

sending him home moaning and wailing. His royal patrons received him with kindly sympathy; they and their court listened to his tale of woe, and gold was given him as a panacea for his sufferings. The whole company was thrown into a panic by his report. At length, however, one was found who volunteered to go forth to combat. He went forth with funny bombast and much self-glorying. This time, when St. James appeared with his switches, he was caught in a tight embrace and held while his switch-tops were broken off. These were then carried back by the champion in triumph. His greeting was a genuine ovation. It was plain, however, that every one of the doughty knights now felt himself equal to the task of meeting the stranger champion. One, volunteering, set out with much show, but was caught, terribly beaten, and sent home in disgrace.

The company now appeared to feel that the case was a serious one; all together they sallied forth. St. James was captured and dragged to the throne; ordered before the kings, he was brought up to the top of the rickety structure. There he was asked his antecedents, his quality, and his faith. Buffeted and abused by the bystanders, he tried to escape, but was overcome, dragged down, and killed—his throat being cut with a sword. His corpse was flayed like that of a beast, his limbs were broken at the joints, the body was dragged away and left exposed. The victors, all gathered upon the throne, gave way to unbridled and uproarious joy. Suddenly the Saint came to life. With sword of steel he rushed upon the merry roisterers; panic-stricken, the pagans dropped from their seats; challenged to combat, one after another of these went against him. Now mounted on his horse, the Saint was victorious in every encounter. Knight after knight, reduced, became Santiago's vassal. In time only the kings and queen were left. To their disbelief, they were compelled to fight. And first the white king advanced and was conquered.

In five minutes more the play would have ended. The other royal personages would have been reduced to vassalage. But a little before, and just as the Saint was conquering one of the last of the knights, as he was charging down the field, one of the many spectators, a little Indian lad, ran before his horse. The child was trodden down, the heavy hoof crushed the leg, the bone was broken, and the little one lay helpless. He was carried to one side and help was summoned. The play went on; but just as the first king was conquered an officer appeared; the Indian was placed under arrest and marched away; the audience hastily dispersed. Giving a few hurried directions, we started for the station to see what was done with man and boy.

A little, cheerless room! Two flickering, unshaded lamps hardly dispelled the darkness; two or three officers in uniform sat at a table or stood at the door watching the pouring rain outside. On the floor, with back against the wall, silent and expressionless, sat our poor Santiago. The little sufferer lay, without a groan, upon the floor; about him, with heads bowed on their knees, were seated his father, mother, and older brother. All were waiting for the coming of the physician and the *Secretario*. At last they came. The doctor, a young man, examined the leg carelessly, and agreed with us, when we showed him, that it was badly broken. He declared that he could do nothing for it, as he had no apparatus present. In vain we suggested a handkerchief and a splint of board. He said the matter would be attended to at the hospital. At this the little lad, who before had hardly groaned, set up a wail; thereupon the whole family broke out weeping, and begged—in vain—that the child might be cared for at home, or, at least, that the mother might go with him. Meantime the *Secretario* took down the statements of Santiago, of the officer, of the boy, of ourselves. Then the fiat went forth—the boy to the hospital and Santiago to the Central Station. The mother plucked up courage to ask us, in great distress, whether the boy's father (her husband) would be sent to jail!! A stretcher was got ready and the little lad laid in it. As he was about to leave, I patted his soft brown cheek and told him I was sorry he was hurt. In the daintiest fashion he took my hand in his and said, earnestly, "*Muchas gracias, Señor*" (Many thanks, sir).

The Way and the Guide

The way I knew not Thou hast led, and oft
It seemed a darksome way and hard to tread,
And leading downward rather than aloft
Appeared the way by which the Father led.

But yet I followed, knowing not the way,
Though still assured, because the Guide I knew,
And waiting till the radiance of the day
Should break, illumed with heaven-painted hue.

And, lo! the glowing morn has burst at last,
More brilliant e'en than hope could paint its life.
That light is clearest which leaves darkness past,
That peace most peaceful which is born of strife.

—Canada Presbyterian.



Christianity and Democracy

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott¹

And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.—Luke iv., 17, 18.

