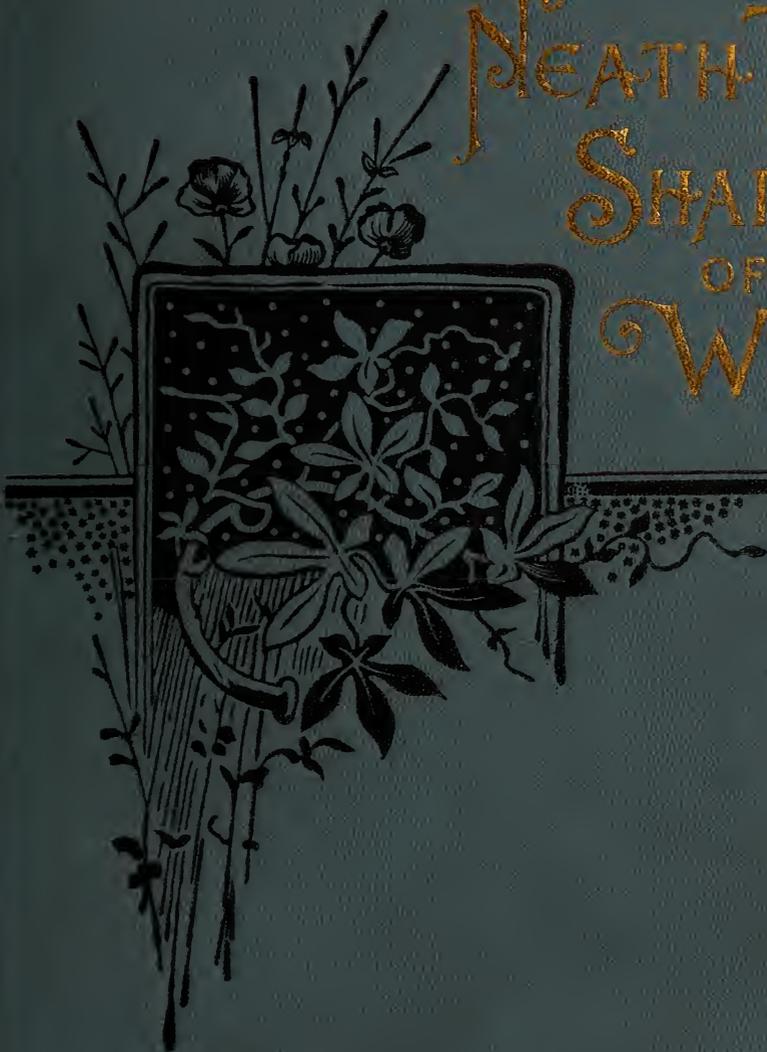


NEATH THE
SHADOW
OF HIS
WING





AN ORPHANAGE LAD.



JUST TEN YEARS LATER.

NEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS
WING

BY

LONNIE LOYLE.

Thornwell

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DEDICATION.

TO THOSE WHOSE
LOVING HEARTS,
TENDER TO THE
TOUCH OF GOD,

HAVE MADE POSSIBLE THE WORK AT THORNWELL,
AND TO THOSE COMRADES OF HAPPY BY-GONE DAYS
WHOSE FELLOWSHIP I THEN ENJOYED IN LOVE AND

NOW IN MEMORY,
THIS IS DEDICATED
WITH THE WISH
THAT IT MAY
BE AS PLEASANT
FOR THEM TO
LEARN OR TO
REMEMBER AS
FOR THE AUTHOR
TO REMIND.

In Memoriam.

Thornwell, gift of God to joyless hearts and homes I think of thee
When my heart would find an harbor from the wildness of life's sea,
When my soul would find an anchor mid the breakers of its woe,
And is longing for a voice to speak the peace it fain would know.

Then my spirit seeks communion with the God who gave it birth,
Speed ye, messengers, oh, speed ye to the dearest spot on earth,
Gather there the richest memories the choicest and the best.
Bring them e'er my God shall come for he would find my soul at rest.

Whisper thro the vale and tell my secret to the wildwood flowers,
Seek the bosom of the lily, bid the brooks inform their bowers
Of my heart aches. They will lade your wings with memories of love.
From our holiest of holies, heaven within and heaven above.

Simple by-paths thro the meadow, simple windings thro the wood,
Simple ripples of the brooklet, simple friends of humble blood,
Ye are mine, my childhood loves, I'll ne'er desert you for another,
Till I learn to love some heartless, loveless beauty more than mother.

Each mother is the country's heart as Jesus is the heart of heaven,
Mother-love and Saviour-love the richest boons to mortals given,
Safely guide us, gently draw us as we ever upward plod,
Mother dear the heart of home and Jesus Christ the heart of God.



Prefatory Note.



THE STORIES in this little book are true stories, in the main. They are, some of them, composite, that is, made up of incidents from lives of different boys.

Names have been changed sometimes and sometimes not. In all the sketches there is nothing unnatural or impossible in its happening at the Orphanage.

This book makes no pretensions to literary merit. It is simply an attempt to speak to sympathetic ears, out of the abundance of the heart.

THE AUTHOR.



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A Dream and an Introduction.

[T HAD been a hard week on the young pastor. Hard and yet how delightfully so. Only in the mental and physical strain had it been work to inspire a young man to rise from the drunkard's gutter and in another's strength to be a man; only thus also to comfort the bereaved family or the declining saint. But when Saturday night came and the two sermons for to-morrow lay finished upon the table, a little weary and a little restless he sat by the bed-room window. It was too glorious outside, too balmy for lowered windows, and too brilliant for lighted lamp. And so he sa-reveling in the calm and peace of the June evening. The footsteps on the street below became fewer, the gay laughter from the neighboring parlor ceased, one by one the lights of the street windows vanished and only the drowsy hum of the beetle and the dismal chirp of emboldened insects could be heard. He sat with the glorious moonlight full in his face until the eyes that had searched in vain for the cow and the fence on its mottled surface might have been seen to close. Perhaps it was the girlish face that he saw there, or perhaps the jolly one beside it, or perhaps it was the work of a stray fairy suggestion that transported him over plain and mountain to the little hamlet of the Piedmont, around which his fondest and earliest memories cluster. A sudden whistle of a railway locomotive might have started the train of fancy, for in a moment he found himself in his native town and gazing

after the vanishing coaches of the train upon which he had just come. All was still; it was early morning. The sun was just rising and its first beams were reflected from some object brighter than the rest and directly in front. Ah, he has it now, it is the old College roof and the Orphanage must be there nearby. He passes slowly down the street. How things have changed in a short decade. What mean these new glittering rails across the street, a new road? Yes, it



could be nothing less, for there was the depot and the cars and all,—and this great building just opposite? What! a hotel—and such a hotel! My, Clinton has been on a boom! But tell me who are these people beginning to come out on the street, strangers all;—no, there is a face that looks familiar. Why if it isn't old "Di-dad-in-a-minnit". "Say there, old man, don't you know me?" "Well I be d-d-d-di-ded, it's sho y-you, aint it, b-b-boss?" "None less, Di-dad, and how are you, and how is the old woman?" "D-d di-ded, m-minnit, she aint here." "Why, what's the matter?" "D-di-ded-in-a-minnit, Mr.—, I t-t-tole her if she d-didn't quit eatin so much she would kill herself, and, d-d-d-di-ded, she d-d-done done it." "Too bad, Di-ded, and where's old Uncle Mark Meetze?" "H-h-he's here yet, d-d-di ded, ef he aint took no sc-sc-sc-scabalic acid, d-d-di-ded-in-a-minnit." Oh, yes, the dreamer remembered all about Mark mixing up his alcohol and carbolic acid bottles. But the black face has vanished, and the dreamer is passing on.



"TILL THE MUFFINS ARE ALL GONE AND THE HOMINY HAS DISAPPEARED."

Listen, there is a bell ringing, how familiar it sounds. Ah, now he has it ; it is the same one that for many long years used to summon him to breakfast and dine and sup. Yes, he will hurry on and watch the children as they come from their cottages to meet in Memorial Hall. See, yonder they come. There are the larger girls from Home of Peace, and yonder is the little company from Faith Cottage. Look, yonder are the McCormick boys, and now from every side come the happy faces and merry, pattering little feet. He follows them up into the dining room, he watches them as in silence they bow their head for the morning thanksgiving. He hears the same old voice that has so often pleaded with God and man once more ask from His hand a day's strength and bread and he listens as the merry clinking of knife and plate begin and continue till the muffins are all gone and the hominy has disappeared. Then they rise from the simple meal. Where are they going now? Oh yes, why did he not remember? For ten sweet years he had gone with them thus to the morning service of prayer and praise and silently took, as he sees them taking, his accustomed seat. The hymn, the psalm, the prayer,—how familiar! The reading too, and even the benediction each pronounced as they cautioned one another to 'let bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from us with all malice, and let us be kind to one another, tender hearted forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven us.'

Now the march has begun and they are passing out, some to the kitchen, or laundry. or sewing room, some to the farm, or shops, or printing office. It is Saturday, one of the boys has just whispered it to his companion, then there

will be no school this afternoon and only four hours work in the morning. The line has nearly reached the outside door now, he will watch them and see if there are any familiar faces. See, they come! He scans them closely, his eyes open wide with wonder for there are—impossible! yes,—there are the same lads and the same lasses he used to know. He is back among his old comrades, companions of shop and diamond and class-room. Oh what a glorious day it shall be today with the old fellows in the old home.

Yonder comes John Giz, and there's Crawf, the finest rabbit-gum-maker in the world, and right behind him comes Corney, how he could play ball! and take a whipping without a whimper—even Mrs. Liddell's—and set type, and eat 'simmons. But how funny! he is pastor of a city church, in Wilmington, Delaware now—and look at old Dill behind, he used to strike me out every time I'd come to the bat and lick me every time I told on him—and yet I never got mad with him but once, when he broke up my hen nest when I had tied the old hen on the nest for a week! Well no wonder Dill is an M. D. now and a professor at that, he always was an M. D. old Mean Dill—to everybody that cheated him and'taled about their knife in a "sight-on-seein'" trade or told on him or wasn't the right sort of a fellow generally. And there's big old Sam Fulton—my, wasn't that ducking he gave me cold that day because I pried his type. Ha! ha! ha! I remember that water and pi too—wasn't he a good old fellow though, couldn't eat a blackberry pie because the niggers picked the blackberries off a man's land that wasn't willing—and it was the finest blackberry pie we ever had. I remember it for he gave me his piece. Pshaw, he's too honest for this country,

he's right where he ought to be, a missionary to the Japanese where there ain't any niggers, nor blackberry pies. Look at Allie Quarles, there never was a man that could catch as many "fee-larks" as he could, except Tom and everybody knew where Tom got his from. And there's old John and Darb and Jim Moff. Do you remember how old Moff lost two lightening bugs and spent the whole night trying to find them? He was afraid they would set the house on fire. And Plug Ugly—the miserable rascal—he cut me out of my girl once, and Quigley,

the sailor now. Shep—old Shep and I used to set peach-nut hens on little white rocks and hatch pig-nuts for turkeys. Aw pshaw! there's old Jno L., nobody ever did get a "git" on Jno L., nor on old Shep either, for that matter, except when the boys told him an old field rat was a young squirrel and he "wanted mo." Yonder's Jack—I remember he was the hero of



AND THE TWO GIRLS I CAUGHT
COURTING ONCE.

the orphanage for a week

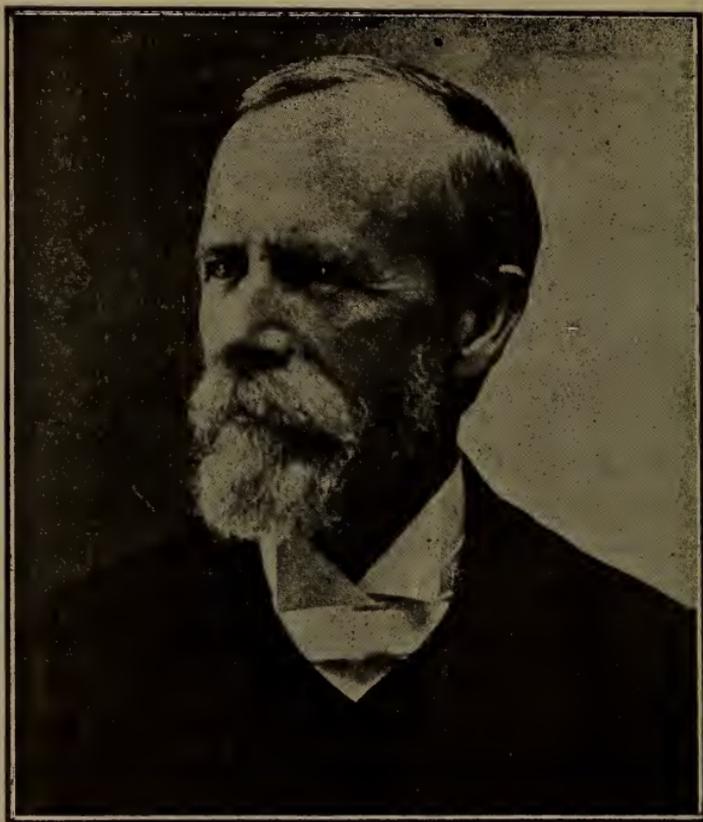
because he did two things the rest of us couldn't do—captured a wasp nest and swallowed a live minnow. And the girls too there's Gertie and Effie and Mollie and Carrie and Cleo and sweet little Jennie Hurley. And there go the two girls I caught practicing the art of courting once. See them all pass by.

So thinks the dreamer to himself as the faces go. So quickly rush the boyhood memories to his mind.

But where's Henry Griffin the dearest of all comrades. We were born together, Henry and I, into the kingdom of our common Father.

How well I remember it. The walk down by the branch, the confiding talk, the simple prayer, the new light, the new joy, the brave confession in the old home church. Yes, I remember it all, and he must too, up there in heaven where he has gone and where I shall see him as with the great multitude we mingle our own weak voices amid the anthems of the angels.

They have come and gone. The last note of the organ has died away and the dreamer is left alone. But only for a moment for as the silence deepens he opens his eyes—to find that the Katy-dids have stopped their march and he is alone in the moonlight. It was as though the musician had fallen dead in the midst of a great symphony. How he would have loved to follow them through the day and into the night—have watched them at ball and tops and rabbit gums, at the presses or engine or stove, in the woods or meadows or “wash-hole.” How he would have loved to speak with them once more or in a happy vein talk over old times, drink once more from the old springs and press once more the old paths to “Bell’s Pond,” “Copeland’s Hollow” and the “Second Woods.” And what he could not do, gentle reader, you and I shall do in the following pages.



“DOCTOR.”

Old Times.



HENLEY and I were talking one day. He was always a jolly old fellow Henley was and there never were better friends than he and I, unless it was he and Henry. We had been talking over old times. Every body loves to do that, don't they? For myself I am rarely happier than when I have my feet toward heaven, my eyes shut and my fancy at play. Don't you love to sit and recall the faces of the past, sit and let the happy memories trip with light step over your soul and feel each tiny foot-thrill and listen to the vibrating of the chords that had lain cold and silent for so long. It is so good to have the happy heart joys that come when a beautiful memory glides suddenly full upon you, a memory of some good old time nearly forgotten. And when they come you love to have them play with the feelings that lie buried in your inmost heart. And I venture you will love to recall the images just as soon as all grows quiet about the old home and your fancy can have a carte blanche for its activity.

And it ought to be sunset-time too ought it not?—just as it was with Henley and me. Then as we watch the sun slowly dropping away out of sight and as we are thinking of some other things that end here, the thoughts are sure to be mellow-er and holier. Then is the time you love to call up the images. Is it a mother who reads these lines, or a father, then I can almost see the picture your fancy loves to dwell upon, to

call and recall, to change gradually each brilliant or sombre colour, to bring out successively the lights and the shadows. It is the old home isn't it? And the old father and mother. How strange it seems now that the children should call you by those names. And the child is there too in the picture. Ah, what sweet sorrow fills your heart when you call up that scene as you buried him away and all the time he and his shepherd were just above you. You were looking down at the grave. Had you looked up you might have seen them.

It is not a father or a mother? Then it may be a youth to whom I am speaking. Ha! ha! ha! I can tell you all about his pictures and his images! It is the cosiest little parlor and the rain and wind outside only make it the cosier. About dark too isn't it and folks are hurrying back home on the street without, in the mud and rain. Every now and then some of them look in at the parlor window whence come the cheery rays of firelight and think as they see it of their homes and loved ones. And that fire, how brightly it glows. I wonder if it is because of the name she gave it when you wrote her you were coming. And what a world of poetry and beauty there is in it, from the deep velvety coals to the dark grey ashes. And that tiny blue flame how young it looks! That is youth, the coals in the full glow is impetuous manhood and the dark, sombre ashes tell us of a life buried away and remind us that the dust shall return to the earth as it was and the spirit, the bright, pure, flaming spirit, has it not already vanished into the presence of the God who gave it.

Then too the long dark shadows cast fitfully across the room by the irregular bursts of flame, and the occasional crackling of the good-natured logs, and yes there surely ought

to be a "cricket on the hearth" and—what else? Who doesn't know what else is in that picture? All the joy and light and beauty of the scene depend upon this something else. What else indeed? You are looking at her and she at the fire and its light is bathing her beautiful face till every feature is radiant with its loving glow and the most fascinating tints seem to tinge each ringlet of her hair and to sleep and dream in those dark brown eyes. You too are dreaming as you gaze at her there, of life and love, and raptures which only they can bring are filling your soul until your throbbing heart sends the surging life-blood to mantle your cheeks and man your nerves for life's actions. And you are dreaming of more than that. The glowing embers tell you of life's struggle fierce, hot and fiery; and their crackling speak of sharp surprises and every falling coal of losses and separations. And then you watch the leaden ashes gather over the bright embers and you think how you too will some day return to dust, but shortly after your forehead is wrinkled with age as the fires of youth slowly burn out, just as every seamed log before you is seared and scarred by the flames. But these thoughts are only for a moment, for the fire has just been kindled on your hearth and her's, and you two will sit together and watch it glow and flicker and flame for a long time yet and then may the kind Father of all spirits grant that the leaden ashes may gather at the same time on your life hearth as on her's and that your fires may die out together. Be brave, lad, and true, and shake off all the clogging ashes from your bright burning heart as long as there remains fuel to burn within. She will do the same, my lad, she will do the same, and may

your fires burn out together. It is so hard to outlive those you love.

So Henley and I were talking, reminding ourselves of the plum hunts and muscadine hunts and jolly rambles and boyish escapades. Strange too as we talked, other ventures and incidents would come to us, almost forgotten they were, and we had to aid one another in dragging their unwilling forms to the bright focus of memory. That reminds me. A friend told but yesterday of a similar experience. For the sake of the story I will have to name her. Let her be Mary Lou Jones then. She was in a distant city, and, in seeing the sights and attending receptions, noticed several times a face that for some reason was strangely familiar. At last, one evening, they were thrown together. Booth was his name, I believe. He had forgotten hers if he ever heard it.

"Mr. Booth, your face is singularly familiar to me," she said.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, we must have met somewhere do you not think?"

"Why possibly; from what state are you?"

"From North Carolina, sir, have you ever been in that state?"

"Yes indeed. I graduated at Chapel Hill in '94."

"Ah, I was at that commencement. It was then we must have met "

"And from what town are you, ma'am."

"From M——, sir."

"Oh! why 'er 'er (in a most excited tone). Excuse me, but do you know a Miss Mary Lou Jones of M——? I gave her the biggest rush of my life that Commencement!"

The rest may be imagined.

Yes we remember the good times when the good timers are forgotten.

Henley and I talked about Anniversary. Anniversary is a big day in Clinton and at the orphanage. A thousand people assemble at the church. It's the anniversary of the founding of the Sunday-school, I forgot to tell you that; and then they all come over to look at the orphanage; and we are off looking for squirrels and fun while they are doing that and having as the boys are fond of saying "lots o' fun." Yes, ask anybody in Clinton and they will tell you that Anniversary is a big day.

Then there is Thanksgiving, You remember that comes just before Christmas a little bit; and do you know there is a man over in Elberton, Ga. that sends enough turkeys over for Thanksgiving dinner to do the whole crowd. "Aint that fine, and aint he good," the boys would say. I shall not tell his name, but if you ever get to the Thornwell Orphanage ask any of the chaps and they'll tell you.

"Henley," said I, "I am going to write a book."

Have you an application blank for the state hospital for the insane," was his reply. But I didn't look at it that way, nor did he. He was "just funnin' " and so we fixed it up. "I was to write about the life and the good old times just for me and him and anybody else that wanted to know about boy life at Thornwell.

"Yes, Pard, you must do it, it'll do us fellows good to be reminded of the old days if it don't interest anybody else," Henley said as he took the train that evening.

“A few days after I received a letter. It was from him. He wrote a long one too, and as I turned it over a poem (?) fell out.

This is the poem; the balance of the letter later.

Poem on Watermelon Stealers.

This, the scene of early boyhood,
 Birth-place of life's memory!
 Often does my heart turn backward
 Where my feet may never be.

Backward, aye, and ever with it
 All my thoughts, in joyful play,
 Do revert with mellowed longing
 To those scenes so far away.

Ne'er forgot shall be those evenings,
 Spent in careless boyish glee
 Underneath the pine's dark shelter,
 Where ear heard not nor eye could see.

Spent in games with jolly comrades
 Out upon the old play-ground,
 Chatting, laughing, gaily singing
 The merry words of Johnny O'Brown.

Happiest joys and sweetest pleasures
 Pass we by unconsciously—
 Dearer are they, how much dearer
 Now ! than e'er they were to me.

Huntsmen were we, little Crusoes
 On our desert isle alone,
 Living on the haws and berries
 Oe'r the pleasant meadows strewn.

Well we knew each nook and corner
 Where the wood-fowl built her nest:



"This, the scene of early boyhood,
Birth-place of life's memory!"

NEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS WING.

All the dens and deep-dug hollows,
Darksome pits and mountlet's crests.

How we loved to roam at even,
Resting 'neath some shadowy tree,
Listening to the wild-wood music,
Of the birdies minstrelsy.

Once, how well I now remember!
Twas in the last of summertide,
And we had gathered all together
To seek the place where melons hide.

Against the rules? what boy has ever
Thought a rule was made to keep?
We only feared and wondered whether
The gardener's eye we could escape.

We reached the spot, but to our horror
The path was wet, the least impress
Would tell whose foot it was tomorrow,
And he, alas, would tell the rest.

But boys afe never stopped and we
Did not in vain our senses rack;
"Now, boys, you fellows follow me
And put your feet right in my track."

He led us on, we followed after,
And one huge giant's footstep make;
Brought back our prey, convulsed with laughter
O'er the rich trick we had just played.

But we alas forget too often
His laugh is surest whose is last:
One comrade, oh the sad misfortune,
Our common footstep slightly passed.

And in the footstep pressed so plainly
In the mud one toe was gone;

The gardener knew too well the foot
That had left its imprint all alone.

'Tis best to let the curtain fall
On the mournful scene that followed:
The switches broke ! the jigs we danced !
The howls we fellows uttered !

Merry, merry were those rambles,
When our little company
Wandered through the woods and meadows,
Bound for joy, from school set free,
Wandered singing round the village,
O'er the vales and hillocks high,
Stealing past the haunted places
Tiptoeing past them cautiously

Now they're gone and yet they linger,
In a living memory
Love will bind them ever closer,
Love for things that cannot be.

They are gone, of all our number
One remains the tale to tell.
Only one, but he will never
Lose the scenes he loved so well.

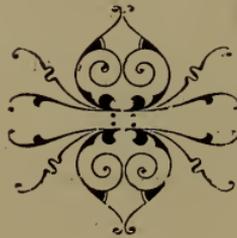
Who can tell what time the rosebud
First the full blown rose blush takes ?
Who has found what hour the dawning
Into resplendent daytime breaks ?

Who has seen the mother's love
On her little darling center ?
Who has watched the manly breath
Into the soul of childhood enter.

Then they were boys. Now in young manhood.
Each a pictured future views.

Pictures that, alas, too oft
Are painted in reflected hues.

Let old times rest and let them linger
In a living memory,
Let boyhood love bind them together
Boyhood friends and scenes and me.





VIEW FROM THE SEMINARY TOWER.

The Jug-yer-knot.

JAMIE was telling me some stories the other day. Jamie is one of the orphanage lads, one of the brightest of them all and a great little talker, and I was more than willing to listen for he was telling me of his life there, only a little different from what I myself had done and thought and felt. He told me all about it. Just how much of Young's woods had been cut down and how the second swamp had been drained and the big pond too where we used to skate and ride in great box boats and how the "Tenteen" woods had been cut down (they got their name from Bunch. He was trying to tell how many squirrels he had seen one day in them. "Fifteen" he said, "no eighteen, no! more than that, nineteen, teneen, yesh 'bout teneen squirrels and we run 'em all up a big—" Here he stopped for he could not say "tree" and all the boys would laugh at him if he said "twee," so he tried it again, "and we run them all up a *big bush!*") Then Jamie started to tell me stories, and I became more deeply interested.

At the end of each one I would ask for more. At last I noticed that the little fellow's eyes were growing brighter than usual and his face became animated as only a lad's face can become. I had just asked for another story. He was silent for a moment and then began :

"I'm going to tell you about something that happened right here and not very long ago. I've heard the boys tell part of it and I saw the rest.

“One day we all heard that a new boy was coming to the orphanage, and you know how the fellows are, everybody wants to see him and find out what sort of a fellow he is, whether he’s smart or big or a coward or not. Well this fellow came and he was smart and big and he’d fight like anything—he’d fight us little fellows, some how he never got mad with the big boys. He hadn’t been here long before he was bossing us boys around as though he was a king. He was ugly as home-made sin, chewed up twice and when Dave called him “Plug Ugly” out at the woodshed one day he never was called anything else afterward. Well sir, one day some of us fellows were sitting out by the swing when Plug Ugly came round the corner of the house drawing a sort of a cart he had made. It was just a great big box on four wheels with a tongue to the front, and a seat nailed across in the middle. We saw him coming and started to run but he yelled us back and we knew better than to run any farther. Then I tell you what he made us do. He hitched me and Tommy Stirling in front and four other little fellows behind us and then cracked the whip and said “Git up hosses” and we got up and he drove us all round the yard three or four times before he let us out. Well, we held an indignation meeting but it didn’t do any good. Plug kept catching us and riding in his car of the Jug-yer knot as he called it.

One day though we formed a league, the Antiplug league we called it, and determined to put a stop to his fun. Every one of the little fellows joined and on Saturday afternoon when we knew Plug would want to take a ride we all got together and got ready for him. Plug came around the corner. He had seen us but he hadn’t noticed that our pockets were full.

"Come on hyer hosses," cried the god of the Jug-yer-knot.

"Mr. Plug Ugly we aint comin' on an' we aint goin' to pull you any more around here."

"Git out yer little brat I'll show yer whether you'll pull me or not" and he reached down into the Jug-yer-knot for his whip.

But just as he bent over, Tommy gave the signal and some eggs upon which a hen had sat unsuccessfully sped through the air and emptied their contents down his back and in his hair "Git out yerself," yelled Tommy and we were upon him.

And we did do him up. We doused him with eggs and sand and fists and rocks and then Tommy got the whip and peppered his legs and when he done that Plug Ugly retreated rapidly toward the bath room. Tommy said he wished he had had his bow and arrows he would have punctured Plug's pulchritude on the run.

After that Plug didn't bother us no more till one day some of the Anti-plug league was sitting in council talkin' about fishin' and bird eggs and the like, when here came Plug and the Jug-yer-knot again. Well, we were surprised. We thought we had whipped him for good, you bet. And then just as he came the two biggest ones of our boys, Lester and Harry walked away just leaving me and Tommy and Will. When they left we knew we were gone up for we had no eggs nor rocks, nor men and Plug had his whip and both pockets filled with something. So we just watched him and he took out his harness and hitched us up and we had to pull, complimenting extravagantly in our minds old Plug's good looks. You see Plug had bribed Lester and Harry to draw out of

the league and promised not to hitch them up and to gave them a potato a day for a week to boot.

It was just about this time that another new boy came to the orphanage. He was a fine fellow, good lookin' and smart and good. I remember one day the boys were all goin' to the washhole and you know how they are. The big boys won't let the little ones go unless for some special reason, to carry bait or climb trees or something. Well Henry, that was the new fellows name but everybody called him Hal, was a big boy and had become a big favorite with the other fellows and was going of course, and Tommy Stirling wanted to go. You see they were going through the woods and Tommy loved to shoot his bow and arrows and he would have a good time, but the fellows didn't much want him to go. Well Henry saw how bad Tommy wanted to go and asked the fellows and they said he could come, so Tommy followed them sorter afar off.

You know when the fellows strike out for the wash-hole they always look for bird eggs on the way. Then too Doctor had told the boys to collect specimens of bird eggs for the museum and he wanted to put them in the cases and put their names on them and everybody would see the eggs and the nest and then read the names and of course all the boys wanted to get all the eggs and Doctor had about fifty Jay bird nests a day brought to his study during the spring. Well as soon as they struck the woods they began to look for nests and while they were looking for the eggs Tommy was looking for the birds that laid the eggs.

Then they came to a big tall oak, a great big one down there not far rom the hedgerow and one of the fellows looked

up and saw a nest and it was a humming bird's nes. But it was away out on a limb and nobody would climb for it. They tried to get every one and were lookin around for Tommy when who should take off his coat but Henry. He climbed up and went away out on the limb and stood up on it holding to the one above and looked down into the nest but there wasn't a thing in it. But just as he was about to come down, Jno L. saw a crow's nest. It was nearer the tree, above Henry's head and on the very limb Henry had been holding on to. They all yelled to him and he saw it, but instead of coming back to the tree and the limb he was on, he grabbed hold of the limb above him and swung himself over it and then got straddle of it and began to move in toward the nest. Now the nest was on the very limb he was on. As soon as he got up on the limb he tried to look into the nest but it was too far off. It looked mighty old too and he told the boys there wasn't anything in it but they told him to see, so he begun edging to it. Just as he got pretty near it, almost near enough to look in it, he saw some fierce little eyes and a devilish lookin' head and a pair of sharp fangs darting around in it, and he knew he had run up on a snake's nest. A minute later and he would have had his hand in the nest. As soon as he saw it he begun to back back, out toward the edge of the limb and the snake followed him. He went farther and there came the snake right after him. He yelled and the boys yelled, and he backed farther out toward the end of the limb and the snake came darting out its fangs and winding round the limb coming for him. Henry got out then where he couldn't get any further and the limb began to bend and the nake was sliding down at him when "Whizz!" Everybody

looked round, then up, and Henry saw an arrow go right through the snake's head and pin him to the limb and he knew he was sure safe and a moment later had let himself down to the ground.

But Tommy was the hero of the evening. You see when he saw Henry climbing the tree he began to come up just behind the crowd and got there just in time to see Henry backing to the end of the limb and to shoot the snake. Tommy was a good shot, every one knew that but even Tommy was surprised at that particular time.

Well after that Henry and Tommy were just like brothers.

The very next Saturday some of the league, me and Tommy and Will were out at the swing and here came Plug with his Jug-ye-knot. Plug hitched us up and we started off. We were going fast enough but Plug wanted to go faster, and so he gave Tommy who was lead horse a good rap on his leg with the whip. Well sir, Tommy just stopped. I never saw a little fellow so mad. Even old Plug was surprised. But that didn't make any difference and he pitched on to Tommy for a good thrashing. He had got him down when around the corner like a flash came a fellow running with a stick in his hand and the first thing you know Plug was rolling over in the road yelling like a crazy.

"I dare you to touch him, I double dare you, I double dog dare you to touch him again, you coward of a Plug Ugly."

