



Georgie Dean
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The Gipsies

THE GIPSIES;

OR,

FRIENDS IN NEED.

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COURAGE AND CANDOR.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whose putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—Prov. xxix. 25.

JONAS COLTER was as gallant an old seaman as ever sailed on salt water. He was kind and generous also, and would have shared his last shilling or his last crust with any poor creature who required it. Jonas loved his Bible and loved his church, and might have been seen regularly every Sunday morning with his book under his arm stumping along with his wooden leg, on his way to the house of prayer. But Jonas had one sad failing,—rather should I call it one great sin, for *an angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression*. He had no sort of command over his temper, and that temper was an uncommonly bad one.

"There are many excuses to be made for him," his sister, Mrs. Morris, would often say. "Just think what a rough life he has led, and how much he has had to suffer. If his temper rises sometimes like a gale of wind, like a gale of wind it is soon over!"

"But, like a gale of wind, it leaves its effects behind it!" observed a neighbor, when this remark was repeated to him. "I sha'n't care to call often at Mrs. Morris's house while her bear of a brother makes it his den!"

There were perhaps none on earth whom Jonas loved better than Johnny and Alie, the children of his sister; and yet none suffered more from his fierce and ungoverned temper. They feared him more than they loved him; and notwithstanding the many little presents which he made them, and the many little kindnesses which he showed them, his absence, when he left home, was always felt as a relief. It is impossible to regard with the greatest affection one who puts you in perpetual fear, or to feel quite happy with a companion whose

smile may in a moment be changed to a frown, whose pleasant talk to a passionate burst.

Johnny, though considered a courageous boy, was afraid of rousing his uncle; and if to him Jonas was an object of fear, to Alie he was an object of terror. Alie was one of the most timid little creatures in the village. She would go a long way round to avoid passing a large dog, was uneasy at the sight of a turkey-cock, and never dared so much as raise her eyes if a stranger happened to address her. It was not only from the temper of her uncle that poor little Alie now suffered; Johnny, while himself annoyed at the roughness of Jonas, with the imitative disposition of youth, began in a certain degree to copy it. He knew that the old sailor was thought generous and brave, and therefore wished to be like him; but making the very common mistake of imitators, followed him rather in his defects than in those things which were worthy of admiration. Perhaps Johnny also tried to hide from himself and others how much he was cowed by his uncle, by assuming a blustering manner him-

self. This is so often unconsciously done, that whenever I see a bully I am inclined to suspect that I am looking at a coward.

Alie was fond of listening to her uncle's sea-stories,—“long yarns,” as he called them,—but only if she could listen unobserved. Her favorite place was the window-seat, where she could draw the curtain before her to screen her from observation. To be suddenly addressed by her uncle was enough to make the timid child start.

Jonas had many curiosities from foreign parts, which it amused the children to see,—dried sea-weed, reptiles in bottles, odd specimens of work done in straw by savages in some distant islands with unpronounceable names. These treasures were never kept under lock and key; it was quite enough that they belonged to the terrible Jonas; no one was likely to meddle much with his goods, lest he should “give 'em a bit of his mind.”

“Alie,” cried Johnny one morning, when the children happened to be alone in their uncle's

little room, "where on earth have you put my 'Robinson Crusoe?'"

"I!" said the little girl, looking up innocently from her work; "I have not so much as seen it."

"Look for it then!" cried the boy, in the loud coarse tone which he had too faithfully copied from his uncle.

Little Alie was plying her needle diligently, and her brother had nothing to do; but she was much too timid to remonstrate. She set down her work, and moved quietly about the room, glancing behind this thing and under that; while Johnny, stretched at full length on the floor, amused himself with chucking up marbles.

"There it is!" cried Alie at last, glancing upward at a high shelf, on which were ranged divers of Jonas's bottles.

"Get it down!" said the boy, who, to judge by his tone, thought himself equal to an admiral at the least.

"I don't think that I can," replied Alie; I can't reach the shelf, and there's another book

and a heavy bottle too on the top of 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Goose! can't you get a chair?" was the only reply vouchsafed.

Alie slowly dragged a heavy chair to the spot, while Johnny commenced singing—

"Yankees never, never shall be slaves!"

considering of course as exceptions to the rule all gentle, helpless, little Yankee girls, who happen to have strong, tyrannical brothers.