These words are to be taken primarily in their superficial and literal sense. They were so understood by the Jews at the time. This was part of their Messianic expectation. Jesus Christ has come into the world to preach glad tidings to poor people—to those who are cold and hungry and houseless. He has come to tell them of a better time and to provide for it. He has come to preach release to the captives, to put his hand on the manacles and break them asunder and set the oppressed of the earth free, and he has done it. He has come to recover sight to the blind. He did it while he was living. Since his death institutions for the blind have been established wherever the Cross has gone, and, if the eyes have not literally been opened, means have been provided by which something like a substitute for sight could be furnished. He has come to set at liberty them that are bruised, to heal the broken-hearted, those that are in despondency, in discouragement, in despair, to lift them up, to set them free; this is a part of his ministry. It is true that in these words there is a deeper meaning. It is true that Christ dealt with man, not merely as a terrestrial being, but as a moral and spiritual being; that he sets him free, not merely from chains, but from slavery to his own appetites; that he brings glad tidings to him in his spiritual poverty as well as in his earthly poverty; that he opens the spiritual and the intellectual as well as the physical vision; but he does the first. That is part of his ministry in the world. To tell the poor and the shelterless that there is a good time for them, and show them how to get it; to open the eyes of the blind and give them a vision which before they lacked; to establish schools and broaden intelligence; to comfort those that mourn; to relieve those that are in slavery—this is his mission. This message, then, is primarily a humanitarian message, a message which concerns itself with the well-being of men. And of all men, not merely with that of a class. This is clear from the prophecy of Isaiah from which Christ quotes. For in that chapter the coming of the Messiah is treated as the coming of spring. Not one particular garden-spot on the earth—the whole earth is to bud and blossom and bring forth fruit; the whole globe is to know the glow and the glory of a universal redemption. This is clear from Christ's preaching here; for when the people in the synagogue wondered at his words of grace, you remember how he told them that this glory was not merely for the Jews, but for the pagans as well. And when he had illustrated this by stories out of their own history, they rose in wrath and would have mobbed him, because in that age the Jews hated the Christians a little more than Christians hate the Jews to-day. And that is saying a great deal.

¹ Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, November 17, 1895. Reported by Henry Winans and revised by the author. The first sermon in this course, "Christ and the Social Order," will be found in The Outlook for January 4 last.

This, then, is a message of universal humanity. Christ has come into the world to promote human welfare; and to promote it by diffusing blessing among all men. He has come into the world to inaugurate democracy—what Mr. Beecher called “the reign of the common people.” Not merely their larger political power—though that—but a greater diffusion also of intelligence, of religious life, and of the comforts of wealth. He has come to diffuse among all the peoples of the earth blessings which under pagan peoples were confined to particular classes. Let me ask you to trace rapidly the history of Christianity, and in that history see its relation to democracy as there defined.

When Christ came into the world, all political power was concentrated in the hands of one man. Cæsar was absolute master of the Roman world. Religion did not even pretend to serve humanity. Its object was to serve a class. The function of the pagan religion was not to make men wiser or happier or better; it was either to placate angry gods or to buy the favoritism of powerful gods. Education was confined to the few. Outside of Palestine there were absolutely no schools for the common people, and in Palestine only such as were connected with the synagogues. Wealth was confined to the few. Nearly half the people of Rome were slaves. They were themselves property. A very large part of the wealth of Rome was thus in human beings. Another large proportion of wealth was in what men call luxuries, in things which enervate and destroy the intellectual and the spiritual nature. And, apart from that, there were but few ways in which a man who had wealth could use it for the public benefit. There were no banks, no credit system, no railroads, no commercial corporations, no great productive industries in which one could invest his money. He bought fine garments and put them into the closet. He dug a hole in the ground and buried his coin.

At this time there came One into the world who claimed to be the world's Messiah. He came in at the bottom of society, not at the top. He was known as the Son of a carpenter. He was brought up in a peasant surrounding. He appointed peasants to be his ministers. His main ministry was to peasants. He set against himself the hierarchy of his native land, its wealth, its culture. In the great battle of his own time he stood with and for the common people, and his message was a message of universal brotherhood. His message to all men everywhere was: “You are all sons of God; you poor, you ignorant, you despised, you outcast, you freedmen, you slaves—you are all sons of God; you are immortal; you have an eternal nature; you are yourself linked to the Almighty; you are grander than the Emperor.” This was the message which the ministers of Jesus Christ took with them as they traveled through the Roman Empire, as they spake to men who never thought they had a future before them. They gathered their congregations from the slaves and from the freedmen. The history of Christianity in the first four centuries is the history of a great uprising of the common people. It was said, as matter of derision and scoffing against the Christians, that their congregations were of this kind. Paul frankly accepted it. “Not many rich, not many wise, not many noble according to the flesh, are called, but the poor, the outcast, they that are as though they were not.” Hope and aspiration were kindled in their hearts, and revolution followed. It was not the Emperor who was first converted—it was first the common people, and then, because of the common people, finally the Emperor.