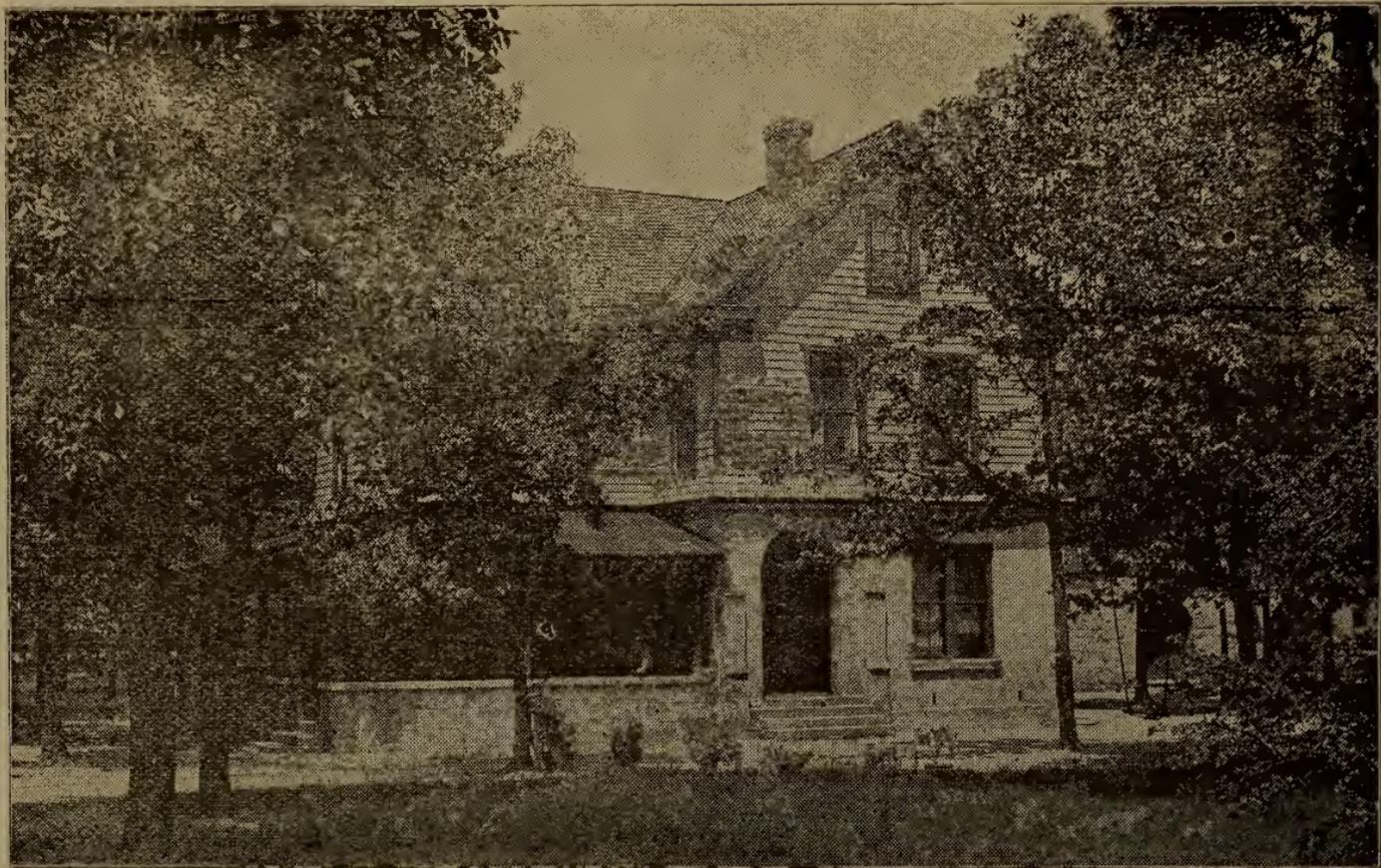
It was Henry who had seen the affair at a distance and come to Tommy's relief.

But Plug didn't want any more. The lick on his head was

about as much of an enlargement as he could conveniently manage.

Then Henry just kicked that car of Plug's all to pieces and the Jug-yer-knot was no more. And from that day to this we never have been bothered pulling Plug or any body else.

And I've been a wonderin' and a thinkin' if it don't kinder pay a feller to be sorter kind to another feller, for somehow, some day, you may sorter want him to be kind o' kind to you. You shoot his snake, he whip your Plug Ugly.



FAITH COTTAGE: ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

Henley's Letter.



BUT I had almost forgotten to tell you the rest of Henley's letter. It was a long one! Isn't it singular that very few things seem to touch the pen of man like a little sad remembering? Well, first he told me about how he had been fooled into writing that poem. Just couldn't help doing it, got to thinking about old times. Then he went on to tell about the book.

"And the more I think of it" said he "the happier I am that the records of our boy life are to be chronicled. Make it a good one, old man, tell all about the tops and baseball and kites and escapades and everything, but say! don't, oh don't forget the better side of our life. I'll tell you what I mean, I'll just write the whole story for I remember you were away at the time. It was after our Celia's death and unless I am mistaken you had just left, for you were there when she died, were you not? And you know every time I think about it I wonder at how few deaths there have been in the orphanage. Out of all the sixteen buildings and the two hundred inmates for twenty five years fewer have died in it than in a single home in Clinton! You remember how the day before she went she asked the Lord to use her death for the salvation of her playmates. We fellows all heard about the prayer and it

did us lots of good. It had been a long time since there had been many of the boys to join the church.

It seemed to touch Doctor too and it wasn't long before he had arranged for a meeting and Dr. Guerrant (everybody knows him I reckon) came to conduct it. He just preached the simple gospel and it made us listen and by the time the week was done lots of us fellows were thinking and thinking hard. I shan't forget it soon. And I must tell you about Hal and me. You know we always were the biggest sort of pidners. Neither one of us were Christians. Of course you know I mean by that, hadn't joined the church. Well one Saturday afternoon he and I started blackberry picking. We went all by ourselves down by the branch. It wasn't long before we quit picking blackberries and went to talking.

"Henley," said he, "I've been thinking about what a no-account fellow I am. Here I've been letting the Lord feed me for four years and I haven't done a thing to pay him back yet."

He didn't know it but I was thinking about the same thing myself.

"And I'm going to join the church and work for him for a while."

So I was and I told him so.

"And lets you and me try together and see if we can't show him we're thankful."

Simple! Oh, but it didn't, that little conversation didn't express one thousandth of what our hearts felt. Hal's eyes were swimming when he said the words and I could only let

my heart beat faster and faster for I couldn't say anything without letting him know how I felt. And no man would do that! So we knelt down there in the sand in the big road by the side of which we had sat down and made it right with our Saviour. We told him we had always been his children and always would be. And the thing was settled.

And you know, Pard, that is the sweetest picture in all my orphanage life. Hal and I and Jesus coming together as we knelt there in the sand and forgot for a while our blackberries. And he didn't mind our little bare feet and sunburnt skins and dirty clothes nor poor little words, and we weren't the tiniest bit afraid of Him for we had never thought of him much as Jehovah but always as our brother Jesus. You know that's the way they teach us at the orphanage. I thought of that time when a good many years later Hal wrote me he was going to preach the Gospel and bring others to the Saviour we had found in the sun and sand and I thought of it when two years later another wrote me he was buried in the old grave yard only a few steps farther toward the church than the spot where we knelt that day, a few steps farther to the Master of all spirits, to the brother of all children.

Yes, Pard, tell the fun in your book but don't make it all fun. I don't mean to tell the deaths and sorrows the family had, though you could do that and they could be counted almost on the fingers of one hand, but let the folks know—the folks Jesus is using to do his works there,—that he not only touches the heart of the givers but of the receivers as well.

But I never did finish telling you about our meeting.

As I said we fellows loved to go to them, each sermon brought us nearer to Christ. Hal and I joined among the first and then we tried to get other boys to come. We used to pray together for them, particularly old Plug Ugly, he wasn't a member. Plug Ugly laughed at our joining the church and said he wouldn't join any thing Hal and I were in and wouldn't go to heaven if we were going to be there. The last night of the meeting came and we were gathered together again. My, what a sermon it was, all about God's holiness, then his justice, then his love, then his life, and then why then, it seemed to me nobody could help coming to receive that life as a gift. I was so glad that I had joined I fairly cried for joy. That wasn't anything though nearly everybody was doing the same thing. Then I saw a sight. We had just been invited to come forward and accept the Saviour and it seemed to me every body came except the little fellows and those that were already his. Old Will and John Lavender and Laxton and Mack and all the balance and more than as many girls. But I never will forget old Plug. He had been scorning us ever since we had demolished his jugyerknot car and had been laughing at the whole thing. Pard, aint it wonderful what the Spirit of God can do for a man. Well sir, I saw that fellow get up out of his seat away in the back and walk up trembling from head to foot and cryin' like a baby and he took Henry's hand as he passed by us and said, "Henry, old man, you and God forgive me, I'm going to join you and we'll be in heaven together and I'm glad you busted my jugyerknot. It oughter been done." And he went on up and met Tommy Stirling who had come from another part of the room on the same business, you know how he despised Tommy! Well he



IN THE OLD CHURCH.

just took the little boy and hugged him right there before the crowd, but there weren't many that saw him, and Tommy hugged Plug too. And the next day we were baptised in the old Church.

I have been looking over a file of old papers and cut the following notice that appeared about our meeting from the dear old Southern Presbyterian.

THORNWELL ORPHANAGE NOTES.

When our dear girl, Celia Conn, lay on her dying bed, two months ago, she called a loved friend to her bedside and said, "On the first of January I asked God to help me to save twenty souls this year. I now ask him to use me for their salvation in any way he will." She left us with bright eyes and a loving farewell. Her own brother was the first fruit of her prayer, and doubtless, her sweet life and wonderful death have borne their fruit. Since the first of February, thirty two of the orphans of Thornwell Orphanage have professed faith in Christ, fifty two since October last. All of our older boys, all of our older girls—well all of our younger boys and girls too except about a dozen of the wee tots—have given themselves to Christ. It is a wonderful household is it not, a saved household of nearly two hundred souls! We had your sympathy in our sorrows, dear friends; we now ask you to share our joys.

There are nine cottages now, the Anita Home being the latest, and all of them over run with "poor man's riches" children, children! But they are the Lord's own dear children, and if you people of the living God forget them, (no danger of that though) we'll tell the master about you.

And now old boy, God bless you in your work. Send me back this poem of mine and one of yours with it.

Your old Pard,
Henley."

His letter lay by me and I began to think again of—— all sorts of things. Of Henley himself first, I remembered when he first came to the orphanage. It was this way. He was a little boot-black in one of the Southern cities, a sharp witted, black-eyed little boot-black. One of the Presbyterian pastors became interested in him and got him in the Orphanage. My! but couldn't he play ball! We caught him once fresh from the ball ground and took his picture. It was a jimdandy. Being bright he excelled in class work. The orphanage has six scholarships in a neighboring college and when Henley got ready for college he was given one of the six. Four years passed, he graduated and determined to study for the ministry. Three more years of hard work in a distant University. Henley used to talk to me about those days. Of his dreams and labors, of how by the fire late at night he used to think lovingly of the old home. But he was working for mother. The student's lamp burns brightly by his side, all the brighter for the intense darkness without. Only the sleepy hum of some belated insect breaks the deep silence which reigns around. Very few are they who are yet poring over the morrow's tasks; only such as he, such as know that afar in the Southland there lies at that hour one who will some day depend on him, a mother like his, perhaps or maybe the thin gray locks should be changed to full flowing tresses and lovely ringlets and the pale blue eyes to dark rich depths of brown. Depend upon him! upon his interests, his feeling, his will, upon the knowledge he is gaining in the late hours of the night; upon the power he is storing up for life's battle, a battle to be fought for her. And because he knows that her tender or withered arm will

rest upon his stronger one some day for support and her warm heart or failing one, depend for its life-beats upon his strength, he spends his all in preparing for that hour. How noble it is to be leaned upon! O Lord make us all pillars in the house of our God.

But how rapidly time passes. Henley is a minister now. Preaching to the very men whose shoes he used to black and pastor of the very church before whose doors he used to cry the morning papers, and his elders and deacons are the very ones who used to suffer his agile hands to black their boots or hand over the news.

Just then my thoughts left Henley for a moment and I got to thinking about one of my trips. Imagine the scene with me a young man, then, in an old farm house where I had gone to make a speech to their church, and Sabbath-school. They ask me to tell them about the orphanage. I begin and tell them about two boys. About my Pard, old Leslie McKenzie "who is doing a great work as pastor of a large Northern church" and I remark that he was from this very county.—No? impossible! they knew no McKenzies at all except two little boys that used to ride an old bare back mule to mill bareheaded (the boys of course) and dirty (all three) a long time ago. It took me quite a while to explain that a few years at the orphanage had transformed the little dirty, ragged mule-rider into the pastor, for he was the same old Leslie McKenzie. He and I used to set type and play ball and muddy ponds and fish and hunt school books and learn the three R's, Readin', Ritin', and Rithmetic together.

Then my mind went back to old Henley again. Time has passed rapidly and he is a minister now, and others be-

side mother and sweetheart are leaning upon him. What a tonic it must be to his spiritual life, what a vision to his spiritual eyes, and, oh, what a weight it must be to his spiritual shoulders, for him to know he stands between the living and the dead, between the living and God! To know that the dull eyes of this dying woman will see no other light than that which he can focus upon the path through the valley of the shadow, that her ears already listening to the roar of the Jordan, will catch no other tone of comfort or hope or life than his, before God shall pass to her his verdict over the bar of his justice. If nothing else will make him strong that will do it—to feel—to know that dying souls are leaning upon him for Life. It is well, lad, that in the jolly careless days of your boyhood you had not to bear that load, the load which only you and your God know the weight of.

And so I must, as Henley wrote, tell them something about the better side of our life, I thought. The better part! that included the sweeter part and that surely included the praise service we used to hold every evening at sunset. Ah! those were truly sweet moments, there was more pathos and and poetry in them, when Jesus talked with his children and they with him than—but that word poetry broke in on my meditation,

Henley had asked me for a poem. I used to write a line or two occasionally reminding me now as I read them of the little lad who asked his father for a new pair of pants and giving as his reason that “the pair he had had had a dozen patches in them already.” But surely if a man could write rhyme or poetry such moments are the ones to do it. There are the children, the evening glories, the old father-

president, the gloaming and all. Well that time they got me started and some how the harmony of the hour got mixed up with my words and so when I answered Henley's letter I enclosed the following verses :

The Evening Prayer.

The last amen is dying, as the shadows softly fall
O'er our heads in reverence bowed at evening prayer, and from the
wall

The ling'ring sunbeams homeward flee, the gloaming follows swift
the day,

Our hearts are quiet now and we are ready in his name to pray.

Leaning on the open book, the light of heaven in his eyes
Stands the leader of our thoughts in glory bathed from sunset skies,
Heavenward he lifts his face and his soul begins to pray
Long before the lips have sent the felt petitions on their way.

Deep'ning tones of adoration—He is lifting us above
To that God whose greatest mystery is all embracing love.
Filling hearts with thoughts of grandeur, of sublimity and power,
Never-dying Universes marking seconds in his hour.

Holy Father, we thy children swell the Universal cry—
One adoring acclamation to the God who rules on high—
Hear the voice of all creation and the homage that they bring.
Ineffable the glorious thought that thou shouldst hear, Eternal King !

Honors everlasting shower o'er thy throne of heavenly light,
Crowning thee whose thoughts are galaxies, whose wish infinite
might.

Constellations form, and quicken into life and love and praise
As that wish becomes thy will, Thou matchless one of endless days !

Wilt thou hear the meek confession which we as thy children bring?
How unworthy we the notice or the care of heaven's King!

Grovelling before thy footstool we pollute it by our touch.
But we marvel at thy kindness. Wilt thou hear? Wilt answer such?

Tho' thy gentle hand would lead us to the close of life's short day,
And at eventide thine angels gladly guide us on our way.
We have spurned the Lord of Pity, loving darkness more than light.
Hopeless darkness ever deep'ning to the long eternal night.

Holy Love that pierced our gloom shed evermore thy kindly rays,
In despairing, tempting moments show thy fair benignant face,
With tender handclasp lead us on and from the mesh of Satan's snare
Our wounded souls deliver, Thou who caredst ever and dost care.

Gently, Father, gently lead us for the way is dark and we
Tho striving hard to follow fast and peering the true light to see
So often fail! These mysteries of earth how tightly sealed!
Of Heaven too. O Father will they ever be revealed?

Lord of mercy in thy heavenly dwelling place our praises hear,
And forgiving turn upon us evermore thy loving care,
Mid the anthems of the angels listen to our feeble cries,
O Thou wonderful Jehovah, God of earth and sea and skies.

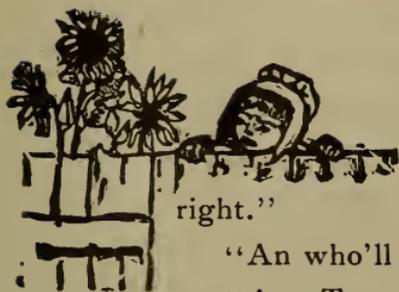
May the voice of our thanksgiving swell the never dying strain,
Hosannas echoing in the skies for him whose right it is to reign
Humble tribute for the gift of life and love and hope within.
Everlasting hallelujahs to the Father-God! Amen.

The prayer is done but still the loving intercessor's face is bright,
With joy just gathered from on high, true heaven born delight.
While hearts before disconsolate and sad now bravely dare
To hope again, aye, live again for him who heareth prayer.



“EVERY BODY SORTER WORKED QUIET LIKE.”

The Base Ball Game.



“SAY John L. who’s a goin’
ter pitch?”

“Goats agoin’ ter they all say
an’ I wouldn’t be sprised if theyre
right.”

“An who’ll they put in if he gives out.”

“Aw, Tommy, you, of course who else d’ you
suppose? How d’ye reckon I know? Corny aint goin’ to tell
nobody till Sadday.”

It was in the hall of McCormick home. The boys were just “goin up stairs,” a set of words supposed to be synonymous with retiring. For weeks there had been but one subject of conversation at the Orphanage, and that was the coming base-ball match when the big nine was to cross bats with the “town boys”. Tommy Quigley’s questions were those of every other little fellow that could get one of the team to listen to him long enough for him to propound them. This, however, the larger boys were not anxious to do. It rather added to the dignity of the occasion and the interest as well for a large amount of information as to arrangement, batting order, etc., to be saved till the day of battle.

“I aint pitchin’ fer little brats like you” (Tommy, the speaker, was aged eleven). “Seems ter me the mighty muscles of Hon. John L. Sullivan Verner might be used in my place, if Goat gets tired.”

“Kid’s learnin’ to ba-a mighty soon down there,” was the only response to the challenge.

It was a little hard to say where “Goat” Carter got his nickname. The latter were not infrequent at the Orphanage and one, at least, might be expected by any boy, not more than a week after his arrival. Some of them said that Goat received his nom de plume from his first week’s recitations, but most accepted the theory that it was because of the plastering that the girls swept down the Seminary stairs the afternoon that “Crawf” pushed him head foremost down the steps and his head bruised the opposite wall. But however that may be, he had not been long in Clinton before the boys found out that he was the best ball thrower amongst them and at a meeting of the club, had voted him a member and had made him pitcher. In fact as Jno. L., the left fielder told the other boys “it was a kinder speshall providence that sent him here for our boys aint near as big as them town boys and had no pitcher at all if’t hadn’t bin fer Goat.”

The immemorial custom at the orphanage was for all the boys and girls to work in the manual training departments for four hours every morning. The regular school “took in” at two in the afternoon and continued until five. Between the morning “work hour” and dinner, and dinner and school, and again between the afternoon school hour and supper the students were allowed to do pretty much as their minds inclined. Just at present there was but one thing ever done. Only two days intervined before the game which was to be played on Saturday afternoon when they all had holiday, and little groups of boys could be seen at all play hour periods “throwin’, ketchin’ and rollin grounders,” in preparation.

Tommy Quigley was all excitement. At his earnest solicitation the captain had allowed him the unspeakable honor of keeping the tally board. This which cost him a full week of anxiety for its preparation was now being safely hoarded at the bottom of his trunk. Only one thing was lacking, the order of the batters and Tommy would have given all his earthly possessions to have known who and when these were to be.

“Where’s Corny, Dill.” he asked the next day after work hour.

“Him and Goat went down to the ground to practice, what you want with him?”

“Aw, nuthin’ I jus’ wondered where he wuz.”

Dill James had been the pitcher for the team but in the absence of any substitute had overdone himself and his glass arm would have prevented him from doing good work. He and not Tommy, however, was to be the dependence should Goat’s arm tire.

“Say, Dill, would yer quit muffin’ them balls long enough to answer a gemman’s question ef he wuz ter promise yer a tater after dinner time.”

“Yer’s a little indef’nit, Tommy, but what’s yer question and how many taters’r yer already owin?”

“Say, old man,” in a low confidential tone, “I know you’re goin to bat fust and Giz second but who comes after Giz.”

Now Tommy was Dill’s follower, (all the big boys had attaches) and did all his errands, further, he knew that Tommy would never let on.

“How many taters did you say you was owin?”

“Not mor’n a duzin, Dill, but I’ll gin you your’n terrormorrer.”

“All right I’ll paste yer if yer’r foolin’ me. I spec Plug Ugly’ll come in next.”

“I scream and Dunkey music, is Plug Ugly goin ter play? Man, Plug Ugly couldn’t hit a barn door wid a bass fiddle. But thanky, ole man, you’ll sho git yer tater.” A few minutes after, the enthusiastic young scorer could be seen writing Plug Ugly Murphy between the names John Giz and Will Crawford.

And that night, although the tomorrow was the day of the contest there was not a sleepless lad among the twenty four. Even Tommy’s heart-beats became less quick as the vision of balls and bats and yells and tallies faded into dream-land.

And so the great day came. All during that Saturday morning nothing else was talked about. The fears of all, that the day might prove a rainy one had been dissipated—for the sun never shone brighter. In the shop, on the farm, in the printing office, and even in the cook-room and laundry, mysterious stories were going the rounds about how Crawf had made a new bat and no one else was to be allowed to use it except the Orphanage team, how he had worked on it for weeks telling nobody about it, but Tommy Quigley had seen him when he carried it up to McCormick last night. The girls in the laundry nearly wept when some one told them mischievously that Corny Jennings had broken his finger and could not catch and the report had been circulated that Goat’s arm being too sore to pitch. A whisper had gone the rounds about a trick Goat was going to play. Tommy said it was “some-

thing about a fly and not getting in the box, he did not zackly understand it, but he bound Goat would work it all right." Mysterious sighs and expressions and notions were common during the whole morning. A hog being driven to the pen was misunderstood by some of them to be a ball and was batted accordingly. On the farm a boy would be hoeing properly enough when suddenly an idea would seem to strike him. Down went the hoe, up goes the head, he jumps forward leaning over, grabs a rock and sends it with a whizz across the field shouting "Second base lively," "Judgement Mr. Umpire." Upon which Uncle Billy (the farm manager) promptly rendered the decision of an extra session in the cornfield upon another demonstration. In the shops all kinds of tools would find themselves used as bats and several girls could not understand what the sight could mean when they entered the printing office door and every hand went up as if to catch a fly.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable features of it all, was that the girls of the town and the orphanage were both to be allowed to witness the game. In fact, a number of the wise-acres among the old boys said that they would not have let Plug Ugly play, if Gertrude had not promised to come.

Long before the hour, (the game was to be played about three) the field was covered with excited boys. "Pitch her here Jno. L." "Gimme a grounder." "Watch him muff it," could be heard on every side. The town team had just come followed by a crowd of rooters and friends. All the Orphanage boys and girls were there. The time had come to begin.

"Where's Henry Squigly" Captain Corny calls.

"Here I am Cap'n."

“Cum ’ere Squigly, I want ter give you the names.” Tommy is there in a minute. “Here I am Cap’n, but you needn’t bodder bout the names.”

Corny looks at the board on which every player had been arranged correctly and in order. “How’d you get them Tommy?”

“You tole me Cap’n.”

“When?”

“Las night.”

“Where?”

“In yer bed.”

“What yer givin’ me Tommy?”

“Fax, Cap’n you oughten ter talk so loud in yer sleep.”

“Er git out,—but, say its time to begin. Call um out loud.”

“I sho will—you snored um all out cept the Empire and you wouldn’t let on bout ————.

“Play ball,” shouts the umpire. All is silent, the town nine has the field and the orphanage is to the bat.

“Play ball.”

“All right,” calls Tommy—“Dil James to the bat, John Giz on deck, Plug Ugly ter follow and Crawf crawlin’ outer the water.”

“An’ whose in the mud, Mr. Tally-boarder.”

“Oh, I guess we aint agoin ter have anybody in the mud this time. Limme run this cat wont yer.”

A laugh altogether too loud for its value followed this remark. Even Mr. “Tommie Squigly” was surprised at its effect, but looking up quickly, saw the real cause of the merriment. Frank Hunter, the colored “jack of all trades” had

appeared accompanied by his whole family and the ten little pickaninnies sitting perched in a row on the fence back of the crowd, had just attracted attention.

“Aint yer shamed er bringin yer chocolit cherubs out here ter lurn meanness, Frank? They too young ter be sposed to temtations.”

“Dey aint none er de yung uns deyer, Boss,” says Frank anxious to excuse himself, an Sal’s stayin home wid de babies.

“An’ the chimbly fell on the balance o’ dem, didn’t it?” But the game had now begun.

What intense interest hangs around the first throw of the pitcher in a match game. The crowd stands in breathless expectancy. The ball itself tossed lightly by the umpire, who tries to call as nonchalantly as he can “play ball,” as though he was so used to such little incidents that he is getting tired of them, when in reality his breast is swelling with pride at the thought of his importance, the ball rolling lightly toward the pitcher’s box, is carelessly picked up and twirled in his hand. Then comes the long expected moment. Hearts scarce dare to beat. The catcher leans forward with a hand on each knee and face toward the box, conscious that many eyes are upon him. The first base-man stands some fifteen feet from his castle, like a mouse, which seems to hear some hostile sound and is on the point of making a dash for his hole. He is also conscious of the crowd of witnesses, most of whom are looking at him. The second baseman stands motionless, his nostrils probably distended and clapping his hands together, as though every time he was catching the highest fly that was ever knocked and three on bases and two out. Even the right fielder watches the ball, absolutely oblivious to all else.

yet betraying an evident consciousness of the fact that no body else is doing so, but all eyes are centered on him and boys and girls are remarking about how determined he looks and saying "I bet he wont miss any." And of course commenting on his cap and his red garter around his sleeve, that has been rolled up to exhibit his muscles. As a matter of fact, however, most people are watching the pitcher, who stands with left foot forward and left hand holding the ball in the air, while the right is to be found alternately in his mouth and on the seat of his pants. He stands motionless now, passes the ball to his right hand, draws back, contracts every muscle in his body and with a great grunt, such as he has learned from the darkey wood-cutters, indicating power, hurls the ball toward the batter, who with eagle eye has been watching, conscious too, that nobody is watching anyone else except him. And then, what glory to the pitcher, if the "Empire" calls "strike" and his friends among the spectators cry "he'll fan" and what determination is immediately seen on his face if it is "ball" and what a disheartening yell arises from the other side if the batter knocks a fair hit. Surely these are important moments of a boy's life.

And after all, the battles of the base ball field are the battles of life. He, who would learn best the soul of the boy and later, understand the actions of his son,—let him go to the field and watch—perhaps too, he had best remember the days when he was a boy, when he gave those yells which now are so hideous and those cat calls which he now condemns as ungentlemanly. They did not seem such to him then. Let him remember, too, how his own heart throbbed at the whizz

of the ball or sank as his bat fanned the air. Or even more, let him think, how that the lad who bandages most gently his comrade's bruised finger may be the famous doctor or surgeon; the pitcher, who throws the ball strongest and best, may be the general who endures the hardest campaigns and thus the leader of lads become the master of the men.

It was toward the middle of the game. The tally-boarder had just finished declaring to the eminent satisfaction of himself and enjoyment of all, who was to the bat, on deck and crawlin' out the water, when looking up, he saw a sight that made his blood boil.

"Say, Simp, who's that red-headed, ball-headed, bullet-headed, skinny-headed thing yonder, beatin' that little kid?"

"Where?"

"Over yonder by the fence and I saw all uv it, the little un didn't do nothin' but kick his box out from under him."

"Aw, that's Buzzard, our ketch out."

"Well, he oughter ketch wussurn out, and if I was his Mammy I would call him to the roost."

The game went on smoothly. At the end of the seventh inning, the score stood 25 to 25, but that was barely an indication of how it might stand at the end of the ninth. Time seemed ripe, for the town nine was at the bat, with three men on bases. A fly had just been knocked and caught and its batter was the only man out. Tommy had been wondering why Goat had not tried the trick of which he had heard very much, and was now watching for it to come. He had not long to wait. Goat was acting a little strangely, standing on the edge of the box and throwing the ball. No, as Tommy

looked more closely, he was not in the box at all, and here was something wrong. A satisfied smile was seen on the catcher's face, but very few seemed to have noticed any thing wrong. Goat threw the ball much slower too, so slow that the batter sent it flying over the left fielder's head and a grand chorus of yells went up from the town side. Each one of the three men on bases went a base further.

But neither Goat nor Corny seemed disturbed, only a little excited, but Tommy had forgotten to call his roll.

"Hello there, tally-boarder, what's the matter, let 'm come."

"All right, Walt Price to the bat, Simp Harris on deck, and Buzzard crawlin' outer the water." But Tommy did not stop as usual to admire the amused smiles of the auditors, he was too busy watching Goat.

The ball had been fielded to the pitcher and he now stood squarely in the box, but instead of sending it over the home plate, he threw it to the third baseman and he seemed to understand and passed it to the second and he to the first, who returned it to the pitcher.

"Side out," cried base-men and battery together.

"Huh, what's that," it was Buzzard speaking.

"Side out" cried Corny, "Judgement, Mr. Umpire."

But before the umpire could understand (umpires didn't generally know all the rules in the new books) Buzzard had gone a step further.

"I guess not, yer can't cheat us that way. You aint playin' a set of fools I guess."

"Nor a set of gemmens needer. it looks like," the tally-boarder now remarked.

“No sir, he was fairly out, John L. caught the fly and Goat didn’t go into his box and then you all batted another ball on——

“Aw shet up your lyin’, ef yer don’t I’ll shet yer up wid”——

“I’m a lyin’ eh”—— Corny had found a bat, his eyes were flashing fire, every nerve tense and what was the best evidence of his passion, his teeth were biting blood from his lips.

“Tetch me if you dare” said Buzzard, slapping him in his face.

“Hit ’m,” “separate ’m,” “Bust ’m open,” “Let ’m alone,” “Let ’m have it out” came from all sides.

“Remember Corny,” it was Dill James his best friend in the world that spoke. The uplifted bat was lowered the muscles relaxed. Corny remembered. It had happened but a few weeks before. She lay dying, his mother, “Remember Cornwell” she had said “Remember you are my boy and Jesus’; be true to us both.” Tears of penitence mingled in his eyes with those of anger as the vision of the death-bed scene rose before him.

“Buzzard I aint a goin’ to hit yer, but I dare you fer a wrestle,”

“Hurrah fer Corny,” “Good,” “Throw him down Corny,” “Wrestle with him Buzzard,” “I aint skeered” They locked arms. Buzzard characteristically took the underhold. Being larger and older and heavier he had much the advantage.

“That aint fair, give Corny the underholt.” But before much could be said Corny had jumped into the air and attempted in his boyish way to bend his opponents back. Fail-



“Hit ‘im.”—“Bust ‘im open.”—“Sep’rate ‘um.”—“Let ‘um have it out.”

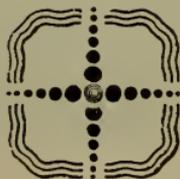
ing in this as soon as he touched the ground he had adroitly placed his right foot behind his adversary's right and by throwing his weight upon Buzzard's neck and shoulder twisted him sideways and in a moment they were on the ground, and Corny was on top.

"Fair fall, try it again Buz," "Corny got 'im," "Buz aint as sho on his feet as he is in the air." By this time the whole crowd was in a good humor, all except the defeated wrestler.

"Say fellows, this beats base-ball, lets have some of it, game's called on erkount er darkness, roostin time for de buzzards, declare d umpire Fulton. And in a few moments half the boys were engaged in mock "rassels."

The game was over.

"That s lots better'n fightin', Corny sho kin rastle, cant he. said Tommy as he made a dive for the bed after blowing out the lamp that night. I've alluz heard as how them that wants kin git, only Buzzard oughter got mor'n he did.





THE CARPENTER BOYS.

Enoree.



“HE’S a coward and they oughtn’t ter let ‘im go.”

“Whose that they oughtn’t ter let go Big Un, calls a voice from another room.”

“Aw’ I wuz just a startin’ ter tell these fellers about a little sumthin’ that happened down on the ball-ground the other day.”

“Well go on and let it out, I aint a goin ter interrupt.”

It was the night before the annual trip to Enoree. Most of the boys had gone early to bed in order to be ready for the two o’clock rise in the morning, but some were still awake, discussing the questions incident to the trip, and among these was John Harris, denominated by way of contradistinction from his brother Nat, “Big Un” as the smaller member was called “Little Un.” John was engaged in observations as to who ought to be allowed to make the coming trip and as only a limited number could be accommodated in the wagons, some of the lads must be excluded. Among these John thought Lep Carter ought certainly to be numbered.

“What’d he do ‘Big Un’?”

