost importance that he should be positively sure of what he saw and heard.

"You are sure, then, Bob," said the captain.

"Yes, cap'n, I'm sure, for I seed him do it when he thought I was under the influence o' the drug he gie me."

"That's a lie!" retorted Stovel.

"Cap'n, I seed him rob the trunk, as I said, when he thought we were unconscious from the drugged wine gie'n to baith o' us; but, cap'n, I throw'd mine awa' an' feigned sleep, but I saw him do the robbin' o' the trunk."

"I deny it!" said Stovel, fairly screaming with rage, "and I defy you to prove it."

"Prove it! What a cheek the man has! Why, cap'n, I seed him take the money."

"An', cap'n, I seed him do another thing."

"What was that, Bob?"

"I seed him put the money in his inside belt, an' cap'n its there now."

Stovel shrank shivering on the deck.

Captain Bell ordered a search to be made, which, being done, the money was found, as Bob had said, in his under belt.

A sudden fury took possession of Bernard Stovel, when he saw that his villainies and rascality were discovered, and had he not been hindered, would have jumped overboard.

"No you don't," said Sandy Turner, "so that's yer bit game, is it? Na, na, we are no din wi' you yet."

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## CHAPTER V.

“ Take temperance to thy breast,  
While yet is the hour of choosing,  
As arbitress exquisite,  
Of all that shall thee betide ;  
For better than Fortuné's best  
Is mastery in the using,  
And sweeter than anything sweet,  
The art to lay aside.”

—LOUISE GUINEY.

THE consternation and excitement, which the burning of the Atlantic Saloon occasioned, had not yet entirely subsided, and the severity of the winter blast was keenly felt by many of the people, especially among the poor, whose homes had been blighted, cursed and ruined by the awful influence of rum. The pile of debris lay smouldering in its ashes, emblematical of what it had done in many homes by its fire of wickedness, kindled in the hearts of thousands, and destroying their affections and blasting their lives.

In a neighboring saloon a number of young men were carousing and discussing the events of the last few hours, including the rescue of Jim Morton by the young Scotch chap, who risked his life for a stranger.

Suddenly, above the jargon of their maudlin speech at the bar, a sweet, though childish voice was heard in a song, and through the thin partition came the words :

“ Take the name of Jesus with you,  
 Child of sorrow and of woe ;  
 It will joy and comfort give you,  
 Take it, then, wher'er you go.”

“ Hark 'e, boys !” exclaimed one of the young men, glass in hand, “ what sound is that ?” and for a moment all are listening.

“ Oh, that's my little daughter Nellie, singing ”; explained the landlord, “ I don't take any stock in such stuff as that 'ere ; but ye see, boys, her mother is one o' them prayin' folks, an' — ”

“ You'd better shut up,” retorted one of the lads, half angrily, “ sich singin' may hurt yer trade ”; and, stepping closer to the landlord's side, with a serious look, he added : “ See here, old man, my mother is a prayin' woman, an' I tell 'e I'm a devil in human shape, or I would not be in sich a place as this, an' breakin' her heart.”

There was a hush for the moment and again the voice of little Nellie took up the refrain.

“ Take the name of Jesus ever,  
 As a shield from every snare ;  
 If temptations round you gather,  
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.”

Here the young man who had just spoken of his mother, with big tears in his eyes, resolutely put down his glass untouched and left the room.

“ Wh—what's the matter, Sandy ?” asked his companion, who followed him out.

“ That's enough for me,” he bluntly answered, “ My

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mother has been prayin' for me a' her life, an' I hae forgotten a' her teachin', till just this minute, when the sweet voice o' wee Nellie sang those words."

"Do you think the words she sang are true? For I had a prayin' mother masel', and God knows I loved her, tho' I hae been lang awa' an' wandered far frae her teachin', too."

The two companions halted just outside the saloon door, and looked each other in the face.

"What can there be in the name o' Jesus to save, can ye tell? Oh! how I would like to know," said one of them. Then came the answer to his question, and it came from the same sweet voice of little Nellie, as she again sang:

" Oh! the precious name of Jesus,  
How it fills my soul with joy,  
While His loving arms receive us  
And His song our tongues employ."

The boon companions silently, and in deep thought, started down the street together, unmindful of the bitter cold. Not a word was exchanged for some time; both being filled with strange soul-longings. New determinations rose in their hearts; hot tears coursed down their cheeks—tears long strangers to them. Visions of home, of mother's love, mother's pleadings, mother's prayers, came before them. The silence was at length broken by one of them remarking that there may be some help for them to give up rum and break the chain that bound them. As he said this he grasped his companion's hand. "Yes,

why not?" was the reply. "For the song words of wee Nellie say:

"His name is a shield from every woe."

"O man, Sandy, gin' that only be true, as I begin to think it is, we needna despair. My mother used to read to me about a 'dyin' thief' who was saved on the cross; an'—an' we are no so far down yet; are we?"

All the answer to this was given by Sandy's sobs as he requested his companion to come to his room, where he would look in his trunk for the Bible he received from his mother as a parting gift. "We will see for ourselves," he said, "what it says, an' maybe it will help us."

On finding the long-neglected Bible and opening its pages at some of its well-worn and fingered passages, reminding him of mother at the ingleside in days long gone by. He read: "Whosoever will, let him come." "Ho! every one that thirsteth come." "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

"Say, Sandy, does the book say that?"

"Yes, lad, it does, an' I'll read it again": "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

"That must mean me."

"An' me, too!" added Sandy. "I will make them white as snow."

Here the two young men, alone with God in their quiet room, were arrested by the Spirit's power and

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the sweet influence of a mother's prayers and devotion. A new light sprang up in their souls. Under the inspiration of a child's song of praise it became to them a blessed reality that "a little child shall lead them."

"Say, chum, you know how that young Miss Morton so often spoke to us about this very thing, an' as often did we make a' sorts o' ridicule an' sport of it. An' when she would kindly invite us to attend their gospel meetin's, tho' we would try an' be courteous because she was a woman, yet we always failed to go. But now, on the first opportunity that offers itself, I will go. What do you think? Shall we baith go?"

"Say we do."

"By the way, mate, there is to be a gospel meetin' to-night in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, and conducted by a Mr. Willie Thompson, a young civil engineer, o' whom I hae heard afore, an' I believe he is the very young man as acted so bravely in rescuin' the poor fellow from the burnin' buildin'. What say you? Shall we go?"

"O' course we'll go. I am wi' you wi' a' my heart, an' maybe we will get some words to help us an' to strengthen us in our desires to be better men."

Busy in their thoughts as silently they walk along, they were met by the proprietor of the saloon which, but a short time before, they had left, and to which they had determined never to return.

"Hello, boys! where away now?" said the saloon keeper. "You left us very suddenly to-night—what was up? Come and have a social and jovial time again."

"No, sir," replied Sandy, "we are done wi' your

kind o' social an' jovial times, we are on our way to the Y.M.C.A. rooms, where there will be a better an' more profitable time. An' gin' ye would come wi' us, it would do you good."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the saloon keeper, "so you have turned saints, eh?"

"Saints or no saints, we part company wi' you; an' if you don't come wi' us we won't go wi' you, an' thanks to the sweet voice an' song o' your ain wee Nellie to-night, in your ain bar."

"Oh, your namby-pamby, womanish sentimentality will soon break up," sneered the saloon keeper as he turned on his heel and left.

"Stop, sir!" said Sandy with intense earnestness, "your are no' a judge o' these matters; you whose heart is hardened, dulled an' calloused by the trade of ruining men, young men as we are. You are not capable o' givin' directions in honest purposes to men, young or old. If you are determined to shut your eyes to the results o' your trade, an' to be heedless o' your wife's pleadin' an' prayers, an' o' the angel voice o' your wee Nellie, an' to still keep doin' wrong, we pity you an' say God help ye. It is not at all likely you would feel comfortable goin' wi' us, an' God helpin' us, we won't go wi' you. But here we are let us enter."

So they both timidly made their way into the hall and were met by Willie Thompson, who kindly took them by the hand and bade them welcome, adding that it gave him great pleasure to meet them, and hoped they would enjoy the meeting.

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"Thank 'e, sir," said Sandy.

"And your name, what is it?"

"Sandy Turner, sir, an' this is a comrade o' mine ; he's frae the far West."

"Indeed ! and of course you enjoy each other's company ?"

"Ay, sir, an' we were callants thegither, an' we had good fathers and mothers, baith on us ; an', sir, we wad now try an' be like them in our way o' livin' ; an', sir, as we hae been fond o' rum together, we are baith o' us minded alike to-night, an' we hae just got a lesson that we think will do us good. An' gin' we accept the teachin's o' the lesson, I'm thinking it will be a means, under God, in savin' us frae sin."

"Indeed ! Well, I am gratified to hear you say so. But pray from what source did the lesson you speak of come ?"

"Well, ye see, sir, as we hae been boon companions for a long time, and as we thought free from the dictations o' home, an' fu' o' fun, we were down in Brown's saloon, an' were havin' what we ca' a high time. In the midst o' the frolic an' fun, the landlord's wee lassie, Nellie, began to sing about Jesus' name, an', sir, somehow her sweet voice an' the words she sang, put a stop to the fun, an', sir, my comrade there and myself left the place and went to our ain room, where I found my auld mither's Bible, an' began to read frae it, an' sir, we found that what the wee lassie sang was true. We just asked God to help us to break off the drink habit an' be free men, an' oh, sir, do you think we can be free again ?"

"Lads," said Willie, "I am glad you have come to that place where you make a stand. God helps those who try to help themselves. Be firm in your new-found hope of a new life, and remember that your mothers' Bible says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"But, sir, we hae baith been awfu' bad, an' it may be too much to ask."

"Ah, lads, my experience is that God delights to have large requests made to Him,

'For His grace is such,  
None can ever ask too much.'"

"Thank 'e, sir, we are glad to have met you; an' we heard o' you. Gin' ye be the Willie Thompson we hae heard o'?"

"Yes, my name is Thompson. Quite a common name, aint it?"

"Yes, sir, it is; but excuse me, be you the young man as rescued the poor fellow, Jim Morton, from the fire? Be you the man?"

"Yes, I believe so. Under God I rendered some assistance. I am glad to think we can help to raise the fallen, and wherever we find unfortunates in need of help, it is our honor to be permitted to help the dear Lord to

'Rescue the perishing  
Care for the dying.'

And oh! how many around us need the helping hand, even to-night."

"Yes," replied Sandy, "only a few weeks ago a poor fellow o' our home neighborhood, by the name

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o' Gavin, an old Scotchman of some means, was found dead in a lot about half a mile from the centre o' the town. The poor fellow lived on the outskirts o' the town, and goin' home from his night's debauch he left the road and attempted to cross a plowed field. He evident'y got weighted down with mud, and, falling into a furrow, perished from cold and exposure. He left four orphan children."

"What did you say his name was?" asked Willie.

"Gavin, an' a countryman o' my ain', or rather o' my father's, for I was born in this country."

"Were you acquainted with him?" again queried Willie."

"Yes, but more particularly wi' the younger members o' the family, who gave me the particulars o' his comin' from the west o' Scotland. An', Mr. Thompson, I may tell you that it was at his home I first learned a taste for drink."

"Well, Sandy, it seems a strange coincidence that the Gavins and my father's people were close neighbors in the old land, and from one cause and another our friendship was very close, especially among the younger members of the two families."

"I am thankful to God," said Sandy, "that in His good providence I heard the sweet voice o' wee Nellie as she sang that song o' Jesus' name."

"Well, Sandy, now that you and your comrade have made up your minds to be men, remember God has work for men to do, and men must do it, and become co-workers with Him. Since you have put your hand to the plow, look not back. But, by the

way, Sandy, have you any influence with the Gavins? For if you have, and do not exert it, you may be held responsible."

Somewhat confusedly Sandy replied that if it were not for the very frivolous, gossiping nature of the eldest daughter, there might be some hope of reaching the other members of the family. But his experience with her has been that she is a busy-body in other people's affairs, and often sets the whole neighborhood ajar.

During this recital, Willie was much pleased at their determination to stand firm, and suggested that, whenever an opportunity offered, they should not flinch in speaking for the truth.

"But, excuse me a moment, as here are some ladies entering. I will direct them to seats and return to you."

Sandy, on looking towards the entrance, nudged his friend and whispered: "I declare if there isn't the Gavin lassies an' wee brother."

The ladies had no sooner entered the hall than they recognized the two young men, and unceremoniously made a move towards them.

"Why, Sandy Turner," said the elder Miss Gavin, "you have not been to our place for a long time," and turning to his friend adds, "nor you, either; where have you been, and what have you been about? Sandy, why are you so serious to-night? You look like a parson! You don't look yourself in any way. Come! come! get a smile on again."

"Miss Gavin," replied Sandy, "we have been otherwise engaged."

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"Oh! engaged, have you?"

"Yes, an' Miss Gavin," said Sandy's friend, with a merry twinkle, "wad ye no like to be engaged yer-  
sel', eh?"

"Oh, you poor simpletons," giggled Miss Gavin, "you have missed the greatest treat by not being over the other night."

"Ay, Miss Gavin, an' what was the treat?"

"Oh! it was too funny for anything! You know, after the fire, we had a visit from that canting Miss Morton, and would you believe it, she actually wanted to read and have prayers with us? No, indeed."

"An', Miss Gavin, maybe you could do wi' some o' it," coolly replied Sandy.

This cutting remark caused a frown, but she continued: "That Miss Morton began to sigh and talk about the awful sin of having wine in the home. Indeed, she even hinted that rum was the prime cause of our dear father's misfortune, and said she could fully sympathize with us in such a misfortune."

"Ay, Miss Gavin, an' maybe Miss Morton is no far wrong," replied Sandy.

Miss Gavin and her company, flushed and offended, arose from where they were seated and left the room in haste.

Sandy and his friend apologized to Willie for their hurried departure and quickly followed the trio, remarking as they went, "we must see what next they will do."

"'Od, Sandy, maybe in order to hae revenge on us

an' Maister Thompson, they may try to make things unpleasant for Miss Morton ; who, ye ken, was expected to ca' on Mrs. Brown an' wee Nellie, an' brave, good girl that she is, beard the lion in his ain den."

As the friends reached the ladies' entrance of Brown's saloon, Mrs. Brown and little Nellie were seen taking leave of Miss Morton.

"Come again," said Mrs. Brown, "Nellie and I are always pleased to have you come, bringing, as you always do, cheerful sunshine with you."

"You flatter me, Mrs. Brown," said Miss Morton, "I am only too happy when permitted to help in making others happy. My own heart is made brighter when I feel I am the means of helping others. But good-bye, and now don't forget to keep trusting and praying that in God's good time your home may be freed from the curse of the rum traffic."

A moment later and she took her leave. Miss Gavin and her company approached, she greeted Mrs. Brown with her usual senseless giggle.

"Why, Mrs. Brown!" she said, after a while, "I would not suppose you could make an associate, let alone a friend, of old Jim Morton's daughter. I suppose she has been a-readin' and prayin' you to death."

"Yes, just what you say, has she been doing. You must know something of her way of doing things," dryly remarked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh! ah! ahem! perhaps so. But do you know, Mrs. Brown, that that very girl Morton is doing her

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best to ruin your husband's business ; for no later than an hour ago we were talking with Sandy Turner and his companion, and would you believe it, they have actually turned to be just like her in their talk, and you need not expect any more of their patronage. At this very moment they are trying to get others to leave off coming here to spend a social hour."

"Stop! Miss Gavin," replied Mrs. Brown, "let there be no misunderstanding between us. Let me inform you that Miss Morton's God has become my God, I must insist that, while in my presence, you will speak kindly of her or keep silence."

"Oh! ah! we didn't know," stammered Miss Gavin, "we don't mean any offence, only we, ah, don't think it a woman's place to interfere with such things, and —"

"But, Miss Gavin, are you not aware that woman's heart suffers, woman's tears flow," and she added, sympathetically, "your own heart must have suffered through the curse of rum."

"I, I, must be going, Mrs. Brown, everywhere we meet the same preachin' and rigmarole, and cant. It just seems to be without end." And so, rising to leave, she remarked with a toss of the head, "we are not afraid, we can be free and can take care of ourselves. So, good-night Mrs. Brown."

"Good-night, girls, and may God move on your hearts and open your eyes to behold Him who has said, 'I am the light of the world.'"

Sandy and his friend, during this time, had been accidentally engaged close to the saloon, because of finding a poor fellow, overcome by drink, who was

lying helpless near the curbstone, all but frozen to death, and quite unable to help himself. He was dead drunk.

Forgetting everything else, they helped the poor fellow up and brought him to a room in the Y.M.C.A. building, which they had just left. There they had him properly and tenderly cared for, warmed and fed. Soon consciousness returned, and, looking round in a dazed condition, he asked where he was.

"You are among friends," said Sandy, "and hae na fear, lad, you will be cared for until such time as you become yersel' again."

"But how did I come here?"

"Ye were found near the saloon door, freezin' to death, an', but for the leadin' o' a kind providence, ye would hae perished."

"An' wh-what happened wi' me? Did you find me?"

"Yes, my man," said Bob, "and right glad are we too. But tell me how ye came to be in such a condition."

"Well, Mister, ye see I got into bad company, and here I be. But gin ye will listen I will tell ye how it came about.

" 'I'm full as a goat, an' I'll tell you why,  
 Sit on this seat for half a minute ;  
 I'll tell you the reason the world is shy  
 Of men like me—I'm never in it.  
 I'll tell you why I'm drunk to-night ;  
 You say that I'm full and my eyelids glisten,  
 My face is flushed and I'm very tight—  
 Sit down if you're not in a hurry—listen.

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“ Once on a time I slept in a cradle,  
 Once on a time a mother kissed me ;  
 I sipped of life from a golden ladle,  
 I fled—my mother missed, yes, missed me.  
 To-night she is searching the dear old home,  
 Feeling the quilts in the warm old bunk ;  
 Why does the shadow of coming gloom  
 Waken my heart ! because I'm drunk.

“ Her face is saddened, her hair is gray,  
 Her lips are pitiful lips to see ;  
 She watches the gate in the fence all day  
 And whispers a prayer to God for me.  
 She tells herself I am doing well ;  
 She watches the clock that ticks in the hall ;  
 She doesn't know that I'm going to hell,  
 I'm telling the truth, I'm drunk, that's all.”

The recital of these lines brought a number around, and among them Willie Thompson, who whispered to Sandy: “ Who is this poor fellow? Did you find him?”

“ Yes, sir ; an' we found him almost perished, near the curbstone, just outside o' Brown's saloon. I'm sure, sir, he must ha' perished if our attention had not been drawn to him when it was.”

“ I think I have seen that face before,” remarked Willie, as he looked more closely ; and approaching him sympathetically, he asked if his name was Rogers.

“ Ya-yes, sir, that is my name, an' my father's name before me, Bob Rogers ; an' I'm a big disgrace to the name.”

“ You have a sister, Katty, have you ?”

"Yes, Mister, I have a sister named Katty, an' a dear, good girl she is, too; an' ever since she met a Miss Morton—I think that's the name—she keeps a-pleadin' an' pleadin' an' talkin' to me to be a better man, an', an' —"

"Well, Bob, would it not be better to take her advice."

"Ay! that it would, sir, an' no mistake," and fumbling in his pocket he brought a crinkled letter from it, saying, as the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Here, Mister, is a letter frae Katty I got a few days ago, tellin' me some things father had told her, that happened when he was a poor lad, left alone on the cold charity o' the world, an' who found his way to Canada. Being without friends or money, he was forced to become a stow-away on an emigrant ship, sailin' frae auld Glasgow to Quebec. An' tellin' me o' a' the hard times he had, an' the findin' a friend on board the vessel, whose name was Morton; an' as how he was the means o' savin' him from bein' robbed."

"What name did you say, Bob?" asked Willie, excitedly.

"Morton, sir; Jim, I think father said. Ay, that's it, I mind, an' a grand young fellow he was, so father said. Do you know him, sir?"

"Yes, I know a man by that name."

"An', sir, does he still live? an' where? For I would like to see him, for father's and sister's sake."

"Yes, Bob, he still lives; but—but—"

"But what, sir, is it wrong for me to enquire for my father's benefactor an' friend?"

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"No, no; not that, Bob."

"An' he had a sweet little daughter, Katty told me, afore I got kind o' wild an' fond o' rum. An', Mister, gin she lives I'd be glad, as Katty says she loved her."

"Yes, Bob, Miss Morton lives, poor girl," sighed Willie; "but have you seen Katty since you came here?"

"No, Mister, nor father either. I heard of them, but am not in a fit condition to meet them; I am like the poor prodigal; but I will arise and go to my father, an'—an'—"

"Come, come, Bob, lad, cheer up! You are now among friends. We will help you if you will only try and help yourself."

"Do you think, sir, there is any hope for me?" asks the poor fellow. "Is it too late?"

Sandy Turner, who had been a quiet yet serious listener, rose to his feet and, taking hold of Bob's hand, told him that he too had been rescued from the same pit into which so many had fallen; and since he found the comfort and peace which God gives to His weak, erring children, he could sympathize with and lend a helping hand to any who would help themselves. "Now, by God's help, will you break off from the drink habit and be a man again? If you will, an' give me your hand an' ca' me your brother —"

"And me, too," added Willie.

"Then I will, I will, so help me God. An' now, if you will go with me, I will get my valise and other things, which I left at the saloon down the street."

"What saloon?" asked Sandy.

"Brown's, I think, but I will know it when I come to it."

At this suggestion Sandy accompanied Bob, and went out into the lone, dark hours of the night. They were soon in the vicinity of the saloon. Just as they entered the room adjoining the bar, a mad, drunken crowd rushed through the hall-way, followed by curses and fiendish yells, as if hell had let loose a carnival of its inmates. A quarrel had occurred and some were fleeing for their lives, followed closely by their drunken pursuers.

Just at the entrance, as Sandy and Bob were making their way in, a flying missile, aimed at one of the crowd, missed its object and felled Sandy to the floor.

Bob, seeing this, pressed his way through, and stood over his friend, and with stentorian voice, rising above the babel of blasphemy, declared that he would protect the prostrate body with his life, if need be. "I must and will protect Sandy Turner, because he is my friend, and I am the son of Bob Rogers, the stow-away."

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## CHAPTER VI.

“The Lord is the strength of my life.”

—Psa. xxvii. 1.

THE long and loving watching of Mrs. Morton over her patient brought with it the satisfaction of seeing at last signs of returning consciousness and convalescence. Her hopes and fears alternated. Sometimes, in the height of delirium, the poor unfortunate would almost be an over-match for her shattered nerves and strength. Though feeling almost discouraged, yet, with faithful wifely and motherly anxiety, she would bend lovingly over the unconscious form—her heart bleeding and torn with the fearful mutterings and ravings, as he lay writhing in an agony, and perhaps remorse.

The door of the apartment was gently opened, and Katty entered very timidly and whispered an enquiry as to how the “poor man” was, “an’ if he rested well”; remarking, “You must be very tired, an’ need rest; so if you will let me, I will relieve you for a time, until you can rest an’ regain your usual vigor, tho’ at best I knows y’ ha’ none to spare.”

“Thank you, Katty; but do you think you could bear the anxiety and the care demanded of a nurse in a case of this kind?”

“Oh yes, ma’am; I’s e in fine form ta be nurse for a

little while. Ye see, ma'am, when one's heart is right wi' God, they can do heaps o' things that otherwise could na' be done; so please, ma'am, you retire an' I will be very, very careful, an' see as the poor man wants for nothing."

"You are very kind, Katty, and I am very much wearied and will accept your kind offer and rest awhile. Now, Katty, should anything occur during my resting, don't forget to let me know at once."

"Yes, ma'am; an' please do not feel uneasy."

"You are sure, Katty, you can spare the time for this offered help? For you know I would not be willing to have you do anything which would displease your good mistress, who has been so very kind as to supply me already with so many little comforts, and even delicacies, for my suffering patient; and often, during my lonely hours of watching, has shown much kindness and sympathy."

"Please, ma'am, ye need ha' na fear on that score, for the matter was suggested o' her ain free will that I should offer my services to you, an' I feel better when I knows I can be o' some service to you; ay, ma'am, an' do it wi' a' my heart. As Miss Maggie used to tell me, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Sae now, Mrs. Morton, you just please go an' rest yourself, an' be quite contented."

"You are a dear, good girl, Katty," said Mrs. Morton, "and the Lord will reward you. Now watch carefully, and if any special symptoms arise, don't forget to call me at once."

"Yes, ma'am, an' please ha' na fear."

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Honest, simple-hearted Katty was alone in the sick-room with the wasted, unconscious victim of the dual fire—that which scorched his body, and a fire almost unquenchable which burned up the inner and nobler part of the man ; a fire which has in this case, as in that of tens of thousands, burned up the affections of the husband and father, burned up the love for wife, home and children, burned up the very image of God.

Katty, seated near the bed where the poor victim was lying, earnestly watched every movement and almost counted the labored respirations, and noted, ever and anon, a nervous twitching, or starting, as in unconsciousness the patient muttered some incoherent words. Eagerly Katty would listen. Her thoughts were centred on the sick one. Her heart, raised to God in simple prayer, and in whispered song she sings :

‘ Come sing to me of heaven,  
When I’m about to die,  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy  
To waft my soul on high.’ ”

As the sounds of Katty’s song words were dying away, she was startled at a movement made by the patient, who made an effort to turn his swollen eyes towards her, and, with the broken words on his lips, “Is—th—that y—you—my—own—Ma—Maggie? Heaven—die—soul. Oh! oh! where a—am I?” This was followed by an almost wild and despairing look of agony.

Katty was startled, and, rising to her feet, bent over

the still trembling frame. She soothingly wiped the clammy perspiration from his fevered face and tenderly moistened his lips with a cooling draught. Peering closely into his face, she whispered words of tenderness and comfort in his ears.

“ Weary soul, by sin oppresst,  
 Wouldst thou find a place of rest ?  
 Listen ! Jesus calls to thee,  
 Come and find thy rest in me.  
 Hungry soul, why pine and die,  
 With exhaustless stores on high ?  
 Lo ! the board is spread for thee,  
 Come and feast to-day with me.”

While Katty was whispering these words, it seemed that an unnatural strength had suddenly come upon her patient, for all at once his whole frame became convulsed. His thin, emaciated hands were outstretched as if imploring help ; his head and shoulders were half raised ; his countenance had a wild glare ; the eyes opened wildly and were distended with a terrible stare. A quick, nervous movement ensued ; he continually tried to talk, first on one thing, then on another.

He tried to cover his eyes from something that seemed to him a terrible reality. This was more than Katty was prepared for, and, screaming with fright, she rushed from the room. The unusual alarm aroused the inmates, and among them Mrs. Morton. Poor Katty, all agitation and in tears, exclaimed, “ Oh ! ma’am, just as I was a-soothin’ an’ talkin’ an’ bathin’ his lips, an’ speakin’ about Jesus bein’ ready to save,

an' biddin' him come, he just seemed to get a man's strength, an'—an'— Oh, just hear him, ma'am."

Mrs. Morton hurried to the room, and, though terrified, spoke gently to Katty, assuring her that his present excitement would soon cease.

No sooner had Mrs. Morton entered the room than she knew that it was a paroxysm of delirium tremens, the result of a long debauch. Softly, gently, yet cautiously, she advanced towards him.

"Back! back! Save me—oh! save me!" cried the patient, in a frenzy of horror, and a demon-like strength, which he used, as he entwined his skinny arms around the neck of Mrs. Morton, who was almost overpowered. The door suddenly opened, and Willie Thompson and Dr. Hamilton entered—and none too soon—to rescue her from the maniac grasp of the terrible victim of fire and rum.

Mrs. Morton, though frightened, was brave, and thanked them for their providential coming just in time.

"Yes, Doctor," said Willie, "this is surely a providential deliverance; and how wonderful that we should both be directed here, to meet at this time!"

"After all, Mr. Thompson," said the doctor, "why should we wonder at being 'directed' when it is God's work, and we professing to be His workmen?"

"True! true, Doctor; yet how often we forget that fact, and how often do we miss the blessing God has in store for us, by not permitting ourselves to be guided by the teachings of His Holy Spirit; for does

He not 'guide us in all things,' and even while in  
duty's paths sometimes a

'Cup of water timely brought,  
An offered easy chair,  
A turning of the window-blind  
That all may feel the air,  
An early flower, bestowed unasked,  
A light and cautious tread ;  
Oh, things like these, though little things,  
The purest love disclose,  
As fragrant atoms in the air  
Reveal the hidden rose.'"

As Willie was reciting these lines, the doctor had gently moved towards the bed where the sufferer lay. Softly he put his finger on the throbbing temple, remarking to Mrs. Morton that "The symptoms have made a very thorough development of delirium tremens, and as it is a disease of exhaustion brought on by continued excitement, it is of the utmost importance that sleep be induced, and the patient kept quiet and absolutely free from the gaze of anyone but the nurses. So, Mr. Thompson, you had better, if possible, remain for a few hours, as it is possible that one or more such paroxysms may occur. And if so, Mrs. Morton must not be alone with him. I am glad to tell you, even in the face of what has just transpired, that there is a big improvement, and I think very soon we will see him again in his right mind; though of necessity he will be very weak for a long time."

"It will be joy for us," said Willie, "to see returning

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consciousness, and his realization of who his patient  
watcher, friend and nurse is, and —”

“His rescuer,” added the doctor.

“Yes, but as to that I am not so particular; but for  
his wife and his daughter’s sake I am anxious for his  
restoration to consciousness.”

The door of the apartment was gently opened, and  
Katty entered, somewhat agitated still, so much so as  
to attract the attention of the occupants. Moving  
directly towards Mrs. Morton, she falls on her neck,  
weeping bitterly, yet with a smile even in her tears.  
Between her sobs, she begins to tell how she heard of  
her brother Bob, how he had come back again, and  
had been found by some one, almost dead, at some  
place where he had left his valise; and was kindly  
cared for.

“Do you know where, Katty?” asked Mrs. Morton.

“No, ma’am, but I’se goin’ to find ’im. You know,  
ma’am, I must care for him, and please, ma’am, he was  
a good lad afore he got into the habit o’ drink. An’  
oh! ma’am, how my heart has gone out to God for to  
save ’im.”

“Well, Katty, God is good, and He does hear His  
children when they ask. Willie, Katty is in trouble,  
can’t you help her?” said Mrs. Morton.

“So you have heard of your brother Bob, have you,  
Katty?”