Out of this revolution there grew a Church, which, whatever you may think of it to-day, in that time was certainly democratic. Compared with the democracy of America the Roman Catholic Church appears to us, indeed, oligarchic and aristocratic, but compared with the institutions of the time out of which it grew it had all the essential qualities of a democracy. In the first place, the highest offices in the Church were open to the commonest people. The poorest peasant in Europe might become priest, bishop, archbishop, or pope, and did become pope. When, in the beginning of the eighth century, Pope Leo III. crowned Charlemagne Emperor of Europe, it was democracy crown-

ing imperialism. The power of this Church rested on that which is the power of democracy—public opinion. This Church had no soldiers of its own, no squadrons, no armies such as would enable it to compete with the armies of other lands; it ruled them by the public opinion of its own people. When King John in England trembled before the fulminated decree of the Pope, it was not because he feared the handful of soldiers which the Pope controlled, but because he feared the public sentiment of the English people who were with the Pope. When the Emperor of Germany stood barefooted before the bar of Hildebrand, making his submission and praying for forgiveness, it was because the public opinion of Germany reinforced the haughty aristocrat of the Vatican. And, as compared with ancient Rome, this Church was democratic in the service which it rendered to the people. Imperial Rome never established schools. Ecclesiastical Rome did. Imperial Rome had never provided for the wants of the common people, except under fear of revolution. Ecclesiastical Rome did. In the service of the people, in the power which it exercised, and in the openness of its offices to the commonest of the common, ecclesiastical Rome was, as compared with anything which had before existed on the face of the globe, essentially a democracy. It was the beginning of the reign of the common people. And wherever it went it sowed the seeds of a future democracy. The Benedictine Monks established schools, out of which have grown the public-school systems of Germany, England, and America. The Franciscan Friars, landing in England, began a ministry among the poorest of the slums of cities that were far worse in their slums than any in our time, and out of their seed-sowing grew the elements of life in the cities of England that made those cities afterwards centers of Puritanism and of Wesleyanism. Like all organized and institutional movements, the time came when the organization was too great for the life that was within it; and Rome, which had become democratic, lived to see Europe far more democratic than itself. Then the life that it had itself germinated burst forth anew, despite itself, and the Reformation was another uprising of the people. It was the nation of Germany with the fire of liberty in her heart, against southern Italy with the old imperialism still there. It was the common peasant of the North of Europe against the aristocratic noble of the South of Europe. It was Luther in his poverty against Leo X. in his luxury and his wealth. Every subsequent movement in the Church of Christ has been akin to that. Puritanism was another uprising of the common people; Wesleyanism, another. We need not go on. Time forbids.

It is enough to note that these popular movements inevitably grew out of Christianity. You cannot make men believe that they are sons of God and keep them in slavery; you cannot make them believe that they are immortal and keep them upon the ground with the feet of despotism on their neck; you cannot open the eyes of their mind that they may read and keep them in dungeons. The South was wise, if it meant to maintain slavery, in making it a penal offense to teach the slave to read. An intelligent slave does not long stay a slave.

As a result of Christianity, religion itself has become democratic. It is no longer the religion of a hierarchy or a priesthood; its object is no longer to appease the wrath of an angry God, or to bribe the favors of a favorite God; its purpose is to set the face of humanity toward the future, and to teach, to preach, to inspire a larger, nobler, diviner human life in man. It is true that we ministers do not always understand this. It is true that there is still some paganism in our blood. “Scratch a Russian,” said Napoleon, “and you will find a Cossack.” Scratch a Christian, I say, and you will find a pagan. We are all half-pagans, and the ministers are still but imperfectly emancipated. But the whole tendency of religious life, from the days of Christ down to the present time, has been to revolutionize religion from the old conception of a sacrifice to appease the wrath of an angry God, or win his favor, to the conception of a ministry of God, through man, for the upbuilding, the elevation, the redemption of humanity. Look at it! The Reformation was followed by polit-