“Oh, we were all playin’ ball and Lep knocked a fly. It wuzn’t much of a fly and the short stop oughter caught it easy but he didn’t and Lep got to first. I wuz a ketchin out and seein’ Crawf on second base, I knew we had a chance to shet ‘im out there. The first ball that passed, sho nuff, he made a

run and a dive for second and I let the ball go fur Crawf. I couldn't *swear* that Crawf touched him with the ball but if he didn't he most and Crawf sez he did. But Lep wouldn't agree ter it and lows as how he wouldn't go out. Crawf remarked as how the second base-man might sorter give him a lift and hep 'im out. Lep turned white ez a sheet and didn't say nuthin and Crawf begun to lif' 'im. I started to sorter cheer erlong the wurk but I might ez well not er done it. Lep jest sorter drew up his pants and breshed off the dust and quit the diggins and he aint played no ball since. Now I say a man that wont fight's a coward and it uz all his fault too. "Well too late to git 'im out now, Uncle Billy said he wuz to be in the second waggin."

"I'm thankful he aint in the fust, I dont want no sneaks and cowards in mine." "I heard that feller pray in prayer-meeting the other night 'Big Un' and he didn't pray much like a coward." But just then the bell rang for lights out and so the discussion was ended.

Nine miles from Clinton flow the yellow waters of the Enoree river. Not particularly famous in storied lore nor over-rich in incidents of historic interest, yet it furnished the scene for many delightful episodes in the life of the orphanage boy, and still doth furnish. In fact, only the merry times of Christmas or the jolly cornerstone day, and the Commencement season could compare in pleasure, real and anticipated with the early morning ride, in the bouncing wagon, neath shooting stars, through the mists of the valley and the shades of the forest, that rough tumble and scramble down the hills and up them again, into the wagon and out again, up the muscadine vine and down again, over the fence toward the

apple tree and down the tree and back over the fence toward the wagon as the farmer's dog appears. And, oh, that wonderful race to the river growing more intense as the bounds of barefoot boys followed fiercely by the deserted wagons, neared its banks, striving hard to prevent the rays of the rising sun. And that delicious consciousness of freedom as the spirit of the wildwood entered into the young explorers, and that gladness of the untried which every young heart feels as it stands before the tempting depths of the shadowy forest! And then the honest pride of the sturdy lad whose tongue first truly could say, "Yonder she is," and whose foot first touched its muddy waters in symbol of his victory. How he tells and re-tells it over till every boy has heard a hundred times, even the lazy fellows that stayed by the stuff in the wagons. Then comes the first meal of the day, and the boys are ready for it. With wonderful alacrity the kindling is brought and the smoke begins to rise. There the two boys have come back from the old well bringing the bucket of water for the breakfast coffee and the great basket is opened upon a rocky bluff overlooking the river, and from its depths is drawn the simple meal. And then before a morsel has touched the lips, the orphan lads thank their Father that he has made the world so full of happiness and love, and reared up such kind friends for his fatherless children.

The meal is over and now the younger lads are producing from their pockets the string and hooks necessary for the day's fun. Already some of the more professional are smiling with grim satisfaction as they feel the significant tug while others of the more adventurous sort may be seen wading with their pants rolled up over their knees upon the

shoals of the opposite side. And thus is filled up the day
A ride, a ramble, a fishing pole, a bite, a bath, a return ride,
all this mingled with joy and laughter and good-will and joke
and song and yell and story and prayer. Such is Enoree.

No wonder that many years after, the old man in the pulpit or pew, in the farm or shop, in Carolina or Japan, thinks of the boy as he laughs under the sycamore tree or wades over the shore or nods by the river bank or follows the mighty current of the onward rolling Enoree.

The time for the swim had come, Uncle Billy had called in his boys, the older ones had been given instructions about watching the younger and all had been warned of the whirlpool near the mill dam and close to the water race. "Splash," the lithe young form had buried itself in the golden waters of the river, and a moment later with blinking eyes and parted hair emerges from the water. then follows another and another until the Mill pond seems literally alive with inhabitants, swimming, diving, cutting "sumblee sets", now wading to the bank only to return to its delicious depths.

It was toward the close of the bath. Many of the boys had, with a lingering glance at the coveted stream, betaken themselves to their clothes. A few others were sitting on the bank, watching their companions and seemingly unable to decide whether the waters or the watching was the more attractive. All had kept their distance from the dangerous whirlpool.

Suddenly a shrill voice was heard: "I scream and Dunkey—Look a yonder." All looked in the direction in which the dripping arm of Tommy Quigley pointed. It took only a moment for the blood of all to chill. There in the



"OR FOLLOWS THE MIGHTY CURRENT OF THE ONWARD FLOWING ENORSEE."

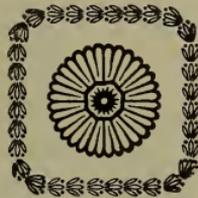
heart of the pool, whirled a little body, his small white arms battling with the waves, his water-filled lungs unable to utter a cry for help. How long he had been there no one knew, nor whether it was the first, the second or the third time that his bloodless face was sinking beneath the waters or whether he was dead already. As the wild birds rush away from the trap when one of their number is caught, the other boys had instinctively shrunk back from the pool. The older boys were paralyzed for a moment, and their unwilling eyes watched the little form sink for perhaps the last time because their bodies were powerless to prevent it.

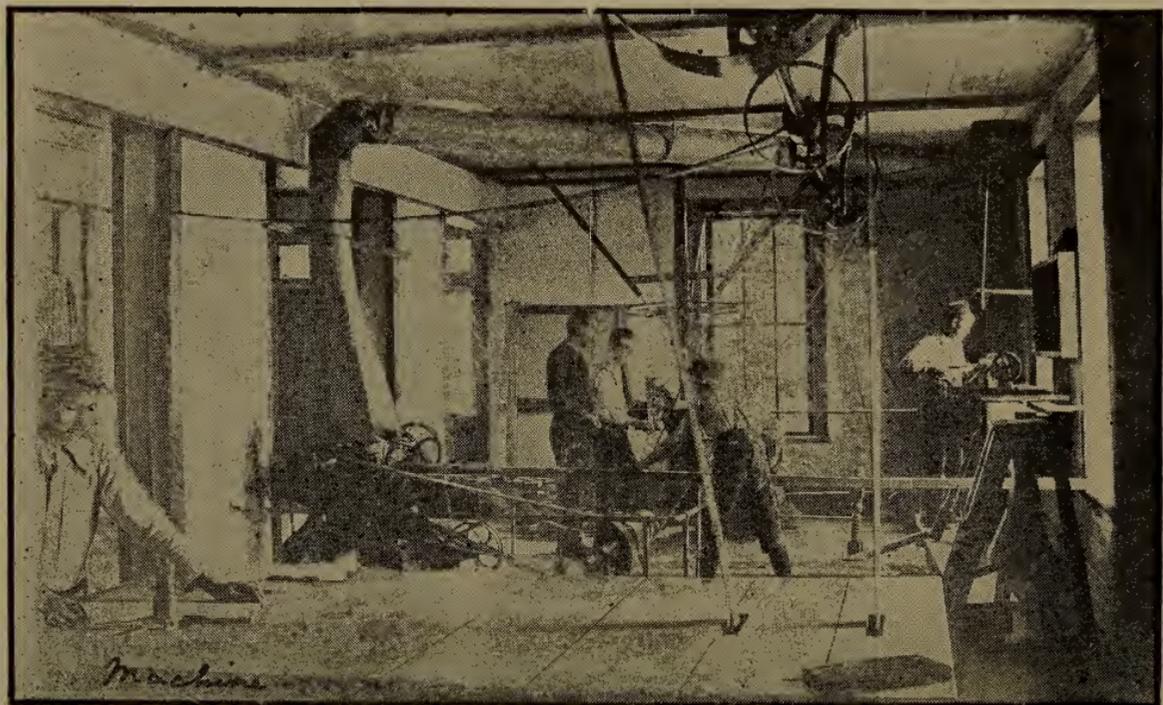
Then suddenly, no one knew from whence, there was a splash in the water and a supple swimmer with a bold stroke struck out for the child. In a moment, it seemed ages to the watchers, he was there. But would the little fellow rise again! They watch in breathless suspense, only God and time could answer that question. The swimmer is treading the water now. See, he bends, something has touched him beneath the water. He is reaching down, now he is drawing it up, yes it is he, the little boy. Lifeless? No thank God! he lives!

But the swimmer's strength is nearly spent, the strong current is bearing him onward and the pool is sucking him under, and now with the added weight of the child he is sinking still lower till his head is almost submerged. It is certain that he cannot fight his way back as he went. There is but one hope, will he see it? Ah, yes, see him, he is rising again, he strikes out bravely, not for the bank but the dam. Thank God he is away from the vortex of the pool now. Look, he is nearing its edge. There now he is at the dam,

another strong stroke and he will touch it. At last he steadies himself, and the waves lift them up as they rest on the dam. Look! he is bending over the form he has just saved. He is beckoning to us that the lad still lives. "Hurrah for——" "Who is that feller?" "Who is it?" "Big Un, that's yer coward, ole man, Hurrah for Lep Carter."

"If I aint the biggest fool on earth then, Joe's dead and Sal's a widder," was Big Un's only response, and more than one of the boys was thinking that Lep swam like he prayed, in earnest.





THE MACHINE SHOP—TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

The Home Trip.

ONLY a few moments usually intervene between the morning dip and the dinner bell. Ah! I have forgotten, take the above expression metaphorically or else substitute a **Y** for the **B**. This meal like the morning one is very simple yet very much appreciated, It need hardly be said that Lep Carter received the Benjamin's portion.

After dinner comes the shower dip at Horse-shoe Falls. The water, coming as it does from a small tributary to the Enoree, is clearer and purer and colder than the yellow waters of the larger stream.

There is just a tinge of romance about it too, when one of the older lads better versed in romantic lore than the others tells them of Horse-shoe Robinson and of the novel by that name whose scene was here, and that they are bathing in waters whose murmurs mingled with a lover's tender notes many years ago. When the dip in the fall is over, the boys return in a desultory fashion to the camping ground across the long bridge and lounge around the wagons, where they join others who have been berrying, fishing, joking or bird egg hunting for the museum. They had but reached the latter when the miller, covered over with white flour, at once the badge and blood of his life, in a concerned tone addressed the boy's commander :

“Mr. W—— : There's a nigger here that's mighty sick. He came awalkin to the mill a few hours ago and was taken violent almost immejitly. We done all we could for 'im and

sont fer er doctor an' he gave him some medicine an' tole 'im ter git home quick's possible. Seein' as how he lives up your way I kinder thought yer mout er had room in der waggin. He's too sick ter walk, and I dunno what's ther matter with him. What yer think, can yer take 'im."

"Ye-es ef he kin stan' it we kin, I guess. He ain't per-ticuler 'bout his bed clothin' is he. Kin he put up with the waggin'."

"Oh he's gittin' better and the shakin' may do him some good. He's in hyer."

Accordingly, with the help of the boys who were most heartily willing to be good Samaritans the colored gentleman was soon lying on an improvised bed of straw and seemed in a fair way for a nap. He seemed to have forgotten something however, for before he finally dozed off, which occurred soon after the wagon began to move, he told one of the boys to "be sho an onsleep him" when the party reached Duncan's Creek, a stream half way between Enoree and Clinton.

And so the procession began to move. Hot and dusty it is but the boys are only the more vociferously crying "gone to Gusty." Many are the songs, well or half remembered which fill the air, such as the following which was a general favorite :

"What's the use er me workin so hard
Sugar-baby.

What's the use er me workin so hard,
I got a woman in the white folks yard,
Sugar-baby."

Bring me meat and bring me lard
Sugar-baby,
Brings me meat and brings me lard

Bring me chicken from the white folks yard.
Sugar-baby."

Stories too, galore, as when Dawse the story-teller was asked to draw one from his repertoire just after they left Byrd's. [Byrd's was the Jacob's well by the roadside whither the boys went up for a drink, invariably, on their return trip.]

"Well, le's see, we wuz talkin'bout swimmin' an' fightin, an' punchin' an' I don't know but, well I tell you there's some good fellows 'at won't fight, like Lep in front there, then there's some that's good now that useter fight like hurry-kin. When I wuz a kid I useter hyer the big boys talk about a fight two little fellers had at the Orph'nidge once."

You see wen a new boy come to the Orph'nidge, it'uz jus like puttin down a new rooster in wid some ole uns. It aint agoin ter take long to find out which uns are the games.

One time there wuz a little new feller 'at come in and he look like a spunky little chap. He wuz called "Dobby." Well, bout the fust thing this yer Dobby done wuzter kinder let down his wing and strut a little and kinder flop 'um up and'crow. There wuzn't but one feller 'at uz little enough to match 'im, and it didn't take the boys long to get 'im at it. Fud wuz the man and he 'lowed Dobby wuz kinder dress-up, and Dobby 'lowed Fud better git a little mo so, and Fud sorter thought Dobby might be a little stuckup wid it all, and Dobby lowed he'd better shet up, er he'd git stuck up; and Fuddy let out 'at sech remarks were sumwat more like the ole boy'n a new un.

Dobby didn't zackly understan that and proceeded to remark 'at he wuz older and smarter'n anoter little kid he

knowed and cud wallup a dozen like 'im; which Fuddy tho't he couldn't, and they proceeded to put the thing ter an actual test. Well it didn't take either one long ter git enuff an as they kinder slowed up, Dobby happened ter say 'at he whupt, which Fud wouldn't admit as suitable testimony, so that, by time they'uz throo gittin their waistes buttoned up'n de dus off'n der pants, they'z at it agin. 'N it took a little longer'n hurt a little mo'n their fust un; but it ended up pretty soon 'n deyre came some more fun. Fud wuz kinder tuff and wuzn't hut much, 'cep' skinnt up roun 'is shins; but Dobby's gills and comb wuz pecked up consid'rble, cause he cudn't see'im and wuz too mad to feel'im. And wen Fud called the attenshun uv the onwatchers to the party 'at had ther most bruises, Dobby wasn't willin ter it, aud Fud hadn't more'n said it the second time 'fore he'd anudder fight on his hands. This un wuz a little longer and wuss'n the third. Fudd kinder got 'im down, and as he didn't fancy keepin the thing up all day he kinder kep 'im down. After that, Dobby wuz sorter agreed to 'dmit 'at he uz walluped, but he lowed 'at 'fore a week wuz over he'd whip 'at skallowag or Joe'd die and leave Sal a widder. But the other party wuzn't willin fur that either and proceeded to show him up to the effect 'at he wudn't whup 'im nex week nor nebber, an'—'

A bounce on the wagon stopped the narration for a moment. Before it could be resumed one of the listeners had asked whether they kept on fighting till the dinner bell rang, and another had observed that he would like to know where these pugnacious individuals could now be found, if indeed, a kind nature had permitted them to draw so many breaths of air.

"An' yer doan berlieve it uz a fact, eh? Well maybe you'd be sprised ef I uzter tell yer whare them young uns is ter be found ter day!"

"Let it out ole man; doant be skeert ter tell um ther truth!" "Well lissen hyear then. Dobby iz preachin in one uv ther biggest chuches in ther state er South Carolina; and Fud is ther boss editor uv a big religious newspaper. How's that fur high?"

It would have been better for low, as just about that moment the wagon gave a tremendous lurch and bounce that nearly shook everybody from their seats. A natural effect was to turn the attention of the company to their sick ward.

"Bullfrogs and little fishes, ef we aint done furgot!"

"Furgot what, Sam?"

"Look o'yonder," pointing to the sleeping darkey, who seemed to have recovered so far as not to mind the bouncing of the wagon. "He tole us to wake 'im up at Duncan's Creek, and we done carried 'im mouty near ter Jack Holland's.

Upon every face could be read both surprise at their forgetfulness and dismay at its result. It meant nearly four^{ad} miles of extra bouncing in the first place, and in the second that they would miss the Grand Entree to the yard, where they were to be welcomed by the homestayars with cheers and songs. But there was no remedy for it. Nothing was left but to drive back to Duncan's Creek and wake the darkey up. So they made the trip, scarcely over anxious not to break their ward's snooze. This, however, did not occur and at last they reached the creek, when one of the boys gave the negro a push and woke him up.

“Here’s Duncan’s Creek, pard; we’re at it now.”

“Weze hyar, is we? Wal suh; an’ it doan seem ter me no time sence we lef Musgrove’s. Is I bin asleep?”

“Yes, an’ we didn’t wake yer up, because we thought it would be better gittin bounced up asleep’n awake.”

“I sho is glad, boss, and de doctor giv me sumpin an’ tole me it ’d mek me sleep, and said ’at I mus sho be woke up and take sum ub anudder kind at Duncan’s Creek; an’ say, boss, I is powful oblige. You uns doan wake me up any mo till we git ter Clinton, please gemmins,” and having swallowed a powder he settled himself back for another nap.

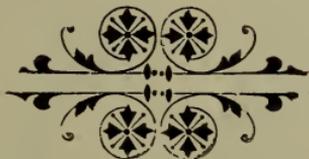
“Well, I’ll be dog!” It was the colored driver who remarked.

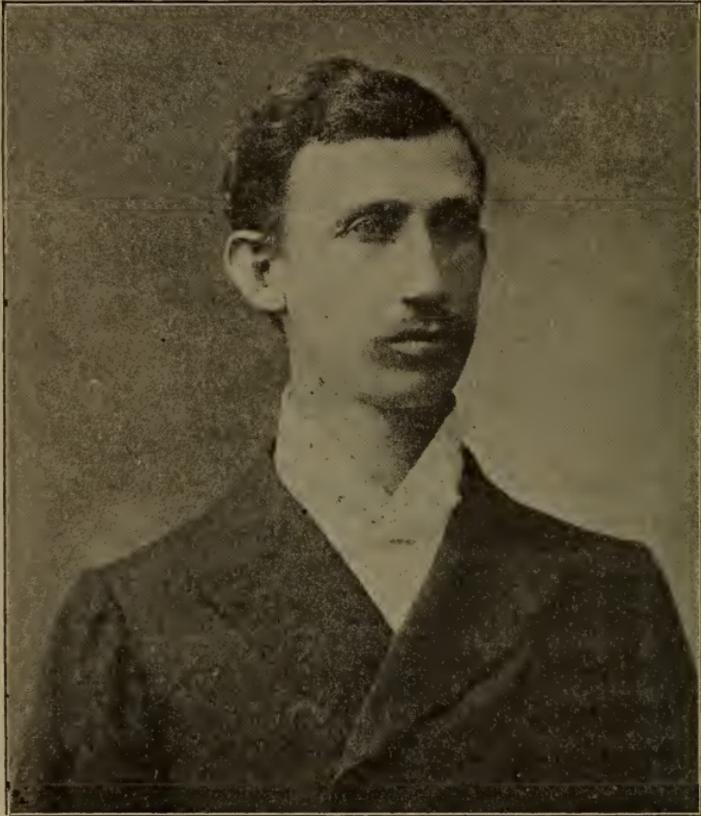
The journey home was completed in more or less silence.

“Some time ago Rev. Dr. J. Y. Allison, of Baton Rouge La., made a donation of five hundred dollars to the Thornwell Orphanage to erect a summer cottage for the use of the Orphanage family during the summer. Mr. T. C. Scott of the Orphanage, purchased a farm of eighty acres overlooking Enoree river and made a present of it to the Orphanage. During the Spring the cottage was built and named Riverside Cottage. It will accommodate about twenty-five children at a time.

At intervals during the summer, such of the children as were not invited to the homes of friends to spend their vacation were given an outing at Riverside Cottage. They have enjoyed it hugely and there can be no doubt that the two gifts of farm and house were in the line of the most intelligent charity. The projected Spartanburg and Clinton railroad will run near the Riverside farm and a station will be located within a mile of it. This will be a great convenience for the children and officers when it comes about, as it may by next summer. The boys are advocating building a gasoline launch. If it is built, it will be the product of the Orphanage Technical School; even the engine will be built by the

boys and their teachers. A skiff built in the Technical School for use during the past summer, though the first effort in the way of naval construction, was quite a success."—*Southern Presbyterian*.





REV. S. P. FULTON.

Poems, de la Quigley and Rob.



JOHN Lavender was our poet-laureate. He would occasionally get off some good things, equal only to Lutz, his successor in uttering the unutterable. I remember once when Quigley left the Orphanage and wanted to be a sailor. We all tried to get him to stay and Doctor advised him not to go, but he would do it. A day or two after he had left, John's time came around for a composition in school and instead, he handed in a poem, somewhat to the teacher's surprise and very much to her delight. Here it is:

I.

AURORA.

On an ocean's bosom bright and blue,
In a land not far away,
A beautiful ship with a joyous crew
Was gliding peacefully.
And afar to the prow, under cloudless skies,
As they bounded away from the shore,
Stood a strong, young lad with glistening eyes,
Ever eagerly looking before.
No tears were there as are wont to be,
No sorrowful heaving breast;

No sigh for the home he would long to see,
 Where oft he would long to rest.
 For he thought of the heavens bright and blue,
 Of the ocean wild and free,
 And he thought of the ship so staunch and true,
 And he dreamed of the untried sea.

II.

VESPER.

O'er the treacherous ocean's heaving blue
 Near a land in the faraway,
 A shattered ship with a shattered crew
 Was seeking a friendly bay.
 And afar to the stern as the clouds gathered fast,
 And the breakers began to roar,
 Bent a shattered man with his eyes on the past
 Dreaming of childhood's shore.
 And the blinding tears there fell unseen,
 And there was the heaving breast,
 And the sigh for the home where he might have been,
 Where nevermore he would rest.
 For he thought of the howling wintry blast,
 And he thought of the raging sea,
 And he longed for an harbor where storms are past,
 The harbor where soon he would be.

When Rob's eyes gave out at College—(Let me explain : Just across from the orphanage is the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, opposite the McCormick Home. The Orphanage holds six scholarships there and six of its oldest and best equipped boys can use them.) Well, when Rob's eyes gave out, John tried all sorts of ways to cheer him up. Their conversation had an effect upon the literature of the pe-



THE COLLEGE JUST OPPOSITE.

riod at the Orphanage as is evidenced by the following, found in John's algebra and deciphered after much trouble :

JOHN:

Rob, look up! the prospect dazzles 'tis so fair,
Sweetest music fills exhilarating air,
Happy skies of blue above thee,
And a world, a God to love thee.
All a universe can give thee,
Take thy share.

ROB:

But the way is weird and lonely that I tread,
And the dark, grey sky so chilly overhead
Never leaves a pathway open,
For one ray of joy and hope, and
I despairingly must grope in
Growing dread.

JOHN:

Though the way be dark and lonely thou art safe,
Though the shadows deepen ever toward the grave,
Dead leaves make the Spring the greener,
Dead hopes help the soul to glean her
Harvest rich. From self they wean her,
On! Be brave!

ROB:

'Tis so hard to trust in spring-time, when the trees
Bend before the blast of Winter's icy breeze,
Hard to trust in springing flowers,
Warbling birds and shady bowers,
When the threatening storm-cloud lowers
O'er billowy seas.



THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL..

A Mid-Summer Night's Dream.



YOU may laugh at it and poke fun at it and look disgusted at it as much as you please, but it still will be true that barring liquor, love is the only power that can make the world go round. We need it badly. The condemned criminal with his fiendish countenance and shrunken brow about to die like a dog, differs from the judge who pronounced the death sentence, chiefly in this one essential feature.

The smooth-faced villain, who carries poison under his tongue and who scatters firebrand, arrows and death, saying "Am I not in sport?" differs from the honorable man who vituperates him primarily in this element. Would God we had more of it. A little taffy now is worth a good deal of epitaphy after awhile they say and if men and women would just tell one another of their interest in each other's welfare, the world would be so much happier. We save our flowers for the grave when hearts are breaking for them all around us. We weep over the hand so cold and white, the hand that never thrilled with joy at a warm and cheery shake. We say such sweet things over the tomb, where rests the one who never heard from our lips a word of love or encouragement. May God forgive us, the God who has told us freely of his own love.

And there is another thing about it. I have been young and now am old—though not very—and I have never yet seen the reason why folks call the affections of those of tender age, puppy-love. There is nothing fair about such nomenclature, unless that of the older ones be houndish. You may search the wide world through in vain, for a purer, sweeter, holier emotion than that which the old folks are accustomed contemptuously to style puppy-love, when found in their children. There is nothing puppyish about it. I defy any one to honestly and truly affirm he ever loved more purely, more nobly, more fervently than when his young heart first bared itself unconsciously as yet, to the arrows of the divine Eros, and kneeled in its first homage at his shrine. Treat not with contempt the humble loves of the little ones, but learn from them the lesson of spotless, spiritual, passionless affection felt only by them and by the angels and by Him who said “Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

The bright summer days had come at the Orphanage, the days when the children revelled in the prospects of holiday and its attendant fun. Simple indeed, and yet to them, how rich were those pleasures. There were the long wood-rambles, jolly water-melon cuttings and merry games, which were only suspended when the young players could bear it no longer. Then too, in the evenings, how delightful to loll under the dark shades of the trees on the campus and rehearse the day's adventures and the morrow's prospects. Sometimes, too, when the children had been specially good, the boys were allowed to leave the confines of the dear old McCormick and visit their fair young sisters of the Home of Peace and frolic in gladness around the evergreens of the front yard. Many merry

moments were spent in "Base" and "Goosy Goosy Gander."



"AROUND THE EVER-GREENS."

There were no such days as those, no nor ever shall be—unless—well yes, unless it was when they all met in the house for an old-fashioned orphanage sociable. The "Base" became "Steal Partners" and "Fox and Gander" "Cross-questions" and "Old Hundred" was changed to "Jake grinned at me."

How the old rooms did ring with laughter so lusty and bounding that the solid granite walls seemed about to yield to the irrepressible joy. Long years have passed, but none who were present at those gatherings have ever forgotten them.

It was on such a night, that one of the lads fell. It was a long struggle and a hard one but at last he gave out and fell—in love. It was not Henley's fault, ordinarily he was a sober and level-headed boy, and had very seldom lost his head or his heart. Perhaps it was the balmy air or the vacation idleness, or more likely, the coyness of the maiden that at last intoxicated him that a new color began to appear in his horizon. The humdrum of the summer days became enlivened with interest and all things became new. It was at the old game of "Steal Partners" that it happened, and it was then that the love-liquor he had been drinking for quite a while, first began to seriously affect his mind. Mattie was in

the ring and her old "feller" was watching with averted eye, knowing which one she would choose when they all sang :

"Fly to the east and
Fly to the west and
Fly to the very one
You love best."

And it happened just as he expected, Mattie chose Mack. Everybody knew she would do it and she might as well do it anyhow, for if she hadn't they would all have said she was ashamed. And how Mack's heart swelled with pride as the little hand that he prized more than his own rougher palm, was stretched out to him and how they both blushed as the circle continued.

"Now you're married you must obey,
Now you're married you must obey,
You must be true, you must be kind
You must do all that she bids you."

The young lad may live long and grow much. A physician, he may stand by the bedside of death, and, bidding defiance to that monster's claims, drive him back to his own dark dominions and reclaim the sufferer from his terrors; a lawyer, his eyes may fill as after a long and trying case he has saved an innocent man's life; a governor or President, he may relieve the adulation of many multitudes, but none of these nor all of them could ever equal the unalloyed bliss of that moment.

But it was well for the young master of hearts that he did not look behind him, for the jealous eyes and determined features of another lad would have set him to wondering if his Mattie could be held against all odds. Henley had watched the performance eagerly. To be sure, he expected

nothing else, and yet it was with a little feeling of dismay that he saw it turn out as he knew it would. But then and there he resolved there was to be a battle for the maiden, and that in at least one case none but the brave should deserve or hold the fair. Go it, young hearts, it is but a transcript of life's long struggle you are beginning to enter. Be true and brave and courageous, and fight hard and honorably, of such are the princes of the earth.

But there was all the difference in the world between Henley's resolve and its execution. To the latter he immediately devoted himself. The boys and girls wondered why he sat so quietly in his corner all during the games that evening, seemingly caring nothing for the fun in which he had been accustomed to revel, disregarding every attempt to pull him into the gay circle. But while others were merry he was planning, and when the ten o'clock bell rang for the dispersing of the party, he rose as one who knew and was confident that he would shortly be master, and master of something that was worth being master of. That night as "Big Un" and Jno. L. were going home, Henley joined them, and told them to come to his room immediately. A few moments later found the trio in close consultation. Henley's face was all light now. Jno. L. seemed interested, but "Big Un" was a little indifferent to the scheme he was proposing.

"I tell you, fellows, there aint no use in wastin' this summer huntin' blackberries an goin' washin. Let's have some fun, some sho nuff fun. We three fellows can work things a lot better than just one, and there aint three finer girls in the country than them three."

"But, Henley, don't you know Fannie don't care any-

thing for me, I dor't like her nohow; her nose is too long and she looks too much like a sheeny."

"Aw, Jno. L., that's the fun in the thing. You want to make her fall in love with you, and so'll "Big Un" have to make Bertie, but I'm in a lot's worse fix than you fellows. for Mattie is dead in love with Mack, and everybody knows it."

"There's this much about it, 'Big Un.' I aint never had no use for Mack since he told where our plum thicket was, and I would just like to help Henley cut him out. He's been sporting Mattie mighty heavy too long anyhow."

Well then, fellows, I'll tell you what we'll do. 'Big Un,' you take Bertie and Jno. L. take Fanny and I'll try Mattie. We'll run together, an' set rabbit gums together, an'



"YOU TAKE BERTIE, AND JNO. L. TAKE FANNIE
AND I'LL TRY MATTIE."

go muscadine hunten' together and we'll get them to runnin' together, and if we do that I believe in a week or two Mack's jig'll be up.

And so they talked and planned. Henley had some difficulty in getting his two friends to join the triumvirate; but, once in, they went at it in earnest. He had to persuade Jno. L. a little, too, to reconcile him to Fannie, whom he had selected for him because of her influence on Mattie. And "Big Un" would have liked to have had Henley's girl, but consented at last to take the one allotted to him, chosen also with an eye to her possible usefulness in love lawyering. As the night wore on they became more and more interested in the scheme, and the early rising bell found them putting the finishing touches on it.

"All right, fellows. Now don't say anything to a soul about it, and we'll start the ball rolling today." And Henley, a little red eyed but unboundedly happy, meant every word he said.

That very morning he had his opportunity. Fannie was sitting in the swing and he leisurely sauntered up to her. They had always been great friends, and she had begun to suspect he was soft on her girl bosom-friend.

"Say, Henley, what was the matter with you last night? Did Mack get ahead of you?"

"Well, Fan, he's been ahead so long that it don't seem unnatural to let him stay, does it? But say yourself. Did you know that you had caught a new beau?"

"No; who is it?"

"Now don't try to fool me that way,—you know it, I believe, as well as I do."

“I declare I don’t. Who on earth can you mean?”

“Do you mean ter say, Fan, that you can’t tell when a boy like Jno. L. falls in love with you?”

“Jno. L.! Oh tadpoles and little fishes. Are you dreaming, Henley, my lad, or just a little out of your senses.”

“Oh, pshaw! Now don’t try to put on like that. He owned up to me a while ago; and ‘Big Un’s’ gone on Bert too, ’n there aint two finer fellows in the Orphanage.

Just then some other girls came to the swing, and the conversation was interrupted. But Henley had sown his first seed; he had started the ball a rolling. The next day Bertie’s heart felt a new and strange sensation; she had heard that “Big Un” was struck, and was going to sport her if she’d sport him. Such were the plans, and such were the terms of the children.

And so the scheme began to work. Nothing noticeable at first, only that Henley and Jno. L. and “Big Un” were always to be seen together. Then some one called attention to the fact that Fannie and Bertie and Mattie were “pidners.” Mack noticed the change almost immediately, and began to suspect something, but said nothing about it. Soon the two trios could be seen on all lawful and possible occasions to have something in common and though only giggles and grunts and blushes could be seen or heard such language was gloriously eloquent to those who understood. Gradually it came about as Henley said it would. John L. did fall in love with Fannie, and “Big Un” with Bertie, and they with the boys. As for himself he already knew his own heart.

and each day seemed to be bringing him nearer to the end of his ambition.