“Yes, sir, an’ I’m right glad o’t, too.”

“Would you like to hear more of him, Katty?”  
said Willie, with a smile.

“Yes, sir, an’ please did you see him?”

“ Yes, Katty, and found out who he was from the contents of a letter written by yourself some time ago. You may expect him over here almost any time, as I have invited him to call on me. I am glad to tell you that he has had his eyes opened to the terrible condition in which he was. He is now in the care of friends who I know will look after him, until such time as he is able to see you.”

“ An’ please, Maister Thompson,” said Katty, with a kindly smile and tearful eye, “ this is what Miss Maggie used to tell me was God’s way o’ doin’ things; helpin’ us in our time o’ need. Ever since my own sins were forgiven, I always said the dear Lord would save brother Bob. Please, sir, where is he ?”

“ Oh! he is in good hands, Katty, so just be—”

“ But please, sir, do tell me where he is now, as I want to see him.”

“ Katty, lass,” said Willie, “ it is best not at present. If you will but wait a little time, he will be here before very long. I will see him to-night, or early in the morning, and will come with him, and have the pleasure of making the introduction.”

Innocent Katty smiled at the idea of an introduction to brother Bob.

“ Well, you know, Katty, he is not the same brother Bob as when he was in his pure boyhood, as he left you and home. He has come in contact with the curse of rum, and that contact has been his downfall, only the Saviour’s grace can save him, and keep him. This, I believe, he has found, and is a changed man, and, by God’s help, a man rescued in time. So, you

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see, Katty, you will meet him as the child of a King, and now you can rest contented, until we return and bring to you your new brother Bob."

"Then, sir, I thank 'e, an' I'll try an' be very patient."

Dr. Hamilton, during this time, had been earnestly watching the patient. He said that there was a marked change, and visible improvement.

"That, Doctor, is certainly encouraging," said Willie. "I am hoping to be present when consciousness returns. I also hope, Doctor, you will permit Mrs. Morton to be near by. Would it affect his shattered mind, Doctor?"

"I am not clear on that point, Mr. Thompson, but I have no very alarming fears. In the meantime, you and Mrs. Morton had better retire for a time, as he may come to himself almost any moment now. And, of course, professionally, I prefer being with him alone. You can be within call. So it will be better for both of you that you should be resting."

Mrs. Morton, wearied and careworn with anxious watching, gladly retired, feeling more cheery and buoyant from the encouraging words of the doctor.

"Willie, do you think he will recognize me?" asked Mrs. Morton, "for it would be sad for me to be there, and not known by him as his wife, whose years of late have been years of sorrow and heartaches. It would break my heart if he did not know me."

"Have no fear, Mrs. Morton, God will take care of that part. You will be surrounded by friends, and, in any case, my impressions are that you and Miss

Maggie will be the first he will ask for. But it will require great care, as his whole past will loom up like a panorama, and vividly pass before him."

"Oh! Willie, the awful past! I forgive him of all the wrongs and sufferings which have been mine those years, and, God helping me, I will make our humble home pleasant for him; and my dear Maggie will be glad to have father home again."

Mrs. Morton, almost unconscious of her doing so, soon returned to the bedside of the sufferer, having entered the room unnoticed by either Willie or the doctor. She bent lovingly over the sleeping form, still unconscious, yet seemingly in a sweet and natural sleep. Tears of gratitude mingled with a smile of implicit trust in God for a happy realization of her hopes.

Said Willie, "I am glad to know that the dear Master has raised a friend for you in the person of Dr. Hamilton, and I am personally thankful to be permitted to be your friend also."

"Ah, yes! True friends, such as you both have been to me," said Mrs. Morton, "have been to me a great boon, reminding me of the friendship I have found in our blessed Master, for there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him. 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

' What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear ;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.'

And oh! how sweet it is to know we have such a Friend to lean on when it seems as if we were forsaken. Yet, though my heart has been torn and lacerated, and compelled to bleed in an agony of sorrow; ay, and almost worse than widowhood, yet to me this hour brings with it much to repay me for all my weary suffering. The blessed prospect of those years of sorrow and penury being at an end, and to have my own, my long-lost husband restored to me, if even through fire. I was never without a hope, if very faint, even in my darkest hours. Often poor, dear, patient Maggie would sing and meditate on the words of what she called her 'song of assurance':

'Unanswered yet? The prayers your lips have uttered  
 In weariness of heart these many, many years;  
 Has faith grown weak? Is hope almost departing?  
 And think you all in vain those sadly falling tears?  
 Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer,  
 You shall have answer yet, sometime, somewhere.

'Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
 It may be that your part is not yet wholly done;  
 The work was given before your prayer was uttered,  
 And He bids you finish what He has begun;  
 Yet be ye sure His ear hath heard your prayer,  
 You shall have answer yet, sometime, somewhere.

'Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;  
 Her feet are firmly planted in the rock;  
 'Midst saddest gloom she stands undaunted,  
 Nor quails before the loudest thunder-shock;  
 She knows her Father's ear has heard her prayer,  
 And cries: It shall be done sometime, somewhere.'

The words recited by Mrs. Morton, reminding her of the patient trust of Maggie, had the same effect upon herself, inasmuch as her composure seemed strengthened. Yet it seemed to have an effect also on the sick one, who had partially raised himself from his prostrate position, and, with a wandering gaze, cast his eyes towards Mrs. Morton, and in a tremulous voice asked if he had been sick. "Wh—who are you, lady. Are you—my—own—dear wife?"

Upon hearing the voice of her husband once more, Mrs. Morton would have rushed forward to embrace him; but Dr. Hamilton, seeing this would be more than his shattered nerves could stand, persuaded her to be calm for a moment. "You will kindly let me speak to him," he said, "before you make yourself known."

To this Mrs. Morton readily assented, and the doctor took the patient's hand in his, speaking tenderly of his long illness, and of the terrible ordeal through which he had passed, assuring him that he was surrounded by warm and kind friends.

With a vacant stare, the poor fellow asked if he had been sick, and why he was in bed and so weak.

"Yes, you have been very sick, my poor man, but you are now getting better. In the providence of God you were rescued from fire, and under God you are recovering, and in a short time will be yourself again."

The poor fellow, holding up his hands, asked what had happened to them, seeing them scarred and marked. "Where am I?—and tell me—oh! tell me—if this is my own—dear—dear—wife?"

Mrs. Morton, unable to remain longer silent, moved

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towards the bed where the sick one lay, and clasping his hands in hers, bathing them with her tears, cried: "Yes! Yes! My own dear James—my husband—I am your wife."

Poor Morton wept aloud, kissed her hands, and sobbed out: "Can you—forgive—me—for all the wrongs I have done you?" and turning his eyes towards Willie, who had been a sympathetic witness of what had taken place, he asked, "Who is that young man?"

"That," said Dr. Hamilton, who took it upon himself to answer the question; "that is the young man whom God used in saving you from the fire, at the risk of his own life, by rushing into the burning Atlantic Saloon, and who turns out to be the son of your old friend and college-mate, Ben Thompson, in your old Scottish home of the long ago. I, too, in the kind providence of God, am one of the Hamiltons, of your father's neighborhood on the banks of the Ayr. I am satisfied that the Lord has brought us to you, and blessed us as instruments in His hands, in helping to rescue you from the pit of sin. So now, that you are able to be up from your long illness, we will help you to meet again with your loved ones. But do not expect too much from yourself, as you are still very weak, and will require great care and much rest. For a time, my friend Mr. Thompson and myself will retire and leave you alone with your dear, patient wife, whom God has wonderfully kept during all those years of what was more than widowhood—'a broken heart.'"

Mrs. Morton, amid her smiles and tears, warmly grasped the hands of the doctor and Willie, bidding them return soon and join with her in thanking God for all his goodness in restoring her dear husband.

"How wonderful are God's ways, Doctor," said Willie, on leaving the room, "and how marvellously He has led us in this matter."

"Yes, Mr. Thompson, what you say is true; but is it not in keeping with His great, loving heart as it goes out towards poor fallen humanity, always ready to lift up the fallen, if only we would submit to His supreme will."

"But here comes Katty, and from the way she smiles, something has occurred to make her simple heart glad."

"Well, Katty, you seem very joyous over something. What has happened?"

"Oh, please sir, I'se so glad now. I've heerd of brother Bob, as sent me word as he's comin' to see me.

"Please, sir, here's his letter as he sent me, an' you can read it for yourself." Handing the letter to Willie, who read:

DEAR SISTER KATTY,—I have again got back to the old neighborhood, and hope to be able to see you before very long. As I am informed you are still living at the residence of \_\_\_\_\_, I hope to find you there. I am glad to learn you have become a Christian. And, my dear Katty, I am glad to inform you I, too, have found the pearl of great price, and am, to-day, a sinner saved by grace. Thanks, Katty, for your prayers and pleadings for me.

I am, yours lovingly,

BOB ROGERS, JR.

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"To be sure, Katty, you are to be congratulated on such a letter. That is grand, and it must be a source of comfort to you to know that your brother has at last been saved and truly rescued in time. After long, patient prayers and trust, the Master has been pleased to answer your request.

"We are just leaving Mrs. Morton and the sick one for a time, as her husband has so much improved that we can confidently leave him in her charge. When we do return we may be permitted to see your brother Bob. So be very good and trusting all along, Katty, and be truly thankful to God. We say to you, as you have often sung to others,

'Ask the Saviour to help you,  
Comfort, strengthen and keep you ;  
He is willing to save you,  
He will carry you through.'"

On parting with her friends, Katty entered the room and was warmly met by Mrs. Morton, who kindly greeted her, telling her that her dear husband had so far recovered as to warrant his removal to her own home at an early day. "And oh! Katty," she exclaimed, "won't Miss Maggie be a happy girl to have her long-lost father home again? Ay, and all the old sunshine of home again in her heart."

"Please, ma'am, is Miss Maggie a-comin' here, too?"

"Oh! yes, Katty, I am expecting her every moment, and am sure she will be glad to see you, as she has learned of your brother's return, and, shall I say, of his being saved? We will join in a thanksgiving service for the restoration of my husband,

who, I am glad to tell you, has also found pardon and enjoys God's love in his heart."

"Oh, ma'am, how good the dear Lord has been to all of us in all our trials! I'se so glad we were not left alone in the fight. An' as how I oftens think we women folks ought to be helped in the great battle against what has been the foe of all our best an' most sacred rights, an' home, an' all our loved ones. An', oh! ma'am, we can be brave when we ha' the Master wi' us."

"Katty, it is true, and our experience to-day is, that if we are faithful and true, unflinching in our duty, our Captain will be true to us, and His banner never goes down in any struggle. It is the banner of the Lord of Hosts. Brave hearts, Katty, are hearts which have God dwelling in them—hearts ready to help suffering humanity. I think it is Joaquin Miller who says :

'The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you'll find it not—  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

'Nay, not with cannon or battle shock,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought  
From mouths of wonderful men.

'But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently, bore her part,  
Lo! there is the battle-field.

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' No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave ;  
But oh ! these battles, they last so long,  
From babyhood to the grave.' "

As Mrs. Morton finished these lines, on looking from the open window she noticed a number of people approaching the house, and among them her own Maggie. And as Katty's attention was also drawn to the company, whose coming was not unexpected, she cried out : " Please, ma'am, there is Dr. Hamilton, an' Maister Thompson, an', an', oh ! my brother Bob, an' two others wi' them. My, my, ma'am ! Won't we a' be happy now ? "

In a few moments the visitors entered the room, and, at the direction of the doctor, Miss Maggie and Willie moved towards the couch where James Morton lay calmly resting. Very lovingly Miss Maggie entwined her arms around his neck, and with tears of joy and gratitude tenderly kissed him over and over again.

Poor, yet happy, Mrs Morton, clasping her husband's hand, silently invoked God's blessing on the restoration. While the friends, filled with gladness of heart, breathed fervent amens.

Simple, honest Katty, all this time has her new-found brother, Bob, near her, and amid her smiles and tears she is listening to his story of hardships, and more especially about his being rescued from a fearful and premature death, and finding a new life in Jesus Christ, who had become to him the morning star of his life.

While Mrs. Morton and Maggie were enjoying the

friendship and kind sympathy of those present, the wearied wife and mother, had still a fire of love burning in her heart which, perhaps, could best be expressed in the lines of Rose M. David :

“ The tears come, and smiles go,  
 My emotions are stirred  
 By thoughts that lie deep,  
 And that never are heard,  
 As I look on the world  
 And the faces of men.  
 There is one that I search for,  
 And long for it when  
 But a child he caressed me close  
 Clasped on his knee.  
 His smile held the gladness  
 Of sunlight for me,  
 And his songs had new melody  
 Never yet heard,  
 In the countless new strains  
 That my soul have since stirred.  
 Ah ! my first and best love,  
 The pure love of youth time,  
 In my father of childhood—  
 My hero in rhyme.”

The company listened while Mrs. Morton repeated these lines, and none of them more attentively than the now recovering James Morton, who, feebly rising erect, told his friends that the awful ordeal through which he had passed, in the providence of God, had been the means of opening his eyes, and bringing him to the Saviour's feet, not only as a “victim of rum, but a sinner saved by grace, and as a brand plucked from the burning.”

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## CHAPTER VII.

“The way of transgressors is hard.”

—Prov. xiii. 15.

“WHEW! whew! This is awfu’ warm work, boys,” said Sandy Turner, as he wiped the perspiration from his face, having just returned from shore, where he had been serving as a witness against Bernard Stovel, and held the oar in sculling to where the good ship *California* had cast anchor in mid-stream.

No sooner had he reached the deck than an anxious, waiting crowd were eager to hear the result of the trial, and the verdict of the Court upon the prisoner Stovel.

“Weel, Sandy, an’ what did the fellow get?”

“They gied him a year an’ a day, an’ I’m thinkin’ he deserved it; an’ forby, they telt him that, when his prison term was up, he had to gae back to where he cam’ frae; for my certie, gin it be true what the folks say, there’s lots o’ bad anes a’ready in Canada. ‘Od, man, I hadna’ been an hour on shore when first this ane an’ then anither ane wad be speerin’ gin I wanted this an’ wanted that. An’ some o’ tha queer folks wad speak a funny kind o’ gibberish. ‘Od, man, it made me laugh in the face o’ the boddies, an’ just asked them ta speak a decent language, like our ain guid braid Scotch. ‘Oui, monsieur,’ an’ ‘bonjour,’ an’

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'parlez vous Francaise'; an' when I wad say, 'Owye, mon,' 'od, man, but they wad stare me out o' my face—the ignorant boddies.

"An', man, it made me laugh to see men folks dressed in long, black, trailin' gowns, for a' the world like some o' our Glasgow or Greenock fishwives. An', as they strutted up an' down the streets, chattin' an' talking', and no a word could I understand—man! it made me proud o' my ain pure an' plain braid Scotch.

"An', just as I was comin' awa' frae the city, I saw a lot o' tha same queer ains wi' Maister Morton an' the wee laddie, Bob Rogers—wha, purr boy, was unco' sorrowfu' lookin'; an' steppin' up to them, I says to Maister Morton, 'What ails wee Bob? He looks sae heart-broken.'

"'Weel, Sandy,' said Maister Morton, 'he's feeling sad at the idea of our parting; yet I am glad that he will be well cared for.'

"'An', Maister Morton, what do these long-gowned fellows want o' ye?' speered I. An' he just raised his finger an' shook his head at me, as much as to say, 'Keep still.' An' I just took him to one side, an' telt him to be careful amang strangers.

"'My good fellow,' said Morton, 'I am only getting information regarding the best modes of Western travel. These men claim to be agents for the river boats, and are offering cheap rates to Montreal and the upper lakes.'

"'Maister Morton,' said I, 'am no' so sure o' that, for gin they be what they say they are, where are

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their badges? as we wad say in our ain auld Glasgow, where the folks are cevilized, ye ken. You had better wait an' see the captain o' the ship, an' he'll be able to gie ye a' the information ye need; for me, I telt him, I wadna pay a bawbee afore I consulted the captain. An' sae I left an' cam' awa'."

Captain Bell and his first mate, Mr. Fowler, were passing the knot of listeners to the words of Sandy Turner, and hearing the last of his utterances, he asked what the men looked like. Upon being informed, the captain requested Mr. Fowler to go at once, and, if possible, find Mr. Morton and any others of the passengers who might be there, and save them from being the victims of the unprincipled gang of "land sharks," ready to prey on the unwary.

"Tell them there is only one place recognized as having authority to issue tickets; and from the description we have, it is possible that bogus tickets have already been issued."

"Ay! I telt ye sae," said Sandy, with a knowing shake of the head. 'Deed did I."

Mr. Fowler and four of the crew, having lowered a boat, were in the act of pushing out for the shore when a boat approached mid-steam and nearing the ship. Mr. Morton was noticed as one of the passengers; also Bob Rogers, the stow-away lad, who had clung close to him all the while they were on shore.

No sooner had they reached the deck than Captain Bell made enquiries regarding what had occurred, adding, he hoped he had made no arrangements about tickets.

"No, not exactly, Captain, though I promised to see them again in the morning."

"Well," said the captain, "I am glad for your sake, Mr. Morton, that you made no further arrangements, as the ship's agent will be on board in an hour or so, who will make all necessary arrangements for the steamer *Prince William*, which leaves for Montreal and the upper lakes to-morrow afternoon. Those men with whom you were in conversation are what are called 'clerical sharks,' and must be given a wide berth."

"Ay, sir, I telt him that," said Sandy Turner. "Deed did I."

"And now," continued Captain Bell, "the custom officers will be on board at once; you had better get your baggage ready for inspection."

"All right, Captain, I will do so," said Mr. Morton, as he made a move for the quarter-deck, followed by Bob Rogers.

"An', Maister Morton," said Bob, "may I help ye?"

"Yes, Bob, you can be of material help to me; so come right along, and we will have the trunks brought on deck."

As Mr. Morton and Bob entered the cabin, poor Bob was reminded of some of the events which took place on the voyage, and burst into tears, whereupon Mr. Morton kindly took him by the hand, telling him that he had fondly hoped that a separation would not have been necessary. But that the good lady, who had tenderly watched over him in his illness, brought on by the rescuing her little daughter, Pearl, was



expected on board with her husband, who has kindly requested him to go to their home, and be a member of the family, at least for a time. That would be a happy experience.

"Now, Bob, my lad," he said, "I want you to promise me that, if spared, you will come to see me in my western home, or wherever I may be. And Bob, lad, you have my word that in me you will always have a friend."

"Thank 'e, Maister Morton, an' I know the lady will be good to me; an' I can, an' I will be true, an' for the wee lassie's sake I wad like to be wi' them for a time; an' this is just in keepin' wi' what my ain mither telt me afore she died—that God wad care for me as one o' His ain bairns. Sae now that I'se far frae home, an' far frae freen's, He has given me a warm freen' in you. An', Maister Morton, gin I live an' hae a hame o' my ain, I will teach my hame an' hame folks to kindly mind o' ye. An' sometime, or somewhere, it may be I or some o' mine will try an' repay a' the kindness ye hae shown to me. An' oh! Maister Morton, let me tell ye this, for it is in my heart, an' I must speak it afore we part. Mind ye, an' do be led into habits o' drink, for I'm feart gin such a noble heart as ye hae wad yield to the awfu' temptation, an' the flattery, as was done by Bernard Stovel. An' oh! Maister Morton, yours is a big, warm heart, an' just the kind o' a heart tae go wrang that way. I'm no muckle o' a man yet, but I hae seen muckle in my young life that bids me 'beware o' the cup, there's poison, death an' damnation in it.'

For my ain hame an' my ain faither was a' lost tae me, an' now I'm nothin' but a puir 'stow-away, an' a faitherless, fren'less wanderer in a land o' strangers." And, bursting into tears, poor Bob fell on his knees and kissed Jim Morton's hand, imploring him to promise.

"Bob, I promise! So now, lad, have no fears for me. 'A burned child dreads the fire,' and I owe it to you and your watchfulness, and let me add, your wisdom, that it is not worse with me to-day."

"Yes, Maister Morton, that man Stovel missed his aim this time; but mind ye, he's no deid yet, an' wha kens but some day in the future he, or some o' his ain kith or kin, may meet you again. Did you no hear his curse, an' see the look he gave you an' me when the sentence o' the Court was passed upon him. I saw the grin o' disperation, an' a look, as much as to say, 'we'll meet again.'"

"Bob, my lad, your words are to me a lesson, and if ever we meet again, may it be in as true a spirit of friendship as we part. B't here comes the good lady friend of yours, and, presumably, her husband, who was waiting for the arrival of the ship. I notice she has her little girl with her, of whom you, in God's hands, became preserver."

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Morton," said the lady, as she entered. "I hope you are none the worse of the trial and the experience of the last few days. I notice in this morning's *Chronicle* that the unfortunate man, Stovel, has been committed. How true, Mr. Morton, that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' But par-

don me, Mr. Morton, permit me to introduce my dear husband, who, I am sure, will readily recognize in you the heart and soul of the true Scottish character."

"Yes, Mr. Morton, my wife has scarcely ceased praising you, and your true nobility; as also your young *protégé*, Bob Rogers. I am pleased to make your acquaintance. How do you enjoy the rich sunshine of our Canadian sky, and the beautiful river scenery?"

"I am very much interested so far, sir," replied Jamie. "But possibly, as I go westward, I may feel still more at home—of course, hearing more of the Saxon tongue."

"Oh! yes, no doubt. But by the way, Mr. Morton, my wife has been lauding your kindness regarding the stow-away lad, who, though poor and uncouth, proved a brave lad when danger was near, and especially in rescuing my little daughter, Pearl."

"Yes, sir, and to my mind he is a noble and true-hearted lad; and through his manliness, though but a boy, he not only saved your little one from the sea, but was the means of saving me from the villainy of the man, Stovel, who wormed himself into my confidence, and would have succeeded in robbing me, even if at the expense of my life to accomplish it."

"So I have learned; but, Mr. Morton, where is the lad? I am patiently waiting to see him. I want to thank him personally."

Bob, during this conversation, was the central figure of a knot of the passengers, who were eagerly listening to his story of the trial of Stovel. He had suc-

ceeded in bringing them to one mind regarding the justice of the sentence, and some of his listeners were prepared to add to it if in their power.

Mr. Morton, stepping towards the group, motioned to Bob, who quickly approached, closely followed by Sandy Turner, in whose eyes there never was hero equal to Bob Rogers.

Bob modestly approached, and little Pearl ran to meet him, and, catching hold of his hand, led him to where her father and mother stood. "Papa, this is Bob," she said, "who saved me from the sea."

Bob blushingly patted the little one's head, and remarked that she was a "brave wee lassie."

The good lady, remembering the hours in which she was engaged in nursing him, had for him feelings akin to those of a mother. She took him by the hand and presented him to her husband, saying, with emotion: "This is the dear, brave lad who rescued our darling Pearl."

"You are a good, brave lad, Bob. My dear wife has informed me of all the circumstances, and how modestly you have acted through it all. I am interested enough in you now to offer you a home with us as long as you wish; and, my word for it, you will be regarded as one of our own family. Of course you will not be required to bind yourself to remain. But from your appearance you require a time for thorough recuperation. I am sure the summer's rest and our home comforts will add much to your young manhood. If after a time you desire it, I will see that you are properly fitted out for the battle of life. It

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may be you will aim for making yourself a home in the West, and possibly meet your good friend Morton again."

"Now, Bob, should you feel at home with us until you become of age, I will see that you are settled comfortably on some of my western lands, in the County of Bruce, of which I am possessor of some large tracts under Government patents." Turning to Mr. Morton, he added: "Do you think I can be trusted in this?"

"Your offer, sir, is magnanimous enough for a prince," said Mr. Morton, "and for Bob's sake I think the opportunity is a good one, and would certainly advise the lad to avail himself of it."

"Weel, Maister Morton," said Bob, "I'se no to look a gift horse i' the mouth; an' gin ye think it best for me, I am willin', an' for the sake o' the wee lassie an' her ain' mither, I can willin'ly make my home wi' them."

"I am glad, Bob, my lad, and though I was hoping to have you with me, yet, Bob, for your sake I will forego the hopes I was looking forward to. I am satisfied it is in the providence of God that a Christian home has been opened for you. Before we part, Bob, take this little book as a memento of our friendship. As the title of the book is 'Saved as by Fire,' may it ever remind us both that, if entrapped in the whirl of the world's ills, we may each find help in Him who saves and keeps. So when we are far from each other—when you read it—remember Jamie Morton."

Simple, honest Bob took the book, pressed it to

his lips, kissing it over and over. "Thank 'e, Maister Morton," he said; "an' now, afore I leave ye, I must ask ye to promise me that gin ye settle down in your office work you will not be led awa', tempted or enticed into any such company as that o' Bernard Stovel; an' keep ye—aye, mind ye o' this, Maister Morton: there's poison in the cup. I'se not much a'count, Maister Morton, but though I be a poor stow-away lad, yet I believe I never forgets my mither's dyin' words to me, an' ma heart aye goes out to God for His guidin' hand, an' she aye telt me, 'Seek first the kingdom o' God an' His righteousness, an' all these things will be added unto you.' An' forby she telt me aye to be true an' I wad have freen's. An' is this no true wi' me now, when, in a strange land, I hae lots o' warm freen's. An' abin' them a', Maister Morton, I hae a freen' in Jesus, who was my mither's freen'. An', if you an' I will only let Him, He will, na doubt, be our freen', too, who has promised 'never to leave us or forsake us;' ay, an' a freen' that sticketh closer than a brother." Turning to his new protector and friend, with whom he was to make his home, he earnestly said, "Here's ma hand an' ma best promise, made afore God an' my freen', Maister Morton. I will be true an' honest, an', God helpin' me, I'll be a man."

Captain Bell and Mr. Fowler, the first mate, came aboard, and, noticing the company in earnest conversation, and hearing the closing words of Bob, the captain stepped towards them and, clasping Bob by the hand, said, "God bless ye, my lad, you'll be a man some day."

"Now that the steamer *Prince William* is making ready for her western run, all hands must be prepared, and those who get off here will now please go at once, as the transhipment begins immediately." Turning to Bob, he asked, "Do you go west, too?"

"No, Captain, I'se goin' wi' this lady an' gentleman—wi' the wee lassie that fell overboard."

"Well, Bob, my lad," answered the captain, "I like your get up. You have a brave spirit and bright ideas of things. I commend the tact and firmness with which you brought to justice that pest of society, Bernard Stovel, who is now, I believe, under sentence of one year in St. Paul de Vincent, which, to my mind, is serving him right."

"Yes, an' please, Captain, I seed in his eye a look o' revenge, an' in some future time, wha kens but he, or some o' his kith or kin, may play an important part wi' some o' us. I'se no a prophet, Captain, but I'se sure o' this: that if he lives we will hear o' him, or some o' his, in after years."

The captain, turning to Mr. Morton, said: "It was a narrow escape you had, and had Bob's shrewdness and tact not come to your rescue, you certainly would have been the victim of the villain's plot to rob."

"I am fully alive to that fact, Captain, and I know my indebtedness to Bob, and intend in after years to remember him."

Mr. Fowler, the mate, informed the captain that the *Prince William* was now steaming up and moving towards the *California*, and all passengers and baggage must be transferred without delay.

Bob, on hearing this announcement, clung to Jamie Morton, and in tears bade him good-bye. Sobbing as if his heart would break, he exclaimed, "An' Maister Morton, I will be aye true—good-bye."

"Good-bye, Bob, and God bless you."

"Bide a wee Bob, laddie," broke in Sandy Turner; "you're no goin' afore ye bid me a good-bye."

"Ay, an' good-bye, Sandy. Ye hae stood by me as a freen', too; and here's my hand an'—"

"Mine in yours," said Sandy; "an' if you will accept this—a wee bit o' a keepsake—tak' it to remember me by," and he placed in his hand an old-fashioned miniature trinket, with a name engraved thereon, "Sandy Turner." "Keep it, Bob, an' it may be met wi' again, an' may be the means o' remembering our friendship. An' before ye go, Bob, we will join hands and, as we often did in the old homeland ayont the seas, sing:

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
We'll tak' the hand o' one an' a'  
For the days o' lang syne.'

After hearty hand-shaking, the separation came at last. Bob, with his new friends, moved shoreward amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and farewells are spoken—for how long a time? . . . And in that time what wonderful changes take place! Long years pass; homes are made and homes vanish; fortunes are won and fortunes vanish; hearts are cheered and hearts are crushed; fires are kindled and

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fires extinguished ; rum runs riot, pledges are broken and forgotten.

The success of Jones, Cassels, Brown & Co. has made them the leading legal firm of the Western Province. With their success, began the success of the brilliant assistant, James Morton, whose energy, pluck and scholarly attainments brought him the honored position of Queen's Counsel. A beautiful home was his, and with it all the comforts that affluence could bring, and withal, one of the most devoted Christian wives to grace the home of James Morton, Q.C. Remembrances of home in the old land often flitted across his mind, and as often did he strive to be all he had promised in his youth to be—a true man. Prosperity came at every move, and success, with flattery and goodfellowship, began to make inroads upon his spirit of manhood.

Miss Maggie, the beautiful, accomplished daughter of the home—its joy and soul—entwined herself around the hearts of the home circle. Maggie was now grown to sweet young womanhood, accomplished, and heedless of any possibility of a future of want and penury, or heart-sorrow.

Boon companions, ever on the alert to act the part of false friends by their sycophantic and fawning ways, have brought an almost imperceptible waning of the affections and love due to the dear ones around the husband and father. Mrs. Morton was unwilling to entertain a doubt of the ability of her loved one to stand firm on the plane of sobriety and right. Yet something compelled her to feel that his mode of life

was rapidly changing, and that, unless checked, it would ultimately break down all barriers of restraint.

The insidious movements of the dire foe of mankind lurking and making advances upon man's true nobility. Oh, the heartaches and heart-breaks and the woes that follow in the wake of the rum curse!

“ No curse so black, no pit so deep,  
No other such a demon creep  
As this, thou rum fiend-spell,  
The masterpiece of deepest hell,”

The taste acquired in youth, and through over-indulgent parental fondness—this first taste acts as the taste of human blood does to the prowling tiger. It arouses the dormant appetite, an ever-insatiable craving, which speedily dominates and becomes entire master of the man, and transforms an amiable, affectionate youth into a slave to vice—a terrible human wreck. The brilliant mind became beclouded, business was neglected—home, wife and heaven bartered for rum!