ical revolution. Wherever this Bible was opened and men could read it, there went along with it the overthrow of the aristocracy and the substitution of the reign of the common people. The old saying was that the majority of men were born into the world saddled and bridled to be ridden, and the few were born booted and spurred to ride. That is no longer recognized as true in democratic America, or in democratic England, or in democratic France, or in Germany, or even in Italy; only in Spain and in Russia. With this broadening out of political power, the scepter passing from the hands of the few to the hands of the many, the divine right of kings abolished, and the divine right of the people taking its place, there has come a broader education. Are we wiser than our fathers? You will not find in any university to-day a profounder thinker than Plato. It will not be claimed that the modern playwright surpasses Shakespeare. And the writers of our newspaper poetry are hardly equal to Milton or Dante. But Plato had his little band of scholars around him in a garden; to-day the philosophy of Plato is taught in a hundred universities and colleges. There were but a few that could understand Shakespeare, and they but imperfectly; to-day Shakespeare is to be found alongside the Bible in every family. There are thousands to-day that enjoy him where there was one that enjoyed him in his lifetime. The public press has made education universal; not profounder, but broader. The Reformation was also a renaissance. The new learning and the new theology went together; the new education and the new religion. For man is one, and you cannot stir the immortal spirit in him without evolving a new learning and a new science and a new liberty and a new life in every part.

And wealth also is more diffused. I have read "Progress and Poverty," but I have also read the pictures of the condition of the workingmen in the seventeenth century, and I have been in the houses of the workingmen of the nineteenth century. There never was a time in the history of the world when wealth was as widely diffused as it is to-day, when there was as much opportunity, as much largeness of life. I know that Mr. Vanderbilt is said to possess two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. What does he do with it? He does not dig a hole and bury it in the ground. He does not spend it in clothes which moth and rust corrupt, nor hide it where thieves break through and steal. He builds railroads, and he is not the only man who rides on them. What does two hundred and fifty million dollars in the hands of Cornelius Vanderbilt mean? It means this: one man administering the highways of the nation, of which the nation takes the benefit. He rides in his private car, and I in a common car; but we get to the journey's end at the same time. The fastest train on the continent is one not all of Pullman cars—the train that runs from New York to Buffalo. It is a fair question whether the Nation should allow its highways to pass into the control of private men at any price. It is a fair question whether the Nation does not pay too much to the men who administer its highways. These questions I pass by to-night. What I want you to see to-night is this: that railroad wealth and mining wealth and manufacturing wealth are diffused wealth. No man can run a cotton-mill or a woolen-mill and make money out of it without helping a thousand men. Society has been revolutionized in this respect, and there is no honest way by which a man can acquire wealth for himself without conferring it on his neighbor. He may be grasping, corrupt, avaricious, unjust, but he cannot well acquire wealth for himself without conferring it on his poorer neighbor. He must whether he will or not. Some people serve God because they like to, and some people serve him because they cannot help it.

If you have followed me in this rapid survey—perhaps too rapid to be efficacious—I hope you have seen that the tendency and effect of Christianity has been diffusion. It has not been to increase political power. Our great empire is not, I believe, quite so large as that of Rome. It is the diffusion of political power. It is not greater intelligence. It is the diffusion of intelligence. It is not greater wealth. It is comfort more widely diffused. It is not more money put into cathedrals. It is more money put into the

service of humanity; for religion is not merely bowing down before and offering incense to a God to placate him or to bribe him: it is doing his work of love in the world.

Have we reached the end? Is there anything more? Is power diffused as much as it is to be diffused? religion as widespread as it is to be? Is there to be no extension of this process? I think there is. And while I am not here to-night to discuss details, and if I refer to them it is by way of illustration, and you may say that I am mistaken in these details without in the least affecting the line of my argument, I believe the progress toward democracy thus far made is the promise of a democracy still further to be carried on.