The scheme which he had formed was a new one for the Orphanage, but wisely and philosophically laid. Hitherto the sole dependence of the young lovers, outside of their own stammering efforts, had been the daysman, the mediator who went between the parties and talked up for both sides. This, Fannie was still doing for Henley, but the power of the plan was in the triumvirate. It is easier to fall in love in company with some one else, 'tis so at least with boys and girls. Henley watched eagerly for the success of his plans. Girls always have an easier time here than boys. The latter can't help telling it. Every leaf on the tree, every star in heaven seems to know it and his guilty conscience must show it. Sometimes it was a smile at the table, and then another smile, or better a third smile. and the fourth never passed without proving indisputably that the next bouquet of violets that came from the dell in the hands that belonged to those eyes would be found in hers as soon as his lawyer could hand them over. But the surest sign of all was the muscadines. Before the fall no lad ever brought home a single one of the many he so laboriously climbed and struggled for. Afterward, however, the same lad always examined carefully before he left for his Saturday afternoon excursion for his red handkerchief, to see if it was there and large enough—it never mattered about the last time it had seen the washtub—to inclose the load of luscious fruit it would bear to the lassie at home. It is a beautiful picture, that of the young boy and a bright angel image ever floating before his eyes—an image of beauty and happiness to him. Ever present, whether it was as he

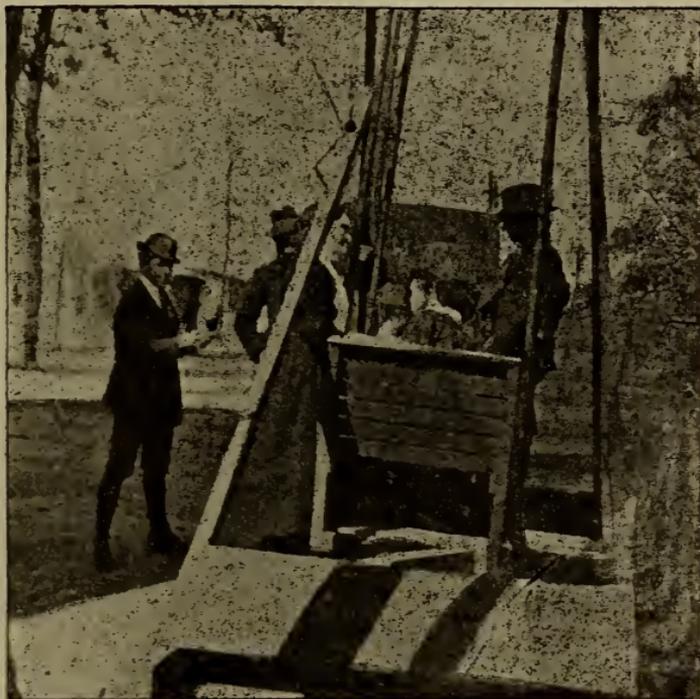
climbed the knotty oak or swung out on the rocking vine or braved the angry poison oak. There she was and the face carried with it a benediction of peace and love.

Not so beautiful, yet equally attractive was that same lad when the solemn chimes of the church bells called the saints of God to worship. Before, his drowsy eyes had to be propped open with many a kindly pinch or twitch designed to save him from the punishment which would surely follow his being seen asleep by his matron. Now, the preacher might preach as long as he pleased and the longer the better, for at least every minute he would win a smile from her who sat in the opposite corner and who moved in each short interval just far enough to see and be seen. I do not think the angels of God consider that as impious as we. jealous for His honor, are accustomed to do. He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, for God is love.

But we must not forget one of the chiefest of joys of those bright days—the jacks and mumblepeg. Never were they happier than when seated on the stone steps, or under the shady oaks, they successively counted 5, 10, 15, 20, wound safely around the “snake,” threw “ups and downs” the required number of times, and jumped the “elephant.” Or, if it was mumblepeg, what a privilege to be allowed to root the peg if bad luck threw it to her turn, and there was nothing but joy and promise in that laugh which under other circumstances would have been a bitter mockery. Smile, friend, but not in derision, at such emotions as these, for such are they which develope into the fire that carries the trembling soldier into the cannon’s mouth, and burns the midnight oil of the student’s lamp. Such were the

signs, and such were the rewards of love when the writer was a lad at Thornwell; and such are they still,—the same hearts, the same hopes, the same tokens, only different faces and different names.

As the summer wore on the fruits of Henley's scheme became more apparent. At last, one day—it was late in Au-



“SHE DID NOT EVEN LOOK AT HIM.”

gust—the trio had a great plan to be executed, whereby, both they could enjoy themselves and Henley could test his case. It was nothing less than a candy-pull. The boys furnished the molasses. For a whole long week they put in their spare time to earn its value; and when the expected Saturday came,

it found the six ready, Mack had tried to join the crowd, but had failed, and then in spite, as Henley knew he would, had gotten up his own pull and invited Mattie to reign at it. This was the test, and Henley conquered. Even when Mack, with his hands full of the gummy candy, paraded by the stand of the triumvirate, and tried to entice Mattie to his own kettle she was not moved. Nay, she did not even look at him, and Henley knew his plan had been successful, the prize was his. A few nights later in the merry-go-round ring, when the circle was chanting:—

Fly to the east and
Fly to the west and
Fly to the very one
That you love best.

Henley and not Mack was the one who was chosen to blush as they continued:

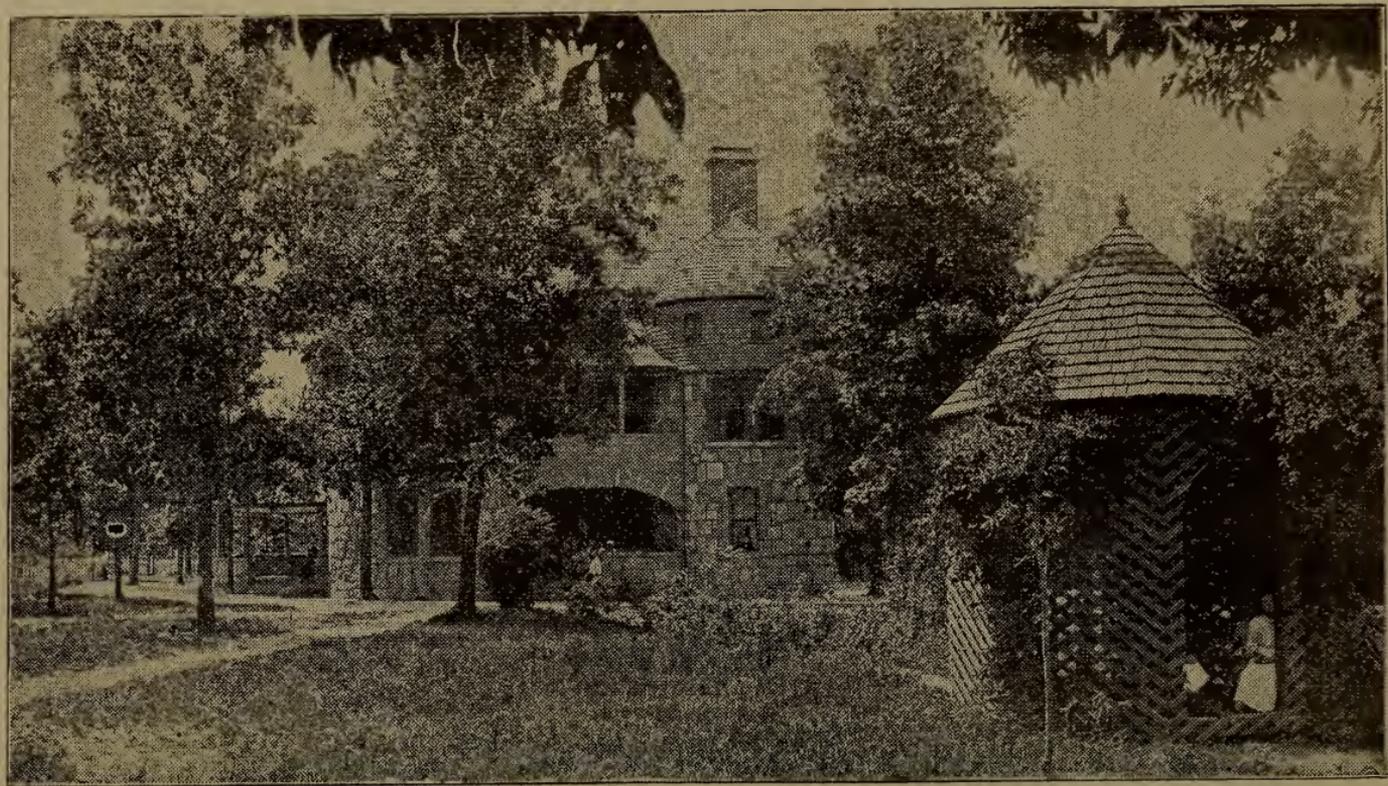
“Now you’re married you must obey,
Now you’re married you must obey,
You must be true, you must be kind,
You must do all that she bids yon.”

But, alas, his triumphs were short. Scarce two weeks had passed before the doors of a neighboring college were thrown open for the fall session and the young lad was forced to relinquish his well-earned prizes and enter the field of higher and more intellectual battles. This of itself, would not have rendered a retreat necessary, but the unfortunate part of it all was that the college hours and those of the orphanage so harmonized or rather so did not harmonize that Henley was at his work all morning until two in the afternoon and Big Un and Jno. L. entered upon their school work at just that hour. So that it was impossible to hold the triumvirate to-

gether. But the saddest part of all was when Mack, who had made his peace with the two others, slowly and silently took the place vacated by his conqueror. The plan survived its former, the machine outlasted its manufacturer, but what Henley thought of the proceeding may be seen from the following clipping from his journal :

“And all for nothing. That little rascal I downed is on top again. I wish there wasn't and never had been no Caesar nor Goodwin I'd a been a lots happier. I sho have dug a pit and fell in it myself. Wus still, I have dug a well and another man is drinkin all the water. I have planted a vineyard and he is gittin all the grapes. I built a house and can't sleep in it. But that's all right, if it hadn't been for all this miserable bosh at college I wouldn't a been the under dog, not by two rows of white teeth and a double set o' claws, in fact, not by upards uv er considerable.”





AT HOME! WINTER OR SUMMER.

The Angels' Visits.



LEP Carter was a good boy. Not a 'goody goody,' but plain simple good. He was not afraid of a fight. Big Un's test on the ball ground was no fair test, but he would never fight about a thing that was not worth fighting about. Ever since the memorable day at Enoree he had been a sort of hero among the boys and it had become decidedly popular to hold one's temper when a cause for dispute arose. Perhaps too, he possessed above the usual amount of thoughtfulness and strict honesty, and such traits could not exist among the boys and not result in higher ideals of life. Perhaps one of the reasons of his greater thoughtfulness could be found in his weaker constitution. Father and mother had both died of consumption and Lep had begun lately to show signs of a similar tendency.

One night, it was late in February, when the rain and sleet were falling fast outside and the trees were moaning under their loads of ice, the boys sat gathered around the open fireplace in the sitting room. It was just such a night that the cherry blaze within would most sharply contrast with the coldness and gloom without—a night when the boys used to love to gather round the glowing coals and "talk good talk." This was just what they had been doing and as it was almost

time for retiring, some one blew out the lamp that was sitting on the table. This only added to the attractiveness of the scene in the eyes of the boys. The fitful glare of the fire, the long shooting shadows dancing over floor and wall, the glimmer of the light against the ice as the sleet rang its tattoo against the window-pane. All conspired to suggest thoughts and stories and the weirdness of the scene to impress them the more deeply.

“Do you all see that coal down there?” said one of the boys, “right between those two big ones, see its wings and body and head? I declare it looks just like er angel!”

“Did you ever see er angel, Jim?”

“No ’n I guess ther aint nobody else roun hyer seen any, but that aint no sign, fur a man can’t no mo see er angil ’n a steam engine kin draw er conclusion. Angils is spirits an’ we aint.”

“D’yer ever see anybody ’at had seen one, Jim?”

“No, I dont believe,—Hol’ on, d’ yer ever hear ’bout Ida?”

“Ida who?”

“Oh, our Ida, ther aint never been but one Ida in this hyer orphanage. ’n nobody hasn’t told yer ’bout her? Well, I wish I could.”

“Tell us Jim! The boys were interested now. The dying embers and their weird shadows seemed just fitted to quicken their inagination. The warm velvety coals seemed so soft and kindly that their young hearts lost all the little sorrows of the day as they gazed into the spiritual depths of the fire.

“Fellows, I only wish I could,—I know it well enough

too, but I aint fittin ter tell it. I feels like I uz talkin ter the Lord wen I thinks about that mornin'. But I am agoin ter try to tell yer, because—well—because it'll be a good thing fer yer to dream about."

"Well, it aint been long either, only five or six years since we had a mighty bad spell er weather here. First it uz just as warm's summer and then come a mighty big freeze and the pipes busted and every thing busted and froze up,—and then come a long rainy spell. By the time the rain had kiner slacked up, there wuz four or five of the girls and one or two boys that the doctors wuz concerned about more'n usual, and that kiner cast a damper on the balance uv us. "Doctor" alluz prayed for the sick folks at chapel just like he does yet. But one morning his voice kinder stuck when he got along there and we knowed somebody uz wuss. Nex mornin' it stuck a little mo and time after that—well I aint never heard no such prayer for nobody as them girls got that mornin'. All bout um not havin' no fathers, and bout him bein' their father, and bout how he sure mus love um more'n we did, and I seen some of the fellows lips amovin' while he wuz prayin, and it kinder seemed to me that mornin' that the Lord and the angels couldn't be far off from that place; and I jus *knowed* that they couldn't take Maggie and Tula off,—them uz the sick uns, the wust sick. Well all durin the day there wuzn't much said among us fellows. Everybody sorter worked quiet like. Bout ten er'clock ther foreman sent me to ther office, 'n when I went I seen "Doctor" leanin' wid hi elbows on hiz khees an' hiz head sorter covered up wid his hand, an' I knowed what he'd bin doin'. Well, I hadn't no more'n got into the room 'fo hyer came a rap at ther do.

an' without waitin' fer a "come in," Miss Lizzie come rushin' in an' I saw sumpin wuz ther matter.

" 'What is it my daughter,' said Mr. Jacobs, 'n ther smile sorter lef hiz face, but I seen by hiz count'nance he wuzn't goin' ter believe that Tula or Maggie wuz gone.

" 'Oh, Mr. Jacobs,' Miss Lizzie said, 'please come over to the Harriet Home. The doctor says little Ida is dying.'

"I never did see nobody look jus like him when she said that; he looked jus like somebody had slapped him in ther face; he looked as tho ther Lord had slapped him in ther face.

"But he didn't say a word; he didn't even put on his overcoat, nor take his umbrella; he didn't even put on his overshoes; an' I don't believe he'd er took his hat if I hadn't reached out an' handed it ter him. He went out like er man in a dream—like er man dreamin' he wuz goin ter a hangin'.

The next mornin' he told us what he saw there, and what he heard. He said: 'Little Ida was thoroughly conscious and wide awake. There was no appearance of the least wandering of mind. She knew she was dying and was anxious to see her mother before she left life on earth. As I stooped over her, sitting by her side, while death was nearing she whispered—'Mr. Jacobs, the angels have come into the room', and when she said it her thin pale, face lit up with an extraordinary intelligence. She spoke as one communicating extraordinary tidings. Looking up into my face she caught there the thought that filled me of doubt and surprise. 'Do you not see them,' she said, 'they are coming across the bed, they are there by you—two of them.' But I could not take my eyes from the little child's face. It was enraptured and full of glory. 'They are beautiful—so beautiful—oh, so beautiful, she

murmured, and then with the same sweet smile with which she would tell of a great joy that had come to her, she whispered in my ear, 'They have come for me.' She never spoke again; nor did she while she breathed lose that sweet smile, which made her even in death seem very lovely. Yes, my children, the angels have passed this way. Our dim eyes saw them not, but she, who sank gently to rest on last Thursday noon, had a vision that we might well envy. I rose from the side of our little sister, feeling that if one might die as she did there would be nothing terrible about it. Her physician testifies that she was entirely conscious to the very last. There was much more in this death bed than can be interpreted by science. Our little girl was just a plain little girl, with no vivid imagination and only a child's mind. She saw what she said she saw.'

"That uz all he said, 'cep when he finished, he looked down on us with the strangest look and said, 'Children, I wonder when the angels will come back again.'"

Jim told his story better than he had anticipated, for when he finished there wasn't a boy prepared to look him straight in the eye. Even Crawf was looking away and moving so that no one could see his eyes. Only Lep Carter spoke:

"I would like to see the angels," he said, "and hear them talk of heaven. They must know everybody in heaven and they could tell me about"—but Lep too, had to stop.

Ever after that night Lep seemed even more earnest and thoughtful. He had been the best student in his class, now he became better than the best. His foreman had never known him to shirk a lick of work, and he now could be seen

working after the hour, when he thought he might be needed. But he seemed more melancholy too and often after school he could be seen wandering in the woods, seemingly in deep thought and sometimes talking almost inaudibly to himself. One evening in the Spring while some of the boys were sitting at the root of an old oak tree they saw Lep approaching. He did not see them and came slowly on. He was murmuring something softly to himself and his face which had grown unnaturally pale during the last few weeks was turned upward as though he were watching the tops of the trees. One of the boys, more to attract his attention than anything else, said:

“Hello Lep, what you thinkin’ bout, you aint talkin in yer sleep are yer?”

He stood a little surprised for a moment and then the fellows say that he looked at them with a strange light in his eyes, replied—

“Fellows, I was thinkin erbout Him, and wantin to talk to Him,” and with a trembling hand he pointed to where his eyes had been. “Do you believe it fellows. Do you believe it all, all that Mr. Jacobs told us this mornin’ in the chapel. Oh, if I jus’ knew it, knew that Jesus loved me and died for me and that I was to see him in heaven some day. In heaven too, our fathers are there. I believe it fellows, but if I jus knew it!”

The boys let him pass on. “Lep’s lookin bad,” said one of them.

“Yes ’n if I hadn’t known him all the time, I’d say that lookin’ bad an’ gettin’ good go together.”

The boys were right, the lad’s health was failing. It

took him some time longer than the others to see it, but during the damp days of the early Spring he learned his true condition and his body wore away with the summer months. At last, one morning the boys missed him in his accustomed place and had no reason for asking what was the trouble. During the following weeks the news was always the same and at last the day came, the day when one of the lads asked the doctor how he was and the answer came back "Leopold is very sick, he won't be with us long." The lad went inside and looked at Lep and then looked in the fire.

Mrs. Fuller was reading:—"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me because Jehovah hath appointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek, he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to comfort all that mourn. To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

She had to stop here, Lep was coughing, he was very weak, his suffering was almost over.

"In all their affliction he was afflicted, "she continued, "and the angel of His presence saved them, in his love and in his pity he redeemed and he bore them and carried them all the days of old."

"Mrs. Fuller" his voice was weak, "I've always believed that, but its mighty hard to die. I wanted ter be a man, a real man so bad, 'n its awful—lonesome—to die."

She made no answer, her eye had caught the next line—

"Fear not I am with thee, Oh be not dismayed for I am

thy God, I will strengthen thee, I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"Is that there?—in the book?"

"Yes my boy and listen:"—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee."

"Oh Mrs. Fuller I'm so glad that's there, 'n He'll hav' ter come in a minute for I'm nearin' 'em now."

She had closed the book and looking up into his face she saw that he was right. His feet were already in the waters, and He had come too. The little group around the bed were silent, only the whistling of the wind outside and the crackling of the fire within broke the stillness, the stillness of death.

Then Lepold's lips began to move and then the voice became stronger and the last words were words of prayer.

"O Lord, give me strength to make this prayer. Help me to trust myself to Christ—forgive all my sins—give me grace to trust in Thee. If it had been Thy will I hoped to live a little longer. Bless my matron she is the best woman in the world. Bless Miss Lizzie, she is so good to me—bless all the boys and Mr. Jacobs, he's the best man round here. God, bless my little sisters, thy little girls and my brothers and these folks that have been so good to me. Give me strength to pray longer—for the missionaries, all those in foreign lands. This I—Jesus'—sake."

His words and his life ended together.

"The angels have come back again" thought Jim, "and ey thcame to the one that wanted them."



COME IN.

More Ball.

THE base-ball season had rolled around again. It was a time of joy for the boys. There was no fun like that of the game and ordinarily it would have taken no seer to read the intense satisfaction on their faces. Somehow the boys did not seem as interested this year as formerly and the reason was not far to be sought. The President had heard of the last game and the nearness of a clash and the hard-feeling still remaining in the breasts of many of the boys and had forbidden them to play any more match games. They might pitch and catch among themselves as much as they pleased but there was to be no more occasion for free fights among them. The boys believed and yet hated to believe that he was right. No more ball! Why what was the use of living any more. No more hard-fought struggles upon the field with friends yelling and girls waving handkerchiefs and everlasting glory just ready to alight upon him who knocked a home-run or caught the last fly. You say "yes but you can still play among yourselves"—Pshaw man! don't you know it ain't no fun to learn how to play unless you are going to get to play. What's the use or fun either in breaking your finger unless some big crowd is there to sympathize with you and some girl sends her handkerchief to tie it up. Oh no, nobody wanted to play a little measly game by themselves with not enough boys to have a fielder for each side.

At first it seemed that the fellows were going to grin and endure it, but as the weather became warmer and they saw the town boys practicing, they could stand it no longer.

“Say fellows, I’ll tell you what let’s do, let’s ask Doctor if we can’t try it again and promise not to ever get mad, don’t care how much they cheat.”

“But Corny, there aint no use, he wouldn’t think of doing it. You know how he looked in chapel when he talked about it and he’d believe we was foolin.”

“Well, I don’t care, and I believe if we were to ask him right he’d let us and I don’t see no use in not tryin’. Dill, does he ever say anything about it around you?”

Dill was Doctor’s son and constituted a sort of prognosticating barometer as to the storminess or calm of the weather ahead, getting his information from chance rumors of his father at the supper table or around the fireside.

“I haven’t heard him say a word except yestiddy he asked me why the boys were not playin’ ball like they used to.”

“You see fellows he’s thinking about it. Les get Dill to ask him and I bet he’ll let us,”

“No sirree Corny, I’m not the man to do the askin’, he’d smell a rat sure. One of you fellows ’ll have to do that.”

“Well, I cant do it for I’m the man nearly got in the fight.”

“Goat’s the man to do it” said Twig, (so called as a diminutive of Branch). “Doctor sorter likes Goat because he’s quiet up in the printin’ office.”

“Say Goat, do it old fellow and we’ll give you the first pick on taters for a month.”

But Goat needed no urging, he was as anxious as any and so the following morning he found his way a little hesitatingly, indeed, but bravely to the office and after a light rap, was invited in. He had to wait for a moment as a stranger was talking to the President.

“Well, he must be a wonderful fellow,” the man was saying, “I wish we had one up our way.”

“Yes indeed, he is, sir. Just to give you an example, last year his total salary was two hundred and twenty-eight dollars and he gave the orphanage the two hundred and spent the twenty-eight on himself.”

“You don’t say so!”

“Yes sir, and more than that, there doesn’t a month pass that he doesn’t bring in something and give it for the children’s use. You saw the girls around a bicycle out yonder. Well he bought it and gave it to them. About three month’s ago we needed a new roof for our dining hall and couldn’t get the money to put it on and one day he brought it in and laid it down here on my desk. He has just gotten through buying a farm out at Enoree river for us, and last year he brought in a paid up policy of life insurance and said “it was for to make orphans glad when he was dead.”

“Why, where in the world does he get it all from?”

“He gets it just as nobly as he gives it, some is made by selling lime, some in trading paints and in all conceivable ways. He doesn’t know when nor how he’ll get it but when it comes he knows he won’t keep it.”

“A wonderful fellow, sure, what did you say his name was?”

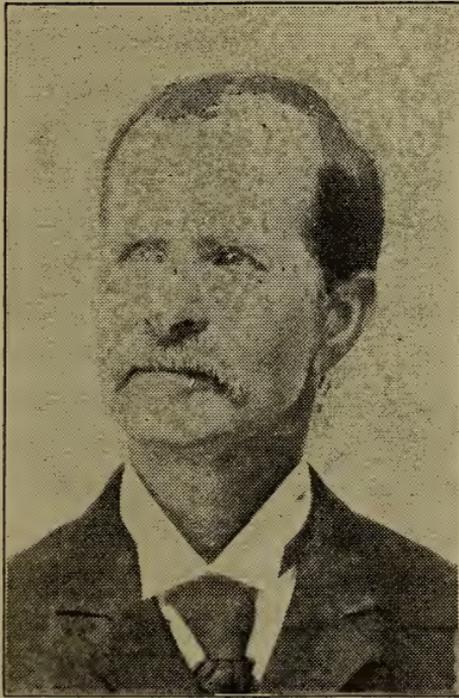
“Scott, Tom Scott, he was a wild Irishman during the



“DOCTOR’S OFFICE.”

war, a jack of all trades by profession and is now preaching in every church around here, when he can't get a preacher in his place."

"I'm glad you told me about this, I'll carry it with me. I've heard of a good many men who gave the tithe and kept the rest but of very few who kept the tithe and gave the rest. Good bye."



"I'VE HEARD OF VERY FEW WHO KEPT THE TITHE
AND GAVE THE REST."

Goat had about stopped trembling by the time the conversation ended, and when Doctor kindly turned to ask him what was his errand, his tongue had limbered up.

“Miss Shayus” (this was orphanage language for Mr. Jacobs), “the boys said for me to come and ask a favor of you.”

“Well, my son, what is it?”

“They say they are sorry they nearly had a fight that time when Corny and Buzzard got mad and they promise that they aint goin’ ter git mad no more.”

“That’s good my boy, and what else?”

“And they said wouldn’t you let them play ball some more?”

“Why certainly, don’t you remember I told you that you could play as much as you pleased among yourselves.”

“Yes sir, but that ain’t no fun.”

“Ain’t no fun, eh! Well what would you call fun, my boy?”

“Well, sir, if you’d jest let us try one more game with the town boys, we’d be mighty glad.”

“And what else would you be?”

“We’d be mighty good.”

“And what else?”

“We wouldn’t yell—much.”

“And anything else?”

“We’d study lots harder in school ”

“Good! and would you be any thing more?”

“Yes sir, we’d be—we’d be sure to lick’em.”

There was silence for a full minute and Goat saw that the Doctor was thinking, and his heart rose as he noticed the amused smile upon his face.

“Now Billy, (the Doctor didn’t know the nicknames of the boys very well but had heard them call Goat by that name)

I am going to say yes." Billy's eyes popped out. "But on two conditions:—first, that there shall be no bad or boisterous behaviour on the ball ground, and second, that you do as you promised and lick'em."

Goat didn't stop to say "thank you." As he went out the door he didn't stop to shut it. As he went down the steps he did not stop to pay his respects to more than one of them out of six. Susie, his sister who was coming in the door, got a box that made her face tingle for a week and made her so mad that she declared all day that he was crazy. The Doctor, however, received his thanks a few moments later, when a great shout went up from the ball ground, and every boy's face at the dinner table was as bright as the mid-day sun.

It was not long afterwards that the secretary of the team received a note, much fingered and dirty, which read somewhat as follows :

Mr. Will Buzzard,

Secretary of Clinton Town Base Ball Team,

Sir:— We, the undersigned, respec'fully challenge you and your team to cross bats with us on the Orphanage base ball diamond field on next Sadday evenin' at 3 p. m.

Respectfully,

Corny Jennings, Captain,

Plug Ugly Murphy, Secretary.

P. S. Bring your own bats and git a mask if you can, we ain't got none.

And every boy in the orphanage read the reply.

Misters C. Jennings and P. U. Murphy,

Gentlemen:— We most respec'fully except your challenge to beat you next Sadday evenin' at 3 p. m. We

broke our mask but we're goin' to git it fixed and we'll bring our bats.

Most Respectfully,
Will Buzzard, Captain,
Jim Jones, Secretary,

For many days afterward the boys were busy practicing and when the eventful afternoon came it found them prepared.



ROCKS WERE GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE GIRLS.

All the orphanage and very nearly all the town turned out. There was no grand stand. Boxes and rocks were good enough for the girls and who ever saw a boy that could sit down during a game anyhow?

It began. Now watch the expressions on the lads' faces, just the one in miniature of the soldier and surgeon and preacher. Did you see him hit at that ball. All his soul was in the lick, the same soul that will be in the big hit he will some day try to make at the oratorical contest or the bar of justice. He missed and his little heart sank, in just the same way it will sink when he makes a poor speech or a poor crop.



Laugh not at the boys and their fanciful world battles, learn of them rather, how to fire each effort with the whole soul.

Oh, he's given it a lick and now he's running for first base.

"OH HE HAS GIVEN IT A LICK, AND NOW HE'S RUNNIN' FOR FIRST BASE."

Would God we each considered the race we

are running of as much importance as the flying lad. Would that we moved as quickly towards our goal as his flying feet. See he's making a dive for the base as the ball speeds quickly to the baseman. Alas, too late! he has failed. But nevermind, he will try again.

Learn the lesson my gentle reader. No, no indeed, the umpire has called him safe and how gladly he turns now toward the next goal and eyes and calculates and then rushes for it. No pausing and loafing and napping on first. No reclining on the laurels of his first success, but he knows what many men have not yet learned, that nothing of all his work is of any value either to himself or comrades unless he wins the

home at last. And so past second and third he presses and to his little heart the home-plate is literally the heaven-plate. Shall we not all, like the lad—forgetting those things that are behind press forward to the mark of the high calling in Christ Jesus?

The game progressed and the last inning came. The town team was in the "holes." So far the tally stood seventeen to eighteen in favor of the town. The Orphanage had the last inning. Then successively the town boys "fanned out." Dill was pitching and the curves he had just learned to throw came in most handy. The Orphanage team now came to the bat. Upon the next few moments depended the reputation of their prowess and the redemption of Goat's pledge "to lick."

"Plug Ugly to the bat; John Giz on deck, and Nat Harris crawlin out o' the water." Plug goes, but is too fat and fans. John Giz was on deck again; but John couldn't control himself well enough to do more than knock a foul and be caught. Giz had gotten his name from the fouls he knocked and his fondness for their gizzard's. Nat had crawled out of the water as many of his kind before him had done. He was the youngest and weakest on the team, and the boys groaned as they saw him go to the bat. Nat hadn't hit a ball that afternoon and he didn't hit one this time. But his very littleness saved him, for the pitcher failing time and again to throw anything high enough or low enough for him gave him his base. And now hope came back to the lads for Corny came to the bat, but what was their dismay when, at the very first strike, he knocked a little fly right toward the pitcher. Everybody thought he was gone; but just as the



ONE OF THE GRAND STANDS.

pitcher put up his hand to catch it, the sun, which had been behind the clouds all the afternoon, suddenly shone out and right in his eyes, and the ball fell with a thud to the ground. The game was getting interesting now. If the boys could only get Nat and Corny in! And now Dill comes. Dill is a tolerably good batter and there is some chance of victory. He takes the bat, smears his hands with dust and saliva as he, has seen the big boys do, and as they learned from the darkies. and, poising the bat in midair, awaits the ball. But poor Dill, as the ball whizzes past him and his bat misses it a foot, a cry of derision rises from the town side sympathizers. Another ball, a foul, a ball, another foul. Nat is on third, and Corny is ready to run for second. Then comes the lick—the lick that the boys never forgot. Dill never could hit a high ball and the pitcher knew it. As a consequence he had given him the only sort he couldn't hit. Now in a moment of inadvertence he lowered his aim, and a second later the ball was flying into the right field, while a mighty huzza went up from the Orphanage boys. Nat was in; Corny was enveloped in a halo of dust at third; Dill was making for second. Now Corny has leaped upon and is hugging the homeplate, which after all is only an old sawdust bag, and with a glorying shout has called, "score Jennings." There isn't a hat on a single Orphanage boy's head, and the boys are slapping and kicking and hugging Corny till he's beginning to get red. Dill has gotten to third before the ball, but, seeing Corny's fate has decided to camp there. The game is over, for both sides are willing to stop. The next batter merely tosses his bat three times through the air, and allows himself to be touched with the last ball and then—well, then the boys are happy.



A CHAIR FULL AND MORE TOO.

Lutz.

I AM thinking of old Lutz this evening. Hastening homeward we were passing through a meadow. Just a whiff from the violets, wafted by the evening zephyr and I was carried back, swiftly carried back many years. Lutz and I were sitting in just such a meadow, beside just such a magnificent oak as that one yonder and with just such flowers at our feet. Only the meadow then seemed greener and the oak more stately and the violets bluer. Perhaps, it was because the freshness of my life and the power of my body have lessened and because my own eyes have faded with the violets of youth.

Lutz used to talk to me a great deal about his life, and told me things that I am sure none of the other boys ever heard, and I am sure, too, that he does not mind my telling them to you.

He told me once of his father's death. It was this way. They were living in the country then and their house was just by the rail-road. He was a mere child but even then he remembered how he used to love to watch the great iron giant rush hurriedly past the door, it seemed so dead in earnest, and he said in his baby boy-heart "when I get to be a man I am going to be in earnest too."