Years of sin and drink wrought a dire change in the once affluent, happy home of James Morton—now the home of penury, want, discord and heartaches. Reputation gone! profession gone! health gone! affection gone! manhood gone!—all—all gone for rum!

Jones, Cassels, Brown & Co., though reluctantly, were compelled to cancel their agreement, after all these years of unqualified confidence and marked success. He was at length arraigned for his giving

way to the drink habit and neglect of his profession and home.

"Mr. Morton," began Mr. Cassels, the senior member of the firm, "we are pained, and regret to inform you that your services are of no more use to us. Your habits are not in keeping either for your or our success. We are sorry that we find you incapable of performing the duties our office demands. The loss of your brain power, as the doctors inform us, results from the hardening of the tissue through drink. It is with sorrow we have learned that you not only neglected our interests, but a thousand-fold worse—you have neglected, robbed and ruined your home, wife and child. And all this because of a burning thirst for drink. Morton, you have become a moral monster."

"Poor, wretched, conscience-stricken Morton, broken in health, vigor gone, manhood sold, life robbed, endured the stinging rebuke of his employer. He staggered from the office of Jones, Cassels, Brown & Co., an outcast and a ruined man.

On reaching the abode of his wife and child, who feared the worst, he found them eagerly watching and waiting for his return.

Is this all that remains of James Morton, now a wanderer and an outcast of society? A slave to drink! the curse, the damning curse of drink—yet legalized and helped by men professing to be Christians, who, for a paltry gain, sell the right to rob men of their best parts; rob home of its light and hope; rob man of his immortal soul! Oh! fellow Christian, the

responsibility lies on us, and are we doing our duty? As we pray, "Thy kingdom come," let us work for the coming of Christ's kingdom, by using all our efforts to bring to an end the "manufacture and sale of the accursed rum.

Wearied, footsore and spirit-broken, Jim Morton reaches the place which served the inmates as a home. Unable to keep the partial resolve, made on leaving the office of Jones, Cassels, Brown & Co., he again partook of that which had been his curse. Heavy, uneven footsteps approached the door of the now more than desolate home of the patient Mrs. Morton and Maggie, who wearily await his return—his brain all on fire from the poison of drink.

Maggie, kindly and daughter-like, proceeded to prepare a meal for her poor, dear father, while in the act of pucting what scanty food she had before him, he took her by the hand, and calling his wife to his side, told them he no longer can be a man, so he intends leaving for other parts.

"Leave mother, and your own Maggie?"

"Yes! yes! let me go where I may try and reform. It seems death to me to part thus, as even in my darkest moments, even in my broken sleep, I sometimes dream :

' Asleep on my bed, a strange vision I see  
Of a beautiful land far away,  
In its midst stood a city, with streets of pure gold,  
While bright sparkling gems their beauties unfold,  
In the light of an endless day.

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' Beloved and best of the friends of my youth  
 Were there in that numberless throng,  
 Whose faces, once sad with their burden of grief,  
 From sorrow and care had found sweet relief  
 In that land of rapture and song.

' Toward the gate of the city my footsteps I bent,  
 Although doubting and trembling with fear ;  
 High over the portals, with terror and dread,  
 In letters of fire this sentence I read :  
 " No drunkard may enter in here."

' My head bowed in shame as I thought of my home,  
 Kind friends, my child and my wife ;  
 Hope fled from my heart, and I sank in despair  
 At the feet of an angel who, lingering there,  
 Said : " Drink of the water of life."

' Then, bidding me rise, he held to my lips  
 A draught of the life-giving stream ;  
 Fresh vigor awoke in my paralyzed frame,  
 Scales fell from my eyes, I received a new name,  
 And entered the gate in my dream.' "

" And dear, dear father, may this be but a precursor of what you yet may be. Is not God true? and why can't your own Maggie help you to be a free man again? "

At this moment Mrs. Morton, in tears and sobs, threw her arms around his neck, telling him that she will still stand by him, " and, best of all, you have Jesus to help you, if you only will accept Him." Starting to his feet at the mention of the name of Jesus, he seemed to grasp the idea of help from Him, but the next moment he resumed his former vacant stare.

"Dear father," pleaded Maggie, "stay here with mother and me. Oh! don't go away in this fearful storm and cold; remain with us and be at home."

"Home, did you say, lass? I have no home. I have robbed you of home! Home? It is gone! reputation gone! all gone! and oh! lass, I am gone! Oh, God!—gone! gone!" And, in a paroxysm of terror and remorse, he rushes for the door. But he was intercepted by Maggie, who clung to his arm, and again succeeded in partially calming his frenzy.

"See, dear father, take this," as she handed him a piece of neck ribbon; "a gift of your own to me, in other days. See! with my own hands, and worked with my own hair, is my monogram, 'M.M.' You, dear father, carry this, it may be that sometime when you look on it, you will remember your own Maggie. And wherever you are, think of her as still loving you and still praying for you, and for your return to home and us."

A strange wildness came over poor Morton, of which he seemed partially sensible. He quickly rose, and with a look of despair and remorse, rushed from the room. Raising his hands to his head, he exclaimed, as he left: "Oh, my God! my brain—my brain is on fire!"

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## CHAPTER VIII.

“Mighty to save.”

—Isa. lxiii. 1.

THE riotous conduct in Brown's saloon, and the almost fatal blow with which Sandy Turner had been felled, was caused by an uncalled-for remark thrown out by one of the carousing company in the bar. The remark referred to the honesty of the act of young Willie Thompson, in risking his life in the fire to save another's, and to act out the principle of the golden rule of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us.

One of the participants in the night's debauch enquired of Brown if this Willie Thompson was the means of saving the man Morton from the burning Atlantic Saloon; and, if so, what were his motives?

“Oh!” replied Brown, with a sneer, “like enough to get some sort o' not'rity 'mong them sentimental temperance cranks, an' from none o' them more than that piece o' womanish sentiment, Miss Morton; an' she's no better'n others o' her kind.”

“Say, Brown, ye mistake yer game this time if ye speak o' any woman in that ere way. Ye must not forget your own wife's womanhood, and yer little girl.”

“So I say, too!” added another of the company, as he leaned heavily against the bar, still holding his

glass untouched. "It ill becomes the likes o' you, or any man o' your business, to speak so o' any one, especially one who has acted as she has done.

"Say, Brown, I would advise you, so long as you are engaged in the business you are, to try an' be decent; an' if you can't be decent, be as decent as you can. It is only on the sufferance of the people that you are permitted to exist at all —"

"Young man," retorted Brown, "don't ye make your remarks so personal, an' —"

"True, tho'," interrupted the young man, with a sarcastic smile.

"Well, now, see here," said Brown, excitedly, "I tell 'e I want no more o' your chaff in my house, or out ye go; d'ye mind?"

This angry retort was the signal for warm words, and soon brought on a general melee and stampede in the bar, which culminated in a rush and run for the door, followed by flying missiles, billets of wood and other things. Overtopping the confusion were the curses and yells of some of the more drunken of the crowd. It was one of these flying missiles which struck down Sandy Turner, over whom his friend, Bob Rogers, stood to protect him from further harm, as recorded above.

Mrs. Brown had been enjoying the evening hours in her private rooms with little Nellie, but became alarmed at the noise and boisterous conduct of the votaries of the bar. On reaching the hallway, where the lad Turner had fallen, she had him taken into her own room to be cared for. Calling her husband, she



insisted on his closing the doors of the saloon, at least for a time.

"Why, wife? Come now, don't be weak-minded, how can I close my doors at this hour? Don't ye see that the boys are only beginning to spend, and we must sell in order to have money to keep things a-goin'."

"Oh, husband, the money obtained from this source is to me a torment! Money got at the cost of the welfare of our fellows only burns into my conscience and deprives me of hours of happiness. The very walls of the apartments of our home are stained by the blood of somebody's boy. It is becoming more terrible every day we are in this rum trade. So for my sake, and for the sake of our little Nellie, let me urge you to have no more of the curse to answer for."

"Have no fears for Nellie, wife, you know we must have money, an' I pay for a licence to sell. You an' Nellie can have all the advantages of the money made in the business, which the law makes legal—yes, quite legitimate. And your Christian public officers take my money for the privilege, and surely you need have no such compunctions in the matter."

"Husband, I have seen enough, felt enough, suffered enough, and if you have any love for me or for your child, break off from the traffic; for already the blood of our fellows begins to cry out against us."

Impatiently Brown retorted with an angry gesture that "I have heard enough o' this 'ere cantin', hardworded stuff o' yours, an' it must be stopped or I'll raise an ugly rumpus as will make ye feel bad, I will."

So saying, he turned on his heel, and in high temper left the room and made for the bar, muttering as he went, "This is more o' that Miss Morton's cant."

A number of the thirsty ones were there waiting for their supply of that which has been a fire to the brain, a wreck to the body, and a ruin to the soul,

"Say, Brown, she goes for 'e, don't she?" said one of the waiting crowd.

"She'll fix ye, Brown," said another.

"Yes, boys, I gets it hot as bilin' whenever she gets in that line o' talk. Those milk-an'-water women folks, who are movin' heaven an' earth to root out this liquor business, they gets at my wife, an' they fills her mind wi' sich truck that she keeps harpin' an' harpin' about awfu' heartaches an' heart-breaks, ruined homes, an'—an'—blood an'——"

"Well, Brown," interrupted one of the thirsty ones, as he sipped his glass, "to my mind she is on the right track, and it seems to me your wife deserves more consideration at your hands than she gets from you. I notice by her looks she is in heaps o' trouble on this drink question. She told me, not later than last night, how that unfortunate Bill Stovel, on his return from prison, came direct to your bar, and became a very maniac for a time, and in an insensible condition was carried upstairs, and at this moment may be dead for anything you know, or indeed care."

"An' no great loss if he was dead," replied Brown, angrily. "He is no use, or any good either. Why, the idea of a man o' any intelligence throwing himself away as he has done, is——"

"Hold there, Brown; you forget that there was a time he was a man, and, but for your legalized business, he would be now more than 'useless Bill Stovel.'"

At this stage of the conversation, the company eagerly listening to what was said, Brown's countenance became flushed with rage and agonizing thought. He filled up their glasses, however, and requested all of them to drink success to each other, and to talk no more on the subject. While in the act of raising their glasses to their lips, a look of fear and consternation, came into the countenance of Brown, as he saw a drip, drip, drip, of blood falling from the ceiling upon the counter before him. On looking up, he noticed the crimson stain marking the ceiling above where he stood.

Standing aghast, the company gazed upward, and wonder and fear mingled together, not a word was spoken, the glasses held firmly in the uplifted hands untouched. Terror was pictured on each face. A silence as if of death was there. Drip, drip, drip, came the life-blood. "Who can it be?"

Hurrying footsteps and a cry of terror from the upper room, were heard. The chambermaid, on entering his room, found the unfortunate man, Stovel, stretched out on the floor, weltering in his own blood, a victim of his own hand. He still clutched in his stiffened hand a large lance, held in the death grip, a tell-tale of how the deed was done.

The carotid artery had been completely severed. The work was done. Cold in death lay the body, pale and haggard, the victim of rum.

Close beside the body, on a small seat, was found a nervously written note, on which was inscribed: "Oh, God! I'm lost, and lost forever! a self-murderer and the murderer of my angel Jessie, and my cherub babe, my Minnie. Oh, God! if not too late, have mercy on me."

In one of the pockets of what had once been a coat was found a packet of old letters, and among them one from Glasgow, from one signed "Bernard Stovel," which spoke of a determination to follow and have revenge on one James Morton, and a stow-away, by name of Bob Rogers, or any of their kith or kin, and to follow them as a sleuth hound, and, if possible, bring them to bay. But oh! man! man! the pit thou hast digged for another, thou hast fallen into thyself.

"S-say, Brown; wh-what about your legalized trade now?" asked one of the by-standers; and pointing to the blood, "Is that yer trade-mark?"

"You're a fool!" angrily retorted Brown. "Will ye mock me?"

"But why, Brown, because of your greed and an insatiable desire for more money. Whether intentional or not, the work is done, and you, Brown, are among the guilty."

Almost beside himself, Brown was all excitement, and in this state of mind was met by his wife, who, in tears and wringing her hands, the very picture of despair, pleaded with him to break off from his work of death and ruin among his fellowmen.

"Wife! wife!" wildly exclaims Brown; "let me alone! I'm not responsible for this man's death any

more than others. If he or others will drink, I don't force them to do so."

"No; but husband, the part you act in the great drama of debauch, is the courting of the curse that follows in the wake of the traffic, and I am afraid your own life is in danger from the same curse."

"Oh, well, wife—come! come! now," soothingly replied Brown; "you are too sympathetic in this matter. See! I'm not in any danger, I can——"

"You are blinded, my husband, and you will not try to see just where you are, until too late to find a remedy. You may not see your danger, but others are brought into danger by your hand, and God will hold you responsible."

"Tut, tut! You have been led away by that canting Miss Morton, wi' her readin' an' prayin'. Wife, you are beside yourself," and, with an angry gesture, he left Mrs. Brown in tears.

Brown, livid with rage, entered his bar, muttering words of spite and hatefulness, and was accosted by several, who readily began bantering him on his perturbed condition.

"Say, Brown! wh-what's the matter with you? Why, you look savage as an Indian who has quarreled wi' his squaw."

"Come, boys! I'm in no frame o' mind to be bantered this way. Have somethin'," said Brown, with an attempt at smiling.

"Don't care if I do."

"What'll ye have, boys?"

"Gin for me."

"I'll take a lager."

"Th-that's business, now. Th-that's a' right, Brown. Set 'em up."

"Drink hearty, boys," said Brown.

As the glasses were lifted to their lips, their ears caught the strains of a child's song :

" All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."

Simultaneously turning their heads in the direction of the sound, their glasses still untouched and held in their hands.

"Listen, boys! What's that?" said one.

Brown, flushed in the face, remarked half apologetically, "Oh! that's my little Nellie in one o' her singin' moods again. She plays havoc wi' my feelin's sometimes."

"Did you say your 'feelin's,' Brown? You're in a fine business to speak o' feelin's."

Brown was about to retort, but the same sweet, childish voice went on :

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind."

"I say, Brown; that's too much for me," said one of the company, rising to his feet and putting his unemptied glass on the bar.

"No more can I," added another.

A big tear glistened on the rough cheek of the first speaker, and sobbing like a child, he made his way for the door, followed by others. They were met by a company who had come to render what assistance they could in the terrible circumstances which had taken place.

Willie Thompson, accompanied by his friends Sandy Turner and Bob Rogers, met the trio who were leaving the bar, and noticing their agitated countenances, enquired of them what had occurred. On being informed of the circumstances, Sandy grasped them by the hands, telling them that under similar circumstances, and in the same place, and under the influence of the same sweet voice, he was led to do just as they had done, urging them to ask God to help them in their new resolve to be men again, and giving the assurance from his personal experience that God would meet them more than half way.

"Yes," added Willie Thompson, "if you will only come, Jesus will not only meet you, but receive you. In the meantime, if you could join us for a time—we are on our way to a meeting of young men, who are met for the purpose of giving a helping hand to each other—we will be pleased to have you come with us. What say you?"

"I think I voice the wish of my comrades," said one, "when I say we will go with you, and hope we will obtain such help as we need. The life we have been living is not only shortening our days, but we are breaking the hearts of our best and truest friends."

As they neared the rooms where Willie Thompson was leading them, he suggested that for their encouragement his friend Sandy would give them his experience of the wonderful way God had brought him out of the bondage of drink.

To this Sandy readily assented.

"I was born," he began, "in the eastern part of what is now the Province of Ontario, in the year 1862. My parents were both from the west of Scotland, and emigrated to this country some nine years before I was born. Being the only son, I received what school advantages were to be had in those early days. My father was one o' those sturdy tillers o' the soil, an' a stirling Scottish character, disdaining anything mean or cowardly. My mother was one o' God's noblewomen, whom He delighteth to honor. Under her home teachin', I was taught the first principles o' doin' right. After growin' to young manhood, I associated wi' others of a looser sort of home training than my own, and havin' naturally a bouoyant and happy temperament, I was unfortunately led far from mother's way. Soon finding myself away from the restraint o' home, I began to indulge more freely in the habit o' joinin' my companions in the social glass. Unfortunately, many other young men in the same condition, away from home, are tempted by the social custom, and, alas! too often by the hand of our young lady friends in the homes o' prosperity an' wealth. As time wore on, my life became more unsteady, with a growin' desire an' appetite for rum, which soon became overpowering. At last I found



myself almost an outcast from society. Often did the thought o' my early training come before me, an' then resolves would be made, only to be broken. At last all my self-respect had left me; health was fast leaving me; I was becoming a prematurely old man. I was often found incapable of maintaining what little manhood was left me. It so happened, shortly after the burning o' the Atlantic Saloon, that I with a companion were found carousing in Brown's, where you have just been, and under circumstances almost like yours. While in the midst o' the night's debauch, I was suddenly entranced by sounds o' what seemed to me to be the song o' an angel. Again an' again the sweet song reached my ears, and thus I was constrained to lay my glass down untouched, and leave the place.

"God soon sent friends to help me in the new way, and through them I was led to seek an' find the 'pearl o' great price,' an' thank God I can say now that God is my friend.

"Does it not seem a strange coincidence that, in the same bar an' under the same child song, hearing God's message to the heart, through the voice o' wee Nellie? You, too, are arrested in your downward course; surely you can join wi' me, here an' now, in thanking God for His message o' love brought by the instrumentality o' a little child.

"Personally, I owe my new life to the fact o' hearing the Gospel in song through the voice o' a child.

"When I look back on my mis-spent life, an' on my influence exerted on the side o' wrong, I could wish

that I was buried, an' my influence gathered up and buried wi' me. But alas! influence can never be recalled; it goes on, an' on forever. So, God helpin' me, in the future my influence shall be exerted for God an' the right. I found a comfort in readin' the well-thumbed pages o' my mother's Bible, so long unused by me. I offer you the same rich blessing, if you will but bring yourselves to accept it. If we but follow our Captain, Jesus, He will lead us on to victory. Will you wi' me join hands an' hearts, an' like Hannibal, the Carthaginian General, swear an eternal hatred to the enemy, an' by so doin' help in breakin' its grasp on earth's teeming millions?

"Before we part, permit me to repeat some lines which describe the downfall o' King Alcohol:

'So in nation and palace,  
 There is feasting in the hall;  
 Tyrant Alcohol is reigning,  
 There is writing on the wall;  
 And his votaries in thousands  
 Now do throng his royal board,  
 Eating, drinking and profaning—  
 Overhead a hanging sword.

'Where, oh! where is the Daniel  
 Who will fearlessly stand forth  
 In the midst of dissipation,  
 And the most unholy mirth,  
 And with faith, zeal and courage  
 Read the writing on the wall,  
 Set the seal of condemnation  
 In the death of Alcohol?

‘ There is a God in Israel,  
 And the drunkard shall be free ;  
 In His name the chosen people  
 Lead the fight for liberty.  
 Soon we’ll shout—the victory carried,  
 And King Alcohol we’ll play ;  
 With the downfall of his kingdom  
 There will come the brighter day.’ ”

“ Excellent, Sandy ! excellent ! ” exclaimed Willie Thompson. “ You are a marvel of grace, and you would be recreant to your best interests if you closed your lips and refused to speak for God and humanity whenever or wherever opportunity offered. I am sure our friends here will profit by your words of cheer and your experience.”

“ Yes, we are thankful for the lesson we were taught in Brown’s saloon, in the discovery of the awful fact that a poor unfortunate had become his own murderer, rushing into the presence of his Maker unprepared. How true it is that ‘ the way of transgressors is hard.’ For ourselves, we are resolved, God helping us, to lead a new life, and with you to help in the work of freeing our homes and our country from the awful incubus and curse of rum. By the way, Mr. Thompson, I understand you are to meet some of the town officials to-night at ‘ Brown’s.’ ”

“ Yes, I was on my way there when I met you ; but how did you become aware of that ? ”

“ Oh ! we knew it, because we overheard Brown say that, if you came around he would see that none of your ‘ canting nonsense ’ would be permitted,

as that had a bad effect on his business, which was protected by the law of the land, and made respectable by the voice and countenance given it by the Christian public; and that he paid for his licence. Now, Mr. Thompson, it would be as well for you to be on your guard and keep a close watch, as it is possible there may be some trap set for you."

"I am thankful, lads," replied Willie, smiling, "but I have no fears." And turning to Sandy, he added: "We must be on the move, so we will bid you good-bye until we meet again."

Willie and Sandy proceeded toward the saloon, and were met by Bob Rogers, who had parted from them shortly before, and who seemed in a somewhat despondent mood.

"Hello! Bob," shouted Sandy, as he took his hand. "Where have you been? We've been waiting for you."

"Yes, and wondering too," added Willie.

"Ah! Maister Thompson, I'm sure there's some trouble ahead o' ye."

"Why, Bob, what makes you think so?"

"'Cause, only an hour ago I was passin' Brown's saloon, an' though I was not seen I heerd Brown an' two or three others talkin, an' your name was spoken o' mor'n once, an' it looks as if some sort o' a trap is bein' laid for you."

"Bob, my lad," replied Willie, "as to that I have no fears; however, it will be as well for me to be on my guard. You know, Bob, duty must be done at any cost, and I am on my Master's business, and you

know he takes care of his workmen. I am in His hands ; He will keep me from harm."

"An' say, Bob," added Sandy, "you an' I will stand by him ; won't we, eh ?"

"Yes, that we will, an' no mistake."

"Ah! ha!" said Sandy, with a smile, "you are getting dudish, eh? I see you are sporting a handsome old-fashioned trinket at your watch-fob. May I look at it?" And, without waiting for permission, he took it in his hand, exclaiming: "Ain't it a beauty, an' where did you get it?"

"That," said Bob, "belonged to father in the long ago, when he was a poor waif an' a stow-away. He got it from one o' his admirers on board the ship, just as the final parting took place. An' Sandy, man, its odd, for the name on it is the same as your own. Strange, ain't it?"

"Yes, Bob, it is strange ; and what is stranger still, see, here is the exact counterpart o't, havin' the same monogram, 'S. T.' An' this I got from my father when I became o' age. Can it be that you're the son o' the Bob Rogers o' whom my father has so often told me about, as the brave lad who saved the wee lassie from the sea in mid-ocean ; an' who also was the means o' bringing the man Stovel to justice for robbing and attempting to poison ; an' savin' one James Morton, a cabin passenger, from bein' the victim?"

"Ah! well, well, Sandy ; it does look as if that is in keepin' wi' the story my ain father told me when he gave me the trinket. But father is comin' here

before long to see me, as somehow he has heard o' my reform. An' when he comes, Sandy, you must see him an' get the story from himself. He came from Quebec an' settled on his farm on the Saugeen River, in Huron County, where I was born, an' wi' Katty spent so many happy years. An' Sandy, man, I'm so glad I'm tryin' to be a man again. Of late, when I has been thinkin' o' what father has told me, that the man James Morton, I ha' heard o' by Maister Thompson, is none other than the same as he was the means o' helpin'; an' that the poor victim, Stovel, is none other than the son o' the Bernard Stovel who was overtaken in his crime. What a wonderful revelation God is makin'! Man, Sandy, it beats a'."

"Ay, Bob," said Sandy, "I can see it a' now. An' see how God saved me, an' then used me to help you. In bringing us to His light, it brings together the children o' those who were friends in the long ago. An' Bob, what a time we will have when our people meet, if spared to do so, which I pray may be before long."

"Boys," said Willie, "your talk has done me good. Who knows but I may be the offspring of some of the old-time friends. But here we must engage in other work. You and Bob will, of course, be on hand in case your help be required. The body of poor Stovel may be removed by order of the coroner, as the inquest may so demand."

On entering the saloon the party were met by Mrs. Brown, whose appearance was that of a prematurely aged person. Her features were very haggard look-

ing, almost the picture of despair ; her eyes red and swollen, and heavy grief marks on her brow, showing how the heart was troubled. Sobbing as she came near Willie, she clasped his hand and bade him enter her own apartment. Then, breaking out in a paroxysm of tears, she told him how terrible the blow was to her and her home, and how it was almost an impossibility to bring her little Nellie up in the fear of God in such a place—in such an atmosphere of wrong-doing, vice in all its vileness, and even murder.

“Just think of it,” she said, “that at this moment, while we talk, there is the victim of rum lying upstairs in his own blood, awaiting the arrival of Dr. Hamilton, the coroner. My heart seems as if it will break unless my husband gives up this awful business of ruin and death.” Rising to her feet, she pleaded with Willie to use his influence, if haply her husband might see how terrible was his crime.

“You will try, sir ; won’t you ?”

“Mrs. Brown,” said Willie, “your home is your kingdom, your husband is your king ; it may be his business has blinded him to not seeing the wickedness of the guilty traffic and crime against humanity. However, if you will permit my calling my young friends, Sandy Turner and Bob Rogers, we will counsel together as to the best method to reach your husband.”

“Who is this Bob Rogers you speak of ?”

“He is the young lad who was found near the entrance to the bar, close to the curbstone, at your own saloon, and——”

"You must pardon me, Mr. Thompson," interrupted Mrs. Brown, "not my saloon. Only as being the wife of its owner am I identified with it. I am not happy in bearing any relationship to the traffic."

"Just so, Mrs. Brown; yet, nevertheless, in the eyes of the public you are identified with it; and until your doors are closed, and you and your husband are out of it, the opinion of the well-thinking people is against you. But I was just informing you of my friend, Bob Rogers, who was rescued in time from being frozen to death."

"Poor fellow," sympathetically said Mrs. Brown; "he may help you in the work, and let me urge you to use all your efforts, and if you will bring your friends into my apartment we will consult together."

"Little Nellie, rushing in from her play, clapped her hands, and shouted in childish glee, 'Oh, mamma! mamma! here is Miss Morton! May I bring her in mamma?'"

Mrs. Brown was overjoyed at the opportunity of meeting her friend again. "Oh, Miss Morton," she cried, "I am so glad you have come in, and just at a time when your company is so much needed."

"Indeed, Mrs. Brown, it's a great pleasure to come; but how are you? Allow me to sympathize with you in this unhappy occurrence which has taken place. Oh! how long will these abominations remain to blight and curse us by their presence?"

"Miss Morton, I am so unhappy, but I still have hopes that something will be done in order that my poor husband may be induced to give up the business



Mr. Thompson and two of his friends, who are here, have promised to use their influence to bring him to see, if possible, the need of escaping any further woes."

"I am sure, Mrs. Brown, your anxiety in the matter must be severe, and you have my promise that all I can do will be done with a will."

"I thank you, Miss Morton. You have been a great blessing to me in the past, and ever since your earnest Christian talk with me my whole life has been changed. But, oh! my poor husband; I fear for him, and unless an immediate change comes over him, he, too, may be a ——"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Brown, not a suicide; for I hope you are trusting in God for his deliverance. There, there now, dry your tears; God is good, and in your sorrow He will not forsake you."

"Yes, I am sure of that, and I am trusting implicitly as a babe in its mother's arms. But you know, Miss Morton, that my surroundings are against me, and all my efforts to live a good life as an active Christian are almost in vain, while such an awful business as ours is under our roof. And oh, God, Miss Morton, my own husband the instrument of so much wrong!"

Miss Morton, grasping her hand, with a kindly voice remarked, "Be not faithless, but believing—trusting Jesus, that is all. My prayer and heart's desire and sympathy goes out for you and your husband. It may be that God will send some message or circumstance which will lead to his being able to see the awfulness of the business in which he is engaged.

Oh! I feel that the crime of the age is the traffic of causing God's noblemen to drift, drift away!—away from home and right!

' Drifting down the river of life,  
Drifting, drifting, drifting ;  
Ever moving, resting never,  
Speeds the bark adown life's river,  
Daring death and danger ever,  
Drifting, drifting, drifting.

' Drifting down the river of life,  
Drifting, drifting, drifting ;  
Hark ! the roll of distant thunder,  
Lightning rends the rocks asunder,  
Oh ! the look of awe-struck wonder,  
Drifting, drifting, drifting.

' See ! the Pilot looking for us,  
Drifting, drifting, drifting ;  
Raise the signal to Him—prayer,  
Trust His wisdom, skill and care,  
Gone the night of dark despair,  
No more danger drifting.

' Oh ! the wrecks that strew the shore,  
Drifting, drifting, drifting ;  
No fear had they on sea or land,  
While others knelt they dared to stand,  
And spurned the Pilot's helping hand,  
Wrecked and lost while drifting.' ”

As the words were finished, Doctor Hamilton, the coroner on the “suicide Stovel,” came in.

“Mrs. Brown, I presume,” said the doctor, bowing.  
“Yes, sir, and you are the medical gentleman having charge of this unfortunate and terrible case?”

"Yes, madam."

"I have heard of you, Doctor Hamilton, from a young and esteemed friend of mine, a Mr. Willie Thompson."

"Indeed; I am pleased to hear you say Mr. Thompson is your friend. Have you met him lately?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor; he and two of his friends are in the house at this time, awaiting the result of your investigation."

An inner door opened, and Willie greeted his friend, Doctor Hamilton, with a cordial shake of the hand, saying: "Hearing your voice, I was impatient to meet you again. So you are here officially, eh?"

"Yes, or why would I be here? This is no place for me, or, for that matter, for either of us, unless on professional or Christian business."

"Ah, Doctor, it is just possible God has some work for you to do here beyond your official capacity as coroner."

"Do you think, Mr. Thompson, that God will find workman enough in me to employ me in His vineyard in any capacity?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor, and a blessing with your work," replied Willie.

With a half-suppressed smile, the doctor remarked that he was easily flattered, and not to use much of it on him. "But," he added, "I must have the body removed to the morgue at once. You will be here, Mr. Thompson, for a time, as I wish to have a confidential talk with you on matters of importance." And so

saying, he followed Mrs. Brown into the room where the victim of rum was laid.

As the room was reached, confusion and noise was heard in the bar below.

In the bar of the saloon there were some wild, blasphemous words, as if from the pit of hell itself; oaths and curses mingled with smothered cries of "Help! Help!" Upon entering the bar, Brown was found stretched out on the floor, blows and kicks were being showered on his prostrate body by the ruffianly, infuriated crowd, crazed as they were with the drink served out by his own hand, to poison the brain and nerve the arm to fell him to the floor.

Willie and his friends, Sandy and Bob, hearing the tumult, proceeded at once to the vile spot. Seeing the man upon the floor, and the ruffianly kicks and blows showered upon his helpless body, with a bound the trio sprang to his side and rescued him, declaring there must be no more blows or kicks.