In the first place, then, I believe that Christianity is to bring a wider diffusion of religious life. It is doing this already. The means of grace, as the theologians of England called them, are no longer what they were in the times of the theologians of England. The pulpit, the catechism, the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, these are means of grace, but they are by no means the only ones. You can hardly take up any reputable magazine and not find some diffusion of Christian sentiment in it. You can hardly take up a daily paper and not find, along with some diffusion of the devil's message, some diffusion of Christ's message also. There are, in a thousand ways, ministries to a higher and nobler religious life outside of the religious sanctuary. The tendency, too, within the Church is democratic. It is toward breaking down the line between the clergy and the laity and the increase of the power of the laity. Their power has increased in the Methodist Church, in the Episcopal Church, in the Presbyterian Church; yes, and in the Roman Catholic Church. It is true that in the great Roman Catholic conference the laity are, I believe, not yet officially represented; and yet, when, in democratic America, the laity of America said to themselves, and began to say to one another, "We have a right to send our children to the public school," and some priests or bishops said, "You shall not; if you do, you shall be anathema," the Pope of Rome, one of the great statesmen of our age, sent Satolli across the water to say to the Roman Catholic Church that the father and the mother have a right to send their child to the public school, and the right shall be respected. In all our churches there is to be a larger liberty; for liberty and life are one, and the public discussion of religious questions is to go on more and more in the Church of Christ. For the time has gone by—thank God it has gone by, for the American people, at all events—when a Westminster Assembly can determine what the people in the church shall believe. The American Christians are going to do their own thinking, and they are going to do their own thinking more and more, because life is religion and religion is life. It is not religion to take a creed that has been wrought for you and put it on you as you would a ready-made suit of clothes. It is religion to wrestle with the great problems of religious life and find your own way to God's own truth.

Similarly, there is coming to be, more and more, a wider diffusion of political power. We have gotten rid of the king and of the aristocracy; of the lord and the nobility; and we are going to get rid of the boss and the machine. They are essentially undemocratic. They are simply a new form of the concentration of political power in the hands of a few. We shall find our way to a primary that will represent, not the slate-makers, but the people. We have a good deal of work to do yet, but we are working in the right direction. We have a ballot that makes corruption harder than it used to be; a ballot that puzzles the traders and the purchasers of votes. If a few citizens want to insure a good nomination, they still have to become independents and put up an independent ticket, and then leave the rest to vote between fairly good candidates that have been forced upon our parties in spite of the machine. But it will not always be so, and the time will come, and it is not far distant, when the sources of political power, the nominating conventions, themselves will be really and truly, as they are in pretense to-day, in the hands of the common people.

We are coming to a greater diffusion of intelligence.

Our public-school system I cannot think, in spite of croakers, is in any danger. The American people never will suffer it to be taken away. Do you consider what an enormous extension of it has taken place within the last quarter-century? Do you consider that a quarter of a century ago, or a little more than that, there was not a free school in any State south of Mason and Dixon's line, and now there is not any State south of Mason and Dixon's line in which there is not a free school? Do you consider that a little over a quarter of a century ago it was forbidden to teach the negro to read, and that now in every Southern State school buildings are erected out of the public funds, and school-teachers are paid out of the public funds, who are carrying on the education of the negro race? Do you consider what development of public education has been made in that one direction? Do you consider, again, what development of public education has been made in opening the higher institutions to women? Do you remember that it is less than one hundred years ago when the progressive city of Boston, Athens of America, center and source of life, voted that the girls might have the use of the high school when the boys did not want it? We are going to have colleges as highly endowed for our girls as for our boys; we put Vassar and Wellesley and Smith and Bryn Mawr alongside of Harvard and Yale and Princeton. Do you consider, too, what other broadening of instruction is promised in the near future? In the last century Pestalozzi was teaching what education should be. In the first half of this century Froebel was sowing the seeds of the future kindergarten. Democracy demands such enlargement of our educational system that the little children will have a chance to grow naturally, under wise guidance, in our public-school systems, into a higher and better education. I hear much said about the higher education. Yes, we want it, but we want much more—a broader education. We want education of the hand and of the eye, not merely of the brain. We want education the issue of which shall be a whole manhood, the object of which shall be life, not merely the so-called learned professions. It is easier to find a learned minister to make a sermon than a learned upholsterer to make a chair. It is easier to find a skilled surgeon to mend a broken bone than a skilled plumber to mend a broken pipe. And we will come, and we ought to come (and it is in this direction that the reforms of the future lie), to a system of education which will not have its eye on the four learned professions—law, ministry, medicine, and teaching—but which will provide with equal fidelity, largeness, and generosity for the hand-workers and the eye-workers of America.