At first he was terrified by its noise and shrieks but after a while he would sit for hours on the track waiting for its

coming, At last, one day he had been watching for it a long time—there had been a cave-in on the track above and it was delayed. Growing tired he had begun to wander up the track and in the thoughtlessness of boyhood ventured out on a trestle. His father missing him, was coming to call the little child home. Just as the father sees the child, already far out on the long trestle, a great blast comes from the front and a moment later the express train with wide-open throttle, was rushing toward the trestle. All the brakes in the world could not stop the train in time to save the lad's life and the father saw it. Rushing rapidly down an embankment and out on the trestle, he called to Lutz to come back but the boy did not seem to understand and stood terrified, riveted to the spot. A wild frantic rush—a quick, deft lifting of his boy to one side—an awful crash, as bone and sinew and blood mingled together in death. Lutz remembered no more. Only how a little later he watched them throw the dull red earth on an oaken box and heard a kind faced man in black tell the many people who came to the funeral, that “as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame and he remembereth that we are dust,” and that he was the God of the fatherless. He remembered too, how it seemed the very next day, his mother would not let the little sister, her only other child, play any more with him in the yard, (he never wanted to approach the iron rails again) and how night after night the little lamp used to burn dimly in the room and every time he woke up he would see mother either cooling the brow or giving the medicine or kneeling down by the bed. He thought she was just so tired that she was asleep then and talking to some one, for her lips were

moving only the great hot burning tears—how could she cry in her sleep? And then, one day some strange men came and took them away, mother and little sister,—and said something about how sad it was, that she had given her life for her child and they wondered what the little orphan boy would do. And some one leaned over and whispered in his ear that a man named Jesus loved little boys and would take care of him. From that moment Lutz wanted to see Jesus.

One of the men, too, said he would take him home and Lutz went—but only for a few days. He wanted to see father and mother and little Dot, but he knew they would never come back. Then he remembered what the stranger had told him, about another who would take care of him, yes he remembered the name, *Jesus*, and one night when everybody was asleep he crept down stairs and gently opened the door and went out into the darkness. He took the only road he knew, the road to the old church and morning found him asleep between two new-made graves with a little fresh mound for a pillow. Something struck him, and as he opened his eyes a rude looking man asked him what he was doing down here with the sperits and who he wanted to see. “I want to see papa and mama and Dotsie, but they have left and I don’t want to see nobody”—a thought flashes through his mind—“Mister do you know where Jesus is?”

But the man only laughed and said “I ain’t never seen him yet, I expect you’ll find him over there in the city if he’s anywhere around here, they keep all sorts of people over there,” and with a peculiar grin on his face he pointed him to the road leading to C—.

Lutz started for the city. His little heart was not joyful,

far from it, he was only wishing that he could find his good friend, and soon, for he was already hungry.

He never told me very much about the year he was in C——, I only know he became a news boy and boot-black and he said something once that I remember yet. A big lot of stuff had come to the orphanage and the empty boxes were being placed away when a particularly large one caught his eye. "That looks like the one I was in that night," said Lutz. It was a long time before I could get him to tell me about it.

One winter morning he said it was clear and cold. He had only gotten two jobs when a kind-looking man came along. "Shine Mister, shine," Lutz voice was always clear, and the man had glanced around, "No, I guess not—well yes I reckon I will." Just why he changed his mind Lutz didn't know. Perhaps, it was his rags or his little blue lips or his earnest supplicating plea—"shine, mister, please shine?"

In a moment his foot was on the stand. Lutz grew warm at the work. The band of rivals left to find other dusty travellers.

"How do you like your business," the man said.

"Jes tolerble tolerble" he had heard one of the larger boys say that once.

"How long have you been at it, my boy?"

" 'Bout a year sir."

"Is your mother living?"

"No sir."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"No sir."

"Have you any friends in the city?"

“No sir, none ’cept some o’ the boys and a man named Jesus, but I ain’t never seen him yit, but when Ma died, a fellow told me He knew me and I asked another man and he said if He uz anywhere He uz in here, but he hadn’t never seen Him neither, he said.”

A tear was glistening in the stranger’s eye, but the boy was looking down at his finished job and didn’t see it. He wondered though, why the stranger gave him a dollar when he saw a nickel in the same hand. And he wondered still more when the man would not take the change.

“I oughtn’t ter take it Mister,” he had said.

“That’s all right, my boy, where do you live?”

“I lives ’long here, sir, ’n I sleeps back o’ the drug store there, me and Sam. Sam’s the fellow what sells the *Journal*. Mebbe you seen him ’round here.”

“And what is your name?”

“My name’s Willie L—— sir, but the boys all calls me Lutz. and I’m much erbliged fer the dollar mister, me an’ Sam ’il git us a pillow, sir.”

“Don’t thank me, my boy,” he said, as he left “don’t thank me, your friend Jesus sent it to you, he’s a great friend of mine.”

A most remarkable case thought Dr. A——, as he went on down the street. A heathen in C——, well! A mighty bright looking boy’ too. I wonder if—Oh, I know what I will do—if there is just room for him.

That night a letter left C—— directed in a clear, bold hand, to the President of the Thornwell Orphanage. and two days after, an answer came.

Not many nights later Lutz was just going to bed. His

little head was on one end of a pillow, and Sam's claimed the other. Poor Sam, the cold and sleet and suffering were proving too much for him. Lutz saw that he could not handle his papers much longer. As he watched him he was dreaming evidently of the day just ended. His little hand was outstretched as though clutching the evening paper and the thin lips were moving as if to say "Journal Mister, !Journal!" Poor old Sam, thought Lutz, I wonder if Mister Jesus cares anything for him.

"Hello here' who's in there?"

"Gosh, its the cop and Sam's sick" Lutz said under his breath.

"Is Willie L—— anywhere around here?"

That can't be the cop, thought Lutz or if it is it is a new one.

"Yes sir, here he is, what yer want with him?" And a little form came out of a great big box.

"You don't remember me do you Willie!"

"Yes sir, I do!" It was the stranger who knew Jesus!

"Well, Willie your friend Jesus sent me to ask you if would like to come and live with him!"

Lutz was too amazed to reply.

"He wants you to come over to a little town called Clinton. He stays there about as much as he does anywhere and he'll give you a nice home and warm clothes and good food and send you to school and—"

"Hurrah for him, I say!" Lutz was transported with delight.

"And he has lots of other boys and girls that he loves over there and you'll have a good time. Will you go?"

"I guess I will! Only,—Sam's sick."

"Who is Sam? Oh yes, I remember, the newsboy. I'll look after him and maybe he'll come over too."

"A few days later a clean, neatly dressed little boy, with a great big, long ticket was flying toward the little village where he fondly dreamed that at last he would get to see his friend—his only friend.

I remember well when he came. All of us boys had heard that a new boy was coming and had gone out to meet him. We all had to shake hands, boys never want to do such an unnecessary thing but they made us and I shall never forget what he said to us: "Well, fellows, he's my friend too an' I'm mighty glad to git over here to see him." I didn't understand it then, none of us did. A few hours afterward Lutz asked some of the boys if Jesus was here and some of them laughed. He never asked again.

It was the day before Christmas eve when he came and the next morning as we all met for prayers in the chapel, Doctor gave us a good long talk. It was principally about the Great Provider and the hearts he had moved to remember his children. I was looking at Lutz when he closed with a sentence something like this: "And remember children, not I nor your friends but Jesus is going to fill your stockings tonight. I saw his eyes brighten and his whole face light up with joy—Jesus was coming!

That evening, long before the teachers gathered in the pantry to act Santa Claus, a lithe little form, a little tired from a long day's excitement stole softly in and hiding in one of the bins lay down to wait for the coming of his friends. Night drew on apace. The lamps were lit, the Santies

came,—great barrels of apples and boxes of oranges and rolls of bananas and buckets of candy swiftly were shifted and divided into many, many little stockings. At last it was all over. The lamps were put out, the stockings carried off and all left. No one noticed the little form hid away back in the shadows. No one saw the glistening eyes eagerly peering for a strange face. No one knew the bitter sorrow of a little spirit as he vainly watched for the coming of his friend. No one saw the tears rising from a bruised little heart and gathering in his disappointed eyes as the lad realized that for some reason or other his friend had not come. No one except he for whom his anxious eyes were vainly peering—No one except Jesus. Slowly Lutz crept through one of the windows and went home, wondering and sad.

Lutz was too small to attend the prayer-meetings, they were for the older boys. He had never heard of them before and had to be told what they were. In some way, he came to understand that the boys met with some one whom they would not tell by name—they were ashamed to. We boys could not for a long time understand that when Lutz came to the Orphanage he knew no more of God or religion than he did of iodobenzoyliodate of magnesium.

One night the older fellows met for prayer in one of the rooms on the first floor. Just as they had all knelt down and the leader had closed his eyes to pray, they all heard what sounded in the death-like stillness like a terrific clash. Glancing up some of them saw for an instant a frightened face at a broken window-pane. Two of the boys went out and found its owner and a moment later he was standing in their midst.

“What did you want Lutz, why didn’t you come in and

ask for whoever you were looking for? Who do you want to see?"

"I wanted to see Jesus and I heard Lep talking to Him and looking up and while I was trying to look up and see him too, my hand went through the window pane."

There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd when he said that and one of the boys, Lep I think it was, took him out on the piazza and told him why he couldn't see Jesus.

"Now I know why I didn't see him that night," was all that Lutz said.

We always had our general prayer-meeting on Thursday night. Well, one prayer-meeting evening, we all gathered as usual to the service. Lutz was tired and unused to such things and soon fell asleep as Doctor talked on. His mind was full of the past and as he slept the old scenes rose up before him. Miss Pattie, the matron, was by his side. Rapidly the visions of the past came and went—his father's death, the city life, the search for Jesus. As he dreamed the images changed. Strange fancies came into his mind. The forms of his companions beside him became an innumerable company stretching far far away over hill and valley. The sound of the speaker's voice was the roar of many thunders, and his face—oh wonderful face—beautifully lit up by the message of living truth, whose could it be. He turns to Miss Pattie by his side "who is that," he asks.

"That—why don't you know who that is—that is Jesus." And then the mighty choir of legions of angels broke out in the anthem of praise, "All hail the power of Jesus name."

He awoke with a start, all were singing the good old hymn. He tried to join the melody but the lump in his throat

forbade. Ever after, Lutz said whenever he heard a preacher telling the story of redeeming love, the old vision comes back to him and he says "That is Jesus."

Though Lutz was younger than Lep Carter they were great friends and when Lep was sick Lutz felt it as a brother. The night Lep died we boys had our regular prayer-meeting. Each of us boys offered a prayer and Lutz turn came last. As he started to pray we wondered whether he could finish. They had been such friends, always together. I shall not soon forget his prayer. He was only a child and his prayer was that of a child.

"O Jesus, Lep is coming up to heaven to-night. He's too weak to open the gate. Please help him get in. He'll tell you about all your boys here in the orphanage."



HE LOVED THE BASE-BALL
FROM THE VERY FIRST.

But I must not attempt to tell you too much about Lutz. It wasn't long before he was one of us in every way. He loved the base-ball from the very first one. There never was a jollier, better companion. No boy ever had a firmer friend. Time passed rapidly by and Lutz went to school with us. It took the boys about three weeks to see that he would

lead his class. He was a faithful student and it was only a few years before, as a young man, he was matriculated in Clinton College. There he soon became famous as a debator in the Eukosmian Society.

Best of all, Lutz developed a talent for writing. I am going to submit one of his productions. On his initiation into College he wrote the following. Names being changed many can appreciate its application.

RUMPUS RECOLLECTIONS.

I remember, I remember the day that I was born
 Into the college family, hat off and breeches torn,
 One eye-ball popped plum out and lips a gettin' kinder white,
 Bob's dirty nose in my left hand, Simp's glass-eye in my right.

'Remember papa Otts was there to see if I'd get through,
 And sister Green he grinned and yelled, he 'lowed 'at oughter do
 A rat some good. Nex' day pap Otts, he wuz the one got threw,
 And sister Green, he screeched and begged 'at 'at much oughter do.

'Remember when they finished up 'twas mighty hard to tell,
 Just what would be my poor sad end and if one could git well.
 My future and my past, both ends were feelin' kinder blue,
 It took six weeks to sit down fair and 'bout six more to chew.

'Bout half remember how I crashed into a tree and sat
 At sixty-mile-a-minute rate, a steerage trip at that.
 Then Mama Lynn passed by and wailed between her joyous tears,
 That birthright stealin' stranger must feel sadly in arrears.

'Remember dreamin' half the night as on my front I lay,
 How fast the voice of conscience was a dwindlin' away
 From College boys, a gittin' weak and hard to understand,
 Till just in time a deaf and dumb man came and trained their hand.

Slowly the years passed by—four of them, and then one



EUKOSMIAN SOCIETY HALL.

day he left College—a graduate and one of the most loved of all our boys.

I pitied old Lutz though, when one day during the summer, after commencement, he said, “Lonnie I’m miserable, old man.” He needed no urging to tell me why. He had met his fate and that fate was found in a pretty pair of brown eyes and ruby lips and a low sweet voice combined with a fair form and a pure woman’s soul. Only it all seemed the more awful because she was only a visitor, had already passed southward and homeward and in all probability they would never meet again. Then and there Lutz had resolved to dedicate himself to noble ideals and some day when he would be worthy of her when his own soul was pure and manly and his mind strong and full he would seek her again. This had all been several months ago. I understood the words that he let me read and knew that his whole heart was in them :

SHALL THEY BE MINE?

Tones, witching tones, soft-whispered from some long,

Long-past event,

Rouse, thrill my heart, and vanish with the lips—

The lips that sent.

And answer not the cry nor heed the longing,

Longing soul’s lament.

Tones, tender tones shall they be mine?

God only knows;

Almighty God inhabiting eternity’s repose.

Low, gentle tones, I know not why I love

To hear them still,

Nor why they come unbidden in my dreams,

When long my will,

In conscious hours has summoned them in vain its craving
 Craving soul to fill.

Tones, tender tones, shall they be mine?

God only knows;

Almighty God who watches o'er life's drama to the close.

Perhaps, God only knows, some day I'll hear again

Those accents sweet,

And on the lips, where coming forth they press
 their silvery feet,

I'll print a kiss long-feigned and passion-wrapt

When—when we meet.

Soft silvery tones, shall they be mine?

God only knows;

Who watching each life-drama, draws the curtain at the close.

God only knows I say, perhaps, at some

Strange love's behest,

Those gentle tones and low shall speak to thrill

Another breast,

And leave my soul in weariness to wait

For love and rest.

Low, witching tones shall they be mine?

God only knows;

The Lord of Hosts who ruleth o'er life's battle to the close.

Only a few strokes of the pen and years are traversed.
 Was it a wonder that the lad who had devoted his life to find-
 ing Jesus should seek him in the Seminary in the preparation
 for his holy ministry. Thus three years are passed and thus
 have many more followed.

Yesterday I heard Lutz preach. How strange it seemed
 to me as I sat there in his church. Old Lutz in the
 pulpit! How his people would have started had I called him
 by that dear old nickname. I saw his congregation coming

in and wondered at the number, many hundreds. I heard the majestic notes of a magnificent organ and listened to each redoubled echo from the full-throated pipes. I marvelled at the delicate touch of the organist. So full of feeling did it seem that my eyes were filled with tears long before I saw a manly form standing before a half-thousand souls, the noblest paean of them all. And for a moment I was lost in the flower mea-



“THUS THREE YEARS ARE PASSED.”

dows of dear old Clinton and found myself tramping amid the violets of her tiny river, thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallambrosa. And when he read as the morning text: “We would see Jesus,” my heart said “It is enough, thine eye shall see the king in his beauty.”

Last night we were talking in his study, of the old times and faces and his commencement. Just as we reached the episode of his poem a knock at the study door and a fair matron's form entered, followed by the image of her whom he had met many years ago when he had received his first degree. He had paid his vow. Manly and pure and strong he had sought and found and won.

And there we all had a good old time talking about the college boys. Of how we used to assemble and when conversation had failed to tell our joy, join in song after song. Such songs as the redeemed etc.

Such songs as the redeemed of the Lord shall sing as they return to Zion, when everlasting joy shall be upon their heads and they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

There are few passages in all the Holy Writ more beautiful than that. As we read it our minds go back to those old college gatherings of long-separated friends. Mountain and valley flee past as our train glides smoothly along toward the college home. Now the landscape is becoming familiar. That cross-roads, for which the engineer just pulled the whistle lever, how many times our boyish feet have pattered over it, looking and longing for the locomotive. Yonder is the familiar well by the wayside. Come, you troop of memories, get away! don't you see the passengers have already descried something strange in my actions? They must not see the tears you bring.

Ah, now, he has shut off steam. We are nearing—are in—the old town. The other boys have come already and all is happiness on the college campus, yes it must be, for do

you not hear the melody from the lawn. Those voices have not mingled for a long time now and their symphony tells of love and happiness and peace. Listen, you can catch the words :

“To our college home returning you can hear the brothers
singing,

Over hill and vale and meadow you can hear the music
ringing.

How the fellows would enjoy it ! they would sit all night
and listen,

As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.”

As you listen you think of a time when long separated brothers from New York and Texas and Oregon and Europe shall return to God who is their home and their songs of joy and everlasting symphonies shall mingle amid the anthems of the angels, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

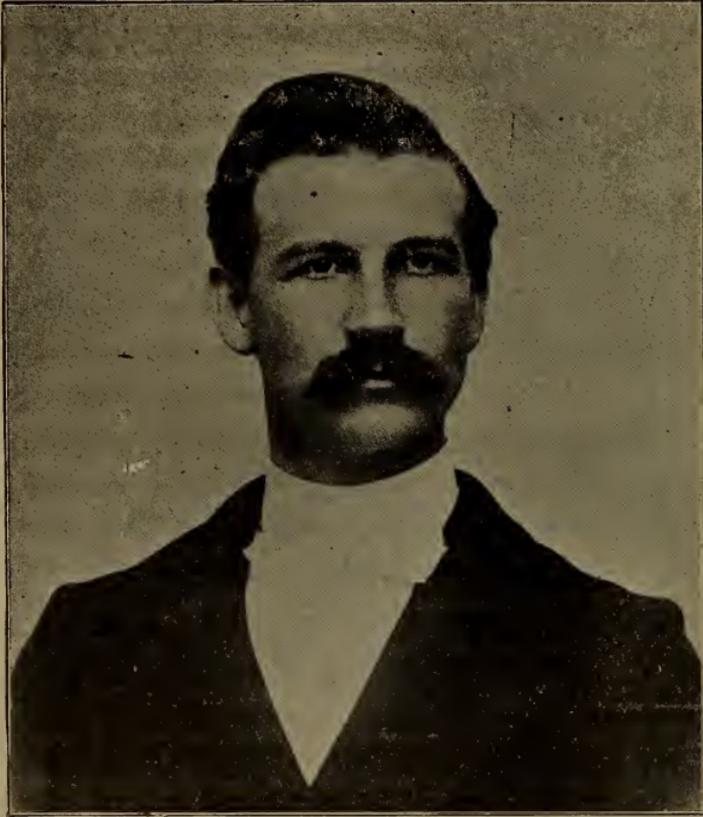
Did you ever attend a college commencement? Perhaps then you were there and heard the fellows singing before the Hall. You remember how they all gather there, a host of them, their numbers always increased by visitors and towns people. The winter snows have passed. The earth is green again. The birds have long since found out all this and now these tardy boys have learned it ! The winter's work is done. There are no more examinations, no more wild, nervous strains. The papers have all been handed in and the diplomas signed. The work is over. The last failure has been buried in the last tears and the final victory proclaimed to the last exultant echo.

And I am thinking now of how some day God's students will assemble before the central hall of Heaven. The senior

class will be there too; yonder they are, dressed in their white gowns and singing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," the elders of God's church who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. What a glorious commencement time inaugurating an eternity! The last examination has been passed. Tired eyes and nerves shall no longer be forced into a night-long watch for truth and light. The President of the universe has signed the last diploma and marked thereon "well done." And the scholars of God are standing by, wise graduates of the school of life and their proud heads are bowed in humble reverence, while the never-dying Chancellor of all writes their names in the book of life, in the company of those who would enter the halls of the University of the Eternal God.

And I am thinking too of how old Lutz and I shall be there and how, when all the others have drunk their fill of the Master's love we shall go to meet him too and I can almost hear old Lutz as he tells the angel by our side, "Sir, I want to see Jesus," and I know what the reply will be: "Thine eye shall see the King in his beauty."





REV. D. M. FULTON, CLASS OF '91.

And He Went Out And Wept Bitterly

SCHOOL had just closed. The school rooms were almost deserted. All hands had been dismissed and almost all had gone. No wonder! for the autumn evening was the rest hour with the boys and with the girls too, except those who were preparing the supper. Almost all—for John Lavender had lingered and was leaning over his desk. Ralph wondered why, for he had given excellent answers to each question and even in Algebra had not failed. John was always a good student and Ralph tried to be like John.

The figure leaning on the desk seemed utterly unconscious of any other presence. Several times he had raised his head and written something on a sheet of paper just before him. Ralph wondered what it could be.

Darkness came on apace and still he lingered. Ralph was growing tired but would not leave for he would have to pass by his friend and he had stayed too long not to arouse suspicion in doing so. At last he noticed the boy move. He slowly rises from his seat, pushes the sheet of paper, on which he had been writing, in the desk—rises and walks, a melancholy looking figure, out of the room.

But the paper had been imperfectly lodged in the desk and as Ralph follows his friend out the jar of his footstep dislodges it and it is wafted into the aisle, thus directly in his path. He bends, picks it up and is about to restore it to its

place when he notices it is moist with——can it be——yes, moist with tears. Unable then to restrain himself he glances hastily to the writing and reads.

THE EAGLE AND I.

Strong monarch of the winds thou wast !
 I used to watch thy glorious flight
 As, borne by each majestic sweep,
 Thou'dst vanish slowly from my sight.
 I wondered thou so far should'st roam
 From thy pure Empyrean home;
 Strange longings in my heart there'd be
 To soar beyond the vail with thee,
 And view the heavenly glow once more
 That came and then deserted me.

Strong monarch of the winds thou wast !
 Why to the earthly didst thou cling
 Until thine enemy had plunged
 His fang into thine heart? For wing
 Of eagle e'en at last must rest
 When poison maddens in the breast.
 Strong bird, my heart doth pity thee,
 For nevermore thine eye shall see
 The heavenly glow ineffable that came and then deserted me.

Strong monarch of the winds thou wast !
 Thou sawest me note thy proud surprise
 When pouring poison to thy throat
 Talons and pinions he defies.
 I saw thee rise and die and fall,
 Heard thy last, lonely, frightened call.
 Poor bird, my heart doth pity thee
 For nevermore thine eyes shall see
 The glow of heaven ineffable that came and then deserted me

Great God! I tremble as I think
How like the eagle's flight was mine.
How nobly did I rise and press
The billowy bosom of the wind!
Great God! how sharp the serpents bite!
How deep the wound! How dark the night!
Awake, poor bird and pity me
For nevermore mine eyes shall see
The light of God, ineffable that came and then deserted me.

The reader wondered and remembered—First, how John had promised himself and his Master but a few days before to ever be true and loyal and pure and how just before school he had fallen and in a heat of passion had cursed a play-mate. He remembered too, how another disciple, many years ago had done the same, only that time it was a living, present Master who was denied and how Jesus had turned and looked upon him and he too had gone out and wept bitterly.





TO HIM THAT LOVED US.

A Cornerstone Day

MAY, the twenty-eighth, is the usual day for the laying of the cornerstones of the Orphanage. On occasion, however, the rule could be varied and it was not an unusual thing for some other day to be chosen. Such was the case with the Anita Home whose principal stone was laid on July the fourth.

It was not the patriotism of the orphans however nor of their authorities that prompted the choosing of that day. Are we impious when we say it was for a better reason? That was the birthday of the nation they say, a birthday which to even the young children of our home meant much, but when we think of the twenty or twenty-five young souls, whose bodies are being sheltered and whose spirits are being purified within the dark blue granite of the Anita, it seems to us that for them the birthday of Miss Anita McCormick, now Mrs. Emmons Blaine was a fore-token of things of incomparable importance.

It was in that way that July 4th was selected as the day upon which the Cornerstone was to be laid and every child in the Orphanage knew it meant a "big day." There were to be songs and speeches and prayers and it was whispered around that Vernon Parks was to make an address. The



ANITA HOME.

great stone chosen forever to bear the heavy burden of the house upon its back and honoured by the inscription, had with many a shout and pull been riven from its native home, where it had lain in darkness since those awful fires under which it was created had slowly died away. Long years it had quietly rested there till one day it had been rudely awakened from its stupor by the mighty blast of the dynamite fuse. Then for the first time it heard the sound of voices. When many years, many aeons before, it had last seen the light, it had been as bright as the glittering sun above. Life it had never known, unless some dread ichthyosaur had with mighty tread rushed over its back or some mammoth contended in bloody life-struggle by its side. But now a new life was to be opened up to it and passing strange it was. To rise from the dark unknown, unseen, unseeing, to the bright visions of day and to be the object of most interest of all the building, what a change! The burden of the superstructure was nothing in comparison with such joy and besides, it had been carrying just such a load for the past million centuries. The new job was a straight flush in a weary hand.

There was always a large crowd at such celebrations and many were the friends of the orphans who came to joy with them that now other little brothers and sisters could come and receive life and love. The Chapel was crowded when after the introductory anthem, the President began to explain the nature of the service. When he sat down and a prayer had been offered, an invocation for the presence of the most high, all eyes turned upon the young speaker of the occasion, one of the young lads themselves and a new interest was added when his subject was announced as the "Founding of Thornwell."

It was a bright young face that looked honestly at his audience that day and a voice a little tremulous perhaps, but with the ring of sincerity in it. Every ear was willing to hear the words which came from the depths of his happy soul.

“It is not an oration, friends” he said, “that I am to make. My heart is too full for that, rather, would I tell in simplest, plainest of story the history of the dealings of our Savior with us, his unworthy children. I am not ashamed to say that I love that Saviour, I am not ashamed of his works, nor his life, nor his great loving soul; I am not ashamed that I have been reared here in this home which he has built, that I learned to think and hope and live here where he is. And so long as his and my Father gives me the words I shall glory in his praise. I only blush when I think how ashamed he must be of me. Pardon me friends, that so early in my story I have told you its author, but I am speaking of Him who could not be hid.

Many years ago, when the ground upon which this building is placed was the home of the wild-cat, and the bodies of the fathers of this country were falling everywhere from Gettysburg to New Orleans, the little village on which we live was buried. Buried by those wisecracks who knew enough to say that it could never be larger than the eight bar-rooms and thirty families that made up its possessions. The church was dead too—the only real active member in it being the bar-keeper, who raised the tunes. It was considered by all as the worst hole in South Carolina and, had its citizens thought of it they might have easily won the distinction of being called “Hell’s Half-acre.” When our President came here as pastor, the congregation had never taken up a collection for any

cause, and a murdered man was found on the church lot a few days before his ordination. Those of the female part of the congregation who could boast a sun-bonnet regaled themselves with it on each Sunday at service and on every bench-back a half dozen feet were perched while the corresponding noses kept a melodious accompaniment to the preacher's eloquence. when the harmony was not interfered with by the yelling babies and howling dogs. It took the church fifteen years to drive out the bar-rooms, but it was done at last. There wasn't a member of the church present at the first prayer-meeting, of the existence of which thing they had hitherto been in fearful ignorance, and when a little later the pastor called on his most active elder to pray he was met with the response, "That's what we hired you for, if you want any prayin' do it yourself." No wonder that it took the church so long a time even to get a cemetery in which to bury such.

And yet there soon came to be some of that little flock of whom the world was not worthy. Some who stood heart to heart and hand to hand with the pastor in his resolve to demonstrate to the world that a little village Church could be made a tower of strength, a blessing to those within it and a lighthouse to those around it. And so, after they had finally induced the session to tolerate a collection and the aged saints to take their feet down from the pew-backs and quit snoring and after they had opened their cemetery and emptied the liquor shops of their hellish contents and built a railroad into the town, they resolved to found an orphanage.

How sweetly should our thoughts ascend in gratitude to the All-father when we think of the little gathering in whose hearts the loving Spirit of God first put such a thought.

Sweet gratitude, I say. As I stand here a vision seems to float before my eyes. A mother, yours or mine perhaps, in labored breathing lies dying on an humble couch, we stand around her, you and I as she gives us her last message and we expect each word to be her last. We remember how our father has gone on before, the good, honest old man, but as poor as the land over which he toiled, and we watch the smiles on her face as she sees him waiting on the other side. But the smile is going now and instead an unutterable anguish seems to fill her heart as she thinks of her orphan children, of you and me whom she is leaving to shiver and suffer and die, and her last words are words of prayer for the children from whom God had taken her. And then I love to think of that other gathering, oh, how often I have heard our president tell of it, when in his parlor the time came to decide. And I love to think of how the Great Spirit was there and how he whispered into each ear the Aye that meant that he had heard a dying mother's prayer and that they must be his instruments in caring for his fatherless ones. Lord, give us eyes to see the beauty of that scene! and grant us too, a vision of the beauty of that God,

And yet they were not rich, rather were they but little wealthier than those they would succour. And when the news went out that a little band in dark Clinton was to teach the great Church of God its duty to its own orphaned children of the Covenant, the wondered if they sarcastic name it had already won was not fit, for many passed by wagging their heads and calling it "Jacobs' Folly.

Did you ever hear of the first gift to the orphanage? No. Then I must tell it to you for to me it is very sweet,—It was a

little orphan lad and they sat at a widow's fireside, he and his mother and the pastor.

‘And so Mr. Jacobs you are going to really start an orphanage are you. Do you know many of the people around here don't know what that is?’ the woman spoke.

The lad's attention was fixed now. He had heard many weeks before from his mother about the scheme and neither of them saw him as he left the fireside.

‘We are ready Mrs. A—— and when the Lord is he will let us know.’

Willie was back already. In his hand he clasped something tightly, his happy little face was bright and blushing and before the pastor could refuse he had placed his tiny palms in his hands and left there a shining half-dollar.

‘What is this Willie, my lad and what does it all mean?’

‘Its for the orphans, sir, an' I wish it was lots bigger, I wish it was a whole dollar.’

‘But my lad, we have no orphans and you must not give away your all.’

‘No sir, it aint mine, its theirs, me and Jesus give it to them.’

‘You had better take it Mr. Jacobs or he'll be mighty disappointed, he's been working for it for a month.’

He took it, for the Lord had let him know at last.

So the Orphanage started and like David of old ‘kept going and growing.’

And you must listen to another story I shall tell. Do not imagine that the road was odorous with the scent of roses. If there were any roses at all they were the few and the wild ones which only are accustomed to be found along the rough

mountain path the founders were climbing. Hard and steep it was, yet boasting in their Lord they dared to look up to the crest towering almost infinitely above them and say, "it is nothing."

A whole long year passed before the necessary amount had been raised to purchase a lot of one hundred and twenty-five acres of land. The price was fifteen hundred dollars. The amount had nearly been raised when one day the owner rode into town and offered the deeds for the money and said he could wait no longer. All efforts to change him proved unavailing and so the amount remaining to be raised had to be borrowed and a check for the balance given. What was their surprise when they found that he would not accept the check but insisted on the cash, nor would he yield to their declarations of its validity or to the pleas of inconvenience. Nothing would satisfy him but the cash and the cash immediately, and so the long trip to the savings bank at Laurens through mud and slush and mire was made. Even after this had been made it took all day to collect the money from the bank and put out by the loss of time and patience the pastor came back at the close of a hard, disappointing day. The bargain was closed and the titles changed hands. Almost the very next day the bank failed. Listen friend, while I tell you that there is a God in heaven and he cares for us. The Lord still sends by the hand of him whom he will send.

At last, it was only in 1874, a pair of oxen could be seen moving slowly up and down the big road with some solid granite blocks in an old rickety wagon. The first building had begun. True, there were no masons in the village or any where around who knew how to lay one stone upon another,

but the founders knew that one of the names of their God was Jehovah Jireh, and he did provide. Only twenty-eight days of the new year had passed when one day the little town saw a novel sight. Forty-eight immigrants, the first and the last batch to come entered the town. Strange enough, two stone-masons were among them. They came and did what they were sent to do, built the Orphanage and then passed on, one to some other clime and the other to Him who sent.

There was no architect nor any dollar in the treasury when they began. One man, indeed, wagered ten dollars that the Orphanage would never be opened, the money not be returned in case such an unexpected thing should happen. It was taken and is now represented by the brain and brawn of some orphan lad. On the twenty-eighth day of May the corner stone was laid and ever since we fellows have prayed and praised and then hunted the first ripe plums on that day. One of our earliest friends, who after the ceremonies gave five dollars, said of it later that he had done it to encourage them all not even hoping that the Orphanage would be built. The hand that received it, afterward wrote: "Oh God, bless these dear friends and remember it for their good, even though their faith was in men and not in Thee."