At this act, one of the biggest ruffians made a pass at Willie while in the act of raising the poor fellow from the floor. The blow was parried off by a quick movement made by Bob, who, springing forward, held the assailant firmly, exclaiming, "Ye son o' Belial, be still!"

With a look of chagrin the bully fairly quaked with fear.

Mrs. Brown and Dr. Hamilton, hearing the disturbance, were soon upon the scene. Quickly examining him, the doctor said that Brown was only stunned, and would revive in a very short time. "But in the

meantime," he added, "you had better close the doors of the saloon and pray that, in the good providence of God, they may never be opened again. And over the insensible form of your husband, join with us in asking God to help him, if spared, not to engage in the business again."

The company kneeling by the wounded man, Mrs. Brown, amid her sobs and tears, made the pledge of her life, that the doors of the bar were now closed, and closed forever.

## CHAPTER IX.

“In every thing give thanks.”

—1 Thess. v. 18.

THE home of the Mortons had at last a ray of sunshine and hope. The wan, weary look of Mrs. Morton changed to one of buoyant hope and trust. Time still dragged slowly by, bringing new strength and manhood back to Jim Morton, who was so much improved in health and mental ability as to be engaged as practical conveyancer and adjuster of the Home Savings Trust.

His appearance was that of a man who had suffered as only those who were acquainted with him could understand. Yet even to a stranger he would not pass unnoticed. The home as yet had but few of its former comforts, but what of that if the hearts in that home had the sorrows of the past forever blotted out? What of that if there was fresh sunshine in the soul? What of that if a wife and mother's tears were tried, and if confidence was restored in him who was so long lost to them and home?

The beautiful springtime had come again, and with its sunshine had come the rays of a home sunshine to Mrs. Morton and Maggie.

How changed! At what a cost! It cost years of sorrow, years of heartaches, years of tears, and almost life itself.

The closing hours of a beautiful spring day found Mrs. Morton busily engaged in the remodeling and beautifying of her home. Many of the little knick-knacks she again and again handled, were tell-tales of former days. Among the many odds and ends were found a bundle of documents or letters from the old homeland beyond the seas. Her curiosity was excited when she discovered a diary of the voyage of her husband, from the time he left the old homestead, the manor house of the Mortons. As she read and re-read the items as they occurred, and others of the documents, her mind was led back to the time of the kindly letters from the Haugh Grange, with hearty good wishes and hopes of many bright days of wedded bliss. The thoughts of the past brought tears of sadness, and for the moment plunged her into a deep reverie. While thus sunk in thought, she did not notice the entrance of Maggie, who, missing her mother for some time, and now finding her in tears, clasped her hands over the faded bundle of letters, by which she was reminded of the noble, manly love, and youthful buoyancy and hope which looked far into the future.

At Maggie's action her mother raised her tearful eyes, and smiling through her tears, imprinted a mother's kiss, telling her that at this moment it seems her whole past has been a dream.

"Ah, yes; dear, patient mother, a dream; but what a beautiful awaking, after the long and terrible night of dream-like life. We have at last awakened to find dear, dear father. And oh! mother, let us look

up to God with thankful hearts for the sunshine in our home again. We will strive more than ever to be trustful in the keeping power of God. He will keep dear father, and home will again be to us what it once was, when the pure manhood was in his heart, and a smile for you and for me upon his face. So now, dear mother, let your old-time smile and cheery look come back again, because of what the dear Lord has done for us in the restoration of dear father, and bringing him back to us 'clothed and in his right mind,' and, as I believe, a ransomed soul, a sinner saved by grace."

Mrs. Morton, with a look of gratitude, throwing her arms around Maggie's neck, whispered, "and saved as by fire."

"Now, dear mother, you are weary and worn out by over-anxiety; let me ask you to retire for a time, and after a quiet rest you will be the better able to make further arrangements in the refitting of our home. Let us not forget that the hand of God is gently guiding us now, as in the past, when dark clouds of sorrow hung over us, and as we have often proved His Fatherly care over us, He will be our comfort still."

"Yes, yes, darling! You are right. We will trust Him. God is good in giving me such a daughter."

Maggie, while in the act of helping her wearied mother, noticed a time-worn and crimped letter on the floor, which had dropped from the package Mrs. Morton had been perusing.



"A moment, mother," she said, as she picked up this letter; "here is something you have dropped."

"Yes, it is one of this packet I found among the old papers, so long laid aside."

On opening it, she found it to be one of the many letters of the long ago, which had come from the old home, the Haugh Grange.

"Mother dear, let me read it."

On doing so, she informed her mother that it was from dear grandfather Morton, telling father that age was beginning to tell on him, and expressing anxiety to know why his letters have ceased, and fearing that something was wrong. It also informed him that the Haugh Grange would become his property. Attached to the letter was a piece of quaint verse, sent by Watty, the faithful old servant at the Grange.

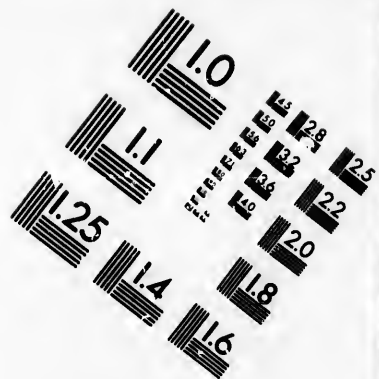
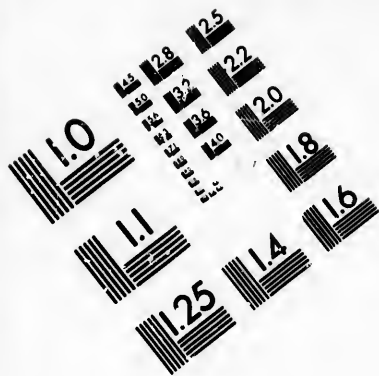
Mrs. Morton, all eagerness, remarked that the name Watty had often been mentioned by her husband, as the faithful and eccentric manservant of his early college days. "I often listened to the quaint sayings reported of him. You may read it, if you will, and I will listen."

Maggie then read as follows :

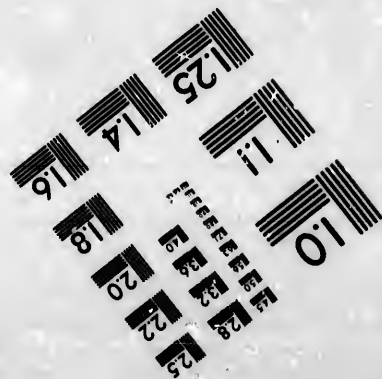
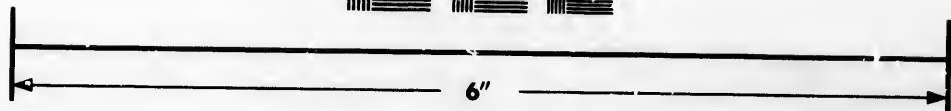
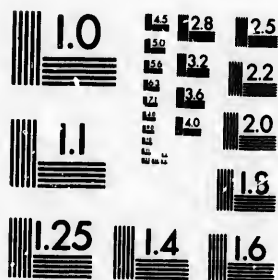
"Whenever I see, on bush or tree,  
A great, big spider-web,  
I say with a shout, 'Little fly look out!'  
That web seems so pretty and white,  
But a spider hides there, and he's ready to bite  
In the morning, at noon-day, or night.

"So if anyone here drinks cider or beer,  
I say to him now, with my very best bow,





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Have a care of that lager or cider ;  
For there lurks a wicked old spider,  
And it fills her with joy to catch man or boy,  
And weave all about him, with terrible might,  
The meshes of habit, the rum appetite."

With a half-forced smile, Mrs. Morton said that, "After all, the utterance is almost prophetic. Indeed, the whole history of the drink curse was not only subtly weaving a web, but complacently waiting to entangle its victims. My whole soul," she said, "cries out in the bitterness of what was almost widowhood against its awful tactics."

"So this letter is from the old home of dear father?" queried Maggie, still holding it in her hands.

"Yes, Maggie," pensively replied her mother, "and because it is such, to us it is a relic of the awful fact that years of happiness have been taken from us; but then it may be of service to us in after days." And so saying, she wearily sought her quiet room for rest.

Maggie, alone and surrounded by what would bring back remembrances of the bitter, bitter past as a panorama, seemed for the time sunk in sadness. Yet there was a something that loomed up above it all, a fact, a glorious fact, her father was again a man, "clothed and in his right mind." Then she engaged in handling and fixing here a piece of new furniture, there a neat ornament for the wall, and such chaste, beautiful bric-a-brac as brought again a long-absent sunshine to the home. Thus engaged in the work of reorganizing the home, she was quite unconscious of the hours as they passed. Being somewhat

fatigued, and sitting gazing upon an old portrait of Bailie Morton, which had been highly prized and kept sacred as an heir-loom when almost everything else was gone, her mind seemed to catch the spirit of the past, when she was aroused by footsteps from behind. Looking up, she was more than astonished to meet the honest, sympathetic look of Katty Rogers.

"Oh! Miss Maggie, I've only found now where you were, an' I've been tryin' ever so long to find ye."

"Well, Katty, and now that you have found me, tell me why you are so sorrowful."

Sobbing as if her heart would break, she replied: "Last night, while passing Brown's saloon, I heard what seemed a big commotion inside, an' a poor fellow was thrown out o' the door, followed by a big, ruffianly-looking fellow, who pounded an' kicked him. Just then Maister Thompson, an' my brother Bob an' Sandy Turner, who were a short distance behind Maister Thompson, ran to help the poor fellow as was abused. Then the big fellow, seein' help comin', ran off, coward-like, into the bar, leavin' Maister Thompson bendin' over the fallen man, as was bleedin' an' lyin' like one dead. An' oh! Miss Maggie, just then a perlice officer came along an' arrested Maister Thompson; an' amid his protests, an' mine too, he was taken away to prison. An' see, Miss Maggie, here is a pocket-book I saw fall from the coat o' the big fellow, as he ran past me into the bar."

"Did your brother Bob and Sandy see this affair, Katty?" asked Miss Morton.

"Yes, Miss, an' they followed him into his own bar,

an' accused him o' the deed as was done. An' oh! Miss, when poor Mrs. Brown heard o' the trouble, she implored her husband, wi' tears, to quit the business a'together, an' for her sake, an' for the sake o' her wee Nellie, hae the doors shut forever. When told o' Maister Thompson's arrest, while in the act o' helpin' the poor lad as was beaten, an' left bleedin' an' helpless, Brown just laughed, and said he was 'glad o' it, an' maybe he wad hae enough to do to prove himself innocent.' An' turnin' to Mrs. Brown at the time, as his hand was plunged into his coat-pocket, found his pocket-book gone, an' wi' a look o' terror an' anger, he exclaimed, 'I've dropped my purse somewhere,' an' in haste left the room, muttering to himsel' something about interfering wi' his business, an' such like."

[Omitting Katty's tangled story, we give a direct narrative of what occurred.]

Bob and his friend Sandy, who had followed Brown into his bar, and heard the remark regarding the loss of his purse, replied: "You'll maybe find it where you abused the lad outside, as you ran away when seen."

"What's that you say?" growled Brown.

"Oh! nothin', only you may find it outside, where you abused your own victim. Is that plain enough for ye?"

Brown, mad with rage at the thought of having been seen in his cowardly act, and noticing the firmness of the tone of his interrogators, began to quake with fear. Then he broke into a torrent of abuse, saying he had no hand in the matter, but that that "young rascal o' a canting hypocrite, Thompson,

who was found by the officer o' the law in the very act o' robbery, an' perhaps worse, he was the guilty one. An' unless you keep a civil tongue in your head, out ye go from this place, an' no mistake either, for—"

"Hold there, Brown!" interrupted the two friends in the same breath. "Your abuse of our friend, Willie Thompson, is unjust, and in us he has evidence enough to free him from any complicity in the matter; and you can depend upon it, when the time comes, we will speak, and perhaps the lost purse may have something to say."

Brown, with an angry ejaculation, mixed with a defiant leer, told them to do their worst, adding: "No one saw me do the deed, and Thompson was caught bendin' o'er the man as he lay bleeding."

"Under your savage ill-treatment," retorted Bob.

In a rage, Brown ordered them to leave the house, "An' keep out, d'ye mind. I want none o' yer sanctimonious hypocrites around me, so be off wi' you. Go, I tell 'e!" and, moving menacingly towards them, he put his rough hands on their shoulders, and was in the act of forcing them from the door. Then Bob, with the strength of a man whose honor had been assailed, turned towards him, remarking:

"You child o' the devil, we go, but we go to meet you again. We go to vindicate the character of Willie Thompson, and free him from the stigma of a crime of which you are the guilty agent, and to lift him from the pit which you have digged, into which you may yet fall."



“Bah! yer no good; get away wi’ ye,” said Brown, as he slammed the door on them going.

Bob and his friend having reached the street, somewhat worried over the misfortune which had befallen Willie, resolved there and then to work from that moment to have the case at once before the authorities.

“Say, Sandy, how terrible the work o’ rum is on the man! An’ is it no just grand to think that God found you an’ I, an’ rescued us from its curse, or where wad we be to-night?”

“It makes me tremble when I think o’t, Bob, an’ God helpin’ us, let us work to rescue others, an’ even Brown himsel’, for its awfu’ what rum will do.

‘ Rum will scorch and sear the brain,  
Rum will mad the heart wi’ pain,  
Rum will bloat the flesh wi’ fire  
And eternal thirst inspire.

‘ Rum will clothe with rags your back,  
Make you walk a crooked track,  
Change your meat to naked bones,  
And to wrath your gentle tones.

‘ Rum will rob the head of sense,  
Rum will rob the purse of pence,  
Rum will rob the mouth of food  
And the soul of heavenly good.

‘ Rum the gaols with men will fill,  
And the dungeon’s gloomy cell;  
It rouses passion’s deadly hate,  
And pours its curses o’er the state.

' Rum the Christian's love will cool,  
Make him break the golden rule,  
Bind his soul to error's bands,  
And to evil turn his hands.' "

"That's well said, Sandy," replied Bob. "Those lines are full o' honest truth. Rum is just what has caused this affair in which we are engaged at present."

"But where did Katty go so suddenly?"

"Oh!" replied Sandy, "she fled more frightened than hurt."

"Ah! poor, timid Katty," answered Bob, "she is one o' those timid lassies never seein' much o' the life we hae seen, an' at the first sight o' the disturbance left for what she thought, and, perhaps, wisely too, safer quarters."

"More than likely she has gone to see her friend, Miss Morton."

"I really hope so, for I am sure she will get such advice and comfort as will help her. An' no doubt, when she is needed, will be the more able to give an account o' the affair as it occurred. You know, Bob, we will need a' the evidence we can muster in favor o' our friend an' benefactor. You see," continued Sandy, with emphasis, "our own evidence, while perfectly honest, may be, an' no doubt will be, criticized an' severely tested, an' unless there comes some other evidence, it may go hard; for, you know, circumstantial evidence is very strong."

This fact presented by Sandy seemed for the time to stagger Bob. But he replied, "God will never allow His own to be overcome by any o' the sons o'

Belial an' his kin. We must hae na fears, for God is wi' us, an' He is more than a' that can be against us."

"Ay, Bob, lad, an' right will prevail."

"You remember," added Bob, as a new idea flashed upon him, "that Brown missed his pocket-book at the time, an' we innocently enough taunted him that possibly he dropped it when making his hasty run for shelter. Would it not be strange if this very article was to be the means o' bringing the guilt home to himself? If we could but find the party who picked it up, it may be possible that some o' its contents wad be proof positive that our friend Willie is the victim o' a villainous plot."

With a hearty pat on the shoulder, Bob exclaimed. "Ye ought to hae been a lawyer, Sandy, for your logic is good."

"Ay, Bob, an' why not? It is in my mind an' quite a natural occurrence, an' maist likely to take place. An' we must try an' find out who found it, an' get possession o' it. An' if we do, we will take note o' the bits o' contents before witnesses, for in this we may find our strongest point to bring the crime home to the door o' the bar o' Brown's saloon."

While Bob and Sandy were thus warmly discussing the matter, they were approached by an elderly gentleman, attired in a professional garb, who seemed anxiously looking for the number of one of the residences close by. He asked the name of the street on which they were, and, on being informed, he remarked that by some means he had missed his way.

And in a broad, yet refined Scotch accent, asked to be directed to "Braidalbane Avenue, No. 269."

"You are a stranger, sir?" respectfully queries Bob.

"Yes, and having just arrived in the city, am very anxious to find the residence and street, as that is where my son resides. I made the effort before fully resting after my long journey."

"Pardon me, sir," said Sandy; "but your directions hae put you quite off from where you desire to go. But what is your son's name? as we may be able to aid you, as we know the avenue you speak of."

"To me," replied the stranger, "my son is still Willie, Willie Thompson. He is an engineer on the Government survey. Here is my card."

"BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Q.C.,

"187 Gorbals St.

"Glasgow."

Sandy, having read the card, passed it over to Bob. With an air of utter astonishment the twain looked at each other and both turned pale, which was noticed by the stranger, who, becoming surprised, remarked:

"You look strangely, lads. Do you know my son?"

Simultaneously Bob and Sandy clasp the stranger's hand, and, in a hearty manner, shook it; and in one breath replied: "We do know him, an' thank God for it, too, an' for this moment o' meetin' you."

"How wonderfully strange it is," said Bob, "that

God should bring you across the sea to meet us when we were thus engaged in makin' arrangements to vindicate the character o' Willie Thompson, who, nae doubt from what you say, is your son."

"And pray, lads," said the stranger. "what has befallen my boy—your friend, as you call him—that should cause you uneasiness?"

"Oh! sir," replied Bob, "you need hae nae fears, an' it would take too long to tell you all, an' this is no place to converse. So, if you will kindly come wi' us to our boardin' place, you can rest an' we can be more free to tell you. In the meantime, we pray you to be perfectly calm, as Willie is one o' God's own noble-men, an' will not be forsaken in time o' trouble. You need rest, an' after that we will inform you o' the trap, for such it is."

"Many thanks, lads; though I am very anxious to meet my son, I will rest awhile, and then be the better prepared for the meeting." So saying, he accompanied the friends to their lodgings.

"By the way, lads, you may possibly know a legal gentleman by the name of Morton, an old-time friend of my early days, who with me, in our college boy-hood, were like Damon and Pythias. This friend has been long a resident of the city. His natural ability, no doubt, has brought him to the front in his profession as one of the legal magnates."

"Did you say his name is Morton?" asked Bob.

"Yes, James Morton, and a noble soul he was."

"Is it possible," asked Bob, "that this is the James Morton of whom we hae heard so much, an' who was

rescued from the fearful fate o' bein' consumed in the burnin' o' the Atlantic Saloon?"

"I am not aware of any such calamity overtaking my friend; yet it may be, for our correspondence has been dropped for some years. Still I was always hoping to meet him again."

Sandy, somewhat incredulous, asked: "Is your friend's name James Morton, Q.C.?"

"Yes, the same."

"An' was he a Scotchman?" asked Bob.

"Yes, and from my own native shire."

"Ayrshire?" again asked Bob.

"Yes, lads."

"Then he's the same," hurriedly exclaimed Sandy, with a look of bewilderment at Bob.

"If so, lads, there is gladness in 'his for me."

"Gladly we join you, sir, in whatever may cheer you; but there is a history connected wi' our bein' acquainted wi' the name o' James Morton."

"Excuse me, again, sir," said Sandy, "did I understand you to say that you knew this James Morton?"

"Tuts! man, Sandy, you're beside yersel.' Did ye no hear him say it just a minute since?" This was said by Bob, who looked at their guest half apologetically for Sandy.

"Yes, lads, if he is the same that I do think he is, I did know him. Yet, can it be possible that rum overcame him. I saw him on the eve of his departure for his new home in this land—the honored medalist and the choice of the University Faculty—to

fill an important position in one of the leading legal firms in Toronto. 'Twas then, lads, that I saw the evil way of my life, and on parting I promised that my life would be changed; that, by God's help, I would be a new man. And, lads, since that hour He has helped me and saved me from the consuming fire of rum. Then the joyous light came again to the countenance of my devoted wife, and a father's love to our baby boy, Willie, who now has grown to manhood, and some years ago came to Canada. I fully anticipated that, ere this time, he would have found my old friend Morton."

"Well, sir, he did find him," remarked Bob.

"Ay! and rescued him from fire," added Sandy.

"From fire?" ejaculated Mr. Thompson. "From what fire?"

"We will explain, sir, an' gladly, too; but it would be an injustice to you in your tired condition, an' I hae no doubt but it will come with more reality from your friend's own lips when you meet. An' let me add, your son is our spiritual father. As an instrument in God's hand, he led us to seek an' find the Saviour. We, too, were lost to ourselves, our friends, an' all that was good or noble, an' at last were rescued in time."

"I notice from what you say, lads, that the same curse of rum permeates society here as in my native heath. It blights the prospects of the youth of this western world, as it does the youth of the old land. The same insatiable thirst for rum brings in its wake all its demoralizing effects. It is the same Goliath

which defies the hosts of Israel's God, yet we hope for a David to meet the giant and lay him low."

"Ay, sir, an' we're lookin' for the comin' o't," said Sandy.

"Goliath comes with sword and spear,  
And David with his sling ;  
Although Goliath rage and swear,  
Down David doth him bring."

"Oh, lads, it is the devil-fish which spreads its tentacles in every direction—east, west, north and south—ever feeling for the tender heart-strings of humanity's best and noblest forms, and binding them in its terrible grasp. It is the poison of the universe. It taints the pure atmosphere of the sacred precincts of home, and imprints its curse on all it touches. My mind is taken back to my boyhood, and its bright, untarnished days, which had nothing in them but what seemed a happy future—and halcyon days they were."

"But, lads, I may weary you. I am very anxious to meet my son and my friend Morton, if he still lives—as, from what you say, I am satisfied he is my friend and college-mate."

"An' sir," replied Bob, "we know'd what you say to be true, for, under God, we too ha' been indeed rescued, an' we owe much—ay, a'!—to the grand manhood o' Willie Thompson, an' we will stand by him in this, his hour o' trial an' distress."

"Now, lads, if you will aid me, I will make an effort to see my boy. It is hard to know he is in trouble, and I so near and yet apparently unable to



render any assistance. I will see to the preparations for his defence, and will seek the aid of some legal help, which I hope to secure."

"That's a' provided for, sir," said Sandy, confidently; "an' he will be properly cared for, an' you had better wait for developments in the case before you meet him."

"Well, perhaps so, lads. Your judgments may be worthy my acceptance, and, in the meantime, with your assistance, we will obtain whatever information we can in the case."

"Man, Bob! you're unco serious-lookin'. What ails ye?" said Sandy, in a bantering tone.

"Ay, Sandy, an' weel may I be, when it seems that a' the sons of Belial are let loose on our freen' Willie."

"Tut, tut! man, Bob. D'ye no think that the Lord o' hosts will come to the rescue an' tether the monster, an' bind him wi' chains o' his ain forgin', as in the days o' old."

"Weel, weel, Sandy; I am willin' to sit at yer feet, man, an' learn frae ye. I aye telt ye that ye should ha' been a lawyer."

"Na; na, Bob; nane o' that kind o' flattery," said Sandy, with a laugh. "I am no buildin' much on mysel', but on the Lord, who has said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay!' Man, Bob! when I look at mysel', since my eyes were opened, an' look back on the way the Lord has led me, I am a big wonder to mysel' an' a marvel o' grace, an', indeed, I am aye willin' to be guided as I go, an' wait for what the good Master has in store for me."

' And so, in the wearisome journey  
Over life's troubled sea,  
I know not the way I am going ;  
But Jesus shall pilot me.' "

Bob was about to congratulate his friend on his power of memory, when he suddenly sprang forward with an exclamation of joy, surprising Sandy and Mr. Thompson, as he shouted out: " Here comes our friend, Dr. Hamilton ! " and, grasping his hand, asked if he had heard from Willie.

" Yes, Bob, I have been to the authorities—after seeing Willie. He bids me have no special concern for him, but I am to go and comfort Mrs. Morton and Maggie, and Katty, too, if we can find where she has gone. He informed me that he heard she was very ill since she became so frightened at the misfortune of the other night."

" But, before you go, Doctor, permit me to introduce to you a new an' very opportune friend from old Scotland—Mr. Benjamin Thompson—an' no other than Willie Thompson's father."

As the two strangers met, there was a mutual look of astonishment, and, forgetting all formality, they became at once friends.

" Now, Mr. Thompson, I will be pleased to have you accompany me —— "

" An' leave us here ? " queried Bob. " Why, canna we go, too ? "

" Yes," added Sandy, " the procession would no be complete without Bob an' mysel', so we had better go wi' you."

"Certainly, lads," said the doctor, with a smile, "we will be pleased to have you, as your services have already been in demand, and this time may be no exception. By the way, Mr. Thompson, it seems very providential in having you with us just at this particular time."

"Ah! Doctor," replied Mr. Thompson, "this same James Morton you speak of was one of my early friends, and was also my college-mate."

"Indeed!" said the doctor, with a look of amazement. "Indeed, Mr. Thompson, you would almost persuade me that you speak of some romance between yourself and our Mr. Morton, and I am almost inclined to be credulous."

"Yes, Doctor, and more: When we were—but excuse me, I will not enter into details; but when we meet we will meet as friends of the Damon and Pythias stamp."

"How strange, if it be so. But here we are, and we will enter."

The party were met at the door of the home of James Morton by Miss Maggie, with a countenance betokening some new-born sorrow. She bade them enter, and at sight of Doctor Hamilton remarked that his coming was very providential, as they had been wishing his presence.

"I am always happy, Miss Morton," said the doctor, "when I can be of service anywhere."

"You are aware, I presume," said Maggie, sadly, "that poor Katty has been quite ill since her return."

She keeps muttering in her disturbed sleep, and starting up in an apparent delirium, calling for help. But pardon me, Doctor, who is this gentleman with you?"

"To be sure! How strangely stupid of me. This is — ah, ah, oh! Bob, you introduce our friend."

"Well, Miss Morton, this is Mr. Benjamin Thompson, Q.C., of Glasgow, Scotland."

"Weel done, Bob!" exclaimed Sandy.

Maggie could hardly understand this half-comic mode of introduction, and with a bow expressed pleasure in meeting him.

"An', Miss Maggie, he's Willie Thompson's faither," added Sandy, with a waggish smile. "An'—an' your ain faither's old-time freen'."

"Willie Thompson's father? My father's early friend?" exclaimed Maggie, all excitement and wonder. Again taking his hand, she bids him a thousand welcomes.

"An' twa thousan' for Bob an' me," said Sandy.

"Thank you, for indeed it makes my heart glad to be your guest; the more so, as our coming together is doubtless the guiding of an all-wise Providence. We can the better unite our forces to defend my son, your friend, against the evil machinations of his and our common foe."

Bob, in an exuberance of confidence, and with a determined air, declared: "Willie Thompson is quite innocent o' any crime, an' to think o' the poor lad bein' in prison, an' under such a cloud! Nevertheless, I am sure he will be vindicated."

"Ay, Bob, that he will," replied Sandy, bringing down his clinched fist on the table.

During this conversation, poor Maggie, fully understanding what it meant for her, was in tears at the thought, and said: "Amid it all, I have the comforting assurance that God will care for him."

Turning towards the window to hide her tears, she saw her father coming up the walk, and went to meet him.

"You are wearied, father," remarked Maggie. "We are so glad you are home again."

"And no more so than I am to come. But what has caused those tears, those tell-tale red eyes, my daughter?"

Smilingly Maggie replied: "Oh! these are our happy days come back again."

"Hush! Maggie; don't remind me of the past. How glad I am to realize that this is home again. But whom have you inside?"

"Would you enjoy a happy surprise, father?" laughingly asked Maggie, as she imprinted a loving kiss on his brow.

"A surprise, darling? What surprise have you for me? The world is full of surprises—but tell me, what have you for me?"

"Well now, guess what it is."

"I really cannot guess. I am becoming impatient to know what your new surprise is."

Maggie, placing her hand in that of her father, and looking lovingly into his face, pointed to Bob and Sandy, and—and—

"A strange gentleman," said Mrs. Morton, with a kind, wifely smile. "Have you ever seen him?"

James Morton met the gaze of his old friend. The old-time friendship simultaneously kindled anew, and with an exclamation of delight, he cried out, "Ben Thompson! Ben Thompson!" and falling upon his neck, heard him whisper in his ear, "Jim, Jim Morton."

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## CHAPTER X.

“Forty long years ago, Jennie,  
Forty long years to-day,  
The parson finished what love began  
In the little church down the way ;  
’Twas the dawn of comfort for me, Jennie,  
The dawn of trouble for you,  
For thro’ sorrow and joy you’ve always proved  
The braver of the two.”

THE awful indictment was brought home to the door of the rum traffic. The verdict at the inquest held on the body of the suicide, Bill Stovel, aroused the populace to indignation. Mrs. Brown determined to close the doors of her husband’s saloon, and, as far as she was concerned, to close them forever.

The better class of the thinking ones rejoiced at the prospect of there being one less man-trap—one less of the open gates of hell.

Brown had recovered somewhat from the treatment he had received in his own bar from those whose brains had been fired by the potations from his own hands, and all because of his “mode of makin’ an honest livin’.” He was seated in one of the rooms behind the bar in deep reverie, with eyes, bleared and bloodshot, fixed in steady gaze upon the dirty and rum-soaked floor, perhaps picturing to himself the fall of those who had been ruined by his special and

legalized business. With an occasional nervous start, he would partially rise to his feet, and again sit down, and, with sullen stare in his reddened eyes, mutter words of cursing and revenge. His mind and heart were sealed against everything that could lift him from the awful vortex into which he had fallen. Remorse was gnawing at what had been a heart—the seat of affection—but now so seared and hardened that feeling for home and humanity had long since been burned out. He vowed a vengeance on everything and everybody, especially on those who presumed to interfere between him and his legal rights as a “licensed victualler.” “There are my doors shut up,” he exclaimed, “my purse emptied, my house ruined, my wife led away on the same fanatical line, an’ here I be, a broken-down man wi’ no way o’ makin’ a livin’.” Here, maddened into a frenzy, he exclaimed, “But I hae a satisfaction in stoppin’ the mouth o’ that cantin’, hymn-singin’ Thompson fellow; an’, my word for it, he will hae enough to do to clear himsel’ an’ prove his innocence o’ the crime laid to his charge. He’s where he will harm me no more; at least, for a time.”