"There!—mind!—take care what you're about!" he cried, as he watched Alie's efforts to accomplish the task for which she had hardly sufficient strength or height. Scarcely were the words uttered when down with a crash came the bottle and the books, almost upsetting poor Alie herself!

Johnny jumped up from the floor in an instant.

"What is to be done!" he exclaimed, looking with dismay at the broken bottle, whose green contents, escaping in all directions, was staining

the floor and also the book, which was one of Jonas's greatest treasures.

"Oh! what is to be done!" repeated poor Alie, in real distress.

Johnny felt so angry with himself, that he was much inclined, after his usual fashion, to vent his anger upon his sister. Seeing, however, that they were both in the same trouble, and that it had been occasioned by his laziness in making the little girl do what he ought to have done himself, he repressed his indignation, and turned his mind to the means of remedying the evil.

"My uncle will be in a downright tempest!" he exclaimed; "what say you to a good long walk right off to the farm, to get out of the way of its fury?"

"It would be just as bad when we came back!" said Alie dolefully, stooping to pick up the injured book.

"Don't touch it!" cried Johnny authoritatively; "don't get the stain on your dress as well as on every thing else. I have hit on a famous plan. We'll shut up the cat in the

room, then go on our walk, and no one on earth will guess that she did not do the mischief."

"Oh! but Johnny, would it be right?"

"Right! fiddlestick!" cried the boy. "Put on your bonnet and be quick, while I look for Tabby in the kitchen."

Alie had great doubts whether she ought to obey, but she was frightened and confused, and accustomed to submit to the orders of her brother; and, after all, her uncle was so fond of the cat, that it was likely to suffer much less from his anger than any other creature would have done.

Tabby was soon caught, and placed on the floor near the broken bottle. Johnny dipped one of her paws in the fluid, to serve as further evidence against her, and then came out of the little room.

"I must get out my work—I left it there," said Alie.

"Go in quickly, and get it then," replied Johnny.

Alie went in, and returned with the work

but stood hesitating before she quitted the room, looking back with her hand on the lock.

"Oh, Johnny! Tabby is licking it up!"

"So much the better!" cried he; "her whiskers will tell tales of her then!"

"But Johnny—"

"Come quickly! I can't stand waiting for you all the day!" exclaimed the boy; "uncle may be back before we get off!"

These words quickened the movements of Alie: she closed the door with a sigh.

Very grave and silent was the child during the whole of that long walk; very grave and silent during her visit to the farm. Johnny first laughed at her nonsense, as he called it, and then grew irritable and rude, after the example of his uncle. The walk home was a very unpleasant one to Alie.

But more unpleasant was the arrival at home. The first sight which met the children's eyes, on their return, was poor Tabby stretched out lifeless on the floor of the kitchen, and their uncle bending over her with a flushed face and knitted brow; while their mother, who stood

beside him, was vainly endeavoring to calm him.

"Accidents will occur, dear brother—"

"There has been gross carelessness somewhere," growled the sailor; and turning suddenly round toward the children, whom he now first perceived, he thundered out to Johnny, "Was it you, sir, who shut the cat into my room?"

"No," answered Johnny very promptly; then he added, "Alie and I have been out a long time; we have been all the way to the farm."

"I may have shut the door myself," said the mother, "without knowing of the cat being in the place." And, to turn the sailor's mind from his loss, she continued, "I'm going up to the village, Jonas, and I've a very large basket to carry; Johnny's just come off a long walk, or—"

"I'm your man!" cried the sailor; "I'll help you with your load. Just wait a few minutes till I've buried this poor thing in the garden. I shouldn't like the dogs to get at her—though

she's past feeling now, poor Tabby!" And as the stern, rough man stooped, raised his dead favorite, and carried it away, Alie thought that she saw something like moisture trembling in his eye.

"Alie," said her mother, "go into that room, and carefully collect the broken pieces of the bottle which poor Tabby managed to knock off the shelf; and wash that part of the floor which is stained by the liquid; be attentive not to leave a drop of it anywhere; for the contents of the bottle was deadly poison, and I cannot be too thankful that the cat was the only sufferer."

Alie obeyed with a very heavy heart. She was grieved at the death of Tabby, grieved at the vexation of her uncle—most grieved of all at the thought that she had not acted openly and conscientiously herself.

When she returned to the kitchen, she found Johnny its only occupant, her mother and uncle having set off for the village.