Thus closed the first May-the-twenty-eighth—and during the next long year and nearly a half, while little pitiful voices were pleading to enter, the workmen kept up their songs and work by day and the angels theirs by night. And the eventful day of opening approached.

Let me not close before I tell you of one of the sweetest of Orphanage reminiscences. In those early days no matron could be found to care for those for whom the good Lord had

cared so much, One after another had refused, none was ready to say "send me." In deep darkness did the master seem to withhold his mercies from us, but only that with everlasting kindness he might return. The day of opening came, and still none offered, saying that she was willing to cast in her lot with the orphans. It was then that our father-president's wife freely offered herself. It was fitting that it should be so, fitting that having given his own life he should add yet above all the only thing remaining on earth more precious, the life of our first mother-matron; fitting too that her face like the the sweet benediction of her life, should ever remain in the old home where she died for us, and as eminently proper it is that on this day when we are summing up our whole past history in one grateful service of thanksgiving to Him who wrote it for us, a son of her love and the only child ever born in the walls we so much love, should pay a tribute in verse to that life which was throughout but one sweet poem. I have heard them tell how in the fourth year of her service with speaking eyes she placed her frail hands in her God's and He remembered them to be the same that had held so long and tenderly the little fingers of His own fatherless ones. Let us remember to-day and forever that she was the first mother God gave us to lead us to the one He had taken.

My story is done. I would only in closing let you hear from another the account of that opening day, an account written by the hand of our President.

"Shall I ever forget that first day of October, 1875? That day, the dream of five years and the toil of three, were to meet in a waking reality.

There was another great gathering. From all about us

and from every house in Clinton, came donations to the orphans. Little children brought chickens and eggs. One brought a coffee grinder, another a sieve. The older people brought barrels of flour, a great tub of lard, rolls of yellow butter, a hogshead of syrup, clothing and bed quilts. I see now the beaming face of dear "Aunt Sake" (she was Aunt Sake to all of us,—a very mother in Israel) as she busied herself in sorting the great pile of things and arranging them for the eye of a curious public. Blessed woman! you have passed beyond the stars, and the heavens hold you, but earth still cherishes your precious memory. You were the Dorcas and Deborah of our Israel, and tears rained down, when the clods covered you.

But from afar came gifts also. How cosy our bright little school-room looked, with its new furnitnre from the pious women of the old Second Church of Charleston. There was another Charleston Church (Glebe St.) that had fitted up a room for the first group of orphan girls. Laurens and Cross Hill had done their part. Clinton hand filled the kitchen and larder. Aveleigh spread the dining-room table. It was our joy, too, to welcome Rev. Jas. H. Thornwell, on whom the mantle of his father's heart rested. My own dear father was there to give his paternal blessing.

The day and the labors of preparation prostrated me, and I could take no part in the public ceremonies. But when night fell, there was a little gathering about my sick bed. Nearest sat the precious wife, whose love and wise thoughtfulness had made me what I was that was worthy; my own little band of four gave way for the time, that a half timid circle of orphans might press about her. There was smiling

Ella, with her round, bright face; Fannie and Mattie, our "elder sisters," sat next. Walter stood behind. Alfred was already tall, and his face showed the honor that was in him. There too, was Johnnie, as full of fun as the days were long; Flora, bright, impulsive, earnest; and Annie, the sweet little pet of the household,—these made up the happy group that formed that first night's opening audience. Lowry, the hopeful, earnest young Christian, who presided over our School, he is a pastor now, and Miss Emma, whom the children loved from that very night, as teacher seldom is loved;—these all knelt together, as I, prostrate in bed, bound them together with cords of faith.

They have all gone out from the home nest, but there is not one of the little company that has not been true to God and duty. Married people are they. Two of that group are waiting for us in heaven.

We began this work all so new, with heavy pressure on us of a debt of \$2,000, which all our money receipts were pledged to satisfy; the building itself was unfinished and in the woods. But the Lord had touched our hearts and made us willing to bear and to work. Every shoulder was put to the wheel. The little ones that were with us caught at once the spirit of the enterprise. They were to be color-bearers.

One day, as I was sitting in my library, the little girls of the household came in, in a body.

"Heigh!" said I, "What is the meaning of this committee of the whole?"

Mattie was spokesman,—“Mr. Jacobs, what does it cost to feed one of us a year?”

“Well, my little one, I hardly know how to guage your

appetites, but I guess, all round, about sixty dollars.”

“And what do you have to pay the old Mauma that cooks for us?”

“There,” said I, “you get me. Let me see, sixty dollars in money, sixty dollars in what she eats, and I really do not know how much in pickings and scrapings.”

She clapped her little hands in glee. “Mr. Jacobs, this is what we offer! Send off the cook, and take two more orphans, and let us do the cooking!”

Ah, how proudly that fair young face shone as she tried to stretch up her lithe young form an inch or two higher. Blessings on the child!

That was the way it all came about that our girls took hold of their duties. The boys were not to be behind, and when January came, a “colored brother” had to seek another position. The children were divided into companies of twos and threes, each with a child-monitor in charge. What an easy time President and Matron were having. The children were running the machinery of the Institution.

It was just before Christmas that the Lord sent Bro. Scott to us. Who is Bro. Scott? Not to know him argues yourself unknown. Well, Bro. Scott was everything. He had even tried to teach school. He was a painter. He was a trader. He had been born in London. He was wide awake all over. He loved the Orphanage with all his heart. He was very fond of reading history. He knew just how to collect money. He didn't care a straw for worldly pelf. He didn't expect to get married.

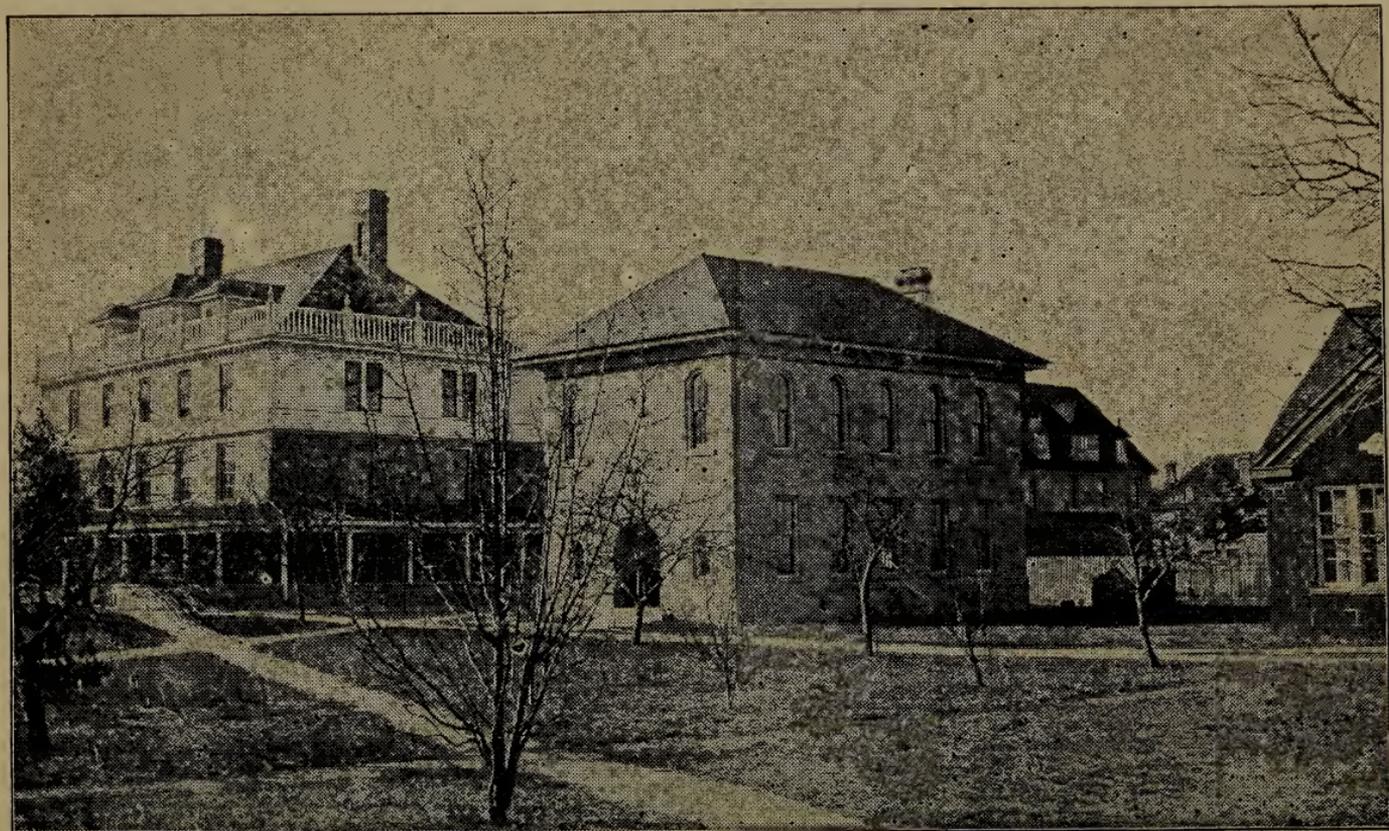
You say, that account is very much mixed up. So was Bro. Scott. And the Lord had use for him.

I remember when he came to me once and said,—“You preached last night that the Lord would take any sort of a man?” “Yes.” “That he would give salvation to any that wanted it?” “You are right.” “That he only asks in return an entire surrender?” “I did.” “Then,” he answered “give us your hand on that—I take him at his word!” A few days after he united with the Church, and he came back. “You said in your sermon last night that the Lord had use for everybody.” “Yes.” “Then here I am. Give me His marching orders.”

And so our dear, faithful, willing, energetic brother threw in his lot with us as general fac-totum, supercargo and steward and right hand man.

That year passed quickly and busily by. New children came. Many friends bade us God-speed.

God's people had come to our help. \$1,687.22 had been given to the support fund. A “friend in earnest,” the same whose generous gift had given life to our enterprise, now added a Thousand Dollars to our endowment fund, while nearly if not fully, fifteen hundred dollars worth of provision and furniture and clothing had been sent in. It so happened that it was during that year that we needed so much of this latter class of gifts, for all our cash receipts were to go to meet our indebtedness to our contractors. Was it not wonderful that God who alone knew this, should have provided for the wants of our household in a way that he has never done since, and thus enabled us to sweep away the burden of debt. Shout it to the heavens, oh men, and sing it, ye seraphs,—God careth for us!



FROM THE STREET.

A Tribute.

IN MANY respects the most important work at the Thornwell Orphanage is that of the matrons. They are the ones who enter into the most intimate relations with the children. To them the young hearts open as naturally as the spring flowers to the sunshine, only unlike the flowers there are often disclosed dark little sorrows and hard and knotty problems to be overcome. Their daily battles, their victories, their defeats, their hopes and plans are all so much material and so much work for the kind and loving matron. And that love the children always return. It was but natural therefore that after Vernon had taken his seat, the children were eager to hear the tribute to their first matron-mother, written by the only one of her children who had been born under the roof where they were living and where she had said her last farewell. To many her form and face would have been those of a stranger, but her name known to all.

The boy poet rose and read the following, only prefacing his words by saying that he had cast his verses in the form of a meditation on a picture which had recently been presented to him by his uncle. The children remembered that his mother had died in his infancy.

UNKNOWN, ideal, unseen mother,
Whom I love though I have known not,
Whom I worship unremembered,

Sacred are the words they tell me of thy love and thy devotion,
 Sacred are the thoughts they bring me, of thee, sweetest of all mothers,
 Sacred too, shall be this picture, given by thine oldest brother
 To the youngest of thy children. Guarded by the watchful tiger,
 May it keep its vigils o'er me. Mingled with the black and orange,
 Woven by a sister's fingers, may its soul-transforming influence
 Change the hand that rests upon it, light the eyes that weep beholding,
 Purify the heart adoring, change them as they come to worship,
 Make them like their sainted mother, make them like her Holy Master.

I have heard the sweet musician of the wildwood as he lingers
 'Neath the cool and shady bowers, I have heard his notes ecstatic
 As he rises slowly upward, and the wood birds, hushed in wonder,
 Listened with me to the music; heard and sought to find the singer,
 As his notes were growing softer, sweeter, purer, while he mounted
 To the starlit Empyrean, and the echoes soft returning
 Moved my heart in sweetest measure, lifted up my eyes to heaven;
 Till I saw the exultant singer slowly melting in the vision
 Of the deep blue far above me.

So I listen to the music of my unknown, unseen mother,
 Music of a life-stream murmuring to its bed of love and duty;
 Notes of joy when in the sunshine danced the wavelets on its surface.
 Mingled voice of hope and courage when beneath the darkening shadows
 Gather now the troubled waters. Till the current, rich in power,
 Sweeps once more into the sunlight, gently soothes the bickering shallows
 Passes onward to the ocean of the everlasting future,
 There to join its peaceful waters to the turbulent storm billows,
 Till the sun dips down in splendor and allays its heated axles,
 And the earth's last evening glory marks the resurrection morning.
 Passing precious such life music, for it lifts the eyes far upward,
 Till they view the singer resting in the bosom of the heavens,
 Melting in the hidden glory, resting on the Master's bosom.

Deep in reverie at evening, gazing at the dark blue heavens,
 I have sat with eyes unconscious of the beauteous starlit meadows,

Heeding not the zephyr kisses nor their odors rich, fresh gathered,
Won in deepest secret from the sweetest of the trembling lilies.
Hearing not the merry voices from the honey-suckle bowers, [glory,
Thought unconscious, heart deep dreaming, till the stars had veiled their
Till the zephyrs passed offended and the voices died in silence,
Till I woke and quickly summoned to my side the passed sensations,
Heard their sweet, unheeded story, heard and saw and felt distinctly,
Caught the accents of the voices, felt the gentle zephyr kisses,
Saw the beauty of the flowers in the Master's heaven meadow,
Heard and saw and felt the better for the silence and the stillness.
For the darkness of the heavens.

So these eyes that saw unconscious thee, the sweetest of all mothers;
And the lips that felt the kisses dearer far than any others;
And the ears that heard unheeding baby lullabys angelic;
In the future shall awaken, shall not ever sleep in darkness.
When the tumult of life's passions and the babel of its voices
Shall have died away for ever, and my soul is left in quiet;
When my life has seen sufficient of life's evanescent drama
And my heart is satiated with its never satisfying
Gifts and never answered callings, blasted hopes and withered pleasures
When the roar and din and clamour shall have passed away forever,—
At the silent touch of death the scenes long dark shall re-enlighten.
I shall see thee as thou bendedst o'er the cradle of my childhood,
I shall feel the warm love kisses as I rest upon thy bosom,
I shall hear the voice that lulled my baby-soul to sweetest slumber,
Earthly form and earthly voice and earthly lips I shall remember.
Then to see thy face in glory and to be again united,
Mother dear and I and Jesus.



HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.

Who Ever Caredst And Doth Care.

WHEN the verses were ended, the President rose slowly. He had not intended saying anything at the service, but the lads had proved too much for him. Their words had awakened sweet recollections and he took up the thread of the story.

“You have heard how your home was founded,” he said, and so the innumerable mites began to flow in. I look through the veil upon a picture. I see multitudes of pure, sweet hands of childhood ministering! They are piling up little pyramids of pennies, nickles and dimes. They are building up the “Children’s Endowment Gift.” Angels are hanging over it. It is as sweet incense before the altar of God. Their love is our endowment.

I love full well to tell of the goodness of God to these children. But I love better still to tell you as we meet each day, of what the Lord is doing for you. To care for an orphan’s body is an easy matter, indeed, a little roughness will drive him to do that for himself. To cut and polish the bright gem of his mind till it shines with thousand-faced lustre, that is labor. But there is a secret still beyond this. It is to find the child’s soul and to hold it up to the eternal Sun, till a light comes down into it that innumerable storm-clouds can only make to burn the brighter.

God seems to say to me every day, "Teach my children my law!" It was for this that the Thornwell Orphanage was founded, and it must save the children. There has never passed a year since the opening that some of the orphans have not pressed into the Kingdom, yet there has never been a "revival" among them. It has been so easy for them to feel that they are God's own precious children. They attend the church and Sunday-schools as equals with others. They mingle freely in social intercourse with Clinton people. No badge is set upon them. They are not marked and labelled as "Orphans." They are not orphans—God is their father. Therefore, they must love Him and serve Him. If the thoughtless grumble, the older silence them. "God is caring for us," they say, "we must do our part." Of the twenty-one children that began our third year with us, every single one became a member of the church-

A dream had come into our hearts that possibly some day God would open up a way to add a second cottage to our establishment, in which a family could be set off for themselves. But we laid the matter before God and asked His guidance. By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, and by faith can these walls be built. *Faith Cottage* shall it be called. "Ask and ye shall receive," our motto.

So the Board said to me, "Go forward!" and I obeyed. The boys themselves were filled with enthusiasm for the scheme. The wagon was put to its best work to haul in rock for the building.

Often we needed to go to God for strength. We had met with newspaper persecution. Friends had grown cold. Death had done its sad work in our household. But what is

faith worth if it cannot see in the dark? Lord, Thou didst mean to teach us that no stone should go into these buildings that Thou didst not place there. If this was to be God's work why should he not do it in His own way? His way might puzzle the workmen. Let them wait. They would thus best learn that it was Another working and not themselves. Were there no hindrances, there could be no faith.

Inch by inch the work progressed. On the 28th of July our church filled out the 25th year of its organic life. The afternoon of that day was selected as a suitable occasion to put the corner-stone in place. It was exceeding unlike the former ceremony. Now, only the Church took part. She had given it birth. She now blessed it with her prayers. But around the President was gathered a happy group of four and twenty orphans, whose voices were lifted up to the blue skies in sweet thanksgiving.

Brother Scott builded with his own hands and infused heartiness into the workmen.

And now a marble slab with th's inscription :

FAITH COTTAGE,

1880.

"Ask and ye shall receive."

Is seen by any one who ascends the steps into the portico of that building. Lest men should be silent the stone utters its testimony to the goodness of God.

On the 21st of March, 1881, our hive swarmed, and the boys, with genial, kind-hearted Gus Holmes as their elder brother, moved in bag and baggage. The little printers shouldered their type cases, their galleys and shooting sticks.

The great press was mounted on a wagon and escorted over in state. The president's office lodged in the "parlor" and the press in the "kitchen."

On that day, when all the bills were in and the workmen dismissed, we found that all accounts footed up \$1,500.38, and our receipts showed just \$1,500.38 to meet them.

We had gathered of God's manna in our vessels of Faith and lo! there was no lack, neither was there any over.

I would carry you to walk in among the children and see them for a moment, as they were in those days long since. Changes have already come. Little Annie is now a sweet, fair-faced young lady; this is Mollie,—ah, Mollie, we little thought you and Gus would play us such a trick. Married, eh? I do not think one could help loving Minnie,—"little" Minnie we called her, (Minnie has her own little household now) Here too is our poetess; and this one is to be our old maid; and this one makes the little boys stand around (all old married people, for the years go by.) You want to see the boys? They are gone to Enoree to-day. Up long before day, even staid Sam is with them; Darby and Will, and Tom and Ben and Allie and Ellerbe and the rest of them. Off for a royal fish and a plunge in the rushing waters. We can trust them, never fear, if they are orphans! Ah, boys you are all men, long since.

"Swifter than a weaver's shuttle," so says the blessed Word, are our lives. We felt it to be so, when, just after the doors of Faith Cottage were opened and the lads came trooping in, there came a new cry to us,—"Our school-room is too strait for us. We be too many."



M'cORMICK HOME.

We had cleared away the rubbish and moved aback the new building, the embracing fence. That night the Board met. I thought to burst a bomb-shell among them. "Brethren," I said, "our school room is too small. Our classes tread upon each other. We need a school-house; one worthy of the name of Thornwell, with hall and library, museum and class-rooms." The bomb-shell didn't burst. "We knew it" they said, "it is high time!" They had faith. If they could trust me, could not I trust God? I laid the matter down at Jesus' feet. I told Him what His orphans needed. And he too knew it before I did. "Then Master, lead and let me follow!" It was the building in which you are now sitting.

Thus have our bread and buildings come from the unseen hand of the Almighty Father who has not forgotten us. The dear old Orphanage has grown in many ways—in buildings—in influence—in friends—in income—in the developement of church and college and newspaper surroundings, and in the breadth of the instruction that it gives. I, too, have grown; older, the dark hair fast turning to white, and the lines deepening upon brow and cheek. We have built the McCormick and Memorial Hall and the little people were to breakfast and dine and sup, for many years to come. On the 27th of April 1889, the last item of expenditure on this solid stone structure, was paid, footing up \$3,573.01. Just that much even to the one cent, we had received. And then, with a glad heart the book-keeper wrote down: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

On the day of its opening, as the eyes of the invisible Saviour looked about the hall, he whispered to our dear Mrs.



TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

McCormick : "There is room for more." And, on that very day, she wires these words from far off Chicago, to reach us on May 28th, 1889 : "Chicago friends will contribute \$3,000 for another cottage!"

That was the Harriet Home! Sweet home of the sweet little darlings of the Orphanage. Right manfully we set to work again, with stone and mortar.

Indeed, a new turn was now being given to the affairs of the Orphanage. Already its School had grown into a Seminary. Classes were being graduated with A. B. diplomas, and our dear girls were being fitted for the arduous work of teaching. Other pupils had followed our beloved Fulton into the ministry.

One of the interesting things of our experience in the care of these orphans, was to watch and make provision for their expanding minds. Our little Library, now increased to near 3000 books, was much needed and much used. But we had no right place to store the books. We wish we dared tell who built for us the Nellie Scott Library. Below stairs, the reading room is a cozy comfort for boys and girls, and books above. Because our dear friend is nameless, we have written his name the deeper in our hearts and prayers. And we give thanks to God in his behalf.

It was aback in January, 1890. that a minister's widow sent the first dollar toward that which now plays so important a part in our work—the Technical School. All through that year and the next, by letters, gifts came in. Before the house was finished, more than \$5,000 had been expended on it, and nigh three years passed. Sore discouraged, anxious for that last \$1,000, I had gone to my room, and one day—



CLARISSA FAIRCHILD INFIRMARY.

at mid-day—shut fast the door, and told my Master of that great need, and that I knew not where to find it. Two days passed, and bearing date at that very hour, a letter came, and opening it—there was just the one-thousand needed! With a joyous heart, the house was finished and dedicated to Him, who so long worked, as these dear boys are doing, at the carpenter's bench.

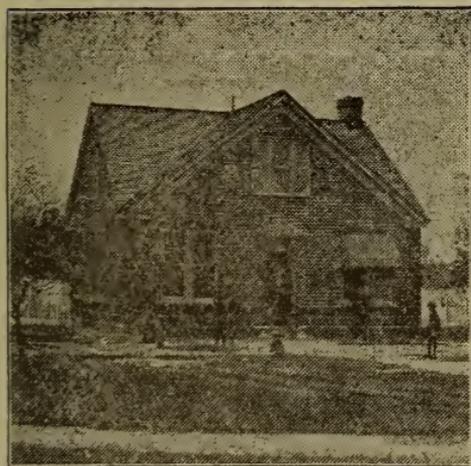
We had stopped, during the process of the work, to build the Augustine Home. A nameless ruling elder reared it to the memory of a dear child. Two thousand dollars finished it and for every year, \$2,000 must be spent upon the lads to be sheltered in it.

We needed and received but \$10,199 in 1892, but after this new cottage was erected, we needed and in 1893, received \$11,271.92 and in 1894, \$11,787.

While we were furnishing the "Tech," as the lads will call it, and it took full \$3000 to do it, a noble lady, long a loved friend of our orphans passed up to glory. But she left \$2000, to which God's people added \$1000 more to put up The Fairchild Infirmary. Here, God's little ones are gathered into the arms of loving nurses. Here health comes back to their pale cheeks, and here, thrice already, Heaven has opened, and received from hence, a dear little girl, a young student for the gospel ministry, and a matron who had long served the Lord in caring for His orphan boys.

Oh! had I time, how I would like to tell the story of God's care over these and others. Three times, we were compelled to see our boys, just ready to enter upon the God-given work of soul saving, translated to the upper Kingdom! How I would like to tell of one gentle girl, who, on a dark

day, made all the earth brighter, by her vision of angels, with whom she went into the inner glory. I would like, too, to tell and retell the story of the children's gifts—the Academy reared by Sunday School boys and girls—the noble gift of the Edith Home from the same kind friends who twice before had reared cottages for our orphans, and now twice again, in one year have they brought us together to praise their Lord and ours for the Virginia and Anita Homes. I would like to give a whole chapter to the living faith that through the Christiansburg Sabbath School has brought light and joy and happiness into our hearts. And there is Mrs. Lees,—(God bless her)—with her latest gifts of the Lees Home and the Lees Industrial School. Dear friend, may God spare her to



long years of mercies. I would like to tell of the Mission Training Class and its girls far away in China, carrying the story of Jesus to perishing heathen; of our growing town and growing Church with its new work and greater hopefulness. Why, the heart is just full of crowding recollections.

MISSION TRAINING COLLEGE. Hundreds of dear faces' once our boys and girls, now preachers, teachers, deacons, elders, noble men and women—these fill my waking vision. How I would like to tell a thousand things about them, and hear them say that the Lord cares for them now as ever.

How I would like to tell of other Homes, encouraged into usefulness by ours and not least, of the Palmer Orphanage, child of this one. And better still, if I but dared to do it, I would like to tell how God answers prayer—how He hears poor, weak voices like ours,—how He is so close, so near and so helpful. As I count back these twenty-five years, He has put into my hands full three hundred thousand dollars to serve Him with. This is not much, but it is something to have the Lord give you each dollar, because you asked Him.





ON THE STREET.



AT THE GATE.



AT THE SUMMER HOUSE.

Lo, He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

JOHN Lavender told us this story of Orphanage days one night. John had been an orphanage boy, but had lately become such a literateur that we were almost afraid to claim him. He was moralizing that night, I never shall forget the tones of his voice.

God sends the good weather, he said, every body believes that, but I believe he sends the bad weather too. We always remember that he gives us our joys, for it is so easy to do that, but how about the sorrows?

This day was a day of bad weather and sorrow and God sent them both. Yes, he must have done it for they suited one another so exactly. It was spring-time too, and everything ought to have been so green and bright and attractive. Yet, it was gloomy and cold and wintry. Disgruntled clouds were striking back and forth in the most spiteful manner at the east wind.

We had been talking together, Mrs. Locke and I. She had been almost a mother to me, for many years ago, she and her daughter had come to the Orphanage. She already an elderly lady and her daughter middle aged and I a lad of nine. Like all lads of nine, untaught, unhonored and unclean. In her daughter I had found a friend. It wasn't long before the boys began to guy me about my clean hands and after I had

combed my hair once or twice my reputation as a dead game sport was second to none. But I didn't mind that, although my girl did go back on me for not missing my lesson and getting to stay in with her. [It was lots of fun to "stay in"—the teacher most frequently had to leave and we had a good time talking. They say it isn't so much fun now, for the teacher wont leave and you can't talk.]

Anyway Miss Mary soon won my affections and that meant all. For she taught me my spelling and my history and my reading and I didn't have to stay in a time.

Years passed on. The lad became a man, then came college and then university and then life. It was just between the two last, that she—God pity us all—she died. Us all, I say, for during the last years of her life her one student had grown to a cottage-full and all loved her as the one had done, and she them.

I had heard the news just before coming home and was thinking of the delightful hours by the cosy fireside of the matron's room in the Home of Peace, with chatter-box and stories and nuts and candies—was thinking of them and their giver and her mother and thanking God for them all when our train slowed down, preparatory to crossing a trestle. The regular movement of the coaches, the rhythmic click of the wheels and the hoarse answer of the trucks, combined with the river scene and I found my thoughts turning to verse for expression. I put them into verse and memorized them thus :

O'er the brink of yonder river where the waving willows weep,
As the shadows of the sunset o'er the darkening waters creep,
Thick and fast the dead leaves fall as storming winds upon them sweep
And each leaf is pointing backward,

While each hidden bud points forward,
And each bough looks ever upward,
As the winds upon them sweep,
And the God who turns their hour-glass knows where each dead leaf
will sleep.

O'er the brink of life's rough river where the weak and weary weep,
As the shadows of life's sunset o'er the darkening waters creep,
Deadened joys and blighted hopes fall fast before time's onward sweep.
Swift each memory speeds backward,
While each tear is pointing forward,
And each heart looks ever upward,
As life's tempest o'er them sweeps,
And lo! the God who turns their hour-glass gives each weary spirit
sleep.

“Ah! that is true of her,” Mrs. Locke said to me one evening, “very true and very beautiful, but will he give me rest too. And shall it be before the eternal peace of the grave?”

Doctor told me of her death. She had been so kind to the boys,—no wonder there were so many wet eyes for there was not a top-cord that Miss Mary did not give or mend nor a kite she did not paste. He had gone, Doctor had and found her dead. She had been unwell for weeks and that night as he entered the room only her mother and the body of her daughter were there. No, there was another, it was Gyp. No one who ever saw him will forget Gyp. He had been lost from his master, dropped probably from a passing train and had found his way to the Orphanage and Miss Mary had taken him in and cared for him and loved him and Gyp had loved, too.

How lonely a group it was that night—how unutterably lonely it would have been had not God been there too.

“But why,” she asked me as we sat there together, “did God take her? I wanted her so badly and loved her so much and the boys, the children—” she could say no more.

Nor could I. Only in the dark and sorrow-stricken home as well as in the heart of joy, in fire and death and terror I felt that the firm foundation of God would stand, having that glorious seal, “The Lord knoweth them that are His.” I thought too of how much tenderer and more sympathetic my friend’s heart had been made already by the blow, how she had been taught deeply of the weakness of man and of the strength of God, how her eyes had been lifted upward to the city that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens, where all tears would be wiped away and where there would be no more night—and of how her character had been struck one master blow by the Master workman, perhaps the last blow in chiseling it out for the inspection of the Judge of men.

“And the stroke was heavier.”—Mrs. Locke was speaking to me, I had been lost in reverie. “because Doctor had prayed with me so hard for her and I could not believe she would die.”

“He asked of Thee life, and thou gavest him a long life even forever and ever.” It was all I could say. It was enough.

“But how weird life seems to me now, how dark and strange and hopeless.”

Again the words were not mine that I answered, “Not

day nor night, but it shall come to pass that at eventide there shall be light."

I was looking down but a gentle touch on my arm bade me look up. What a glorious sight it was! No more sullen, rainy, melancholy gloom, but the windows of heaven were opened and a glorious pathway of gold and crimson and scarlet-tinged clouds seemed beckoning us toward the setting sun clothed now in brightness and beauty.

I wrote a line or two about it and published them in our paper. At the head of it I placed my words: "not day nor night but it shall come to pass that at eventide there shall be light." It was one of the few contributions of my own that I have ever memorized. I am sure that I can repeat it for you yet:

Slowly, as we sat, the shadows of a gloomy, wintry day
Settled down in sullen silence, and the chilling, hopeless gray
Of the heavy clouds o'ershadowing seemed to still all joy within
Making moae intense our thoughts of human wretchedness and sin.

Hope seemed dying in the shadows, sorrow drew its sable shroud,
Around our hearth and melancholy seemed to fall from every cloud.
Softly and subdued the wondering calls of wood-fowl cross the moor,
Nature would within the darkness of despair the soul allure.

Toward the sunset now it brightens, through the portals of the west
Glorious streams of light are pouring, and the hopeless, leaden breast
Of Heaven above to golden mounts of promise now transfigured seems
And the towering cloud in glory with majestic splendor gleams.