As he uttered these words with clinched fist and set teeth, he was confronted by Doctor Hamilton.

“Who are you?” hissed Brown, as he glared at the doctor.

“Your pardon, sir. I am Doctor Hamilton. This is Mr. Brown, I presume.”

“Don’t Mister me,” retorted Brown. “I am o’ no account now; I’m only old and ruined Brown, o’



Brown's saloon. D'ye hear that? Well, what you want? Did I send for 'e?" snapped Brown.

"I was called to attend to your own little Nellie, who had the misfortune to cut her foot on a broken bottle in your cellar."

"Umph! that means blood!" hissed Brown, again. "Yes, it's blood; blood everywhere; my brain is steeped in it. Man! man! my brain is on fire!" and in this frenzy of terror he rushed from the room.

"Surely, Mrs. Brown," said the doctor, "his interest in the welfare of his child has not gone."

"It seems to me, Doctor, that ever since the events of the last few days, and especially the fact of shutting down his bar business, he is quite beside himself. His actions are much like a lioness robbed of her whelps. But, Doctor, come in and attend to Nellie. Oh! my heart is very sore."

"You have my sincere sympathy, Mrs. Brown," added the doctor, as he entered the room where little Nellie lay.

"Nellie, dear," whispered Mrs. Brown, "are you awake? Here is the doctor come to see you; he has come to make your foot well again. Is it not kind of him, Nellie?"

"Yes, mamma. I am so glad he has come. But where is papa? I want him too."

Sadly and tearfully Mrs. Brown told her sick one that papa has gone out again, and may be back soon.

"I am so sorry for my papa! He seems to be so strange to me now. He don't fondle me any more."

"I am sure we can have her around in a very short time," said the doctor. "But, of course, she will require to be kept quiet."

"Doctor, have you heard of the happenings, befalling our young friend, Willie Thompson?" asked Mrs. Brown. "I am sure he could not be guilty of the crime laid against him."

The doctor, with a look of indignation, said somewhat warmly: "Mr. Thompson is in no way implicated in this crime. He is in no way a party to it. And while I am free to admit that, in the meantime appearances are against him, yet evidence now in my possession, when the time comes, will exonerate him from all complicity or even suspicion. I may add that your husband may be called upon in this very matter. I am informed that there was a pocket-book found on the spot where the arrest was made. This may lead to the implication of some one. This little thing will have a voice and —"

"Did you say some one found a pocket-book there, Doctor?"

"Yes! and an effort is now being made to learn who the finder was, and whoever they may be, they will be able to give some light."

While this revelation was being made, the doctor was seemingly agitated at the thought of his friend's incarceration for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent.

"I trust we will be able to bring some light on the deed done in the darkness, and produce such evidence as will bring the crime home to whom it

belongs. Then this will free our friend Willie from any complicity whatever."

Mrs. Brown asked the doctor to believe that she cannot think her husband guilty of such a crime. "While I am willing," she said, "to admit that the business in which he is engaged dulls the finer feelings of the man, yet I cannot think him guilty. Yet, Doctor, I must admit that the rough element of the bar, on the night of the deed, would have a tendency to bring a presumption of guilt against him. Indeed, Doctor, when I recall some of the circumstances of the night, I am very much troubled, however much I may be inclined to believe in his innocence. I remember his remark to me immediately after the arrest of Willie Thompson, that he had lost his pocket-book; but you know, Doctor, that may be just one of those coincidences which often occur, and I have no doubt can be readily accounted for."

"Yes, just so. Very possibly, very possibly," remarked the doctor, meditatively, and showing some uneasiness. "But I must say that when the brain is fired by the demon drink, the man has lost control of himself. However, Mrs. Brown, as we are under the guidance of a kind Providence, we can afford to leave it all in His hands, and humbly do our best."

"Ah! yes, Doctor, we can do that and await the result."

"And so, in this matter, Mrs. Brown, you can trust God."

"Yes, and implicitly."

"And bow submissively to His guidance?"

"Yes, truly."

"Then, all will be well."

"But, after all, Doctor, what about my poor husband, can I continue bringing him before God in my prayers, and wait so long for his return to manhood? Why does God not open his eyes, and break the chains that bind him?"

"It may be," replied the doctor, in an earnest manner, "that you are asking God to do something not in His way, but in yours. But, unless your husband becomes willing to be treated by the great Physician, there is very little hope for his coming to himself again. You know the business in which he has been engaged has had no respect to the immutable law of God, where it says that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' And, as he has been sowing to the wind, he must reap the whirlwind; and to me, Mrs. Brown, it seems the reaping time has come, and God alone knows what the harvest will be. No one can violate the great divine law and go unpunished, for unto 'him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips, and maketh him drunken,' a dire woe is pronounced."

Mrs. Brown, completely overcome, asked the doctor to use his best powers to rescue her husband. "I fear for his awful condition, and what seems to me, an awful future here and in the world to come."

"I am inclined," said the doctor, "to give whatever help I can; but so long as the rum trade is legalized to deluge our fair land, and rob our homes, there can

be no redress outside of total banishment of the traffic, root and branch."

Mrs. Brown's whole womanhood was aroused, and, burning with indignation, which flashed fire from her eyes, with a heart now bursting with emotion, she exclaimed: "He must—he must be saved!"

"Saved," ejaculated the doctor, in a voice denoting courage. "There is a supreme power waiting now to save him; ay, and keep him, too, if only he will come under the holy influence of God's grace, which is sufficient for him. But you know, Mrs. Brown, this business has seared and hardened his heart, and burned out of him almost every spark of manhood, leaving him a moral wreck; and now the traffic, demon-like, laughs at the ruin it has made."

"'Tis terrible! Oh, 'tis terrible!" sighed Mrs. Brown.

"Yes," added the doctor, "in the presence of the Canadian saloon the Canadian home is like a shorn lamb, and wherever the saloon is a licensed factor and defended by law, every home and its most sacred interests is in the same defenceless condition. Nevertheless, I will make an appeal to his love and manhood, if there be any of either left, for you and his innocent child. I will appeal to his hope of heaven, and trust in God for results."

"Hark! some one is coming," said Mrs. Brown, "and oh! it is my husband. Be on your guard, Doctor."

"Have no fears for me," said the doctor, quite calmly.

With a boisterous, maniac-like movement, Brown entered the room, seemingly unaware of Doctor Hamilton's presence, stammering the words, "Great is Diana o' the 'phesians."

Replying to the maudling words of Brown, the doctor added: "And like Demetrius, the shrine maker, 'ye know that by this business we have our wealth.'"

"Wat ye say?—wealth?—my wealth? My business is now all gone, an' I'm in no trim to talk wi' you or any o' your cantin' kind; so leave me alone in my own house. D'ye hear?"

The doctor, rising to his feet, remarked calmly: "I am aware of being in your house, but I am here as a physician. I am ministering to the requirements of your household, at the call of your wife; and as the well-being of your child is in my hands, professionally, I feel I am not an intruder. But, sir, at your command I go, for the present. We will meet again."

Doctor Hamilton had gone but a block or so when he was accosted by an elderly farmer-looking gentleman, who seemed in a quandary as to his whereabouts, and was making enquiry regarding a young man by the name of Rogers.

"That is a very common name, sir," remarked the doctor, "and unless there is some peculiarity about the particular Rogers you want, there will be a difficulty in finding him."

"'Od man, he's oor Bob, an' we a' ken him. Peculiarity, indeed! Ony body wad ken Bob."

"Well, sir," replied the doctor, somewhat amused, "I may say I do know a young man by the name of Rogers, and I think a Scotchman, too."

"An' say, sir, is his name Bob?"

"Yes; that is his name."

"Well, sir, I hae na doot but that's my ain lad, Bob. I hae been feart for him for a long time, owin' to habits formed in these awfu' dens o' infamy the folks o' this country ca' saloons. An, sir, his auld mither's heart is a'most broken, an' gin I canna find him her gray hairs—ay, an' mine—will gang doon wi' sorrow to the grave."

"Well, my good sir, if this young man Bob, of whom you speak, is your son, let me cheer you by saying he is now a saved man and a credit to all who know him. He is at this moment helping to vindicate the character of the young man who was one of the instruments in God's hands in leading him to the Saviour."

"Ay, sir! an' I'm prood to hear o't."

"The young man whose character is threatened had apparently been trapped into some trouble, but I am sure he will be honorably discharged."

"Ay, sir; an' I'm glad o't. But gin this Bob you speak o' is my ain Bob, an'—but his sister Katty telt me in her letter o' his coming to the city; I am anxious to meet him. I hae come from the Saugeen country, in the county o' Bruce, an' am wearied wi' the journey. And gin ye could tell me o' the place, I would be obleeged to ye."

"And so you are father to Bob Rogers, eh?"

"Ay, sir, an' Katty's, too, an' I'm glad o't."

"I am sure there will be a happy reunion when you meet with Bob and Katty. But are you aware that Katty is quite ill?"

"My Katty ill? When? Where? How? Tell me."

"My friend, keep calm. I am her medical attendant, and, without any egotism, I flatter myself she is in competent hands—the nurse's hands. I am on my way to see her. So sir, if you are not too much fatigued, you may accompany me, and we will soon reach the place. You need have no fear, as I have told you already that she is well cared for in the home of a friend of my own, by the name of Morton—Lawyer Morton, we call him."

The name Morton seemed to bring a flush to the cheek and a sparkle to the eye, and appeared to bring to life a dormant something.

"Is the name James Morton?"

"Yes, that's the name. But why do you ask? What is there in that name to startle you?"

"Ah, sir, to me the name o' James Morton brings back strange recollections o' the past o' my life."

"And did you know him in the past?"

"Ay, sir; an' gin he be the Jim Morton, I hae great reason to know him. An' when I did know him, there was a fear in my mind that his big, warm heart wad become a victim o' drink, an' I often talked wi' him an' warned him o' the danger o' tamperin' wi' the stuff. An' as he was my benefactor when I maist needed freen'ship, my heart canna forget him as my guid freen' James Morton."



"Indeed, sir," replied the doctor; "your story interests me much."

"Weel, sir, gin ye can understand my Scotch Doric, I'd be mair than pleased to tell it ye. But man, Doctor, I'm no sa spry as I was in my younger days, an' forby I hadna the school facilities o' the bairns noo-adays; but perhaps ye will bear wi' me as I tell it to you."

"Certainly," said the doctor, "and, no doubt, in your experience there is much hidden of Morton's past that will be of a gladdening nature, and may be couched in Bruce Whitney's lines:

' Between the daybreak and the sun,  
Between what's doing and undone,  
"Twixt what is lost and what is won  
The span of life we see ;  
Between the thinking and the deed,  
Between the asking and the need,  
"Twixt those who follow and those who lead  
I find myself and thee.

' Between our hope which shines afar  
Against life's sky, like some bright star,  
And fate's most stern, relentless bar,  
All joys and woes exist ;  
So if our lives, which seem so bright,  
Should be obscured by some dark night,  
Remember there's a brighter light  
No darkness can resist.' "

"Ay, Doctor, man! 'Gin ye hae served as long a time as I hae, wi' the ups an' downs o' life to contend wi', ye'll no be wonderin' at the ills an' wickedness caused by the curse o' rum."

"It seems so strange that you should be sent here, and to meet me at this particular time, when your interests are so closely identified with my own and my present work. Surely God's hand is in it, for I am just on my way from a saloon, and, by the way, the very place where your son, Bob, as we call him, was led to see the error of his ways; and under peculiar circumstances, simply from hearing accidentally the voice of the child of the home, in a sweet, childish song; but, sir, to Bob, the voice of an angel. From the story told me by the mother of the little one, she, poor woman, has had much to contend with since her earlier days, when her husband, a Mr. Brown, wooed and won her pure young heart and love. Then she was the pride of her Quebec home—a home of affluence and comfort. 'Twas there, amid such surroundings she plighted her pure womanhood and heart to him, who, in an evil hour, and for greed of gain, plunged into the rum business, to make, as he said, 'an honest, easy livin'.' A business which has at this moment torn from her the affection of him who pledged himself before God to 'love, honor and comfort,' but now brings a blush of shame and torture of soul.

"She told me but an hour ago of her early life, and repeated what she only remembered as a dream, but which has often been repeated to her by her mother, who long since has gone to the land that is fairer than day. While in her babyhood with her mother, crossing the ocean to meet her father, who had preceded them and made a home near Montmo-

rency, one beautiful Sunday afternoon she fell overboard, but was rescued by a young lad, a stow-away, who bravely risked his life to save her.

"This incident was brought to her mind from the fact of hearing the name of your son, Bob, so often mentioned after he became a new man, as that was the name, she said, of the lad that rescued her from the sea, and who for years was the inmate of her own home, until the time he was located on a farm of his own, in Western Canada, as a reward from her father for his brave act of saving her from the sea."

"'Od man, Doctor, what you say makes me feel queer."

"Why so?" asked the doctor, smiling.

"'Deed ay, an' my heart leaps, an' is goin' at an awfu' rate the noo, while ye speak. But d'ye ken the lady's name, her maiden name, ye ken?"

"Yes, sir, I think the name was Munroe; let me see—yes, I am sure, that's the name."

"An' Doctor, d'ye mind her given name?"

"Yes, I have heard her say she had a precious name—Pearl?"

"'Od man, Doctor, there's something strange aboot that, an' I must go an' see the lady an' the wee lassie; an' gin they be the folks I think, I am the stow-away, Bob Rogers, wha, in the kind providence o' God, was permitted to save the wee lassie, wha is no ither, I believe, than the Mrs. Brown ye now speak o'. An' is it no like a romance to think that my ain Bob wad be saved in the house o' the same person, tho' neither kith nor kin, and in a place where folks are no made

better, but worse. An' to think o' the fact o' my ain Bob bein' brought to see God's truth in sic a place. 'Od man, but it's wonderfu'! But is the lady in need o' any help?"

"Well, sir," remarked the doctor, "if she is in need of anything, it is kind words and honest sympathy. She is a noble, Christian woman, but unfortunately compelled by force of circumstances to be a party to the traffic which brings with it a common curse and blight. Your kindness will be appreciated, but it would not be prudent to go there at this particular time, as the poor woman has not yet recovered from the shock caused by the suicide of the unfortunate Bill Stovel."

"Bill who, said ye, Doctor?"

"Stovel, once a Dr. Stovel, and a promising practitioner of the township of Chinguacousey, in the county of Peel. But why do you ask such a question, and seem so perturbed at the name 'Stovel'?"

"'Od, sir, Doctor, gin ye kenned the name as weel as I do, ye wadna wonder at my perturbation—the name has much in it to make me feel that way. An' gin ye kenned a', ye wadna hae ony wonderment at me, for gin I'm no mista'en, this is none other than the son o' the man, Bernard Stovel, wha had sae much to say an' do lang years since, when I first met him an' Maister Morton, as we ca'd him in those days. An' what's that became o' the young Stovel?"

"He became a debauchee and a suicide," said the doctor. "And I have also heard my friend, Willie Thompson, say that he was one of the men drinking

at the bar of the Atlantic Saloon on the night of the almost fatal fire. And from a remark from poor Morton, when in delirium from the dreadful effect of the fire, this same Stovel was the hinderance to Morton's exit."

"'Od man, Doctor, that's awfu'—man, it's just terrible!"

"Yes, sir, it is as you say, terrible. The poor fellow went from bad to worse, until the final act in the drama of his life, when, in one of the garret rooms above the bar of Brown's saloon, he took his own life. This has troubled and disturbed the peace of Mrs. Brown. This, with the ruin of her husband, seems to be the last straw completing an unbearable burden. And for that reason it would not be proper to meet her in such a frame of mind."

"Ay, ay; maybe it would be best for me to wait, then."

"I am glad you have so decided, because we will meet your son Bob and Katty in a short time, and of course you may as well prepare for other surprises, as I have come to the conclusion there are such in store for you."

"Ay, man, Doctor; like enough; an' it's a' surprises a' through thegither. 'Deed ay."

"Perhaps," said the doctor, meditatively, "since our conversation has been so prolonged, we had better make direct towards the home of Mr. Morton, as it is more than likely they all are at this moment making arrangements for the trial of Willie Thompson—preparing a defence. I may add, that we recognize the

kind hand of Providence in sending to our assistance the father of the lad, Benjamin Thompson, Q.C., of Glasgow, and, by the way, an old-time friend and college-mate of our friend Morton."

"You hae na doot, Doctor, aboot the evidence, hae ye?"

"Oh! no, sir. I am convinced of the ability of our witnesses to prove perfect innocence—that nothing short of the influence of rum and its subverting power can bring a defeat. If anyone comes out boldly and fearlessly for right, if against the business, as a rule they are marked men—ay, and are subjects of dire persecution. For this reason my friend Willie Thompson is at present the object of a malicious conspiracy. He is a stalwart and pledged enemy of the rum traffic and its votaries. His nobility of Christian manhood is used in reclaiming many from the fearful pit—and among the many your own son Bob and his companion, Sandy Turner."

At this point their attention was arrested by loud, boisterous words, which caused them to pause. Immediately three intoxicated men drew near, who were heard in their maudlin talk to mention young Thompson's name in connection with that of Dr. Hamilton, using rough epithets regarding them. The boldest of the three men, and the most reckless, was none other than Brown of the saloon. On noticing this, the doctor proceeded to speak to them in a tone of kindness; at the same time Brown, with the fury of a wild beast, set upon him threateningly.

Mr. Rogers, seeing this, stepped to the doctor's

side, and boldly, yet respectfully, bade Brown desist, "For mind ye, you'll no meddle wi' a freen' o' mine, an' giñ ye do I'll pin ye a' three thegither." And suit-  
ing the action to the word, he took hold of Brown by the collar and held him at arm's length, saying, "Auld as I am, I've a mind to shake ye till you'll no be able to go hame ; noo mind ye."

Brown's two cronies, seeing this—they being two of the Gavin family—at once staggered away and, coward-like, left Brown in the hands of what they termed the Philistines.

"Lemme go," stammered Brown, in an angry tone ; "lemme go, I tell ye."

The doctor, speaking kindly to him, remarked that his friends had fled.

"Ay, ay ; an' Doctor, man, it's just like them ; for the auld Book says that, 'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth.'"

"Yes, and I was about to say that you, my friend Brown, have not improved any in their company. I see you are still on the down grade, and you must put on the brakes or you are gone forever. Why not be a man again ? You can if you will, but not until you keep away from the curse of drink. 'Oh ! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.' 'That we should with joy, with pleasure, revel and madden—transform ourselves into beasts.'"

At these words Brown, with a look of despair on his bloated face, hissed, "A man, did ye say ? I am

a lost man! Lost! lost! Lemme go," and he rushed away, muttering as he went, "I'm lost! I'm lost!"

Rogers and the doctor followed him. Brown turned and aimed a savage blow at Mr. Rogers, but it was warded off in time to prevent injury. With a smile, the old man said, "Haud a wee, ma man, an' no act the fool a'thegither, for gin ye be the husband o' Pearl Munroe ye maun hae a ceevil tongue in yer head, an' no' disgrace the wife o' yer bosom an' the mither o' yer braw wee lassie; for to me the name Pearl Munroe is near as any o' my ain kindred."

At the mention of his wife's name, Brown was transfixed, and curiously asked what he knew about Pearl Munroe.

"'Od, man, I kenned her afore ye did, an' I saved her frae the sea; an', God helpin' me, I wad like ta be the instrument in God's hands to help save you from rum!"

"Rum! Rum, did ye say?" and uttering these words Brown flew into a paroxysm of rage which caused Mr. Rogers to tremble.

"'Od, Doctor, this beats a'. I'm feart for him."

"You need have no fear, sir; he has so benumbed his constitution that his nervous system is all shattered, and is unfitted to meet or bear any excitement, and hence his helplessness. He will soon be all right again. I think it is Shakespeare who says, 'Men should drink with harness on their throats.'"

"'Od, Doctor, what an awfu' condition for a man to be in, an' a' through the curse o' drink!"

But before the doctor had gained his former poise,



Brown had staggered away from them, yelling like a madman, "Lemme alone—my name is legion!"

"Just as I told you, sir," remarked the doctor. "I have seen so much of this that to me it is almost a commonplace occurrence. But here we are close upon the home of the Mortons; follow me, and we will join our friends who, no doubt, at this moment are rejoicing at the reclaiming of loved ones from the sin of drunkenness."

On nearing the house, the conversation was suddenly stopped, and they listened to a sweet, rich voice in song near by, the singer yet unseen.

"The heart that trusts forever sings,  
For sunshine lights, as on its wings;  
A well of joy within it springs,  
Come good or ill.  
Whatever to-day to-morrow brings,  
It is God's will."

As the last notes of the song died away, Maggie Morton and Katty, who was able to be on foot again, emerged from a thick copse of lilacs. So intent were they in converse and song that they did not see the doctor and another with him until close upon them. At first sight they would have returned, only for the humorous "Hello!" of the doctor. "Ah, ha! caught at last."

"Oh, Doctor! you startled us," said Maggie.

"This is a special friend of mine, Miss Morton, who I am going to introduce to Katty."

Katty, not giving attention to the newcomers, but

having overheard the doctor's remark, coyly looked towards them, and with a bound, quite regardless of her late illness, sprang towards the stranger, exclaiming, "It's ma ain faither!"

Mr. Rogers folded her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, saying, "God be thankit! it's ma ain lassie—ma ain Katty."

'Mid tears and laughter mingled together, still clinging around his neck, Katty enquired, "An' where did ye come frae? An' d'ye ken brither Bob is here? An' oh, faither, thank God he's a new man."

"Ma ain bairns! ma ain bairns!" ejaculated Mr. Rogers. "God be thankit."

Maggie and the doctor were silent, and looked upon the rapture pictured on Katty's face, and joined them in being glad that, in God's good providence, they were permitted to see this meeting.

Katty, still clinging to her father's neck, beckons to Maggie to come to her, saying, "Miss Maggie, this is ma ain dear faither, an' he's come tae see me."

"And Bob, too, I suppose," playfully interrupted the doctor. "We may have some more surprises; let us enter the house and see what else awaits us."

As they approached the entrance, the company were met by Bob, who, in an ecstasy of joy, had seen Katty embrace a man, but was more than jubilant to find that man to be his father.

This additional *furor* brought Mr. and Mrs. Morton towards the porch of the gateway, and walking together, they noticed Katty and Bob clinging to what to them appeared a stranger.

“What is all this about, Doctor?” asked Mrs. Morton; but before an answer could be made, the eyes of James Morton met those of Bob Rogers. When speech came to them, the pages of a long-closed book were again opened, and an embrace—a look—and a “thank God!” and, “Oh, Maister Morton, this is Bob Rogers!” Yes, and Jim and Bob have met again—the hope at last realized.

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## CHAPTER XI.

“Heaven has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of pity.”

—LUTHER.

THE unexpected and sad intelligence of the arrest and imprisonment of Willie Thompson coming to the ears of Maggie Morton, was almost more than she was able to bear. While perfectly willing to be herself the subject of persecution and suffering, she was unprepared to acknowledge that one so noble and true as Willie Thompson was guilty of any crime to warrant a legal proceeding against him, and especially so when the arrest came from the persecuting element of the rum traffic. She could not sit idly by and do nothing to help him in his time of need. Throwing herself upon a sofa, she broke into bitter grief. With her face buried in her hands, she wept as if her heart would break, and was not aware of the entrance of her mother, who had missed her from the company in the other part of the house.

“Maggie, dear, what ails you? Are you ill, my daughter? Tell me, child, what is it?”

“Oh! mother, they have got Willie.”

“Who have got him?” eagerly asked her mother, not understanding what had occurred.

“Dear mother, I have just learned that Willie

Thompson has been charged with assault with intent, and is now in prison."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mrs. Morton. "Willie Thompson a criminal? Never! If so, he is a victim of persecution and malicious venom."

"Mother, he is no criminal, but, as you say, a victim of some plot, and I must at once see him. Poor lad! and he so manly and brave; always ready to help in every time of need. I must go and offer whatever help is in my power."

"Maggie, dear, and even if you were successful in seeing him, it might prejudice his case. However, if you are still anxious to see him, I will accompany you. But here is dear, dear father."

"Maggie, what is it? Tell me," said Mr. Morton.

"Willie Thompson," said Maggie, somewhat embarrassed.

"Well, my dear, what about him? Is he ill?"

"No, not ill, father; but have you not heard of his misfortune? He has been arrested, and is at this moment in prison."

"In prison! And for what?"

Maggie's only reply was in handing the morning paper to her father, which contained an account of the affair, and leaning on her father's manly shoulders she wept aloud.

"There, there, Maggie darling, you are troubled enough. Let me offer you my help. I am not ignorant of the situation of our friend; I am confident he will be honorably discharged, and the crime brought home to whom it belongs, and, boomerang-

like, recoil on the source from whence it came. So now be patient and trustful. The young man is not yet aware of his father's arrival from Scotland, neither is he aware of any aid being at his command, and already working on his defence. But, my dear, God is guiding this matter, and we can afford to be patient and trustful of such a kind Providence. Now, darling, cheer up, and all will be well."

Mrs. Morton, who had patiently listened to the words of her husband, taking Maggie by the hand, said, "God will surely direct this matter. Father has already been preparing the case for the defence, and, as the trial is near at hand, we will proceed to the court-room together. Although the enemy is proudly exulting in a prospective victory, we are in possession of such evidence as will hurl the crime back on the guilty party, and bring our young friend, your dear father's rescuer, back again a free man before the setting of the sun."

Mr. Morton, turning to his old-time comrade, Ben Thompson, remarked: "There is nothing in the way of a brilliant victory in the defence of your son, my benefactor and friend, against the plottings of the common foe of all. Besides, I am sure of your aid and valued advice, with that of Doctor Hamilton. Then, too, we have versatile Bob Rogers, the younger, with his friend Sandy Turner." "And me, too," chimed in Katty. "I hae this"—holding up the tell-tale pocket-book—"an' a' its contents. An' I'se better now, ye know; an' when the time comes, it will speak."

Bob, with a gesture of pride, lovingly placed his hand in hers and said, "Weel done, Katty, lass. 'Od, but we'll a' go marchin' along to the court-room, an' as we go you'll sing an' I'll whistle, 'The march o' the Cameron men.'"

Doctor Hamilton and Mr. Morton, accompanied by their friend Ben Thompson, of Glasgow, entered the room cheerily, and bade the company prepare to make a start for the court-room.

"You have every preparation made, then, Mr. Morton?" he asked.

"Yes, and my friend Ben is also primed with proper ammunition for the fray. So you see our way is quite clear."

At the court-room the driver, reining up his horse with a voluble "Whoa there!—'ere we are," cheerily hummed to himself:

"Hame cam' our guid man at e'en,  
An' hame cam' he O,  
An' he found a walkin' stick  
Where it shouldna be O."

"You are happy to-day, Archy," said the doctor.

"Oh! yes, sir, I is; an' the more so because I is now confident o' the result o' the trial to-day, for gin it come to the worst o' it, I ken something mysel' as would be ill for the folks who are tryin' to ruin your freen' Willie. An' I'se thinkin' I hae kept it long enough."

Bob and Sandy, being near enough to hear the remark of the driver, asked him what he meant, and

what he knew of the matter. They also asked him :  
 "If you can be of any use in the case, will you be  
 willing to give evidence if called on ?"

"Testimony, did ye say ? Indeed an' I will, an'  
 be glad o' the chance. I hae it a' in this wee bit o'  
 paper, a scrap o' a letter I found ; an' it certainly has  
 a compromisin' kin' o' smell about it."

"Will you let me see it ?" asks Bob, "if I am no  
 o'er bold."

"Surely ! surely, lad !" and he handed Bob the  
 scrap of note, who began to read :

"To my chums, the Gavins. Don't ye forget to be  
 on hand on tuesday night, for sure, as I know that  
 bloak of a cantin' hypocrite, Thompson, passes my  
 saloon on his way to some o' his hymn-singin' meet-  
 in's. An' mind ye, when I pounce on him, be on hand  
 to see me out all right. The cop will be near by an'  
 do his part. Don't fail.

"BROWN."

Bob and Sandy, in a breath, asked : "Where did  
 you get this letter, Archy ?"

"Get it ? Why I got it from one o' the Gavins,  
 among some other papers, which interested both o' us,  
 in a matter o' business. An', after readin' it, I just  
 wondered what it a' was about. I then was goin' to  
 return it, just when I heard o' this affair. An' says I  
 ta mysel', maybe there's a plot against the young lad ;  
 an' so I was compelled, for conscience's sake, to put it  
 in my pocket, thinkin' it might be o' some use some-  
 time. An' noo, lads, gin the bit paper be o' any use,  
 ye can hae it an' welcome."



"Bravo, Archy! that's right. God bless ye lad, an' we are glad ye hae manhood enough to stand for the right. For we hae found this young Willie Thompson to be a true friend to us, an' we will stand by him, even against a' the forces o' darkness an' rum an'— an'—"

"This way, lads!—this way!" And, before Bob could finish his sentence, the doctor broke in upon them. He and others of the party were awaiting them at the vestibule of the court-room. "We must enter at once, as the court officials are already in their places and the trial about to proceed. Bring Archy, the driver, with you, lads," continued the doctor.

"Ye need hae na fears for him, Doctor; he's on the right track an' on the side o' right, an' when the time comes, will perhaps give no uncertain sound. Ain't that so, Archy?" said Sandy, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Ay, by ma faith that's right, lads, an' I'se bound to be on hand."

Mr. Thompson, senior, took a seat in a diagonal direction from where Willie would sit, and so be able to have a good view of him, while yet unseen by him.

Tremulous with emotion, he awaited the opening of the trial, and saw the court-room fill with eager and, perhaps, interested parties. The hum of suppressed voices was heard from every part of the room. Some of the remarks are not at all complimentary to the rum trade, or those engaged in it.

"Silence in the court! Hats off!" shouted the crier.

The door of the main entrance opened, and Willie Thompson entered, led by an officer.

Poor fellow! What a trial! What harassing feelings were his at this moment.

He looked sadly round the room, glad to recognize the many smiles and nods of recognition bearing the impress of loving sympathy. This seemed to gladden and encourage him. But there was one more anxious than all others, whose eye he got but a glimpse of, and the power of that look and smile gave him a confidence and unwavering trust, which could only come from Maggie Morton.

Bob and Sandy, having caught his eye as he scanned the company, returned a smile and a wink, as much as to say, "Cheer up, lad, 'He that is for you, is more than they that be against you.'"

Willie quietly awaits results.