And, although some of you may think it heretical, I think all the history of the past points to a larger diffusion of wealth. It is not enough that America has grown in wealth with an unparalleled growth; what we want is that Americans should grow in wealth. Not the Nation, but the men; not the aggregate, but the individuals. If Adam was created six thousand years ago, if he had lived until this time, and if he had succeeded in laying up one hundred dollars a day for every working day of the six thousand years of his life, but had to tie it up in a stocking and could not get interest on it, he would not have made as much money in six thousand years as the elder Cornelius Vanderbilt is credited with having made in a lifetime. Jay Gould started in life with a mouse-trap. At the end of twenty-five years he unrolled certificates to the amount of one hundred millions of dollars. He made four millions of dollars, on the average, each year. And the statistics tell us that the average wage of unskilled labor in this country is less than four hundred dollars per year. It is not necessary that I should be exact in my statistics. The disparity is great. Christianity does not mean an equality of condition; it does not mean an equality of wealth; but it does mean a greater equalization of condition and a greater equalization of wealth. It does mean a broader public education; not that every man shall start alike, that every child shall start with such equipment as will give him a fair chance in the competition of life. It does not mean any crude, raw legislation restricting the amount of money which a man shall make by honest industry; honest industry must be left free to make what

it can; but it may mean more restriction on industry that is not altogether honest. Christianity means the diffusion of virtue, the diffusion of political power, the diffusion of education, the diffusion of wealth.

Did you ever consider what is the cause of hard times? Did you ever hear a man tell you it is over-production without laughing in his face? Over-production! Too many shoes—therefore men go barefoot. Too much coal—therefore we freeze. Too many houses—therefore men are shelterless. Too much woolen goods—therefore men are unclothed. What a *non sequitur*! It is not over-production, it is under-demand. Take an Irish village, with one wealthy family possessing a million dollars, and a peasant population with no money at all, and you have one family that wants shoes and all the rest shoeless. What has the shoemaker to do? Take a New England village in which every family has adequate means of livelihood, and the shoemaker is busy all the day long. When every woman in America can have as many silk dresses as she wants, silk-mills will not have to stand idle. No! diffusion of wealth gives diffusion of industry. The more wealth is diffused, the more prosperous the nation.

The message of Christianity is not for kings or priests, for aristocrats or plutocrats, but for men. I cannot think that Dr. Herron is right, that it has one message for men of wealth and another message for men of poverty. It has one message for men, and its message is this: You are all brethren, and there is one Father over all, and by love ye are bound together. You are to serve one another. You are not to stand on your neighbor's shoulders that you may climb higher, but to reach down your hand and help your neighbor up. For Christianity means humanity. It means that men are the sons of God and all men are brethren; it means religion for every man, intelligence for every man, political power for every man, and sufficient measure of wealth to secure reasonable leisure and reasonable comfort and reasonable livelihood for every honest, industrious man.



Abner Kent's Vest

A Story for Young Folks

By Priscilla Leonard

The moonlight fell in a broad band of light across the room. It touched the bare walls, the old battered furniture, relegated from other parts of the farm-house as being quite good enough for a bound boy from the Home; it shone on the coarse bed-clothes that covered the narrow cot; and it lingered finally upon the boyish head, buried so deep in the pillow that no one could be quite sure, except the boy himself, whether he was crying or not.

Fourteen years old—and crying! That morning Willie would not have thought it possible. To be sure, he used to cry when he was only a "kid," and his father beat him, and his mother was so sick; but after she died and he grew old enough to understand, he stopped crying, as boys should. Even when his father grew too drunken to care for the children, and they were put into the Home, it was Willie's part to be brave and to tell his little brother and sister to "shut up cryin', an' behave like mother said." And when he had to leave them there and be bound out upon the farm, he whistled to keep his courage up as he went off with Abner Kent in his rattling market-wagon; and Abner said he was "the right kind of a boy." At this remembrance Willie's throat began to choke again, and he pressed his face deeper in the pillow. Mr. Kent would never say anything like that again; he thought him a thief!—a thief!—and Mrs. Kent thought so, too; and Abner had talked about the constable and court and the jail. He had no friends, nobody to help him, to say he couldn't have taken the money. He remembered his Scotch grandfather; how the old man used to tell long stories of Scotland and the MacDonalds, and how he would end up with, "The MacDonalds are an honest folk, always an honest folk!" Even his father had kept that one virtue through all his degradation, and his mother had had a horror of dishonesty. Now her boy was called a thief! The little brother and sister would hear of it. How could they help believing it if he was sent to jail? Everybody would believe it; he could never be an honest boy to anybody now! This last thought was too cruel for fourteen-year-old courage; the sobs began in earnest. Poor little soul! In his helplessness and trouble another thought of what "mother said" came to