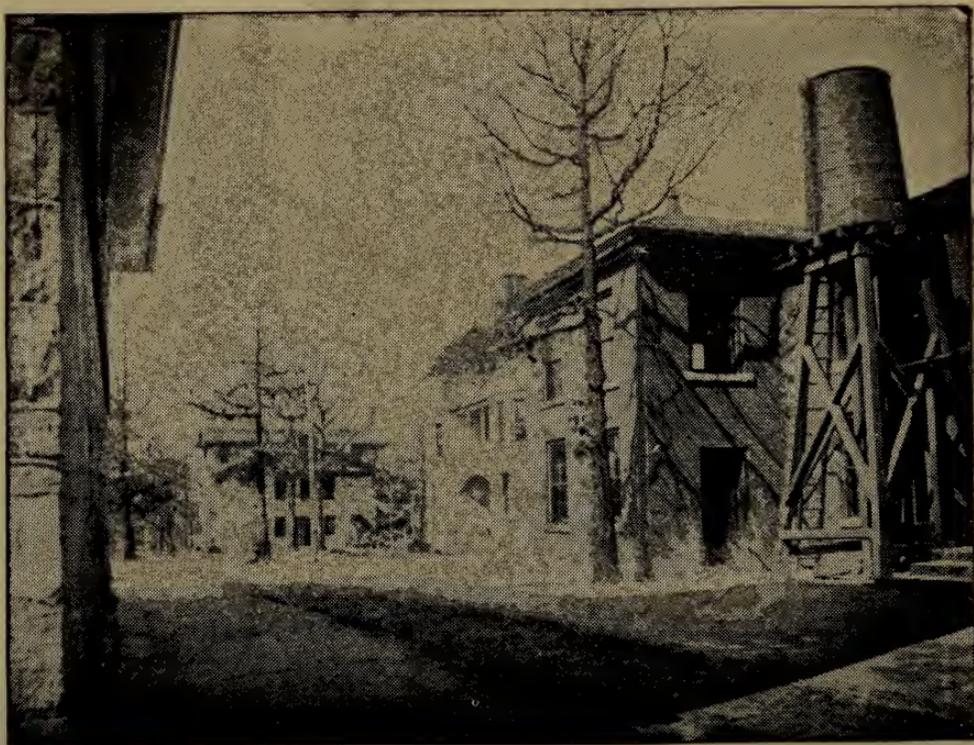
See! the chilly fog is lifting, thro the mist that still enshrouds
The distant East, the sunlight sifting paints a rainbow in the clouds.

Listen to the thrilling joy that fills the wood-bird's bursting throats!
Heavenly peace upon us resting! Heavenly music toward us floats.

Soul, o'ershadowed now in sadness, toward the heavens lift thine eyes!
Tho the clouds are dark and lowering, sunset glows shall fill these skies
When the vespers toll the deathknell of thy bitter, cheerless day
Will the "Sun of Righteousness" in splendor pave thy future way.

Spirit, buried in thy sorrow, far above yon hopeless gray
God's blue Empyrean glitters and His bright, eternal day.
Weird, indeed, life's hopeless struggle scarcely day and scarcely night,
But at eventide he says, at eventide there shall be light!





MAIN STREET.



Christmas.

[WONDER whether there were any little child-angels among the beautiful choir that sang hosannas and benedictions when the Christ child was born? There must have been, do you not think? For he was a child and then you know Christmas belongs to children, I guess it does, everywhere, I know it does at the Thornwell Orphanage. We used to think of those anthems of the angelic hosts too—early in the morning, when all was so quiet—on Christmas morning when just a few of us were up and had come down stairs and were looking up into the blue sky, for down here at the Orphanage we believe and the matrons and teachers and president—they know that God still cares for us and so we all sing every Christmas morning, “Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill to men.

Doctor, (that’s the President) scared us pretty badly one day, long time ago. He said one morning at prayers that there was a doubt about when Christmas ought to come, that some of the D. D’s. said Christ wasn’t born when he was, But when we saw him smiling we knew Christmas was going to be on the day we’d been watching for a month.

Christmas is always a big day at the Orphanage. You

see we don't go to school then and for about ten days and sometimes two weeks we are getting our regular work up for it. Then it comes and the big bon-fire and the getting up to light it and the turkey-dinner that Jesus' friend in Elberton, Ga., sends, and the Christmas tree and all and the looking the rabbit-guns early in the morning, I mustn't forget that. Oh, we have a whoppin time when Christmas comes.

I wish I knew whether you wanted me to tell you what we fellows do at Christmas times. You see I don't know whether anybody's reading this and if anybody is I don't know who. If its a boy I bet he'd say "yes, go on and tell us about it" and a girl would too,—a little girl, the big girls, I don't know much about them. They don't care much for us little fellows and we used not to have many big boys at the Orphanage, so I can't tell about them. But then the fathers and mothers too—you see I don't know whether they want to know or not. Our mothers and fathers would wouldn't they? But they know don't you suppose? For Jesus sees us and I just know he tells them about it. Well I'm going to try to tell anyway for if I loved boys well enough to clothe them and feed them and teach them like you all do us, I'd like to hear about their fun.

We can always tell when Christmas is coming. Ah, you are thinking about the calendar, I didn't mean that. We can tell other ways. You can't guess how, and yet you all tell us! Well, this is the way. When we see old Kit and Bally (Doctor says Kit is an asinine youth of twenty summers and Bally an equine maiden of twenty-two) going up town hitched to the two-horse wagon and then see them come back and stop at the pantry and see Mr. Scott and the big

boys taking a whole lot of boxes and putting them down at the door and when we come running up to see what it is and whether Christmas has come and they won't tell us then we know. For that's Christmas you know with us. And if there's a box of firecrackers we know it isn't long.

Then, I tell you what we fellows do—we go down to the canebrake and we cut a whole lot of canes and we bring all the brush and trash we can get and we pile them all together and get ready for the big bonfire. Doctor says it mustn't be near any of the houses, so we go way down back of the McCormick and we have a great big pile, and it burns too, you bet.

But Christmas is the biggest time for another thing you ever saw. Girls are the beat'nest things yet. One of my pards had one once. He got mashed on her one spring and they sported for a while but somebody cut him out in the summer. Then the new fellow and the girl broke up and my pard got me to talk up for him. I was always willing for that. She was a pretty girl and I always did sorter hope she'd say someday, "talk up for yourself John," but she never. Well, I worked hard for him and one day he wrote her a note. My pard always was a powerful poet and he wrote her a line of his own composition :

"Roses sweet and violets blue,
You sport me and I'll sport you."

And I knew our scheme was done up when she re-versed him

"Violets are blue and roses are sweet,
I'd love you if you'd wash your feet."

You see we boys went barefooted all summer.

Well, he was as mad as a hornet, mader'n a hornet, mader'n ten thousand hornets when you throw hot water on them and he told me not to talk up for him any more. But just before Christmas one day I saw her smiling at him across the dining room and I knew what was up, you see my pard always gave his girl a Christmas present and she knew it and it was time she was making her peace. That's the way they do a fellow. But its big fun watching the girls catch fellows just before Christmas—and the fellows out in town say that's the way they do them too.

And so, by the time the big day comes around we fellows get us a box and put it by the pantry window so we can see through, and we watch the pile of boxes—the Christmas boxes grow. Even the little fellows can tell an apple barrel from a flour barrel, and of course all know a fire-cracker box without seeing it. And the pile keeps growing till Christmas eve and after that there ain't no more pile. But Christmas eve is the big time. The bonfire is ready and everybody wanting to light it early Christmas morning, for the boy that does so that wakes up first and kindles her up, is the big boy and the king of Christmas. Then there's all tomorrow to look forward to, and Santa Claus always brought a whole lot of candy and apples and oranges and fire-crackers and we had a fine time eating them around the bonfire.

But I must tell you about how I found out who Santa Claus was. You were like me weren't you, you thought there was a real Santa Claus—well I did once. But I'll tell you all about it.

Every Christmas eve they used to make us fellows go to bed real early for they said Santa Claus wouldn't come if we

didn't and I used to believe them. Then I got to thinking. I knew where Santa Claus kept his apples, etc., for I had seen them in the pantry and he would have to go there and get them and I knew I could see through the window and he would be too busy to see me and so one Christmas eve I thought I would watch him at work. So I got out of bed after the matron had gone all around the rooms and me and my pard climbed out on the shed and scooted down the banisters and slipped around to the pantry. We looked in—all was quiet and dark. No Santa Claus—we waited pretty near a half-hour, and no Santa Claus. We were getting afraid he had seen us and had gone home. That's what the matron had said he would do if he saw us, and so we started back for the McCormick. Just as we turned we saw a bright light in the kitchen.

“What's that Jim?”

“Its him pard, he's comin'.”

We crouched low in the dry grass and waited, but the light moved not. We grew tired and then slowly edged our way toward the kitchen window—“Let's look at him and run,” my pard had said. Well, we got up to the window and looked in, and my! what we did see! It beat anything I ever did see. There mas a long table and around on one side was a big row of Santa Clauses and Mizzes Santa Clauses. And all along on the table were oranges and fruits and candies and crackers and so forth and one Mrs. Santa Claus had her hand in the candy-bucket and when another Mrs. Santy would pass by on the opposite side of the table she would douse it down in the bag she was carrying. (You see we used bags instead of stockings.) And another Mrs. Santy

would put in a banana and another Mrs. Santy would put in the fire-crackers. My law! I did wish I was that Mrs. Santy and had big pockets like I used to have in my every day suit. Well sir, we just stood there and watched them—

“My Jim, don’t this beat ’em all, why I didn’t know there were so many Mrs. Santies.”

“And yonder is one of the girls, pard, see her with them bags.”

“Where’s old Santy gone, I haven’t seen him since we first got up?”

“Yonder he is! well sir, if there aint another of them—reckon he’s his brother. ”

“Jim!”

“What!”

“Jim, old man!! Jim!!!”

“What in the——”

I turned around to look at the boy, his face was the strangest sight I ever saw. Disappointment, surprise and consternation struggled to control his features.

“Jim, if I ain’t mightily mistaken, one of them Santies is Doctor and the other one’s Mr. Scott!”

If he had slapped me in the face or if a thunderbolt had struck me I wouldn’t have been more surprised. You could have knocked me down, with a feather, with a pin-feather! I looked. They were moving this way, for we were at one end of the long room and they at the other. My pard was right, there was Mr. Scott and there was Doctor.

“Pard, let’s go, I guess the Mizzes Santies are the matrons.”

We went back to the McCormick and to bed. For my

part, I was much sadder and only a little wiser and I never did let my pard see how I cried that night.

But since that day I have found out that I was not so badly mistaken after all.

I used to believe in Santy, then I quit believing in Santy and now I believe in Santy again. You see its this way: I got to thinking about who sent all those good things if Santy didn't. Maybe he was busy that night and couldn't come, for somebody must have sent them—and then one day I asked Doctor. I wasn't wrong, for he said "Yes, Jamie you are right, Jesus is our Santa Claus." Then I knew how it was. Don't you know how? Why all of us here at the Orphanage know it now, just as easy. You see, we tell him every morning at prayers, and he knows it anyhow and so he begins to get ready for it. He goes to a busy merchant who is walking down street two or three weeks before Christmas and its bad weather on purpose—and the man thinks how hard such weather is on little fellows and how cheerless their lives are then he gets to thinking about orphans and the orphanage and by that time he is in his store looking at the apples and the oranges and he says to the clerk "John send this barrel of apples to the Thornwell Orphanage right away," and he thinks he did it and he did, but our Santa Claus did it too.

And here's the way we get our fire-crackers. A noble young fellow is walking along the street some night. He has just bought his Christmas present for that beautiful image of brown eyes, curling hair and fair cheeks, all fed by a loving heart and inspired by a noble soul. He is using every ray of light from every shop-window as he passes in order to feast his eyes on it—a button or college-pin perhaps, or something

else—whatever he thought would fittest represent his friendship and his worth. He is happy to-night and the memories came to him of boy-hood days, of good Christmas times and fun. Just then he sees some fire-crackers. He will get some for—he buys and orders them sent somewhere and we know where, down at the orphanage. And so the kind spirit of God ministering all over our land sends Christmas to His fatherless ones. Each comes a double token of love, from Santa Claus himself and from the kind hearts where he has awakened sympathetic feelings for His little children. The old pastor and the young bride in his congregation, the devout elder and the laughing and happy pair of sweet-hearts just behind him, the tender-hearted mother and her little darling, all mingle their love gifts together in Sunday School or Church or mail box.

Some tell their names, some do not but our Santa Claus knows them all, so I guess I wasn't so far wrong after all about believing in Santa Claus. And you don't know how glad I am every Christmas about it. For if there wasn't any Santa, there wouldn't be any Christmas and if there wasn't any Jesus there wouldn't be any Santy and Christmas would not be any fun anyhow without him.

But its great fun lighting the bonfire. We boys haven't any alarm clocks and so we just have to pay attention to waking up, and the fellow that wakes up first and lights her up, he's boss all day. He tells and retells all about how he did it. And of course we want to know but we don't want to have to keep knowing it all day. Of course we don't wake up till after the stockings have all come back from the kitchen, but the first man after that!! I remember how me and my

pard worked it once. We determined to be the first and the only way to do it was to stay awake. Lots of fellows used to try it but its a heap harder than you'd think. It isn't like setting up for you're lying down, the matron makes you do that and you have to lie down for four or five hours and you're tired anyhow and you're sure to go to sleep. But me and my pard fixed up a trick thit worked fine. You know when the stockings are brought over they bring them right up to your room and they always come in one of the front doors or they used to anyway. Well, we got us a couple of strings and we fixed them to the door knobs of the doors, one to each door knob and then I took one of the strings and run it up outside the house to my window and my pard took the other and then when the doors had been shut and everybody was in bed we drew them in tight and tied them to our toes, me and my pard did, and then we went to sleep the sleep of the just. About ten o'clock I dreamt that I was cutting wood and Plug Ugiy had the axe I wanted and that he wanted too. Then Plug got mad and before I knew what he was up to he had come down on my toe, like a thousand of brick,—kerblam— and the toe was mashed as flat as a pan-cake. My pard said he dreamt something of the same sort. Then we both woke up and we stayed awake. We heard them bring up the stockings and then go down again. Then I got up and started down stairs. Met my pard at the back door and we crept out toward the bon-fire—

“Got a match Jim?” he said.

Of course I had several.

“Come round this side, here's a rock, let's get her started and then yell.”

He took my match and the rock, and was just bending over to light her up when he heard a match scratch on the other side of the pile, a moment later the flames rose and the bonfire was lit. We had missed it by a quarter of a second, we might as well have missed it by a quarter of a millenium for all the glory we got of it. We found out later that old Will Crawf had taken him a blanket and slept out there and our voices had waked him up. Next time we wont say anything.

But we do have such big times around the bonfire! You see there ain't nobody there but us, us and our stockings and the great blazing fire. And we tell stories and crack jokes and nuts and fire-crackers, swallow apples and oranges and smoke and stories and just have the biggest time. Then we throw on more wood and more canes, don't they pop though? And eat more Christmas. Oh, I tell you its jolly. And they say that a long time after the old boys never forget it. I remember one time, long time ago, Doctor's son came home one Christmas. He had been away off somewhere studying, and he was a grown man too and studying yet. I don't see what he done it for. Well, early Christmas morning we were sitting round the bonfire and laughing and yelling and eating, when we saw a big man coming across the yard. We thought it sure was Doctor, and we stopped yelling and some of the boys broke for the McCormick. But it wasn't him it was his son. He said he woke up when he heard the firecrackers and our songs and noise and couldn't stand to lay in bed and so he came over to be a boy again. I dont blame you all for wanting to be boys again. I have the best time of anybody I hope I wont ever grow any. And say! if they let you be a



THE FLAMES ROSE AND THE BON-FIRE WAS LIT.

boy again get them to let you be an orphanage boy, and we'll have the biggest time!

Then too, after the bon-fire had burned pretty near down we always go and look the gums. We have lots of rabbits and fine woods and we set lots of gums. So off we go before sun-up to look the gums. My, wasn't it fine! Of course we had a little company together. We didn't dare go by ourselves and we whistled and sung and yelled and occasionally shot a firecracker, we were so afraid the spooks and beasts wouldn't know that we were not afraid of them. And most always we caught a rabbit. It was mighty fine to catch a rabbit Christmas morning, you could pet him all day and then sell him easy.

Then all day long we had lots of fun—What did we do? Why nothing! who ever had any fun doing anything—particular. We'd chat and shout and eat and pop firecrackers and go after the Christmas tree.

Now that was real sho nuff fun, going after the Christmas tree. The big boys always used to go, I remember when I first got big enough to go and I wouldn't have gone then if Fred hadn't got sick and I took his place. You see I found out Fred wasn't going and didn't tell anybody until they were ready to go and then they had to take me for everybody else was in the woods or doing something else. So they took two of us little fellows, me and Charlie Laxton—Charlie was a city boy, but he knew all about Christmas. Charlie was pretty green in some things, particularly on trees—he couldn't tell the difference between an oak and a hickory, so we had lots of fun out of him that day. He'd try to get it right and couldn't. He'd call a persimmon a black-jack in spite of

everything. Well, he came across a beautiful holly and here come Charlie running to the crowd, yelling "I've found one I know, I can tell you what that is." "Well, what is it Charlie?" "That's a Christmas tree!" he said as confidently as a king. Of course we told him we used cedar oftener than holly for our Christmas tree.

I tell you what I like to do. I like to be on the wagon when we bring the Christmas tree back from the woods. I like to sit up and look big and have the other fellows ask where we got it and like that, and the girls always come out to look at it and before we got inside the gate good they'd have picked out the twigs for their presents. Of course they never were put there! I don't know what was the matter with them—Boys wouldn't do that way. We used to have just one big Christmas tree at the Orphanage, now they have just lots of little ones.

And talking about fun, that was the biggest fun we fellows ever had. They wouldn't let us in till dark and we'd stand by the door like folks do in a big railway station at the gate to get in. I stood two hours once that way, and wasn't it glorious to get in! Just think of it, a great big tree, all lighted up with all sorts of pretty candles, different colors too and the glittering presents, and the jolly faces and good old jolly Doctor and Mr. Scott (All the orphanages agoing wish they had Mr. Scott.) The memory of those scenes are too bright and sweet to soon fade. And do you know every time I smell cedar it reminds me of Christmas yet and I never see a little colored candle that my heart don't go back to the good old days. But before we touched a thing on that glorious tree, all-glittering and waving before our eyes, burdened down

with happiness and sweetness, we used to bow our heads and thank Santa Claus. You know who I mean, don't you? And we'd tell him how good he was and how glad we were and then we'd just have the best time and w'd always think of the good, kind folks that sent them to us, you bet we would. And what fun it was to help hand around the Christmas gifts it was almost equal to getting them yourself.

I don't know but what that's about the happiest I'll ever be, except when I get in to see Santa Claus's great big Christmas tree up in his home, and wouldn't it be fun if he'd let me hand round some of the Christmas gifts he's going to give to Doctor and Mr. Scott and my partners and the good folks that sent so many lovely things to us at the orphanage.

But when I think of Christmas trees I always think of my pard's. He got sick just before Christmas, mighty sick. Me and him talked about it when he was in bed and he did hate to miss it I tell you! Anybody would a hated to miss it wouldn't they? I used to go up and see him every day and me and him would talk about it and he'd tell me how he just knew he'd miss all the fun and we had planned to light the bonfire and get there first this time and he couldn't get to see the Christmas tree either, that was the worst of all. But I tried to cheer him up and tell him he might be alright yet by then. And I used to read to him too. Well, one day I was reading, I remember it just as well, it was somewhere in John "Truly I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, He will give it you." Right there he stopped me, "Jamie" said he, "Jamie, do you reckon that means us?" I told him it must mean us for Doctor had said so once at prayers. "Then Jamie let's ask him to let me see the Christmas tree." And

we did. He asked and then I asked and when I rose up from his bed I just felt sure somehow that my pard would get to see the tree.

But as the days went by he got worse. I tell you I was surprised. And we had kept asking Jesus to let him see the tree too. I wouldn't a-believed he would a-done us that way and at last, day before Christmas when I saw my pard was too weak to get up I just didn't have the heart to go to see it myself and I didn't try the bonfire and I came down and read to him and we talked to him. He had been so sure he was going to get to see it that it seemed just awful and he was weaker, lots weaker.

I didn't go to the tree—I didn't feel like it. But somehow when I heard the bell ring and knew they were all going in I couldn't keep him from knowing there was a lump in my throat. I just could read the psalm. But when I got to the tenth verse, "They that know thy name will put their trust in Thee; for Thou, Lord hast not forsaken them that trust in Thee." I had to quit and sit and wonder what He had done it for and why my pard and me hadn't got to go with the balance of the fellows. And he was thinking so too. Just then we heard a knock on the door and then the door opened and guess what came in! My pard saw it first and I heard him say "There she is Jamie, I knowed I'd see it!" and then I saw it too. Just the finest tree! Just like the big one and lots prettier, the candles and all and the presents, the nicest presents you ever saw. And there was old Doctor and Mr. Scott, looking as kind and happy as they did the night we took them for Santies. I looked around at my pard again and he was crying like—like—well, like I was. But they

didn't know what we were thinking about and we never did tell them. But we came mighty near going back on Jesus that time. We are not going to do it again.

And I remember when I left my pard that night, he said "Jamie, old boy—We'll trust in the Lord forever—for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."



ON THE PORTICO.



CHILDREN'S GIFT ACADEMY.

Some Old Friends.

I HAVE been happy twice in my life, supremely happy. Happy as he only can be who in life's green spring has not been told of the falling of the autumn leaves, of the sharpness of the winter frosts. Once was on that day when I stood before the dear pulpit in my home church and told my Master, in company with many others, that I would follow him alway. Not soon shall I forget that scene:—the long row of boys and girls, myself almost in the center, the great congregation around, some looking on through their curiosity, some through smiles, some through tears, the sweet strains in which we all joined:

“Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God!”

the glistening baptismal bowl with its limpid waters of life trembling in the hand of him who had given me all that I was and told me of all that I was going to be; All these things and the consciousness of the presence, the sweet presence, the holy presence of him whom on that day I called my Lord—I shall never forget them! Nor should I. Rather may their sacred memory ever attend to cheer and bless and their hallowing influences prevail to keep my eyes from tears, my feet from falling and my soul from death.

Do not think then, gentle reader that I am unmindful of

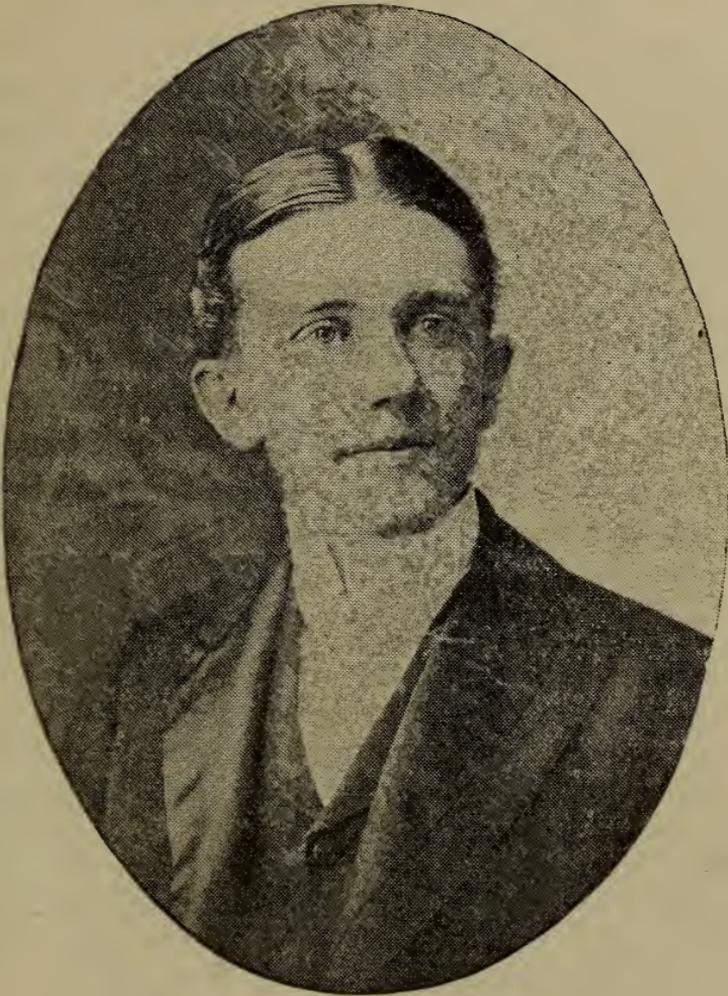
the holy joy of such moments nor criticise my seeming levity when I confess to you that the other supreme moment of my joys was when the lad whom I admired most of all my comrades told me that the Base Ball Nine had chosen me a member of their company. The disparity in importance of such thoughts, I know, is great, and he little understands the heart of a boy who does not appreciate the blessedness of such hours as this last. To be chosen from a number, all of them just as eager for the honor, to be a comrade of the older lads, to be permitted to practice with the "league ball," to enter into the fellowship of the leaders of our little world, that was the sumum bonum of boy-life, only surpassed by that moment when the Lord of human destinies chose him to enter into the fellowship of the noble of the earth and become an armour bearer to the King.

My mind went back to those good old days when a few days ago I read the following from one of the Wilmington (Del.) papers :

"The Rev. F. Cornwell Jennings, the brilliant young pastor of Hanover Presbyterian Church, this city, has received a call to the pastorate of Wakefield Presbyterian church, in Germantown, made vacant by the death of the Rev. T. G. F. Hill. It is said the salary is \$2,400 a year.

Mr. Jennings is in his second year at Hanover, and is one of the most popular pastors the old church ever had. He is a deep thinker and an eloquent speaker. Since his pastorate the average attendance has increased to 300 and the collections are larger than they have been for years."

For Corny was the lad who told me as we sat in the sunshine on the rocks that



REV. F. CORNWELL JENNINGS.
(Once Catcher on the "Big Team.")

The right fiel' uz mine
 On ther big boys' nine
 Fiel' 'em up, fiel' 'em up, fiel' 'em up fine
 Fiel' 'em to the first in er bee-line.

He told me too many days later, as we stood together one evening in the beams of the great arc light of heaven of how he had determined to devote his life to catching men for the captain of the teams of God. I knew then what I know now, that the man who as a lad would catch a Spalding league ball for nine innings without mask or gloves, till his fingers were stiffened and his hands blue and never wince never muff, I say that I knew such an one as he would be chosen of God to arrest the hardest of men in the simplest of their falls and stay them in their rapid flight to destruction.

And yet it does seem a little strange to read the following in the Philadelphia Press. Time passes so rapidly.

“The installation of the Rev. F. Cornwell Jennings, who has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Wakefield Presbyterian Church, to succeed the late Rev. Thomas G. F. Hill, will take place to-night in the church at Germantown avenue and Fishers lane. Special services have been arranged, and several well-known divines will address the congregation.

The Rev. Mr. Jennings was born in South Carolina, and is the son of a prominent physician of that State. He graduated from the Presbyterian College of South Carolina in 1893, and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1896. During 1895 he was regularly licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Enoree, S. C., and in May, 1896, was ordained and installed pastor of Morrisville Church. Since October 1898, Mr. Jennings has been pastor of Honover church, Wilmington, where he has served as one of its most efficient and popular pastors.”

Plug Ugly (nicknamed Herbert Murphy) was our center fielder. The most famous thing Plug ever did was to almost ruin the high opinion a family in Clinton held for "Doctor." There were several Smith families in Clinton, distinguished as Young Miss Smith, Old Miss Smith and Mrs. Johnnie Smith. Now Old Miss Smith, a lady of thirty-five summers and the Lord only knows how many winters, got sick, and Doctor was much concerned about his firm and true friend. Just after dinner one day he called Plug and said "Herbert, go down and enquire how Old Miss Smith is." Plug went,—arrived, knocked on the door, Miss Smith herself comes to the door.

"Evenin' " said Plug.

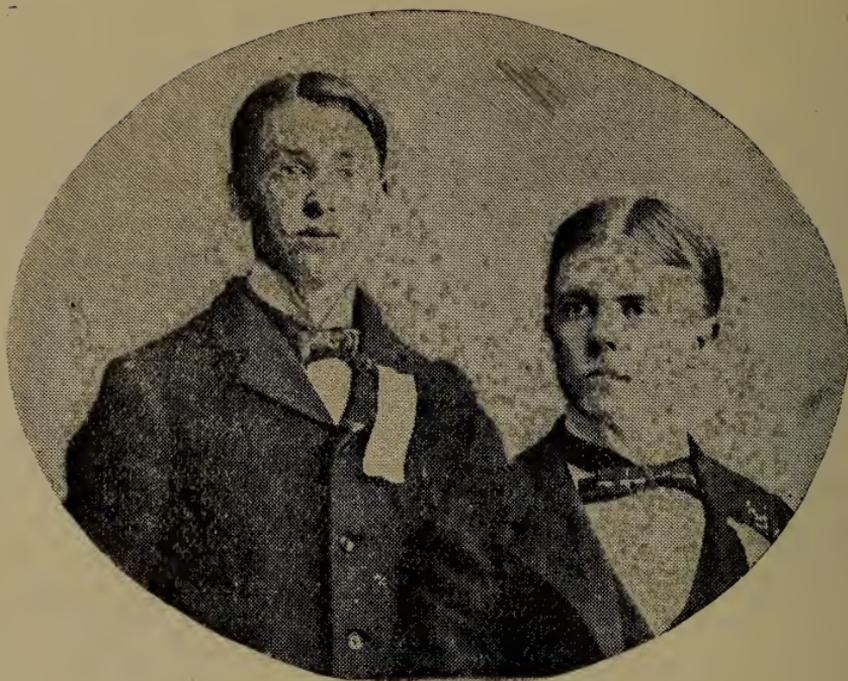
"Good evening, my little man what can I do for you?"

"Please ma'am, Mr. Jacobs said for me to ask how old is Miss Smith."

That was Plug's last message. I wonder whether he ever thinks about that day as he works in the Shops of Atlanta.

Simp and Jim were our "pig-tails." Jim first till he quit in deep disgust and went to setting type. In fact he has set more and more in his way (which is the very best of ways) until he has himself become a type of true and noble manhood for good and bad cases. He is at the head of the Printing Department of the Orphanage now, and there never was one more beloved or one who knew his business better.

Simp pigtailed a while, then went into the field and then to the pitcher's box. Last year he made the team of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina the terror it was to



“JIM AND SIMP.”

all weak opponents. Next year he goes to Columbia, or Union, or Princeton as he determines to follow Dent or Sam or Corny.

Crawf was our second baseman. We put him there because he could stand the jars and jolts of the runners better than most boys. Well-trained was he when he finished to stand the jars and jolts of the world.

Giz, was so tender hearted, so considerate of other peoples feelings that all he did was to hold down third. It was so against his principles to put anybody out! I remember however, he put out for home when Mr. Young's sarcastic Fido got after him in the wrong watermelon patch.

Goat King our Pitcher and Short-stop was famous among the boys for his fine marksmanship. It happened this w a He went hunting once by permission and after shooting some forty or fifty times at the partridges, and missing even their neighborhood, became desperate. A covey has been scattered, the dog is finding them again, one by one. He stands, points. Goat creeps forward and to his delight, sees not much over a dozen feet from him, a partridge squatting. He is determined to do deadly work at last, cocks both triggers, aims slowly, accurately, pulls both triggers, and pours two loads of shot into the bird, and then rushes to the spot.

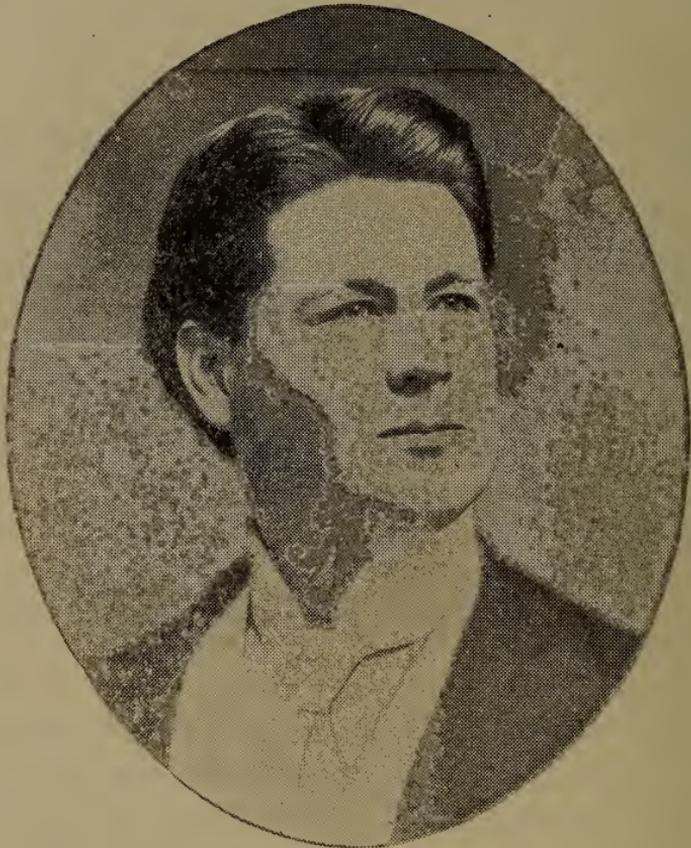
“Git 'im Goat?” calls his companion.

Goat is searching all round expecting to pick up his bird.

“Yes I got 'im, I mean I think I got 'im but I guess I must-er not fer ther aint nothing here but some feathers, some old bones, and er hole in ther ground.”

Everybody that ever played ball at the Orphanage knew that **Bunch** was our crack batter. Every boy has his ideal big boy hasn't he? Well Bunch was mine. A great big cherry, good-natured, big-muscled, big-hearted, big-brained, big-boy. I wanted to be like Bunch, to have a big muscle like his, a big voice like his, and a big head like his, and I used to long to be told I resembled him in any way. It is useless to say that nobody ever did it.