Near to the presiding magistrate, and nearly opposite to Mr. Morton, sat Brown and his counsel, and a gang of the Gavins and others of the same kind. At Brown's right sat a young man whose appearance was a tell-tale of a recent debauch. Sitting in close proximity to him are others bearing marks of having had a something "to brace up."

The magistrate asked if all is ready, and announced that the court was open.

At once addressing the prisoner, he said: "You, William Thompson, are charged with assault, with intent to do bodily harm, on the night of May 3rd, at or near the place commonly known as 'Brown's saloon.' Do you plead guilty, or not guilty?"

Mr. Morton, rising to his feet, replied on behalf of the prisoner, "May it please the Court, we plead 'Not guilty.'"

"Are you prepared to defend your client?" asked the Court.

"Yes, your Honor, and we intend to produce evidence to show that the whole matter was a preconcerted plot to silence the young man, and prevent him speaking and working for the good of his fellows. Our evidence will show that the saloon and its interests are responsible for this cowardly affair."

The first witness called was one of the Gavins, and a constant frequenter of the saloon. His appearance gave the Court an evidence of what the saloon can do for a man. His face bore the marks of a long debauch. As he began his evidence, he stammered out something about knowing the prisoner as one of those meddlesome fellows, who interfered with the rights and privileges of people engaged in the liquor business, for which they paid their good money, and ought not to be molested in their methods of making an honest living. "On this particular night he interfered with Brown's saloon business, and I saw him, and two other men with him, come up and pounce on the fellow as was the worse of drink, when the police officer made the arrest."

"Is that your evidence?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," doggedly replied the witness, as he left the stand.

Another and another testified in the same flippancy

and bravado style, which bore on the face of it evidence of a concocted scheme.

An apparent and easy victory for the liquor interest was near at hand.

The counsel for the Crown urged the necessity of having the case fully gone into in its most minute details, because of the cowardliness of the attack, and that, too, under cover of night.

"Your Honor," said Mr. Morton, as he rose, his whole manhood aroused, and his face wearing a dignified expression, "I ask your Honor the protection of the Court for the prisoner, and demand for him such British justice as your Honor knows so well how to dispense—nothing more, your Honor! Nor will we be satisfied with anything less. And I denounce the words of the Crown Attorney as prejudicial to my client, whom I hold to be innocent until proven guilty, and until then, your Honor, I claim that my learned friend has gone beyond his prerogative in seeking to pass judgment before my client is tried."

"Are your witnesses ready, Mr. Morton?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"What is your line of defence, Mr. Morton? Can you prove an alibi?"

"We do not wish to do so, your Honor."

"What, then?"

"I want to prove, your Honor, that my young client is incapable of being guilty of such an act as he is charged with."

"You may proceed, Mr. Morton. But I must say, so far the case is evidently against your client. Such

men as the prisoner should not be permitted to persecute the liquor traffic, which is, as you know, legalized by the voice of the people; and because of this, a perfectly legitimate mode of business. I claim the prisoner has no right to interfere with what the people, the Church, and many of the clergy acknowledge to be legal. Do you still purpose going on with your case in the face of all this?"

"We purpose, your Honor," replied Mr. Morton, "to proceed, and I demand that this Court must and shall hear our defence."

"Your defence," retorted the Crown, "will be of little account," and with a sneer, added: "You may produce your evidence, as we have no fear of results."

Bob Rogers, while listening to all the abuse and perverted, suborned evidence against his benefactor, appeared in the witness stand, and related the fact of being in the company of Willie Thompson, and that he saw, in the darkness, a figure run away from the prostrate man. He then saw his friend, the prisoner, rush up to the wounded man as he lay bleeding from a murderous blow from the hand of the coward who felled him. Just as the blow was given, the assailant fled on being seen. At this moment a police officer came upon the scene, and not understanding the circumstances, Willie Thompson was hurried off to prison.

"Did you see the party run off?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, yer Honor, I did."

"Do you know who the party was?"

"I do, yer Honor—he was Brown, the keeper of the saloon."

"On what evidence are we to satisfy ourselves that it was Brown?"

"Because, your Honor, I seed him, an' I followed him, an' I spoke of it to him, an' he raged an' swore that he knew nothin' of the matter."

"Just so! and why should he know, if he was not there?" interposed the Crown counsel. "You have been mistaken, sir; and let me say, you must be careful of your statements, as you are under oath, and may be called to account for what you have said. You may go—that will do."

There seemed quite a flutter of seeming uneasiness among the prosecution when Sandy Turner came forward to give evidence. A general scowl came on the countenances of the faction as he began to corroborate the statements made by Bob, the former witness, adding that he was sure Brown, of the saloon, was the party who fled at the time Willie Thompson offered to help the poor fellow.

"You say, sir," roared the Crown counsel, "that it was Brown you saw run away. Now, sir, on your oath, tell me why should Brown run away? Was he not there as a benefactor, if there at all?"

"No, sir," replied Sandy, "I could not think so from what I know o' him an' his business."

"And, sir, what has his business to do with this case, or the evidence you are giving?"

"It is a wicked, bad, God-cursed business, sir, having for its aim the ruin o' men. An' you ask me why

he should flee? I will tell you. 'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion.' An' more, sir, let me tell you that the traffic is responsible for all this trouble. For the man whose business has blinded and seared his manhood and made him like him whose hatred is covered by deceit, his wickedness shall be showed before the whole congregation."

"So you intend showing to the Court the wickedness of this man Brown, eh?"

"Yes, and that before long."

"But, sir," retorted the Crown counsel, "we keep the law; we have a legal right."

"So you have," said Sandy, hiding a smile, and adding: "Whoso keepeth the law is a wise man, but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father. They drink and forget the law, and prevent the judgment of any of the afflicted."

With a look of cold indifference, and a sneer curling his lip, the Crown counsel retorted: "You mistake the purpose of the Court, sir; we are not here to be lectured on your theological ideas, and fanatical expressions. And now, sir, tell us in brief what you know about this case."

Sandy was about to speak again when Mr. Morton, noticing his nervousness, asked for the protection of the Court for the witness, claiming that he had already shown a true manhood, which had of late been purified by the power of the teachings of that same Scripture of which he had just spoken.

Thus his heart, triumphing in a new-found joy, was

ready and ever anxious to impress the Court with "the truth, and nothing but the truth." The course of right and justice can never be a sufferer in the face of, or at the hands of, one who was ready to acknowledge the power of divine grace, he being the recipient of that grace; for

"It should be ours, the oil and wine to pour  
 Into the wounds of stricken ones;  
 To take the smitten and sick and sore,  
 And bear them where a stream of blessings runs.  
 Instead we look about, the way is wide,  
 And so we pass upon the other side."

"We have no objections to the fact of right being advocated, sir," said the Court, blandly; "but we must insist, and remember that the majesty of the law is at stake, and the honor of the Bench is jeopardized, by what may be passed as evidence, and possibly prejudice the Court against conviction. You are not ignorant of the fact that the Saviour recognized wine at the marriage feast? And by His own word converted water into wine?"

This was proclaimed with a flourish and gesture as an incontrovertible argument.

Sandy, resuming his testimony, which had been so abruptly interrupted, told how he, with his friend Bob, had followed Brown into his saloon, and told them of all they had seen; how he had fled as soon as he felt that he was seen doing the act in the dark. Then he began swearing and cursing, denying being there at all, declaring that the "cop" did but his duty in arresting



that Thompson fellow. And turning to his wife, told her he had lost his pocket-book somewhere, and —”

“Well, sir,” said the Crown, in a passion, “what has that to do in the case—the loss of his pocket-book?”

“But, sir, it has been found,” said Sandy.

“And what if it has?”

“It may speak,” again said Sandy.

“And where was it found, sir?”

“On the spot where the arrest was made.”

“Did you find it?”

“No, sir.”

“Then who found it, sir?” demanded the Court.

For a moment Sandy hesitated and the voice of the Court was again heard demanding who found it.

“I did!” as a voice from the rear of the room rose in a sweet, yet determined tone.

“Silence! Silence!”

“Who says the pocket-book was found there?”

“I do,” said the same sweet voice from the rear.

“Silence! Silence, up there!”

The counsel for the prosecution rose, and in a towering rage demanded, “Who says the pocket-book was found there?”

“I do,” said the same voice from the rear.

The magistrate, becoming uneasy when the question was repeated and answered so emphatically, requested the counsel to be calm, as it is only the vagaries of some irresponsible girl.

“Your Honor,” said the Crown counsel, “I must insist on order while I am conducting this very im-

portant case; and again I ask, who can be audacious enough to repeat that the pocket-book was found at said place?"

"I can, an' do say it, too," was the reply to the demand.

"And who are you? and can you produce the pocket-book?" demanded the counsel, as he pounded the table before him.

"I am Katty Rogers, an' gin ye let me I can produce the book; an' gin ye like, yer Honor, I am ready to give ye my testimony."

"On what ground do you propose to testify on this case?" asked the Crown counsel, as he glared in the direction from whence came the repeated answers to his queries. "Testimony, indeed, from you, who are not in any way responsible for what you say, and an imbecile and ——"

"Your Honor," said Mr. Morton, as he rose to his feet; "permit me to say, on behalf of the young woman who has had the temerity or, as my learned friend, the counsel for the Crown, says, the audacity, to reply, and whose replies have excited his ire, I may inform the Court that she is one of God's noble women. I trust you will see the justice of recording her evidence in the case."

"Call the witness," said the Court.

In response to the call, Katty made her way tremblingly to the front, but before starting she was kissed affectionately by Mrs. Morton and Maggie, with whom she had been sitting. Timidly she approached the desk where sat the scowling counsel for

the Crown, who, with a look of defiance, glared on her as she took her stand.

"So you are Miss Rogers, eh?" sarcastically asked the counsel.

"I'm Katty Rogers, sir."

"Ah! Well, then, Katty Rogers, is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know that man, the prisoner?"

"I does, sir."

"You, in company with your brother Bob and his friend, the last witness, were together on the night of the arrest of this man?"

"Yes, sir, an' ——"

"Oh, never mind; only answer my questions. And you ran away, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I did; an' ——"

"Come! come! just answer my questions, now, and make no comments."

"You say you found a pocket-book at the place?"

"Yes, sir; I did."

"How did it come there?"

"'Deed, sir, an' I don' know. I only knows I picked it up after the man ran away as was abusin' the poor fellow as was drunk, an' I found some papers in it as has a connection wi' this incident."

"How do you know that?" roared the counsel.

"'Cause, sir, Brown's name is to them papers, and also the name o' Tim Gavin."

"Some writing, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"And whose writing is it?"

"I don' know, sir; only I knows them men whose names are on the papers. But gin ye let me I'll read it for ye an' ye can be your ain judge. An' the names an' the writin' will speak for itsel'. Please, an' sir, may I read it for ye?"

"Read it, then," said the counsel, with a scowl.

"TO JOE BROWN,—Your best chance to stop the mouth of that Thompson fellow will be to-night, as he is to be at one of his singing and praying circles, and of course must pass your saloon about nine o'clock. You need have no fears as I'll not be far off at the time. You can depend on me doing my part, and the 'cop' will be near by at the right time; so go ahead, the coast is all clear.

"Yours,

"TIM GAVIN."

"P.S.—Burn this note up before anyone sees it.

"T. G."

While Katty was reading this precious document, there was quite a sensational flutter all over the court-room, which caused Tim Gavin and Brown to feel very restless, and they would have left the room but for the interference of their counsel, who flattered himself that there would be no trouble in breaking that girl's evidence and making out the letter to be a forgery.

Turning to Katty, who stood trembling, yet with a true womanly heart beating in her bosom—a heart the very temple of the love that God delights to bestow on those who are His, the counsel in a frenzy said:

"I am told you have been very sick of late?"

"Yes, sir, I has."

"And out of your head most of the time?"

"Yes, sir; so I hae been told."

"Now, girl," said the counsel, with a feigned yet ironical smile, "can you say on your oath that you are in your right mind now, and have a clear perception of what you are doing and saying?"

Those who could see Katty's face as she was about to answer the last question would see that her agitation permeated her whole soul, and her womanly indignation rose, so that even the angry counsel quaked and dropped his leering eyes from gazing on the face of one who held in her heart the spirit of Him who was her Friend. Raising her voice, and standing more erect than usual, she exclaimed:

"Sir, if my mind was beclouded, my intellect dull, my brain in a whirl, there was a cause. But, sir, the tell-tale letter I have read to you and this Court, written by Tim Gavin to Joe Brown, concocting a bad, wicked, unmanly scheme to destroy the influence of a young man whose aim is to help others, while your clients are living to debase—and you, sir, to defend them and speak flippantly of a young woman's innocence—that, sir, shows no weakness of mind so far as a fiendish spirit is concerned."

As she finished her bold, fearless answer to the angry counsel, it brought loud applause from the vast crowd in the room, and with it the stentorian call of "Silence! Silence in the court!"

"You can go," sullenly retorted the counsel.

As Katty left the witness stand she was greeted with further applause.

"Silence! Silence!"

"Any further evidence, Mr. Morton?" asked the Bench, as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

"One more, your Honor."

"And what point do you wish to prove?"

"I desire, your Honor, to show that there has been a demon-like plot laid to trap my young client, the prisoner, and that he has been the victim of a conspiracy by the votaries of the rum traffic. Yet he is not without friends and helpers in his time of need.

"The mills of God grind slowly."

"The hosts are mustered to the fields,  
The cross! the cross! the battle call;  
The old grim towers of darkness yield,  
And soon shall totter to their fall.

"On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,  
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;  
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow,  
The joyous shouts from land to land."

A smile of approbation from Willie Thompson amply repaid Mr. Morton for the sentiment expressed in the lines quoted.

The counsel for the prosecution, in a towering passion, informed the Court that the evidence of the girl, Katty, who he believed to be demented and not responsible for what she said, was worth nothing. And as to the letter she pretends having found in the pocket-book, and said to have been written by Tim

Gavin, it was only a hallucination of the brain, and at most, only a coincidence. However, your Honor, if it can be shown from any other source that Brown and Gavin were in conspiracy, then there may be grounds for suspicion of such a conspiracy, as my learned friend, Morton, claims to be. But I say emphatically, your Honor, this cannot be proven."

"Yer Honor, it can be proven."

All eyes were turned in the direction from whence came the voice so boldly declaring the fact. The crowd were astonished to see the tall, manly form of Archy, the cabman, standing erect in the back part of the room, and with uplifted hand repeating in stentorian voice: "I say it can be proven."

"Silence! Si-lence in the court."

"The Crown counsel rising, and fiercely looking over the heads of the crowd and towards where the voice came from, demanded: "Who dares say it can be proven?"

"I do," said Archy, with determined voice.

"Si-lence! there now," said the crier.

"And who are you?" demanded the enraged counsel? You are but an ignorant cabman, and not much at that," insultingly added the counsel. "You can prove nothing."

Archy, now full of just indignation, retorted: "That though in the mind of that man," pointing to the Crown counsel, "I am only an ignorant cabman, I am in possession of—"

"I object, your Honor," said the now infuriated counsel.

"Oh! it's only another precious letter," said Mr. Morton, smiling.

"Let him proceed," said the Bench, "only he must be put under oath."

"I was just saying, your Honor," continued Archy, "that I am in possession of a paper bearing the signature of this man Brown, which I will pass over to Mr. Morton, that he may read it to the Court."

"I object," said the Crown counsel, "to this trumped-up evidence."

"It's only another bit of precious paper," said Mr. Morton, dryly.

"On what grounds do you object?" demanded the Bench. "Surely you can't object to proper evidence."

Mr. Morton, rising amid a hum of suppressed excitement, began reading:

"TO THE GAVIN LADS.—Don't ye forget to be on hand on Tuesday night for sure, as I know that bloak of a cantin' hypocrite, Thompson, passes my saloon on his way to some o' his hymn-singin' meetin's. Be sure an' be on hand to see me out all right. The 'cop' has promised to be there an' do his part. Don't fail.

"BROWN."

As Mr. Morton finished reading this, "another precious paper," there was much confusion throughout the court-room, especially among the rum conspirators, "cop" and all.

"I am sorry, your Honor," said the doctor, "that such an effort has been made to belittle the written evidence in behalf of the young man arrested falsely.



“He was evidently taking the part of the good Samaritan, in order to help a fellow-being in distress.

“He was made the object of a dark conspiracy, and by whom? If your Honor will permit me, I will give you reasons, professionally, why his persecutors were bent on having him silenced and out of the way. The whole matter was a concocted scheme to get rid of him and of all others who dare to speak out against the damning business of liquor selling.

“ ‘The drunkards will never be dead,  
I will tell you the reason why,  
A young man comes up to take the place,  
As fast as the old one dies.’

“The fearful effect of strong drink upon the body is that it weakens the muscles, it injures the nerves, it influences the stomach, and impairs the digestion, it destroys a pure, natural, healthy taste, it exhausts the strength and shortens life, it takes away the reason, it inflames every bad passion, it deranges every faculty, it produces insanity, it demoralizes and diminishes the accuracy and acuteness of thought, it deadens the moral nature. Now, your Honor, I submit, in the face of such an arraignment against a business capable of such work on the body and mind, how an intelligent people can give countenance and voice for its continuance is hard to understand.

“If, your Honor, the testimony is true, there can be no doubt that those unfortunate men, Brown and Tim Gavin, are moral incendiaries—and the Court, here and now, for the sake of our moral welfare,

the good  
in distress.  
piracy, and  
me, I will  
persecutors  
of the way.  
to get rid  
out against

should make an arrest of both of them. That my meaning be better understood, I hereby charge both of them, also the police officer as an accomplice; they being guilty of the crime for which William Thompson has been imprisoned. And I beg your Honor now discharge the young man and honorably acquit him."

During the doctor's impassioned address, somehow Tim Gavin and Brown, with their counsel, had left the room unnoticed. Mr. Morton being beckoned to by the magistrate, his client received an honorable discharge, and was soon surrounded by warm friends.

While congratulations were being showered upon Willie Thompson, he met the gaze of one who had joy mingled with tears. Though unable to speak, tearful eyes, outstretched arms, a fond embrace, a glad recognition, and Ben Thompson with rejoicing meets his son, Willie.

"Hurrah! Sandy," shouted Bob.

"Hurrah!" said Archy, the cabman. "We did it."

"Ay," added Bob and Sandy. "But God was directing it a'."

Katty, taking hold of Willie's hand, said, as she smiled through her tears, "God be praised."

"Maggie Morton was close by, and soon was recognized by Willie, who presented her to his father, saying, "This is Maggie, the daughter of your old friend, Mr. Morton."

While these joyous congratulations were progressing, Brown and Gavin, with their accomplices, went past, all under arrest, while Bob and Sandy exclaimed, "God have pity on them."

## CHAPTER XII.

“ Hitherto the Lord hath helped us,  
Guiding all the way,  
Henceforth let us trust Him fully,  
Trust Him all the day.”

—HAVERGAL.

THE home of Mrs. Brown, notwithstanding the ominous clouds that hung over it so long, has at last been purged from the taint of its baneful business. The fearful reality of the events of the past few days made her still more anxious to have her home purified and free from the curse against God and humanity.

Ever since her poor deluded husband had yielded to the tempter, and became a votary of the bowl and engaged in the rum traffic to make, as he said, an honest living, all her womanly pleadings were of no avail.

Poor woman! Having slept but little during the night, while grieving and feeling heart-sore, her attention was called to a sharp, nervous ring of the door bell. On opening the door, she was surprised to see a strange gentleman, who at once enquired if he had the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Brown?

“ I am Mrs. Brown, sir. Will you please come in ?”

“ Thank you, madam. I am informed by a very particular friend that you are in trouble. I am will-

ing, and will consider it an honor to be permitted to help you."

"Sir, to whom am I indebted for this proffered kindness and sympathy?"

"I see; you do not recognize me?" and he offered his hand, smiling as he did.

"No, sir; I really can't place you, yet there is a something in your countenance that is almost familiar to me. Pray tell me who I am entertaining."

"Well, you will know before long; but in the meantime I am your friend, and have a word of explanation of my being here. A special and very dear friend, and, by the way, an acquaintance of yours, too, a Mr. James Morton, has been long lost to me, and after a long separation we have met again, and ——"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, sir; but if you are a friend of Mr. Morton's that is a sesame to my humble home," and looking earnestly at her visitor, she said, "Will you please give me your name?"

"And you can't recognize me?"

"No, sir. Yet there is something in the features and voice that reminds me of an early part of my life."

"Ah, Mrs. Brown, this is your little daughter," as he noticed Nellie skipping along and looking in childish wonderment.

"Yes, sir; my darling little Nellie—a comfort to me, indeed."

"As I look at her girlish, sweet face, I am reminded of a scene in my early life, when I was an outcast, a waif, a stow-away lad, and without friends."

“Indeed; that is strange, a child, a complete stranger to you, whom you have never seen, should bring to you recollections such as these; and I trust whatever the recollections may be, they will be pleasant. Though I am sorry that my recent past has been anything but pleasant, I look back into the past, and go back to the days of my childhood home, and again live in the enjoyment of a mother’s fondling and loving caresses, and romp and play in happy childish glee

“ ‘O’er hill and dale,  
Still onward to my childhood home,  
With yearning, glad endeavour;  
Still singing, all the way I roam,  
A song of love forever.’ ”

But for my dear little Nellie, the comfort of my troubled times, with her sweet, childish voice so often raised in trustful song, I would feel like sinking beneath the burdens and trials of life. Very often, when almost in despair, I am comforted by the thought that the dear Lord is ready to fulfil His promises of help, and to cast all our care on Him, for He careth for us.”

“That, Mrs. Brown, is the true source of comfort in which we all may participate. But what you say of your little Nellie’s song voice and its power is not new to me. Already my son Bob owes his conversion and saving from the rum curse to the sweet voice and words of Nellie, she being the instrument in God’s hand of saving others as well as my Bob and his

friend, Sandy Turner. He told me that when in the bar of your husband's saloon, and amid their debauch and revelry, the voice of song came as from an angel, compelling them to hear the message,

“ ‘Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe,  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where'er you go.’

“These words, from Nellie's lips, led them to seek and find Christ, to the joy and comfort of their souls; and let me add, will doubtless prevent me going to the grave in sorrow.”

“I notice you mention Bob. Do you mean our Bob Rogers?”

“Yes, Mrs. Brown; he is my son, and Katty's brother. You know Katty, I presume? She has told me of you since I came to see them.”

“Excuse me, sir,” said Mrs. Brown, in perfect bewilderment, “do I understand you aright? You are acquainted, you say, with Mr. Morton, the gentleman who was rescued from the fire, whom you used to call Jim Morton?”

“Yes; but it's long years ago—and only now, after long separation, have we met again.”

“Your name, then, is Rogers?”

“Yes; and Bob Rogers, the stow-away, at that.”

“Mrs. Brown was almost overcome at this revelation, and for the moment seemed dazzled. A look of astonishment was pictured on her countenance, which was

noticed by Mr. Rogers, who rose and grasped her proffered hand.

"Oh, Mr. Rogers!" cried Mrs. Brown, through her tears, "it was you, then, who saved me from the sea. Oh, how often have I heard the name of your son mentioned as a frequenter of our bar, and afterwards the brave young lad so often befriended me and others. My mind was led back to that scene of my childhood, as told by my mother in our eastern home. And, sir, is it possible that now, after all those years, when in so much need of a friend, and at a time when left in a sorrow almost worse than widowhood, God should send you, my rescuer, again to help me. After all these years to clasp the hand of him who, by God's help, saved me from the sea, and rescued me just in time.

"For nine-and-twenty years the rainbow-pinioned Spring  
Hath kissed the young lips of her smiling flowers,  
For nine-and-twenty years hath Autumn's golden ring  
Encircled the fair fruit of all her bowers.

"Thank God, yes, after nine-and-twenty years of night,  
At length awakes for me the radiant day,  
And the first word which I can read with glad new light,  
Is 'Thank God! Thanks! praise Him alway.'

"My sorrow, Mr. Rogers, would be turned into joy if I could but know that my husband was again to me what he once was, and see the error of his ways and the pit into which he has fallen. Oh, sir, if some power could but reach him, ere it be too late. And yet, where is my hope for him, when such an awful

business is recognized as legal, and winked at by our politicians and men of state, who are ready to bow down at its feet as suppliants for its aid to keep them in power. With a heart torn and bleeding, I ask you, sir, oh, tell me, is there a hope for him?"

Before making answer to Mrs. Brown's question regarding her husband, Mr. Rogers informed her that at the request of Miss Maggie Morton and her father, he had been deputed to wait on her, and after becoming known, he was to request her to accompany him to the home of the Mortons.

"For the memory of the past, and the kindness to me, when friendless and homeless and in a strange land—for this you have in me, Bob Rogers, the stow-away, a friend. So if you will now come, we will meet those whose hearts are open to receive you."

Little Nellie, sitting in wonderment at what it all meant, and in her childish innocence rising and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, asked why her papa don't come home.

Poor, dear child, she little dreamed that the curse of drink had robbed her of a father's care and affection. She little dreamed of the cause of mother's tears and wearied, careworn looks. Poor child, a forced victim of the cruel, unrelenting curse and crime against humanity and God. Yet amid all this, in her innocence, a radiant smile on her childish face, whispering words of hopeful trust, she burst out in happy song:

"To-day the golden sunlight  
Is full and broad and strong ;



The glory of the one Light  
Must overflow in song.  
Song that floweth ever,  
Sweeter every day—  
Song whose echoes never,  
Never die away."

Looking into her mother's face, with a tremulous voice, Nellie asked: "If papa comes home again, will he kiss his little Nellie as he used to do?"

"There, there, Nellie. Don't tremble so."

"Oh, mamma! my papa must come home."

"I am trusting so, Nellie, and pray God he may return a new man. But, Mr. Rogers, I must apologize for keeping you waiting. We will go now."

"And see Miss Maggie, mamma?" gleefully shouted little Nellie.

"I hope so, dear."

"Oh! good, good! And perhaps papa, too."

"By the way," said Mr. Rogers, "your husband was in some way connected with this unfortunate affair which caused so much trouble among the friends of young Willie Thompson. I am truly sorry, but I am not yet convinced that your husband is naturally a bad man. He has been led away into bad company. I understood from Mr. Morton that, for your sake, an effort would at once be made to save him, and I may say, Mr. Morton and his friends are now working for that end."

"Oh, sir, I pray God they may be successful!"

Little Nellie, looking up at her mamma in wonder, asked, "Is it my papa you are talking about?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, mamma, I am so glad. But, mamma, is my papa lost somewhere?"

"You know, dear child, all men are naturally lost and wanderers from God and right, yet, if they are willing, may be found again."

"And, mamma, is my papa willing?"

"I am praying, darling, that God will help him to be willing."

"And mamma, if papa comes back, will he love his little girl again? I do wish we found him again. You told me often, when Miss Maggie came to see us, that 'Jesus came to seek and to save the lost,' and I know that Jesus can find my papa and bring him home again. If my papa comes back again, I will tell Jesus to help him to keep no bar, and keep out of bad company. Oh! I wish my papa would come home," and with a pleading look into the face of Mr. Rogers, she asked if he would try and find papa.

Poor child, how little she dreamed that her papa had been

"Leaning over the waterfall,  
Lured by the fairy sight,  
Heeding not the warning call,  
Watching the foam and the flow,  
Smooth and dark, or swift and bright,  
Here in the shade, and there in the light,  
Oh! who could know  
The coming sorrow, the nearing woe?"

"Leaning over the waterfall,  
What if your feet had slipped?"

Never a moment of power to call,  
Never a hand in time to save,  
From the terrible rush of the ruthless wave.  
Hearken! Would it be ill or well,  
If thus you fell?  
Hearken! Would it be heaven or hell?

Just at this point in their walk, Mr. Rogers' attention was drawn to a confusion of voices near by. The speakers were hid from view by a sharp turn in the path, mantled and canopied by a heavy growth of shrubby pines and scraggy spruce. Pausing for a moment, they were startled to hear the boisterous voice of one of the Gavins, who was not unknown to Mrs. Brown. In a tremor and fear, she enquired if there was any danger of trouble. "Let us move quietly on," she said, "we may pass unmolested."

"Have no fear, Mrs. Brown; I think they are not aware of our presence, and we can proceed, for from the sound of their bickering voices they are having a dispute among themselves."

"Hark! Mr. Rogers, did you hear that?" asked Mrs. Brown. "They are speaking about my husband, and are using threatening words. Oh! what shall we do?"

"Do? my dear woman. As far as they are concerned, they are unable to harm him; as ere this time, I have no doubt but my old friend Morton has obtained his release from custody, and become security for his appearance when wanted. So have no fears, for while they may argue and bluster, we will go on our way."

"Did you say that my husband was released?"

"Yes. At least that was the calculation."

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise, Mr. Rogers."

"Yes," replied Mr. Rogers, laughing, "but it was not intended you should know it until we got among our friends at the home of the Mortons, where they await us. And I may say I am very anxious to know what success rewarded Mr. Morton in his mission."

"Oh! Mr. Rogers, do you think there is hope for him yet?"

"Yes, yes; not only a hope, but a glorious possibility, and with the help of young Willie Thompson and his esteemed father, an old-time friend of Mr. Morton, their united efforts on his behalf must reach him, and with God's blessing must be a success. And, in the meantime, if he can only be cut loose from his old haunts and evil associations, his old-time manhood will return again. I am sure there is a strong hope for his reclamation.

"It is now far on in the afternoon, and I had arranged to be with our friends about four o'clock, so we will haste. This whole matter is committed into the hands of God, whose cause it is, and in whom you have learned to trust."

"Ah, yes sir; I am willing to trust and—"

"Willing to wait?" said Mr. Rogers, with a smile.

"Yes, I can wait patiently," and she bent over to kiss little Nellie, who all this time has been the very embodiment of wonder. While frolicking among the ferns, and picking the wild flowers by the wayside,

she innocently looked into her mother's face and asked: "If papa comes, will he kiss his little Nellie? But see! mamma, all these pretty flowers are for my papa. Ain't they beauties, mamma?"

As they neared the gateway of the Morton home, little Nellie was in an ecstasy of delight on meeting Miss Maggie Morton and Willie, who had leisurely walked down the lane. Was it purposely to meet the expected ones? Or was it that the afternoon's balmy atmosphere brought fresh zest to the two hearts which were being welded together by some unseen process.

"Ha! ha! Maister Thompson," said Mr. Rogers, in his broad provincialism, "yer gey coylike noo, wi' yer bonnie bit lassie, eh? Mon, but yer sicker! An' Maggie, lass, I'm proud o' yer choice o' Willie."