"I say, Alie!" cried Johnny, "wasn't it lucky that uncle asked me instead of you about shut

ting the cat in? 'Twas you that closed the door, you know."

"Oh, Johnny!" said his sister, "I feel so unhappy about it! I wish that I had told mother every thing—I don't think that I could have spoken to uncle. It seems just as if I were deceiving them both!"

"Nonsense!" cried Johnny, in a very loud tone; "you ought to be too happy that the storm has blown over!"

But the conscience of Alie would make itself heard, notwithstanding her brother's voice of scorn. She had been accustomed from the time when she could first talk, to speak the simple truth, and the whole truth. She knew that there may be falsehood even in *silence*, when that silence tends to deceive. She felt that she had wronged her uncle, by destroying his property, and, however unintentionally, causing the death of his pet; and instead of frankly confessing the wrong, and asking pardon, she was concealing the matter. Alie went slowly up to her own little room, took down from its shelf her well-used Bible—that would

be a safer counselor than her brother! She opened it, and the first verse upon which her eyes rested was this: "*The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.*" Alie closed her book, and resting her head upon her hand, sat and thought:

"Mother has often told me that the language of heaven is truth, and that whosoever *loveth or maketh a lie* shall never be admitted to that happy place! But why should my mind be so troubled? I have not said a single word that is not true. But I have concealed the truth. And why?—because of *the fear of man*, which the Bible tells me *bringeth a snare*. What then would be my straight course of duty? to confess that I threw down the poison! Would not that bring my brother into trouble? No; for it was I who climbed on the chair, I who knocked over the bottle, I who last shut the door—all the mischief was done by me, though it was not done for my own pleasure. I know what will be my best plan," said Alie, with a sigh of relief at coming to any thing like a decision; "I'll confess all to mother when she

comes back from the village; and she will choose a good time, when my uncle is in a pleasant temper and I am out of the way, and tell him that I killed poor Tabby, but am exceedingly sorry that I did it."

So Alie returned to the kitchen, and put on the water to boil for tea, and sat down to her unfinished work, awaiting her mother's return. Her heart beat faster than usual when she heard the clump, clump, of her uncle's wooden leg, but still more when he entered the house alone.

"Where's mother?" said Johnny.

"She's gone to the parsonage," replied Jonas. "She met a messenger to tell her that the lady there is taken very ill, and wants some one to nurse her; so she sheered off straight for Brampton, and desired me to come back and tell you."

"When will she return?" asked Alie with anxiety.

"That's when the lady gets better, I s'pose. I suspect that she's cast anchor for a good while, from what I hear," replied the sailor. "But pluck up a good heart, little girl, and don't

look as though you were about to set the water-works going; I've brought you something to cheer you up a bit;" and slowly unfolding his red pocket-handkerchief, Jonas displayed a large cake of ginger-bread. "Here's for you," he said, holding it out to his niece.

"Oh! uncle!" cried Alie, without attempting to touch it.

"Take it, will you," said he sharply; "what are ye hanging back for?" Alie took the cake, and thanked her uncle in a faltering voice. Jonas stooped down, lighted his pipe, and as he glanced at the warm corner which used to be his favorite's chosen place, and missed her well-known purr, the old sailor gave an unconscious sigh, and "Poor Tabby!" escaped from his lips.

The sound of the sigh, and the words, gave pain to the heart of little Alie. "Here am I receiving kindness from my uncle," thought she, "and knowing how little I deserve it; and yet I have not courage to confess the truth! I am sure that fear is a *snare* to me. Oh that I had a braver heart! so that I should dread

nothing but doing wrong! Johnny is as bold as a lion, yet I am sure that even he would be afraid to tell the truth to my uncle."

"What's the matter with the girl?" cried Jonas with blunt kindness, taking the pipe from his lips, and looking steadily at the child. "Ye're vexed at your mother biding away?"

"It is not that," replied Alie, very softly.

"Ye're fretting about the cat?"

"Partly," murmured the child.

"Kind little soul!" exclaimed the sailor, heartily: "I'll get a white kitten, or a tortoise-shell for ye, if one's to be had for love or money! But maybe ye're like the Jack-tar, and don't think new friends like the old!" and the rough hard hand of the seaman was laid caressingly on the little girl's shoulder.