I don't believe any body ever enjoyed the boys more than Bunch did. Indeed so much was this the case that when the good folks out in Columbus, Miss., called him to be their pastor. he told them about his comrades in Clinton in days



“BUNCH.”

agone and together they founded the Palmer Orphanage and I doubt not but that were you to go there now you would see the Bunches and Cornies and Dills and Goats and Gizzes just like we used to have at Thornwell.

Will King was the pitcher of the Big Nine when I joined it. Will was a good player and a kind friend. It was with the deepest sorrow that I read the following lines only a few days ago :

“Wm. A. King, who was at the Orphanage from 1884 to 1887, was instantly killed by a partial explosion of a steam thresher in Ft. Valley, Ga., on the 25th ult. He was thirty years of age. His remains were brought to Clinton and were interred in the Cemetery here. The news was a great shock to us and to his many friends and relatives. His dear old mother and his brothers and sisters have our warmest sympathy in this affliction. While a pupil in the Orphanage he united with the Presbyterian Church here, from which his membership was afterwards taken. He was an excellent young man faithful and industrious.”

Jim Moffatt was honored among the boys, being the sexton of the church as well as left-fielder on the team. No one knows where Jim is now, any more than we used to know. Sometimes we feel sure he is at a place if we have a telegram from him. We gave him the left field so that he could move about.

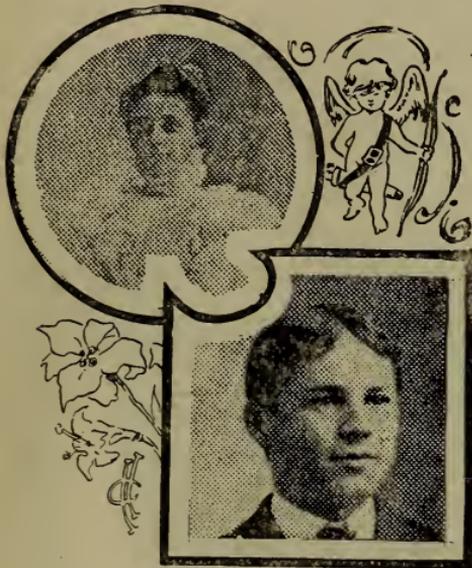
Then too, there was **Nat**, otherwise “Little Un,” a quick and sturdy short-stop. He was one of the younger boys and one of the most popular. A good many years have



“You would see the Bunches and Cornies and Dills and Goats and Gizzes, just like we used to have at Thornwell.”

passed since he and I met but they have not lessened the interest one feels in the welfare of an old comrade. Plum-hunts and muscadine vines intrude to themselves in my vision when a few days ago I read this from the "Atlanta Constitution:"

"Mr. Nat N. Harris, one of Macon's most prominent young men, weds Miss Florence Shobe, of Oakland, Ky., on November 14th. This unites two of the most prominent families of these states. They will reside in Macon after December 1st."

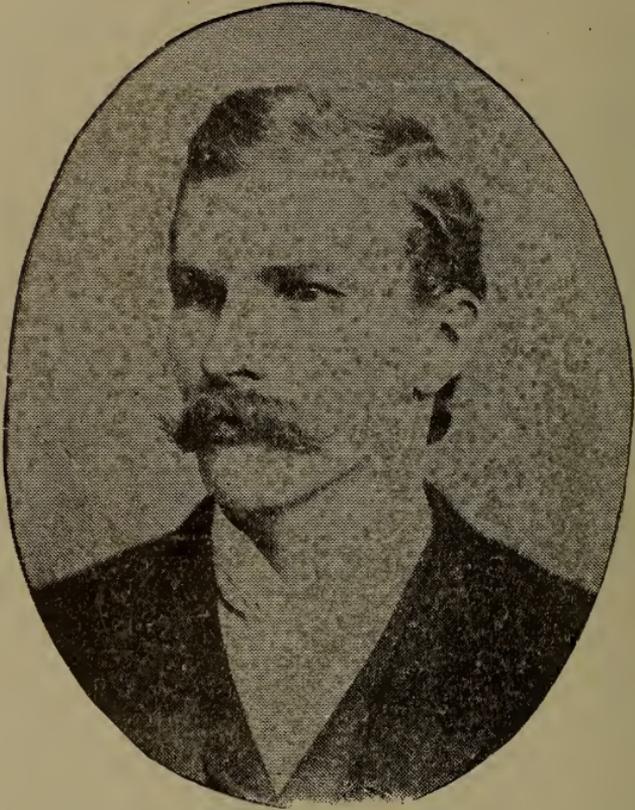


MR. AND MRS. NAT.

And Allie Quarles, who that used to go with Allie to set his traps and look the gums, will ever forget him? I shall not for one.

How my heart did thrill once when he let me hold in my own hands for a few minutes, a "felark" he had caught! Few big boys would trust a little one with such a priceless treasure. And he actually let me carry home a rabbit for him once.

How strange it seemed to me when I saw him a few years ago in the Treasury Building at Washington. It was as though a little bit of dear old Clinton had dropped into our Nation's Capitol. How much stranger it would be could I see him now in the Philippines, he and "Mrs. Allie"! Allie always was a great fellow for playing "F i l i p i n o" when he



ALLIE QUARLES, THE PRIZE BIRD CATCHER.

was at the Orphanage. He's having a lively game of it in the Ordnance Department over there, they say.

Mingled with all these scenes and faces which we have described in the preceding pages were many far sweeter than those of the rugged base ball nine. They were as interested as the boys in their sports and threw all their girlish hearts into the games. There was **Frank**, who said that the reason her hands were so cold was that she accidentally swallowed a thermometer one winter. There was **Annie Fields** who believed it and was found heating the thermometer the next day to make the weather moderate. There too, was **Jennie Hurley**. I asked Jennie once what made the pimples on her face and she told me the following story: Once upon a time, a long time ago she had an uncle who was very careless as regards pins. One day to show his prowess he swallowed a whole handful but they were several too many for him and wouldn't come back as the others had done. Henceforth for years afterward, everytime he wanted a pin he would feel for a bump on his face and scratch a little and pull it out. Her father had learned this pin-cushion, labor-saving device from her uncle and she inherited it from her father. For years that girl had us little fellows believing all that.

Among the spectators of our games none was more welcome and none more universally beloved than **Gertrude**. Plug Ugly couldn't play a little bit without her and all the balance of us could run a little faster and throw a little straighter if we were sure of hearing the cheery words of praise. I could see her happy little face and hear her soft little voice calling



“PLUG UGLY COULDN’T PLAY A LITTLE BIT
WITHOUT HER.”

“run fas’ Lonnie,” as I read the following from the “Memphis Commercial Appeal,” of June 27th 1900:

“The Supreme Court of Tennessee, in a decision handed down at Jackson yesterday morning, holds that a woman is not eligible to membership in the bar and can not practice law in the courts of this commonwealth.

The decision will be a surprise to many members of the legal fraternity throughout the state.

The question came before the supreme court for adjudication on the ex parte petition of Miss Mary Griffin of Memphis and the petition to practice law before the court was disallowed, the opinion being by Judge Caldwell. This is the first ruling of the Supreme Court on the question of a woman’s eligibility to practice before the court.

The case of Miss Griffin is one of unusual interest, and the adverse opinion is a severe disappointment to one of the most capable and accomplished young ladies in Memphis. Miss Griffin is a cousin of Judge J. S. Galloway of the Second Circuit Court and is a native of Georgia. An inherent inclination to the subtleties and abstractions of the legal profession was strengthened by constant association with the various phases of litigation. For several years she has been the confidential clerk of Scruggs and Roseborough and during that time applied herself assiduously to the study of law.

‘She acquired such proficiency,’ said a member of the firm to a reporter, ‘that she is able to draft the most intricate pleadings and can prepare a bill in chancery, a declaration or conveyance with more technical accuracy than a majority of the lawyers of the Memphis bar. Miss Griffin I regard as one of the best qualified young lawyers in Memphis, and we share with her the disappointment which comes of the Supreme Court’s action.’

Miss Griffin has been admitted to practice law in Shelby county in both the Chancery Courts. This was several months

ago. Had Miss Griffin been content to rest her case here she might have entered upon the practice of law undisturbed and conducted litigation to its issue in the lower courts."

There were two boys who never could be persuaded to play ball, **Sam Fulton** and **Dent Brannen**. (We forget ourselves, Rev S. P. Fulton, of Okasaki, Japan, and Rev. D. W. Brannon, of Milledgeville, Ga.) Sam (see page 78) is always associated in my mind with the famous Charleston earthquake. Doctor was off that summer and three of us boys slept over in his house to keep out the burglars. We were not at all timid about it until one day Bunch lost the key to the front door, and that night it was all he could do to persuade John and me to sleep in the house with him. There had been a burglary a few nights before, and we were not at all anxious to wake up in the middle of the night chewing a pistol barrel. After some discussion we decided to sleep on a pallet just inside the front door. Bunch was to roll himself up against it to prevent any entrance without waking him up. John was to be on the steps with a base ball bat under his pillow. And I, of course, chose the middle. Night came on. Tales of spooks and burglars kept us awake too long, but at last we dropped off to sleep, when—ker-blop—blop—blop—blop—and we were all wide-a-wake.

"Bunch, (in a stage whisper) Bunch, they're upstairs," said John.

"A tearin' up the boards and gittin' in."

Ker-blop—blop—blop—blop—sounded a loose board in the attic, and then a window in a back room began to rattle.

“Bunch, they’re comin’ in through the back windows, too.”

The first shock passes off and all is quiet. Three terrified lads peering through the darkness await the coming of their enemies.

Ker-blop—blop—blop—blop—the second shock is on, and one by one every window in the house begins to rattle.

“Where’s the bat, John,” said Bunch. “Gimme here quick.”

“Are they coming this time, you reckon, Bunch?”

“I hope not, I hope they can’t get in. I wish we hadn’t lost that key, fer if we had it now we could lock ’em in and catch ’em in the mornin’.”

“I hope Doctor’ll stay at home next year. Sh—sh—sh—they’re comin’——”

“John,” said Bunch, “go upstairs and light the passage lamp.”

“Send Lonnie’ Bunch.”

“No, sirree bob, old pardner! I cant reach it.” I never was so glad to be small.

“You go, Bunch.”

“I got to stay here and keep ’em from gittin’ in the front door. You go ahead they can’t catch you.”

Cautiously, John goes upstairs,—creeps along to the lamp—strikes a match, it does not ignite, when——

Ker-blop—blop—blop—blop——

John makes a dash for the stairs, Bunch grabs the bat, John leaps down the stairs in one jump—Bunch takes him for a burglar host—Crash! and the banisters are kindling wood—Crash! and half of a window is gone and I through it

Crash!! and with a mighty whoop three brave defenders of their homes are running at 2:20 gait toward the Home of Peace.

There we find a host of boys and girls already gathered.

“Is the judgement day a comin’,?” shrieked John as we slowed up enough for him to talk.

But at last light had dawned upon Bunch. He had somebody else’s explanation.

“Aw Shaw! fellows, it wuzn’t nuthin’ but er earthquake! Come on les go back.”

But we didn’t go back.

Mr. Scott had a little experience of his own that night. Kit, our asinine youth of twenty summers, was hitched to the little wooden house in which he slept. Very sleepy, both of them retired real early.

About ten o’clock Mr. Scott heard a vigorous: Ker-blop—blop—blop—and felt a gentle rocking sensation, as though his house might be on a drunk. A few moments later a white-robed figure appeared at the window—

“Whoa Kit!”

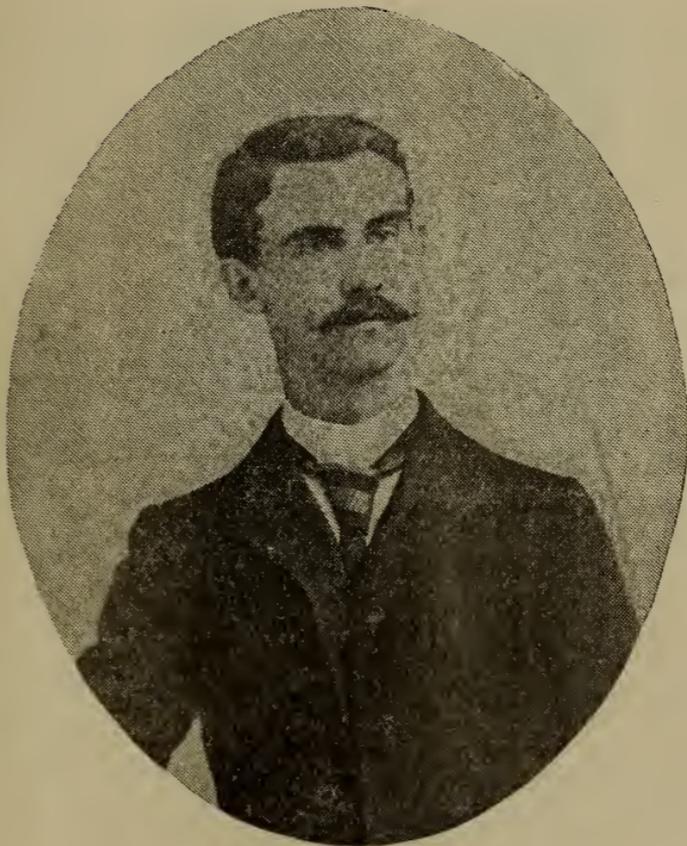
Kit whoaed for a few moments and then—Ker-blop—blop—blop—blop—as though she were placing her feet gently against the foot of her bed.

“Whoa Kit!” he is again at the window “Whoa, you —” Nobody told us the rest of the sentence.

Kit whoaed once more, but only for a moment. Then—Ker-blop—blip—blap—blup—

This was one too many,

“I’ll make you whoa”—and in an instant there was a



REV. D. W. BRANNEN.

smash of a bucket and its water on Kit's cranium, a creaking and crashing of ropes, a mighty quiver and screaming of boards and a flying, braying mule, burning the wind for her stable and a soft voice from the window—

“Now git!”

And he retires to rest, when—Ker-blop—blop—blop—

He is at the window in an instant. The house is rocking suggestively, the lights in the neighboring windows and screams from the girls attract his attention and he says penitently:—

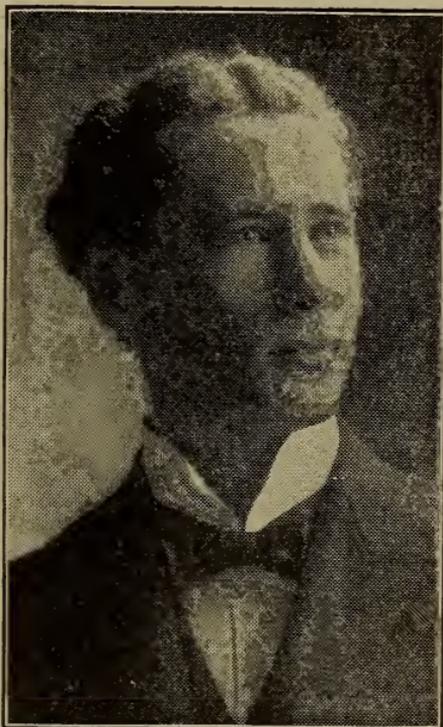
“Gosh, I guess I'll git!”

And he got.

But the way Sam happened to be associated, in my mind with the earthquake, was because he was at that time the only large boy in the Orphanage and the girls had him as their priest and intercessor during Doctor's absence. I really do not know what they would have done without Sam's prayers that summer.

Dent was the other boy that wouldn't play ball. He spent all his ball-hours over his arithmetic and geography and later over his exegesis and theology. He's the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Millidgeville, Ga., now. You would have expected him to do something like that.

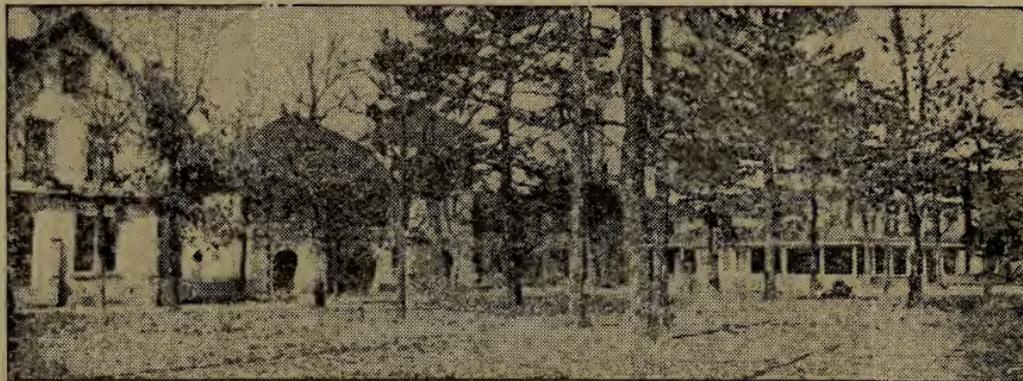
Dill was our first baseman. Being a little talier than any of the other boys he could reach farther and catch wilder throws. There were two things about “old Dill” that made him very valuable to the team, he never lost his head and he always did his best. Another thing too, he was the first man



"OLD DILL" NOW PROFESSOR OF
PHYSIOLOGY IN THE UNIVER-
SITY OF NASHVILLE.

on the team to bind up a broken finger or anoint a bruise. I have said before that grown men are just grown boys and that is the reason our first baseman is now Professor of Physiology in the University of Nashville. The happiest moments of my life are bound up with Dill. How sweet were those hours spent by day among the flowers of God in his fields and meadows or by night dreaming of the clusters of his lilies in his heaven-meadow above. When all else failed Dill was true. His lips were the first on earth to tell me to be a man, a true and manly man. His smiles of sympathy have been with me by day and his songs filled my dreams by night. Oh, I could say so much of old Dill and it all would be praise. I shall not say more now. Only you must let me tell him some day when we meet after the sorrows and shadows and hates and fears and spites and darkness and storms and billows, after they all have done their worst. that it was the vision of his sympathetic face that seemed to ever silently call me on till I saw through the gloom the brilliance of the harbor lights, at last.

A little sorrow 'twill soon be past,
 A torrent of tears! they will not last,
 For what of the horror and what of the swell,
 Tho the billows reach heaven or yawn into hell,
 If he stand there, our Pilot, whose eyes see the realm
 Of darkness as light? If his hand hold the helm?
 What joy! when one cries from the storm riven mast,
 See! See! Harbor lights of God's haven at last!



“AND HAD HE NOT BUILT EVERY HOME FOR THEM!”

“Say Rather, ‘We Shall Meet Again.’”

MANY years after the events narrated in the preceding chapters had occurred a young man, one who had himself been a partner and participant in them, was talking to a friend. It was in a town not far from Clinton, the scene of our stories and his friend who in different ways had added her quota to its support knew the institution well. The afternoon was fast darkening into the evening and the cherry blaze of the fire cast grotesque shadows into the corners and sent a merry ray into the streets to light the traveller on his homeward journey. The drowsy patter of the rain and the murky sky only intensified the coziness of the scene within and naturally turned the conversation in contrast to them into lighter channels. The last party and its following ball, the joys of life, the flippancy of many who thought and acted as the critics did, this or that jolly friend and his richest joke were successively passed in review. But gradually the conversation changed to the other side of life.

“It is sweet to live when one is young,” she said, “when the eye is bright and glistening with the anticipations of pleasure and the steps elastic in their pursuit. Life seems so boundlessly joyous and full of promise. Only I dread the darkness of the last night, the pall, the smothering grave, where the worm dieth not till all is gone. I shudder with horror at the thought.”

“But it is only a common dread, common to all. A common shudder and horror and death.”

“And because so, the more horrible! The lovely maiden form whose beauty drags to her feet the hearts of lovers of today, tomorrow rots in the grave—the grave, where all that is pure and lovely mingles with all that is loathesome and horrible. The strength of the strongest withers there, even the cords of love snap at its gate. Do you think it is worth while to try to go on in life when one knows that nothing but sorrows and trials await—nothing but death?”

“I believe” he said, “that there has been, in the whole history of mankind, no really great thought, no heart stirring, soul stirring emotion, no truly great deed—the deed of a man that was not conceived amid the throes of suffering and sorrow.”

“Do you really believe that?”

“Undoubtedly, I do, and I believe more. I believe that He who doeth His will among the inhabitants of the earth and among the armies of heaven is wise enough to use as the mother of such thought and feelings and actions the one principle of the soul which is the tenderest of all and susceptible of the acutest pain, I mean the principle of love.”

“I don't think I understand exactly.”

“Then let me illustrate. I knew a mother once with four sons, one of her own flesh and blood and three orphans adopted into her home, and like tall mothers her own was the one whom she loved most, not that she loved the others less. Among all the good folks of her church none loved her God and her church more than she, and no prayers were ever more sincere or more heart-expressive than those of hers

which ascended by day and by night that her boys (and all the time she really meant her boy) might love them too.

“As luck would have it, you would say, as God would have it say I, the very lad who was dearest of all was also the worst of all. He seemed even to delight in breaking his mother’s heart. The other boys grew up to be noble and pure men, but he sank by steps into the horrors of a Christless tomb—sank slowly downward until he could see—could feel—aye touch the awful coldness and in its hopeless darkness could hear a weird voice saying in strangely, horribly familiar accents: ‘Because I have called and you have not answered, I have stretched forth mine hand and no man regarded, I also will laugh at your calamities and mock when your fear cometh.’”

“In that hour of darkness indeed she scarce remembered her God, but in high heaven, his dwelling place he heard her prayers and was ready to save. Then quickly his arms brought salvation where all other arms had failed. Then slowly she found that the Eternal God was her refuge and underneath were the everlasting arms. Gradually she poured out her soul a living sacrifice of prayer for him, and as in death she crossed over from earth, the spirit of God touched her boy and as she was born into the kingdom of Heaven he was born into the kingdom of God. By such as these our Master teaches us what he means when he sends us sorrows: ‘that we might know the fellowship of his suffering,’ that we may be made perfect through suffering.

“Let me illustrate again by one of the best friends I ever had at the orphanage in Clinton. And one whom I knew most thoroughly and therefore can speak most confidentially.

He was one of the brightest boys at school, one of the most beloved, one of the all round nicest. More than that, there was not a boy more popular than he. Everybody liked him, boys and girls, they liked him because he loved them.

“Well there was one girl at the orphanage that he loved more than all the rest. He would have done anything for her, strange to say she did not like him. All or any of the others would have been his for the asking.

“He had a friend in the Orphanage—a boy, let me call him Edward. He loved Edward and did everything in his power to make Edward like him—and failed. Every boy in the institution would have jumped at the opportunity of being his room-mate—every one but Edward. All would have been only too glad to be his companion in the wood or desk-mate at school—all but Edward.

Singularly enough too, of all the teachers at school, the one whom he most highly esteemed was the only one who did not like him. Everybody—everything loved him until he longed for some one person’s love and then that person turned against him. At last, to make the statement more complete and true, its only exception left him in death, his mother.

And yet he plodded on, ever on, determined to become a man, and a man he became. First, through college for four years, where he graduated at the head of his class and all the honors lay around him. The same for his professional course. Whenever intellect, or heart, or energy was wanted, he was there and always successful. Yet weirdly enough, everything he loved specially hated him, until he grew cold himself—and held his own heart in or better let it go out to all exactly alike. In this way he was tolerably happy.

But the day came when the ruler of the destinies of men, again crossed his path. He had painted to himself his ideal of beauty and longed for her, that all the strength of his heart might go out like a flood of waters, driven at last by a spirit that would brook no refusal. One day he saw her and loved. With an almost solemn step he gradually approached the shrine of her heart as he would the shrine of a god, fearful that at his touch this form of love and beauty might, like the others, crumble into dust. With a feeling akin to awe he studied her soul and his own, her's that he might be surer and more sure of its conformity to his ideal, his because he knew what would be the effect of such a failure as he dreaded. And the failure came. Like the shadow of hell that follows the form of a sinful man, this awful fate followed him. At first, before he loved her she seemed to admire him extravagantly—his intellect, his power, his sterling worth, this so long as he did not care for it. But when he did care, some weird power stayed the quick pulses of her heart and chilled all the warmth of her soul's affection.

To me it is passing strange, that there should be found a man whom all others love, except she whom he longs to do so, who could win the affection of almost any one else except the affection he wishes.

And yet, I believe it will be the making of the man. He was in danger of loving too deeply the things earthly and losing his grasp of the things eternal. God has taught him in this way that he alone can turn the hearts of men as the streams of water are turned.

Some day that spectre of failure will vanish. Some day its shadows will give way to light, in that day when he shall

NEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS WING.

learn that the Eternal God alone is his refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms. Perhaps some day the very heart that once scorned shall love him dearest of all—

“Perhaps, God only knows—

Who watching each life struggle draws the curtain at th e close.”

Her face had grown more serious now, and as he looked up he saw that she was gazing thoughtfully into the fire. After a short pause she spoke slowly :—

“Do you know I wish people took more interest in one another.”

“Why, what do you mean?”

“Just this, that of all of the pilgrims on earth not one of them but would welcome something higher and purer if they could but get it, I have longed for, and so have they all, and oh, longed so earnestly for something else. I don't know exactly what it is but if there are nobler joys and more lasting, if there is a higher life tell me of it.”

For a moment he was silent, such a request was not a usual one.

“I have heard of heaven” she continued, “and I am what the world calls a Christian, that is, when a little girl my heart was touched by the story of the love of Christ, and I loved him, yes and perhaps I ought to say I love him yet, but it is such an intangible thing and no body seems to really care anything for him and I don't think that folks honestly believe he is right near them and died for them and all. If its true, oh if its true why don't everybody talk about him and love him too.”

And then I love sometimes to think of heaven where he is, and where they say our loved ones are. The world is bright and happy to me and I have wondered and dreamed

of how beautiful everything is up there. And I have longed and yes I long now to know, I mean to feel sure of it all. Why, if I believe it, honestly believed it, believed that he is there and that it will be my home just like you are here in my present one, oh, I would not stop with giving my love, I would give my life, my all to him, and taunts and jests and jeers and jibes would only drive me closer to his great loving bosom. And wouldn't it be fine to die?

There was silence for a moment, a silence such as the tongue always yields when the eyes here have gone to look on eternal things and the heart is beating in harmony with the pulse of the omnipotent one. She was thinking of the beauty and the joy of that soul who knew its God and was strong. To him the memories were crowding upon one another, memories which her words had brought, images which her last thought had conjured up. "Wouldn't it be fine to die?" His heart was full now and he no longer hesitated in word.

"May I tell you a story, he said, it won't take long and I promise to tell only the truth."

She let him go on.

"It has not been long nor was it far away that it happened, just over at the orphanage. You know the boys and girls are thrown upon their own resources when they leave its campus, and nothing could be more interesting than to watch those manly young fellows and womanly young girls choose and fit themselves for their several walks in life and I used to love to talk with them during my last year there when I played the role of teacher, and there were two young fellows] in whom I was particularly interested, Lee and John. Lee was to all appearances strong and sturdy but John had always had to con-



IS IT A WONDER THAT THEIR FACES
SHOW A FIRM CHARACTER AND DE-
TERMINATION.

tend with a frail body.

We loved to talk to one another, the boys and I and they opened their hearts to me, and they were noble hearts indeed, and bright were the plans they had laid. John was to be a professor and he dreamed of the day when he too would unfold the parchments of knowledge to the lads, as eager as he to read them and he fondly hoped—ah—I shall never forget the light in

his eye when he told me of his purpose, that the day would some time come when his pen would do what his weak body could not and the tear-stained manuscript herald the gospel he was unable to proclaim with his faltering tongue. Lee had other hopes and plans, he was to live in the world yet not of the world. There had come to his ears the story of a great merchant prince who had made millions and used every penny of it for the all glorious Master, and Lee never could see why a counting table was not just as good to pray over as a pulpit. And so his young heart was longing and planning the lovely things he would do for his lovely Master.

It was in the fall after I had left the orphanage for a while and one day in a distant city while reveling in a letter

from home, that my heart sickened as I read that Lee was dead. Like Matthew of old the Lord had called him from the money table to be with him. As I read the few lines that told me of his death the thoughts came to me of his bright plans and brighter love for the Master, of his half timid prayers with the boys, about the more perfect way.

After a few weeks I came home to find the whole orphanage, sick nearly. A long period of unprecedented rigorous weather had laid many of the children on their beds. The cold and dampness had specially marked out those whose lungs were weak and some eight or nine were dangerously ill. I remember they told me almost the first thing that Celia was very low. I had taught her and loved to think when she would teach others. Well, one morning I was walking through the campus with a friend whom I was showing over the grounds, when my eyes caught a singular sight. There was Dawson, I think it was, who had hitched himself up to the buggy and was carrying some one over to the Infirmary from the McCormick. The lad who was riding was evidently too weak to walk but the smile on his face showed that he appreciated the jolly good-natured joke of his improvised horse. I shall never forget that sight—for it was the last time but one I ever saw John Todd.

It was only a few days later, one afternoon that a breathless messenger sped from the Infirmary to Mr. Jacobs' house to inform him that John was sinking. It was but a moment before I was at his bedside. Except a single call that he made his matron-mother he never spoke. We knelt around his bed in prayer and tears and watched his life go out into the hand of Him to whom every spirit returneth—and when

he peacefully sank to rest on the Master's bosom his comrades of the ball ground and prayer meeting, with loving hands prepared him for his last long rest. My heart was sad, I do not mind seeing the sun set, its work is done, and the evening lories are a fit reward for each daily watch, but I do hate to see the dark storm-clouds shroud its bright face in the morning. when the first few hours of its splendor has made us long to watch its brilliance wax till mid-day and cheer the dependent children of earth through the long work hours. The hand of the Almighty seemed heavy upon us and to the darkness of that night we wondered if there could be any day-spring.

But the most touching thing of all was to see their president, he loved the children—oh so well—I know he would die for them—yes I know he is dying for them. And they, were they not his all—his treasures, his gifts and wards sent to him from a thousand sorrowing homes to comfort and teach and love. And did not his Saviour whose children they were, love them too, aye, deeper than his human heart could ever do, and was not this same Saviour their incomparable Jesus, whom he talked in hourly converse about them and was not he sending the ravens to provide for their bodies and his spirit for their souls. Why should he not love them when all that was worthy and eternal in his own life centered around them? And why should not his head hang low and his steps falter as each new time he was called upon to weep over each new grave?

I was sitting a few days later dreaming of that great and happy city where Jesus is and where John had gone and where some others that I love are, when a knock at the door

brought me back to this present world. A letter among others had come for one of the nurses at the Infirmary and I promised to deliver it immediately. It was only a matter of of a moment's walk but when I reached the floor of Celia's ward the letter was forgotten, as I heard in a full sweet voice the prayer that was as beautiful as it was weird: "Oh loving, holy Father take me from this world of sin and temptation, that I may come to be with you. Take thy child from all this pain and suffering, if it be thy holy will, oh, let me die, to live with Jesus." Do you wonder that I paused at the door? Do you wonder that my eyes filled and my heart sank as I saw by her bedside, her father-president his breast heaving with sobs and prayer and his heart telling him all the while that God would answer her petitions and not his. She had met him that morning with a beautiful and joyous smile and he had fondly hoped it betokened her speedy recovery. What a strange disappointment when she said "Oh I have glad news for you, I'm so happy I can go now"—It was the news that the tender spirit of God had won to himself one whom she loved and for whom even at the gate of death she had prayed. I heard them as they tried to persuade her not to pres too hastily into the gate, and I noted the look of wonder on her companion's faces as they instinctively shrank back from what was to them the dreadest of prospects. She too must have seen it, for with her trembling hand reaching out toward her father's form she said, "I am not afraid to die—I love Jesus."

"Good-bye" a quivering voice said, close to her pillow.
"Good-bye forever."

“Say rather we shall meet again,” was the triumphant answer.

And the God who never leaves nor forsakes was there and the everlasting arms bore her gently to the rest beneath the shade of the trees.

You asked me a moment ago wouldn't it be fine to die For such as these, death has no terror, and the valley of the shadow is radiant with the light of the resurrection morn.”

She said nothing nor could she see her face until she turned her eyes full upon him and the soft light of the dying embers was enough to tell him that his story had been fitly spoken.

He had finished just in time, for it was already late. Only the thought that these might be their last words had kept him till eleven when he had promised to be away by a quarter after ten.

“I must go,” he said “Good bye, possibly forever.”

“Say rather we shall meet again,” was her only response.

And as he went out into the darkness of night there welled up into his heart the words of another who had passed through the valley of the shadow.”

“So long thy power has led me sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen o'er crag and torrent till,

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.”