Maggie blushingly tried to evade the banter by hesitatingly replying that, "They were out to meet—"

"An' you met Willie, eh?" said Mr. Rogers.

"I was going to say we expected father and his friend, Mr. Thompson, returning from the magistrate's office, where they had gone on business; to secure, if possible, the release of Mr. Brown." Looking up, she saw Mrs. Brown and Nellie, who had kept in the background, and rushing to her side, with a sisterly embrace, said: "You know, Mrs. Brown, our joy would not be complete without you and little Nellie."

"Oh, mamma! and won't we have a good time?" said Nellie, as she clapped her little hands with childish glee, running first to her mamma, then to Miss Maggie, scarcely able to contain herself for joy.

Miss Maggie, with her womanly sympathy, patted Nellie, telling her that she was glad to see her again.

"I wish my papa would come," said Nellie.

"And, perhaps he will, Nellie," answered Maggie.

The sharp crack of a whip was heard, and the whinny of the cab horse, as its prancing and champing were heard coming up the lane, and the well-known "G' lang, there!" of Archy, the merry driver, who had played an important part at the trial of Willie Thompson. This was a sudden intrusion on the returning party to the house.

The good-natured cabman, Archy—honest, eccentric Archy—drove up, and jumping down from his seat, opened the door of his cab, from which sprang Mr. Morton and his friend, Benjamin Thompson. Another was helped carefully from the cab, who, with slow step alighted, scarcely raising his eyes from the ground. No sooner had he left the cab than there was heard a cry of suppressed joy from Mrs. Brown, who ran to where he was, and, throwing her arms around his neck, sobbed, and shed tears of joy.

During this time, Nellie, holding up a bouquet of wild flowers, shouted out: "Oh, papa! my papa! these flowers are for you. Oh! I am so glad you have come," and clinging to him, whispered: "Dear, dear papa."

Mrs. Brown could but look on and sob, unable to utter a word. Great tears rolled down her cheeks—tears glistening like pearls—coming from the fountain of a woman's heart. And meeting the troubled and abashed look of Brown, great tears bedimmed his

bloodshot eyes. When utterance came, it was only a half-smothered ejaculation: "My wife! My Nellie! my child!" and half hiding his face in his hands, he sobbed as if with breaking heart.

The fountain of tears was opened at last, the heart, a stranger to feeling, was at last touched, and its strings of affection answered to the call of paternal love.

Willie Thompson could be silent no longer, so, addressing himself to Brown, who stood the picture of dejection, he cheerfully bade him "Cheer up, you are among friends, so you are safe. You have the affection and confidence of your loving wife; and more, you have the sweet, pure and innocent love of your precious Nellie. Though, seemingly, to you I was a foe, I was your friend. Not your foe, Mr. Brown, but a foe to the business in which you have been engaged—your own worst foe. Ay, and the foe of God and men. Now in me and in those around you, you have friends, and friends who are ready to help you to be again what God designed you to be—a man."

Before the poor fellow had time to make a reply, or even to realize his new surroundings, Sandy Turner came rushing in on the scene. Sandy, unheeding ceremony, took hold of Brown's hand, and with kindly words remarked that: "Gin ye wad like it, I will tell you that you will hae a friend in me, an' I'll stand by you, wi' a' my heart, an' no mistake. An' mon, Brown, gin you'll keep out o' the way o' the Gavin folks, an' sich ilk o' the sons o' Belial, ye'll no

hae any fears; an', mon, ye'll be a' right. An' gin ye wad seek help frae God, He will save ye, ay, an' keep ye too! I mind weel the fine bit o' song yer ain wee lassie, Nellie there, sang; an', mon, gin ye wad listen tae it as she sings it, my certie but it wad bring ye tae yersel', an' no mistake.

“ ‘Ask the Saviour to help you,  
Comfort, strengthen and keep you.  
He is willing to aid you,  
He will carry you through.’

'Od man, Brown, it's just awfu' tae think o' what I hae been mysel'; an' what I am to-day, by God's help, is a big change. An' ye may be made whole gin ye would." Still holding the hand of the bewildered Brown, he added, as he looked earnestly into his eyes, "But that you must renounce, noo an' forever, the rum-sellin' business, as its work is to debase an' ruin yer fellows; an' it is stamped wi' the curse o' the Almighty. Your saloon—not yours only, but every saloon—is a fountain o' sin, the school o' the devil—forgie me for speakin' ill o' the devil, for I often wonder if even he wad soil his already bad character by goin' into the rum-sellin' business."

During Sandy's words, as given in his own broad Doric, Brown was seized with an agitation which seemed to compel him to shudder, especially at the mention of the fearful results flowing from his former business; the more so, because he felt it was his own bitter experience for the first time since coming among his new friends. He attempted to raise his



eyes from their down-cast gaze upon the ground. As he looked up his eyes looked lifeless, haggard, blood-shot and expressionless. Why? Because their life, lustre and buoyancy had been blighted, blasted and stolen by the merciless rum thirst.

Soothing and comforting words were spoken by Willie as he intimated that God was now waiting to receive a penitent, and that a change of life was found in accepting the offers of the dear Saviour's pardon.

"Pardon, did you say, sir?" said Brown, in an agony of mind.

"Yes, my friend; your past can be blotted out, to appear against you no more forever. Now, my friend, have no fears while with us; we are your friends. See, you are surrounded by those who are ready to help you. Come, now, we are going to have a reunion in the home of Mr. Morton, and no doubt but you will be interested, as your own dear, patient wife, also your own little Nellie, already are full of joy at the prospect of your being a man again. They are now waiting for us and——"

"Oh! oh! my poor heart will break," exclaimed Brown, as Willie was speaking. "Such kindness is more than I can bear."

"Tut! tut! man," interrupted Bob, Sandy's friend. "Tut man, Mr. Brown, yer nae waur than I was mysel', though perhaps on a different line. Man, Brown, yon time when Sandy an' me were in your bar, carousin' an' swaggerin' an' deep in debauch, man, yer ain wee bit lassie, while singin' about the

“ ‘ Precious name o’ Jesus.’ ”

An’ as she sang an’ sang it o’er again,

“ ‘ Take the name o’ Jesus with you,  
Child o’ sorrow and o’ woe ;  
It will joy an’ comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where’er you go,’ ”

Man, it just lifted me up, an’ Sandy, too—lifted us above oorsel’s. An’ my life has been grandly changed since that night ; an’ it mak’s my heart leap for joy when I think o’t—is it not wonderfu’ ?

“ ‘ When I was far away and lost,  
Oh, ’tis wonderful !  
That I was saved at such a cost,  
Oh, ’tis wonderful !  
That Jesus gave Himself for me,  
Oh, ’tis wonderful ! ”

“ ‘ My guilt was all I had to bring,  
Oh, ’tis wonderful !  
Yet I was made His love to sing,  
Oh, ’tis wonderful ! ”

“ ‘ And you may now be saved by grace,  
Oh, ’tis wonderful !  
If you will now but seek His face,  
Oh, ’tis wonderful.’ ”

The clear, strong bass voice of Bob, as he put his whole soul into the singing of those words, brought the company from the porch, where they were conversing. None were more delighted than the elder Mr. Rogers and Mr. Thompson, who at once gave a

kindly greeting to poor Brown, who was perfectly amazed at what was now taking place, and for his special welfare.

"Come this way now, my friends, and you, too, friend Brown," said Mr. Morton, who had joined the company. "Yes, come along, now, and enjoy a social tea together, and the new-born comforts of my humble home and all it can give. Since, by the kind providence of God, I have been rescued, my anxiety goes out for others. I tremble while I think of the past, and the rum curse, and the inward fires of hell, which had been kindled in my soul, and burned up my manhood, robbed me of my home, and robbed my dear wife and child of a father's and husband's love and protection."

"Yes, dear, dear James," said Mrs. Morton, who was leaning on his arm. "How wonderfully God has saved you, rescued you, ay, and restored you to home, wife and child. Our hearts are all filled with gratitude for the deliverance He has wrought, and so we can the better appreciate this gathering, since we are surrounded by so many old and true friends."

"Ay, man, an' new ones, too," added Sandy, who was coyly eying Katty, who stood close by him.

"Yes, lad, and glad are we to have the new ones, as saved ones, too," replied Mrs. Morton, with her motherly smile. "'Tis grand to meet and see the faces of old friends, and have their help and sympathy.

“ There are no friends like the old friends,  
 World wander as we may ;  
 The heart grows young at the mystic spell,  
 And love at the ebb takes a wondrous swell,  
 As we drink from memory's clear old well,  
 And live over our life's young day.

“ There are no friends like the old friends,  
 Though scores of years away ;  
 There's a fresh-blown flower and a perfume rare  
 That steals the breath of the evening air,  
 And age is lifted of grief and care,  
 With the friends of life's young day.

“ There are no friends like the old friends,  
 Who've wandered on before ;  
 In some still hearts, we hear them call,  
 Almost we hear their footsteps fall,  
 And we are reunited all  
 To the dear old friends of yore.’”

“ What do you think of my wife's poetic flight, Mr. Thompson ?”

“ Now, James, don't be sarcastic,” said Mrs. Morton.

“ Oh, no, my dear ; only I am delighted to know there is room in your heart now for some of the sweet rosebuds of poesy. I often wish,” continued Mr. Morton, “ that I could give expression to the thoughts in my heart in the flowery language of poetry.”

“ Ah ! I remember,” interrupted Mr. Thompson. “ In our younger days, in the home of our boyhood in the old land, we thought our lives were a vast poem.”

“ But, after all, it must have been blank verse,” laughingly added Mr. Morton.

“ Ah, well !” continued Mr. Thompson, “ it does my

old heart good to see the happy faces of those who are younger in experience and years than we are, and for whom we live. It is of itself exhilarating to listen to the merry laughter of Katty in her exulting gratitude. And if we will be Mr. Brown's guardians, we must be on the alert, and use our influence to suppress the business that has for its aim the ruin and downfall of our fellows."

" 'Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn,'

said Sandy. "An' gin it wasna for the lukewarmness of the don't-care sort o' folk, the whole system o' the drink wad be abolished, an' the sunshine o' hope wad enter the hearts an' homes o' the thousands o' victims who are about us to-day. An' I say shame on the man, or party, who bow down at the shrine o' the demon rum to gain political power."

"Them's ma sentiments, Sandy," chimed in Bob. "Zackly so, an' no mistake."

Mrs. Morton had joined the company, and leaning on the arm of Mr. Morton, bade them come. Turning toward Mr. Brown, with a kind, motherly smile, she bade him cheer up and come along.

"You are mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Morton. "You spoke of Mr. Brown coming, but he and Willie just stepped out as you joined us. And indeed, I hardly know where they went myself. However, they are not far away."

Katty, on hearing the enquiry, whispered something to Mr. Morton, which had the effect of producing a

smile of satisfaction, for when the question was repeated, Katty replied that Willie was engaged in good work on the quiet, and Brown would be the better for the little quiet talk with him.

The company had but fairly begun their social meal when someone noticed a cab drive up the lane, seemingly in haste. As soon as it reached the doorway, Dr. Hamilton made a bound from the cab, and at once was met by Mrs. Morton.

"Doctor, you are late," she said; "but come right in and join us."

"Thank you. I certainly owe you an apology, but I have been professionally engaged. I have made the best of my time, and my happiness is increased by the fact of my being permitted to be a guest and a participant in this glad reunion." Turning toward Mr. Morton, he added, "Here is a paper, the *Glasgow Herald*, which has been sent me from the old land, and I notice an obituary in which you will be interested."

This was an account of the death of Bailie Morton, of the Haugh Grange, leaving his estate to his son, "James Morton, Q.C., if yet living, and if dead, to his next of kin."

The Canadian solicitors for the estate were Cassels, Jones and Brown, of Toronto.

During the reading of the paragraph, Mrs. Morton and Maggie were eager listeners. Tears welled up in the eyes of all. Yet, in the course of nature, old age had done its work. Bailie Morton had been "gathered to his fathers."

"Gone at last! at last!" sighed Mr. Morton. Could I but have been permitted to be beside him in the closing moments of his life. Could I have but told him I was a man again, and that the long night of debauch, dishonor and shame has been dispelled, and the light has come into my soul, and hope into my once-ruined home, and I rescued from the horrors of a drunkard's doom. Could I but have told him that the sunlight of God's own truth has dawned upon me. Glad would I have been to be able to cheer him, as he passed away, with the fact that 'his ain boy Jim' was rescued in time."

A moment later, while the doctor and Mrs. Morton were in silent thought, they were aroused from their reverie by somewhat of a commotion at the outer door. Willie Thompson and Mr. Brown entered, they having slipped out unobserved. Their entrance caused a ripple of excitement to spread throughout the company.

Willie moved towards Mrs. Brown and her little Nellie, and taking her by the hand, and pointing to Mr. Brown, who as yet stood close by the outer door, said, "There, Nellie, do you know who that is?" as he pointed again.

"Oh, my papa! my dear papa!"

"Yes, my little one, this is your papa that God has sent back to you and your mamma. The sunshine of His truth is now in his heart, and beaming from his countenance."

"Dear, dear papa," laughed little Nellie, and her

beautiful, large loving eyes filled with tears—not tears of sorrow, not tears of regret, but tears of joy.

“And Nellie,” continued Willie, “your papa will love you again as his own little Nellie.”

The little one, almost beside herself in an ecstasy of delight at having her papa back again, almost dragged her mother, who was so enraptured at the sight of her husband again wearing a smile of manhood’s freedom, that she seemed transfixed and unable to do or say anything.

“Come, mamma! come!” and the little one rushed up to him, and clasping his hands in hers, cried out, “My papa! my papa!”

At last, amid a heart-felt joy, poor Brown threw his arms around his wife, and with his old-time affection, embraces her and his wee Nellie, and amid manly tears, confessed that through the instrumentality of Willie Thompson, and his pleadings with God for his welfare, he had found the sweet forgiving grace which brings peace of soul.

“Now, my dear wife, you have me, as a ‘sinner saved by grace,’ and rescued in time.”

Still hanging on the neck of her husband, Mrs. Brown sobbed aloud. With a heart full of gratitude, and eyes uplifted towards heaven, she whispered half audibly, “Thank God—rescued in time!”



## CHAPTER XIII.

“ And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet.”

THE meeting between Willie Thompson and his father was a joyous one ; the more so because of its unexpectedness, and especially when the particulars were learned regarding the providential finding of his old-time friend, Jim Morton, and hearing the fact of his having been the instrument, in God's hands, of rescuing Morton from the fire of the Atlantic Saloon, and from the more fatal fires of rum.

Father and son were seated in the parlor of the new-made home of Mr. Morton, and were earnestly engaged in conversation when the door was gently opened, and Mrs. Morton entered apologizing for the intrusion. She was about to speak to Willie when Mr. Thompson, rising, bade her make no apology in her own house, but come right along.

“ Yes, Mrs. Morton,” added Willie, rising to meet her ; “ it's all right, we are your guests ; and indeed our conversation has only been of that with which you are cognizant.”

Mrs. Morton said that she had been anxious for a word with Willie.

"Well, I'm here, Mrs. Morton, and glad to serve you."

Handing him an old *Glasgow Herald*, she said that it was found among some old papers of James', and doubtless was received in the dark days.

"Indeed! And is there anything of importance in it for you?"

"Yes, Willie, it might have been. See this notice," and handing him the paper, she bade him read:

"If James Morton, Barrister, etc., supposed to be, or to have lately been, a resident in Toronto, will communicate with Cameron, Hoyt & Crooks, Barristers, 281 Gorbals Street, Glasgow, Scotland, he may hear of something to his advantage. Any one who knows of said James Morton, while in Toronto, is requested to communicate with Cameron, Hoyt & Crooks."

Willie, passing the paper back to Mrs. Morton, remarked that this is conclusive evidence that the home correspondence had ceased, and the changes at the Haugh Grange and its occupants were unknown, and of course unheeded.

"Yes, yes; I long ago suspected this," said Mrs. Morton, with a sigh. "But why should I murmur, now that my husband is saved and again a man? We are again tasting the happiness and joys of a home honored of God."

"Is it not very strange?" remarked Willie, "that no one in the city could give the information. And yet, it is not strange, when we remember the condition in which the James Morton had thrown himself, that little heed was given to the notice. But then, Mrs,

Morton, it is of no importance now, since we know that the eventful change has come to the old homestead and its inmates, and that the heir of the Haugh Grange is found in the person of our own James Morton. And that the settlement of the business is now placed in proper hands, and the estate will soon be in the possession of the rightful heir. If any assistance is needed, I am sure my father, here, will be pleased to render you such as he can ; and on his return to Glasgow will, if so instructed, attend to whatever may be needed. Yet, I hope you will not deny to me or my father the privilege of doing what we can for you."

" Ah, Willie ! I am indebted already to you and your father for the many kindnesses shown us. I can never forget the sacrifice you made for my dear husband, when it seemed that he was to become a victim of the fire. Oh ! how I shudder when I think of what might have been, but for your bravery. Those were dark days ; but, thank God, the beauty and joy of His sunshine are again in our home and hearts. I appreciate your kind acts, and cheering words of sympathy, during the time rum was master of my dear one, and when ruin and death seemed so near. Some one has said :

" ' A word kindly spoken, a smile or a tear,  
Though seeming but trifles, full often may cheer ;  
Each day to our lives some treasure will add,  
To be conscious that we had made somebody glad.' "

" This sentiment is true," said Willie ; " but then,

you know, Mrs. Morton, the sentiment but gives expression to the duty falling on every true man and woman, and God expects of such just such actions, and such will lift the world into a higher plane. There is so much of a debasing nature around us, against which we must contend, that it behoves us, every one of the King's children, to be on the alert to help in rescuing the perishing, while the iniquitous rum curse prevails, and is legalized among and by us; indeed, aided and abetted by Church and State, winked at by our time-serving politicians, it is the upas tree of the century, whose roots must be destroyed. Until then, none are safe or free from its influence. Indeed, it is no wonder that when men are freed from the octopus grasping of its tentacles, they are ready to work and act for others. I owe you much, and my time and my manhood are at your disposal, as seems best, and when so needed.

Mr. Thompson, who, during the conversation had been a silent but earnest listener, looking up, dryly remarked: "That, perhaps, there were sundry reasons why Willie was so often a guest at her home. And don't you think, Mrs. Morton, that there is a Maggie-netic influence, eh?"

Mrs. Morton smiled as she looked towards Willie, which had the effect of bringing some color to his cheeks. Placing his hands in hers, he tells that it would be unmanly to hide the fact that Maggie had endeared herself to him, and he had learned to love her. "I learned to do so in her darkest and most sorrowful hours. Those days of trial and heartaches

had the effect of cementing my warmest and truest affections for her. Now that the sun of hope and happiness has burst through the clouds, it makes my love for her the more ardent ; not because of any prospective change in her worldly circumstances, but because of her beautiful Christian character, which has been so grandly developed by the hard trials through which she had to pass. May I ask a mother's permission to win her hand, as I know I have her heart ? ”

“ You ask something, Willie, which is not mine to give, but were it a thousand times more, and in my power, gladly would I grant it. I can trust you in this, and if you succeed in capturing Maggie Morton's heart, you capture a prize.”

“ I thank you, Mrs. Morton, I am assured of that already, it will be my highest ambition to devote my life to her future welfare and happiness. With a trust in my dear mother's God, I will brave the battles of life and be ready with a helping hand for others in need.”

“ Willie, nothing is more precious than the happiness of Maggie. If your affections are reciprocated, I will find no complaint. I am glad, and am prepared to render any assistance in the— ”

“ Oh ! I understand,” interrupted Willie, as he surmised what was coming, “ your assistance has already come, and at present I can only offer you my warmest gratitude.”

During this auspicious conversation, Maggie and Katty also were engaged in a very important converse in the garden close by, and at this particular

moment were seen passing the parlor window, little dreaming of what was going on inside between Willie and Mrs. Morton. The two girls, oblivious to other surroundings, were absorbed in earnest talk. Katty was overheard telling Miss Maggie: "As how Sandy Turner had been askin' me to be his wife. La! me, Miss Maggie, I'se but a young bit o' a lassie yet, an' I knows nothin', an' gin I wad wed Sandy, what would Bob do for a sister?"

Maggie laughingly remarked: "Why, Katty, your new relation with honest Sandy would in no way interfere with your being still Bob's sister; and besides, Katty, lass, you know that Bob and Sandy are firm friends, more like brothers. Have you spoken to Bob about it, Katty?"

"No, Miss Maggie, but he came to me last night at the tea-table an' asked me if I wad object to hae Sandy Turner for his brother?"

"And what did you say to that, Katty?"

"Say? Miss Maggie, I didna say onything; I just kind o' laughed an' telt him that, indeed, they were brothers a'roady, an' they were so in sin an' drink, an' now in peace an' freedom, an' what mair did he want."

"That's true enough," replied Maggie, "but don't you think Bob has another idea of being Sandy's brother? No doubt, he and Sandy have been talking of probabilities of late. Come now, Katty, tell me have you consented to be Sandy's wife?"

Katty, perceptibly blushing, replied in innocent confusion: "Yes, Miss Maggie, I have, an' am sure

he'll be good to me an' be free from rum an' its awful bondage, now that he is a Christian man."

"Ay, Katty, and you a Christian woman."

"Yes, Miss Maggie, an' we can hae God wi' us in our home, an'—"

"But Katty, lass," said Maggie, laughing, "you do not possess him yet, and you know the old saying, that there's many a slip between the cup and the lip!" There was just drollery and smile enough in this sally to attract Katty's attention. Continuing, Maggie said: "There may be a possibility of setting my own cap for Sandy; he's such a prize, you know, and he's worth looking after."

"An' please, Miss Maggie, what wad Maister Willie say to that?"

"Oh! I don't know, Katty. Do you think Willie Thompson cares for such a girl as I am?"

"Yes, Miss, I knows he does; for he telt me that he——"

"Hush! Katty, you must not tell tales out of school," and with a merry laugh she made for the hall door, followed by Katty, who wondered whether she had said or did something out of place. The laughter of Maggie had the effect of attracting the attention of Mrs. Morton and Willie, who at once motioned for them to come in.

"Maggie, lass," said Mrs. Morton, "your father has been making enquiries for you. You know, dear, he misses you so much when not with him. Do you know we are all invited into the country to enjoy the novelty of a 'barn-raising.'"

"Indeed! And who are the all you speak of?"

"Oh! all of us; including our guests."

"And when do we go, mother?"

"To-day; so be spry, dear."

"Does the company include Mr. and Mrs. Brown?"

"Certainly, Maggie; and indeed I think specially for the purpose of having our friend Brown's mind more diverted from its old associations. I am looking forward to the event as a very enjoyable one for them, as well as for us. It will help drive away the effect of the terrible strain upon his nervous system. Brown, poor fellow, may hear or see something to help him in his new life. That is one of the important features I see in our going, dear. Don't you think so?"

"I hope so, mother; but why?"

"Well, from what I know of the Truemans, who, by the way, I am informed, are originally from the old home, and whose family had an intimacy with Bailie Morton of the Haugh Grange. But, as I was saying, from what I know of the Truemans, their principles on the rum question are right. Yet, there may be some obstacles come in the way of a successful 'raising', after all. It may be that the hands who come will refuse to work unless a supply of the customary liquor is supplied at such places."

This statement seemed to stagger Maggie.

"Surely," she said, "men are not so blind to their own interests as to connive at a moral wrong so monstrous in itself, and which has been so manifest in the neighborhood; which has been the means of curse



upon curse, and wrong upon wrong, until scarcely a home is free from its baneful effects. If Mr. Trueman has to suffer because of his stand on the 'no liquor plan,' surely men can be found who will do the work, for it must be done."

"Are you not somewhat impetuous, Maggie?" asked Mrs. Morton. "Would there not be a danger of appearing vindictive to those who are still asleep to their responsibility. You know, dear, from past experience, that efforts put forth for the good of our fellows are not always accepted in the spirit in which they are given. And may it not be so in this case? And to those in favor (though blindly) of the rum business, it may appear as interfering in their way of thinking."

"Perhaps—perhaps so, mother; yet we must stand firm on our principles, and never in the slightest degree waver from the right. No doubt but our company will have its effect."

The singing of the birds and the chirrup of the nimble red squirrel added to the enjoyment of the country drive; and while each seemed to rival the others as to who could carry the cheeriest countenance, the palm would evidently be given Sandy, perched beside Katty, who also wore a smile of contentment, and to a physiognomist it was evident that serenity reigned in her heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Trueman were waiting for their city friends—waiting with open arms—and on their arrival they were greeted with a royal Scottish welcome.

"Here at last, Mr. Morton? Glad to greet you," said Mr. Trueman.

"Yes, and we accept your welcome; but we have just heard some ominous ——"

"All right, Mr. Morton," interrupted Mr. Trueman; "we fear no difficulty."

"True; that may be. I can assure you I hope you will have the satisfaction of having your work done to-day on the plan you have laid out. I see your 'hands' for the 'raising' have got together."

"Yes, Mr. Morton. You were speaking a moment ago about some ominous mutterings, I suppose? 'Tis quite true there are some such going on among them, because I believe they have heard that there would be no rum for the raising."

"Of course, you are still determined on that point?"

"Certainly, Mr. Morton, there can be no compromise with us—none whatever."

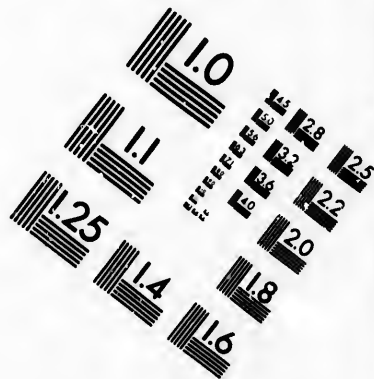
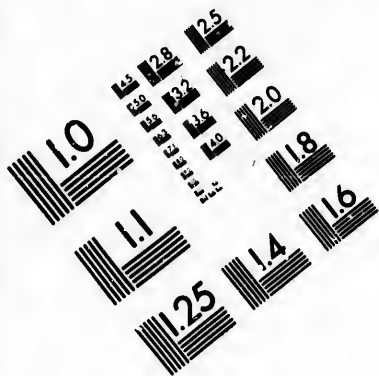
"But if they refuse to work—what then, Mr. Trueman?"

"Then other means must be employed," said Mr. Trueman, firmly. "But wait; here come a number of the hands—perhaps a delegation."

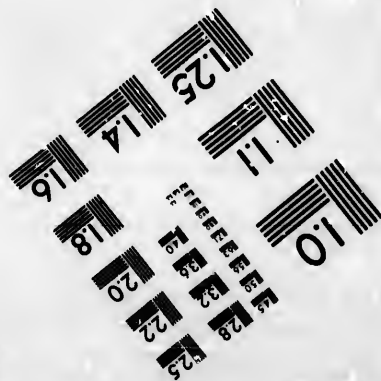
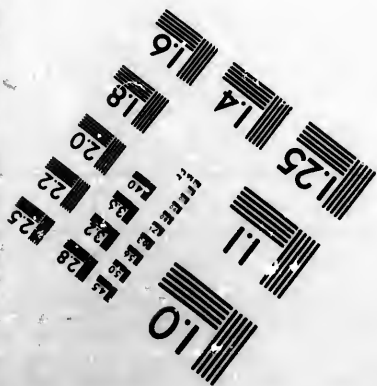
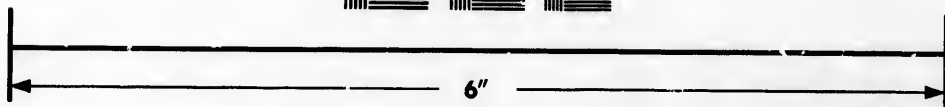
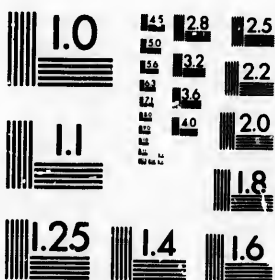
"Well, men," said Mr. Trueman, as they came forward; "glad you are on hand. All is now in readiness, and we will proceed to the work."

"Ess, Mr. Trueman," said Steve Murdoch, who acted as spokesman, in a half-defiant way, "be it true that there'll be no liquor at the raisin'?"





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"Ef there baint," said another, "we'se go home again."

"Sure as certain," chimed in another, "we baint come here for a cold-water time, be we boys?"

"Naw, we baint," shouted several.

"Men, hear me!" said Mr. Trueman. "Let there be no misunderstanding between us. As to the supplies you speak of, they do not belong to my way of doing business; it is against my principles. But as to supplying you with every comfort, I refer you to the care of my good wife there; she is the caterer to your requirements and mistress of ceremonies, and no doubt she will be able to provide a plenty of everything which will do you good and not ill. My part to-day is to provide the raisin' materials; these are all ready to be put in position, and when done I am prepared to return you hour for hour. You will be well treated and cared for, but as to furnishing any of the 'stuff,' as you term it, there can be none of it."

"Let's go home, Steve," said one of the party—a rough-featured fellow, whose appearance was evidence enough that the "stuff" and he had been acquainted before—"let's go, Steve, ef they won't liquor up."

"See 'ere, Mr. Trueman," said Steve, bristling up, "ef ye can't be liberal, an' bring on the stuff, I'se bound there'll be a scatterment o' the 'ands."

During the time the delegation was urging their case, Willie Thompson and his friends, Sandy and Bob, had come suddenly on them, and had overheard the closing words of Steve Murdoch. Drawing closer, they were eager to know what the clamor was about.

But just then there was a general movement among the raising hands, who were noticed coming towards where Mr. Trueman was standing.

"At's reet, Steve, lad; keep at 'im. We can't do 'thout th' stuff nohow, an' he can't do 'thout us."

"No more can we," said another, from the background. "We've always had the stuff, and we're goin' to have it now or there will be no raisin'."

"Good for ye," said Steve, and turning towards Mr. Trueman, added: "Ye see, sir, the boys as is here means wat they says, so you'd better 'and over the stuff as makes our hearts glad."

At this sally of Steve's, a buzz of maudling approbation arose among the hands, which caused a sensation, and brought to the front Mrs. Trueman, a modest, neat little Scotch woman, a little past life's mid-day, yet whose eye was keen and on whose cheeks was a ruddy bloom. As she stood erect, and with a motherly smile she showed a determination to vindicate her rights. To the demand made upon her husband to supply rum, she made an emphatic answer, "No; none whatever." She moved closer to the crowd of hands, followed by Mr. Trueman, Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and near by were Willie Thompson, Bob and Sandy, all of them showing a determined front.

This had the effect of creating a restlessness among the more turbulent of the crowd.

"Say, Steve, them folks is bricks, ain't they? An' they means business, mind ye."

This remark was made by one of Steve's band, whose make-up was that of a shabby genteel, or one

who had seen better days. His face was bloated, bleared and marked by that never-failing sign left by the hand of the rum curse, which had become his master, and he a willing slave.

"I knows it, lad," said Steve; "but we allus reckon on the stuff at a raisin'."

At this Mrs. Trueman told them that, as far as she was concerned, "it's no rum, and, of course, as you say, no raisin'."

"Let's go home, lads. We've allus had it, and we're goin' to have it, or no work."

"Hurrah! rah! for home, boys," became the general shout. "No rum, no work!"

"Hold men! before you go, let me speak."

"Ess, speak away, and we'se hear what you has to say."

"A' reet, woman, say on," said Steve.

Mrs. Trueman, addressing them as friends and neighbors, said: "We have been at peace, and lived and worked together for years. Our help and sympathies have been at your call in the past. Your welfare and ours are one. Your success in life is our pride, and to-day we have only, as custom demands, asked you together to aid us in a neighborly way. We have made every preparation for your comfort, ample in every respect. But that your toil may not be surrounded with danger, we refuse to follow the barbarous custom of providing rum. With rum we could not ask God's blessing, and without it we can, not only on your work, but on your enjoyments. To supply rum would be courting accidents and danger,



and would be providing something which would rob you of your manhood, or send you home worse than when you came. Mr. Trueman is willing to pay you for your trouble as well, which, you must admit, is not customary at a 'raisin' bee.'"

Steve Murdoch, at this, roared out: "Ye need not drink the rum; ef ye let rum alone, it will let ye alone."

"That is not your experience," said Mr. Trueman. "So far as my knowledge goes concerning the history of the neighborhood, what you say is one of the basest lies ever coined in the devil's mint. The innocent victims of rum are numberless, and among them millions of women and children who have left it alone."

"Bravo! 'Ows that for ye, Steve?" shouted a rusty, unkempt fellow, who had listened to Mr. Trueman.

"A heap you knows 'bout it," said Steve, as he turned and glared at the man.

"See her, Steve Murdoch," retorted the interrupter, "I knows this much, that it's but a few years since ye was the owner o' this very farm on which we now stand, an' only at the last provincial election, when ye voted as tenant of another farm, ye stated that you had swallowed two farms, and was now swallowing another, stock and implements and all. An', Steve, I knows what you an' I an' our families have been under the terrible lash o' rum, an' if the custom o' the past has been for rum at a raisin', I for one hold up both hands for none to-day, and—"

"Hold up there!" shouted a number of the listeners. "We'se hae rum, or we'se hae no raisin'."

Sandy Turner had come close enough just in time to hear these remarks, and felt compelled to speak; when Katty, knowing Sandy's impetuous nature, hurried to where he was, and whispered to him to be carefu', as some o' the men might hurt him.

A smile from Sandy was enough for Katty, as she stepped back, and while doing so someone asked him if it meant a compromise.

"Compromise? No! We've no compromise to make wi' rum."

"Why not? Is rum not one of God's good creatures, and did He not cause the grapes to grow?"

"Yes, an' He made poison. It, too, is one work comin' from God's hand."

"See 'ere, Mister," said Steve, "who are ye, anyway?" and raising his voice, with clinched fist aimed a blow at Sandy's head, but he was agile enough to dodge it.

"Keep cool," said Sandy. "I know you, Steve Murdoch. You, more than all others of this crowd, should be the last man to advocate havin' rum to-day. I heerd o' you before. I knows you as Steve Murdoch o' the Glen Farm."

"That's who I be, and——"

"I know it," interrupted Sandy, "an' I knows that, had it not been for rum, ye wad hae been different to what ye are to-day."

Steve, discomfited, was in the act of turning away when Mr. Trueman stepped to them, reminding

Sandy that the day was fast passing, and added that he desired to say a word to Steve regarding the fact of the friends coming from the city, by invitation, to see a barn-raisin'—something new to them.

"Yes, Maister Trueman," said Sandy, "to maist o' the folks it wad be new, but I'm afeered if there's no rum there'll be no raisin'. But, man, this man Steve is a queer stick."

"Yes, Sandy, I understand that there seems a strong determination on the part of the hands to refuse to work unless supplied with what they call the 'stuff.' And I may say, now, so there will be no misunderstanding, that if the raisin' is to be effected only by the help of rum, then the raisin' will never take place. Mrs. Trueman has amply provided for the comfort of every one engaged in the work." And turning to where Steve and his crowd stood, scowling and muttering, he asked them what they would do.

"Do?—we'll do nought, man. We'se go home," said Steve, sullenly. "It hae been our custom 'mong us for years, an' we'se no break out now." And so saying, he turned on his heel to the crowd, who, by this time gathered near him as their spokesman, and shouted: "Hurrah, lads! Let's go home! Let's a' leave!"

"No!" shouted one of the company, sternly. This was said by a stoutly-built man, who was lame and compelled to use a cane, having the appearance of one who had seen better days. In his Cornish vernacular, he said: "Mr. Trueman is right in what he

says, and we is in the wrong, an' we knows it, an' our wives knows it. An' lads, we has no reet to insist on bein' supplied wi' somethin' that will be a menace to our safety an' success in the work we has come to do." Casting a glance towards Steve Murdoch, he added, "before consenting to leave or go home, I will take an expression o' the company, who I believe will act honestly; an' here, lads, I will agree to whatever decision you come to—I go wi' the majority. I am convinced, for one, that the time has come among us, and in our neighborhood, when the rum custom on such occasions—so ruinous in the past, and so much against our personal interest—should be broken up. Now, then, lads, who is wi' me? Let him step out."

A momentary hesitancy followed, then one stepped out, and another, and another. Then, as if moved by some invisible impulse, the rest came out as one man, leaving Steve Murdoch and one of the Gavins, who had come later than the others, but who posed as Steve's right-hand man. With a look of supreme disgust he motioned to Steve to come away.

Steve, noticing the motion made by Gavin, at once stood on what he termed his dignity and ambled to the outside of the crowd. He had gone but a short distance when they met Joe Brown, as he was formerly called when he was proprietor of Brown's saloon. Brown and his wife were quietly enjoying an outing among their friends. Steve, on seeing them, remarked that "Joe Brown had turned temperance crank, too."

"Yes, Steve, that's so," said Brown, good-naturedly;

"but if I am a temperance crank I am a man, now, and am free from the curse of rum. But say, Steve, where are you going now?"

"Oh! I'm leavin' this place."

"Why man, Steve, I understood you were leader of this crowd."

"Leader, nothin'."

"Ah! Steve, I pity you. I know what it has done, and I know what it can do. Now, let me advise you, and I do so from my past experience; it's all wrong, it has——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Steve.

"You may laugh, Steve, and ridicule what I say, but you know I have been there and I know it is true. And while you laugh and sneer, I and mine can enjoy our new-found peace and comfort."

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, well, old boy, a' reet; you go your way, an' I'll go mine. Let nobody's opinion open an' close my mouth. We can take a drop an' can leave it alone—can't we, Gavin?"

"Yes, Steve, an' that we can."

"And you'd rather take it than leave it alone any time; wouldn't you, now?"

While Joe Brown was speaking, a cheer was heard from the ground where the material for the raising was spread ready to be put in position. Quite a commotion was going on among the men who had decided to remain and do the work. The cheers were caused by the fact that sides had been chosen, and captains to lead them on. The men chosen to captain the raising were both sturdy, intelligent men, who fully

understood the barn-raising business. All went to work at the command of the captains, and with a zest which betokened a speedy finish. Everything was in readiness: cant-hooks, chains, ropes, block and tackle, and all the sundries required for such a work.

Good-natured excitement was at fever heat; the captains urging their men; and with hasty directions all were bent on being first at the finish. Amid shouts and cheers, the timbers were speedily placed in position, and the hearty "Heave O! Heave O!" and "Lift her up, my lads!" from both sides was heard. A good-natured competition was fairly waged by both contending sides.

"Now, my lads, this way! Get your bents ready—mallets, pins, and everything. Now, my boys! all hands together now, lift her up!—up with her, boys! That's 'er, my lads; heave 'er up!"

First one side, then the other shout. Cheer upon cheer and counter cheer evidenced the determination of both captains to be foremost in the finishing touches.

During the cheering and excitement and general hub-bub, and hurrying hither and thither, each bent on his own side's success; the city visitors had got round and were thoroughly enthusiastic, being about equally divided in their choice of sides.

Mr. Ben Thompson, Q.C., had often read or had heard of "bees" and "raisings," yet had never before been an eye-witness. He seemed in an ecstasy of delight, remarking to his friend Morton, who stood at his side, "that it was a dangerous work, and was not safe when in the hands of any but sober men."

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. Morton, "and does it not behove every man, who has the welfare of his fellows at heart, to use every means in his power to discountenance the use of drink on such occasions, or, in fact, on any occasion? I am proud of the firm stand taken by our friend Trueman. He is to be admired for his brave determination."

"I must add my admiration for Mrs. Trueman," said Mr. Thompson.

"Oh! yes, it is a benediction to a man to be blessed with a Christian wife," and as he said so he looked towards Mrs. Morton. Being near enough to hear him, a feeling of thankfulness welled up in her heart because she was the wife of James Morton.

Maggie and Katty, who, for some time, had been busy preparing the long board tables on the front lawn, also became much interested spectators, and cheered as one captain succeeded in gaining an advantage over the other.

Men, as ordered, moved hither and thither, bringing rafters to one side and handspike to the other side; soon the finishing touches were reached. The raising of the plates were started together, then came the cry of "Up with her, lads! Heave O! Heave O!" A mallet; a pin; a stroke. "There she be! Hip, hip, hurrah! Hurrah!"

The captain of the north side led his men off the field victorious, with a cheer, oh! such a cheer, and joined in by the vanquished side.

Hurriedly the stampede is made for the house; a perspiring, begrimed, good-natured crowd of men

who, for the first time in the neighborhood, acted like men at the ending of a raising.

The joking and good-humored sallies were given and taken, as a rapid and crude toilet was performed at the long log rain trough. The party were soon seated and partaking of the many good things provided for them; plenty of good things, but no rum.

Mrs. Trueman drew near to the head of the long table and, in her motherly way, thanked them, and was pleased at the success, and said: "That when any one, or all of them, required a hand, she was ready on call."

"Ain't she a grand 'oman?" was overheard from one of those who opposed the no rum business.

"That she is. I tell ye lad, she's worth a mint o' money," said another.

"An' say, chappie, baint our own wifes the right kind if they had a chance?"

"Ay, they be; an' we will give them a chance from this out."

All felt satisfied for the first time in their history at a raising. No one was hurt, and no one had inclination to quarrel with his friend. And why? Because there was no rum, and all retained their reason.

"A poor price for my manhood is a rum-soaked body," said one of the captains, as he rose, and beckoned to his brother captain, adding: "Since this has been a success, we pledge ourselves from this time to use all our influence for no rum at raisin's, or anywhere else. What say you, my lads?"



"So say we all," came from all members of the company.

Bob and Sandy moved towards where Brown stood, in perfect amazement, throwing up their hats in thorough old-time joy, and shouting with all their youthful vigor: "Three cheers for the raisin' with no rum!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

“ The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“ WELL, Maggie, at last, after all our darkness and sorrow, light has come, and with the light our home is again what God intended it should be, and would have been but for rum.”

So spoke Mrs. Morton, as she finished reading a letter still held in her hand. This letter had just been received from Mr. Morton, who had been absent making final arrangements concerning the estate of his father, Bailie Morton, of the Haugh Grange.

Seldom had Mrs. Morton to speak to Maggie the second time. But not getting an answer, or an acknowledgment of the remark made, she was surprised to find her still fingering her piano, listlessly humming a favorite stanza :

“ Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee.”

Noticing her mother, she asked if she was speaking.

“ Yes, but you seem engrossed in your music, or something.”

“ Perhaps it is something, mother,” replied Maggie,

with a roguish nod of the head, accompanied with a merry laugh.

"I was just remarking—"

"I understand, mother," interrupted Maggie.

"You rogue of a girl! Must I repeat what I was saying?"

"No, no, mother. I heard what you said; but to be honest and tell the truth, my mind was somewhere else just when you were speaking."

"Yes, I daresay; and your heart, too, I suppose. I really wonder if Willie Thompson has not full possession in that stronghold."

And Maggie, laughing right out, replied, somewhat embarrassed, "I was—ah—singing."

"Yes, so I heard; but your song might have been

" 'My heart's in the Highlands,  
My heart is not here.' "

Maggie, continuing her merry laughter, said that sometimes such reveries were excusable.

"Nonsense, child; there is no need of being in reverie on *that matter*," and smilingly emphasizing the *that matter*, which brought a rose tint to Maggie's cheeks.

Rising and approaching her mother, she affectionately placed her own hands in hers. She asked, "Are you aware of my relations with Willie?"

"Well, well, Miss Timidity," said Mrs. Morton, "why should I know anything of your relations with—whom did you say?"

"With Willie."

"Do you mean our friend Willie Thompson?"

"Come, come now, mother. You know something, for I saw you and Willie in very earnest conversation before we went to the Trueman farm, and—and—"

"Yes, and I saw you and Willie in very earnest converse, too. How about that?"

"Certainly, mother; and why not? Is he not our friend? And were we not all conversing and interested in what was going on?"

"Yes, yes, dear; but now tell me. Was not your conversation of a different nature from the others? What meant the flush on the cheek? the droop in the eye? the earnest, pleading look of Willie as he held you by the hand?"

"Oh, I—I—was—"

"Interested, of course," interrupted Mrs. Morton. "Of course you were."

Maggie, again in smiling attitude, asked if it was wrong to reciprocate a feeling of true friendship, if it ripened into something more, and that something touched the inner room of the heart's domain.

"To be sure, darling," lovingly patting her on the cheek. "There is no wonder of an attachment and a union of hearts, for I must confess, I, too, enjoy his company, and am always edified by his manly talk and bearing. He is so manly, you know. And then, too, Maggie, we are deeply indebted to him for what he has done for us in the past."

"Ah, mother, the terrible past! It is enough to know what that was to us. Please, mother, let us avoid all reference to it. Our sufferings then were

enough. So together we can thank God because Willie was used as God's workman to save dear, dear father, and bring him back to us as 'a brand from the fire,' and leaning her head on her mother's breast, added: "It is true, mother, that I am the promised wife of Willie Thompson."

"I thought so, little lass. And by whose authority, eh? A-ha!"

"Mother, you know more about that matter than you are willing for me to know. Now, don't you?"

"I suppose, Maggie, I may as well own up, he has spoken to me, but then, you know it means a great deal to take upon yourself the vows of a wife. As someone has tritely said :

" 'They talk about a woman's sphere  
As if it had no limit ;  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whispered "Yes," or "No,"  
There's not a life, or death, or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth,  
Without a woman in it.' "

With a merry twinkle of the eye, Maggie replied: "Whoever the writer was, he must have had some experience, for really I begin to think that whatever of true womanhood I possess, I am indebted to you for. How often my heart has gone out to God in thankfulness for the blessing of such a mother to me. Dear, dear mother, you are above all others the next

to heaven," and pressing a fond kiss on her forehead, she said :

“ ‘ The fragrance of a mother’s love  
Is as an incense given,  
A solace coming from above,  
And to my heart a heaven.’ ”

“ I am glad, Maggie, you appreciate your mother, and it delights me to know that God has, in His kindness and providence, sent me one who has become a member of His family and espoused His cause, and become one of His honored workmen, to ask for your hand and heart. My prayer for you, my dear, is that your lives be owned and abundantly blessed of God, and a joy and comfort to each other.”

Maggie, raising her drooping eyes, rested them on her mother, which seemed the only expression either could for the moment give. Remaining silent for a moment, the embrace of affection made hearts beat in unison. Mrs. Morton was about to speak, when Maggie, heaving a sigh, asked how soon would dear father return.

“ You do not fear for him now, Maggie, do you ? ”

“ No, mother ; not that, but I— ”

“ Oh, he may return any time now,” replied Mrs. Morton, suspecting what the remainder of the sentence was. “ My heart is glad when I look forward to his return, having now no fears or dread in the thought, as we had before, when the awful cloud of sorrow was hanging over us. If the clouds of despair could but be lifted from the thousands of heart-aching ones, and

the shivering and tortured helpless ones, the world would bask in a new joy. Let but the people rise in their might, and break the bonds in which rum and its votaries has bound them, then the God that rules and reigns on high will accept the honest help of His workmen in making the people free."

"Mother, I am glad with you in that our dear home has the true meaning of the old sweet song,

" ' Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home. '

Do you know, mother, I have been thinking that we should honor God with some thank-offering, and give a helping hand to Joe Brown and his wife?"

"Joe Brown? Our new friend, Maggie?"

"Yes; you know he has given up the saloon, and become a Christian."

"To be sure. But in what way, dear, do you propose helping him?"

"Well, you know how we have been blessed spiritually and temporally, and have the means at our disposal; and since we are only the stewards of God's money, does He not expect us to aid the needy of His children? Joe Brown has been rescued from the rum curse, and given up the liquor business, and become one of the family of God. Is he not worthy of our help? You know he is naturally smart, and has considerable business ability. If he had a small business upon which he could ask and expect God's blessing, who can tell what a boon it may be to others?"

"Very good, Maggie, dear. And what do you propose to do for him? Have you any idea of what would suit him?"

"No; yet I have heard from Mrs. Brown, that in early life he was an expert mineralogist, and at one time held a good position in the city of Quebec. I am sure father would exert himself for his obtaining a position."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Mrs. Morton, meditatively.

"Then, too, I am sure Willie would aid in furthering his interest. You know his position well fits him for that, as now he has full control of the drainage department for the Provincial Government. So his influence would go a long way."

"And do you know Mrs. Brown's mind on the subject?"

"Yes, mother; for only the other night Willie suggested it himself, and she, poor woman, was highly elated over the idea. He, no doubt, would be satisfied, and would willingly engage in the most menial service upon which he could ask the blessing of God, rather than again be in the business of making desolation and ruin."

"How strange!" said Mrs. Morton.

"Strange? Why is it strange, mother?"

"Strange, dear, because that very subject was discussed some time ago by your father and myself."

"When?"

"I think about the time that Willie was making such an effort to save him from being a total wreck,



and yet in this work was the victim of persecution. And, daughter, it does seem to me as if the hand of God is directing this whole matter. So let us be ready to be guided still. You know, dear, it is always best to be under the guiding care of Him who has bid us cast all our care on Him, for he careth for us."

"Yes, mother, we have proved that."

Mrs. Morton was about to speak when the door-bell rang, causing the conversation to drop. Maggie, answering the call, was surprised to see Katty waiting, all smiles and the very picture of happiness.

"To be sure, Miss Katty, you here?"

"Yes, miss," and, making an elaborate courtesy, told her, "as how I wants to see you, Miss Maggie, an' have a talk wi' you."

"Come right in, Katty; I'm very glad you have come. How nice of you to come to see me!"

"You see, miss, it's this way, I—I—hem!"

"Why, Katty, don't blush so," broke in Maggie, as she laughed heartily.

Katty made out to say, "as how Sandy Turner has asked me to be his wife."

"Ah! Miss Katty, you little rogue, you. Is that what is the cause of all those blushes and smiles?"

"Well, Miss Maggie, I could not help it, 'cause he—he—just—hem!"

"Asked you, Katty," added Maggie, laughing.

"Yes, miss; yes, miss."

"Well, Katty, Sandy is now a fine fellow, and will make you a good and noble husband."

"Yes, miss, and I knows that; but you see, miss, I'se only poor Katty Rogers, an'—an'—"

"I know, I know, Katty—and Katty Rogers is enough to hold a true woman's heart. And, my dear girl, if you love Sandy, and he loves you, is that not enough?"

"But, you see, miss, I'se not a—"

"Come, come, now! you must stop making apologies; for as far as Sandy is concerned he is a man now, and on the look-out for one of God's own women; and I know he has found one in Katty Rogers."

Katty put her hand to her forehead as if to hide the proud flush caused by the kind remark of Maggie. This act revealed a beautiful ring on her finger.

"A-ha! Miss Katty. Let me see your pretty ring! Where did you get it? My! what a beauty."

"Please, miss, Sandy gave it to me. It's a beauty, ain't it, miss?"

"Indeed it is; and I notice a union of two hearts on it," said Maggie.

"Please, miss, Maister Brown saw it, an' he says it's the pure thing, an' says 'cause he knows, as he used to be in the minin' business afore he got into the rum trade."

"Have you seen Mr. Brown, lately, then?"

"Yes, miss, I seed 'im just before I came here, an' he told me that he was glad, oh! so glad, he was a man again; an' proud 'cause he sees the old-time smile and love-light on his dear wife's face."

"Have you seen Mrs. Brown and her little Nellie?"

"Yes, miss, an' they are comin' to see you; an' she told me as how Maister Thompson was comin' to take you away, an'—"

"Hush! hush! Katty," said Maggie, laughing, "how you do talk; take me away? And what would Willie want with me? You see, I am only Maggie Morton."

"An' please, miss, that's just what I said o' mysel'. 'Deed, I'se only Katty Rogers."

Both joining in hearty laughter, as only pure, innocent maidenhood can, and were about renewing their badgering each other, when Archie, the jovial, warm-hearted cabman, drove up into the front yard. Then, with nimble movement, the cab door was opened, and Mr. Morton, accompanied by Dr. Hamilton, alighted. And hurriedly mounting his cab, Archie was off singing as he went:

" 'O' a' the airts the win' can blow  
I dearly loo the west;  
It's there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lass that I loo best.' "

"He's a warm-hearted, merry fellow, Doctor," said Mr. Morton, looking after Archie as he rode away.

"Yes! but the time was when he was not so, Mr. Morton; I have known him a long time, and well remember when he was a blot on society. But for the curse of rum his past would have been different."

"The past, did you say, doctor? Oh! the awful past, if it could only be blotted from our memory." He trembled as he remembered some of its scenes, and

with a kindly look towards Mrs. Morton, exclaimed :  
" Oh ! the past, the awful past ! "

" My darling husband ! " said Mrs. Morton, as she clasped his hand in hers, and with all the fervor of a devoted wife, added : " We can thank God, the past is gone. Where sorrow reigned supreme, now the sunlight of God's marvellous favor shines. We are resting in the favor of Him who is a friend indeed. "

Presently Katty entered hurriedly, with some appearance of excitement.

" Why, Katty, you seem excited. What's the matter ? " said Maggie.

" Oh ! miss ; please, here is father an' brother Bob comin', an' they are talkin' an' talkin' ! "

" And what if they are ? What of it ? We will be pleased to see them ; and you, too. "

And Mr. Morton hurried to meet them ; bidding them a cherry welcome, saying : " And how have you been Mr. — Oh ! excuse me, I must use the old-time and familiar name, Bob. "

" Ay, Maister Morton ; I likes that, I does. "

" Well then, Bob, call me Jim, that is more in keeping with the time of our first acquaintance in the long ago. "

" No, no ! An' please let me call you still Maister Morton, an' that is due you ; an' now, as ye are the laird o' the Haugh Grange, I maun be permitted to ca' ye Maister Morton. "

" Well, well, be it as you wish ; but to me you are dear as Bob Rogers, the stow-away. But, Bob, I

noticed as you were coming towards the house, you were all excitement. What has disturbed you?"

Bob laughed at this, and asked if it was so easily noticed on him.

"Yes, Bob, it was quite perceptible."

"'Deed, Maister Morton, it cows a', for I didna think I was onyway flustered. Ye ken I'm gey an' sonsie, an' no easy put about. Howsomever, ye see sir, as I was on my way here wi' the twa lads, we came on a poor unfortunate fellow in the roadway, who to a' appearances was very ill. In fact, sir, to my mind the man was dyin'. An' as I thought I wad look at him, an' as I did so, my! oh, my! what a start I got! The thoct cam' ower me that I kenned the face, tho' wrinkled and age-worn. Yet, sir, there was a something aboot him that made me start wi' fright. His vera expression reminded me o' Bernard Stovel o' the long ago. An' ye ken, Maister Morton, as how he telt us baith that he wad meet us again."

"Bernard Stovel, did you say, Bob?"

"Yes, sir, an' I'm no far wrang, I'm thinkin'."

"Tell me, Bob," said Mr. Morton, rising to his feet, "was there anyone with him when you saw him?"

"Weel, ye see, sir, the man as was wi' him was more than I could tell, but the lads there thought it was a man they ca'd Gavin, an' he said he know'd him as was sick, an' he had been in his company since he came here a day or two ago in search o' his son, who he said was a doctor; who practised in the

township o' Chinguacousey, in the county o' Peel. But when he was told o' his son's sad end he took it so to heart he was continually in the saloon, an' became perfectly crazed wi' drink. An' sir, when I offered my help, an' said my name was Bob Rogers, an' I wasna ashamed o't, wad ye believe it, sir, the awfu' look he gave me fairly made me tremble, an' me an' the lads left an' made for your place as fast as possible."

"If this is the man you think it is, Bob, he is our old enemy. And even if so I am prepared to help him."

"Weel, sir, it's no so far away, an' it won't take me long, so I'll just step over an' find out more aboot him," and wheeling on his heel he moved towards the door, about to depart, when he exclaimed: "Maister Morton, I declare if here is na' Archie drivin' up the road as fast as his pony can come!"

Surprised at this, Mr. Morton rushed to meet him, anxious to know if anything was wrong.

"Hello! Archie, my man; what's up now?"

"Whoa there! whoa!" and springing from the seat, he made his way to where Mr. Morton stood.

"Well, Archie, what causes your hurry? And you are quite excited, too, my lad, eh?"

"Well, sir, I was on my way to one o' my neighbors, to tell him o' the good luck ye hae had falling heir to the big Scotch estate, an' on my way home I found on the roadside a poor fellow, a stranger; an', findin' he was vera ill, I wanted to drive him to some doctor, but the man as was wi' him--Gavin he ca'd

himself—told me it was too late, as he was dyin', an' so I staid wi' him until he did dee—an' oh! sir, sic a sight I never want to see again."

"Dead! did you say, Archie?"

"Yes, sir, dead; an' the man Gavin as was wi' him asked me if I know'd the Mortons. I told him I did, an' was proud o't. Wi' a scowl an' a sneer he handed me this bit o' letter, an' told me to give it you, sir; addin', as he gave it to me, 'that it was likely that the Mortons wad ken something about him.'" And he handed the well-worn piece of letter to Mr. Morton, who eagerly unfolded it, crimped and folded, written on Scottish legal paper, bearing a dim water mark of the Clyde Paper Company and a date back in the "fifties."

Bob and Mr. Morton seemed instinctively to think that Providence was again at work. Both became excited as the strange missive was read. Mr. Morton's countenance changed color as he handed the document to Bob, desiring him to read it.

Bob, in an agitation and tremble, read aloud:

"My revenge will come. 'It is a long day that has no night.' After waiting for years, I find at last that the Haugh Grange estate has fallen into the hands of James Morton, Q.C., in some part of Canada. and I must find him, who may have about him, if alive, that scum of a stow-away who foiled my plans and played havoc on board ship, and at the city of Quebec on the arrival of the barque *California*. My game was all up, and now that I can I will have my revenge. My oath is at stake, to find him if alive, and then, my revenge. I was foiled then and

failed in getting the thousand pounds because of the hated stow-away, Bob Rogers. I was conquered then, but I told them I would see them again, and if I live I shall, and then, have my revenge.

“BERNARD STOVEL.”

During the reading of this wonderful document, which had so providentially fallen into their hands, the listeners were amazed. Unperceived, Willie and Maggie had entered the room, but could not understand the cause of such consternation depicted on their countenances.

“What is the meaning of all this?” asked Willie.

“A providential deliverance,” replied Mr. Morton.

“Ay, sir, an’ maybe from an awfu’ fate for some one,” said Bob.

Archie, putting on a serious yet comical expression, remarked, “The Lord is aye good to his ain folk.”

Maggie was still wondering, and, placing her hand on her father’s arm, asked from what was the deliverance.

“From an old foe, Maggie, lass.”

“Oh! dear, dear, father, tell me not your old—”

“No, no, daughter; not that old foe. No, no; God keeps me from that, and—”

“What foe, then?” impatiently queried Maggie.

“It’s something of the long ago; and it’s my old and true friend, Bob, who has been threatened; but, thank God, we have been cared for and kindly watched over.”

“Deed, sir, did I no tell ye that the Lord was guid to his ain?” chimed in Archie.



"And used you as his messenger," added Bob.

Turning to Maggie, Mr. Morton told her it was enough for her to know at present that they were now safe and free from harm.

"Why, father?"

"Because the enemy is—"

"Dead," added Bob.

"There, there now, child," said Mr. Morton; "you will know more of it bye-and-bye, so be satisfied."

"But I must have you tell me," pleaded Maggie.

"Not now, daughter; it is only an old scrap of a letter."

"Yes, but its contents; what are they?"

"There, there; now you need have no fear. I may say the avenger is dead and has gone to meet his Maker at the bar of God, where justice reigns. He has gone to his doom, a victim of avarice, revenge and rum."

"And gone a suicide," added Willie, who took in the case at once.

"Yes, doubtless, and we are saved," said Mr. Morton, solemnly.

\* \* \* \* \*

The beautiful Indian summer found the home of James Morton the happy scene of a matrimonial company and bliss. There were gathered God's noble men and women to enjoy the festivities of a double marriage—that of Maggie Morton and simple, pure-hearted Katty Rogers—making Willie Thompson and versatile, happy Sandy Turner the happiest of men.

A happy group of friends and well-wishers were there, and none more sincere than Joe Brown—now Mr. Joseph Brown of the mineralogical staff of Ontario—he being accompanied by his now happy wife and pure-hearted Nellie, all joyous.

Time has passed ; peace and prosperity, with God's promised blessing, have followed them, resulting from the fact that the chains of the rum monster have been broken. Men have been freed from its terrible grasp. The glorious sunlight of God's goodness, grace and joy has filled their hearts and homes.

Chains of sin are broken and freedom comes, and the home of James Morton has become the residence of harmony, love, joy and peace. No more a slave of rum, but by grace a saved sinner. Truly a brand plucked from the burning, saved and rescued in time.

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