"Uncle, you quite mistake me, you—you—would not be so kind if you knew all!" said Alie rapidly. The first difficult step was taken, but poor Alie's cheek was crimson, and she would have felt it at that moment impossible to have raised her eyes from the floor.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Jonas roughly, while Johnny afraid that the whole truth was coming out, made a hasty retreat from the kitchen.

"What's all this?" repeated the bluff sailor. Alie had now gone so far that she had not power to retreat. Her little hands pressed tightly together, her voice tremulous and indistinct with fear, she stammered forth, "It was I who knocked down the bottle—and—and shut poor Tabby into your room—and—"

"Shut her in on purpose!" thundered Jonas, starting up from his seat. Alie bent her head as her only reply.

"Shut in the cat that the blame might be laid upon her!—took a long walk that the mean trick might be successful!" At each sentence his voice rose louder and louder, so that Johnny could hear it at the other side of the road, while poor Alie bent like a reed beneath the storm.

"And was your brother with you, girl?" continued the angry sailor, after a short but terrible pause.

Poor Alie was dreadfully perplexed; she squeezed her hands together tighter than ever; she could not speak, but her silence spoke enough.

"Mean coward!" exclaimed Jonas, striking the table with his clenched fist till it rang again; "and he has set all sail, and made off, and left this little pinnace to brave the storm alone!" Alie burst into tears; and whether it was the sight of these tears, or whether his own words reminded the sailor that Alie at least had now acted an honest, straight-forward part, his anger toward her was gone in a moment, and he drew her kindly to his knee.

"Dry these eyes, and think no more about it," said he; "you never guessed that the liquid was poison, and accidents, as they say, will happen even in the best-regulated families. But why did not you and your sneak of a brother tell me honestly about breaking the bottle, instead of playing such a cowardly trick as that of shutting up the poor cat in the room?"

"Oh! uncle," murmured Alie, at length find-

ing her voice, "we knew that you would be so dreadfully angry."

"Humph!" said the sailor thoughtfully. 'So the fear of me was a snare to you. Well, you may go after your brother, and tell him that he may sneak back as soon as he can muster enough of courage, for not a word, good or bad, shall he hear from me about the bottle or the cat. And mind you, my honest little lass," continued Jonas, "I'll not forget the white kitten for you;—for though you've not a stout heart you've a brave conscience, and dare speak the truth even to a crabbed old sailor, who you knew would be 'so dreadfully angry.'"

Alie flew off like a bird, her heart lightened of its load, and rejoicing in the consciousness that a painful duty had been performed. And whenever in future life she felt tempted to take a crooked course from the dread of some peril, she found courage in the verse which had impressed her so much on that day,—"*The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.*"

THE SAILOR'S RESOLVE

"An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression."—Prov. xxix. 22

THE old sailor Jonas sat before the fire with his pipe in his mouth, looking steadfastly into the glowing coals. Not that, following a favorite practice of his little niece, he was making out red-hot castles and famous buildings in the grate, or that his thoughts were in any way connected with the embers: he was doing what it would be well if we all sometimes did,—looking into himself, and reflecting on what had happened in relation to his own conduct.

"So," thought he, "here am I, an honest old fellow,—I may say it, with all my faults; and one who shrinks from falsehood more than from fire; and I find that I, with my bearish temper, am actually driving those about me into it—teaching them to be crafty, tricky, and

cowardly! I knew well enough that my gruffness plagued others, but I never saw how it tempted others until now; tempted them to meanness, I would say, for I have found a thousand times that *an angry man stirreth up strife*, and that a short word may begin a long quarrel. I am afraid that I have not thought enough on this matter. I've looked on bad temper as a very little sin, and I begin to suspect that it is a great one, both in God's eyes and in the consequences that it brings. Let me see if I can reckon up its evils. It makes those miserable whom one would wish to make happy; it often, like an adverse gale, forces them to back instead of steering straight for the port. It dishonors one's profession, lowers one's flag, makes the world mock at the religion which can leave a man as rough and rugged as a heathen savage. It's directly contrary to the word of God—it's wide as east from west of the example set before us. Yes, a furious temper is a very ill thing; I'd give my other leg to be rid of mine!" and in the warmth of his self-reproach the sailor struck

his wooden one against the hearth with such violence as to make Alie start in terror that some fierce explosion was about to follow.

"Well, I've made up my mind as to its being an evil—a great evil," continued Jonas, in his quiet meditation; "the next question is, how is the evil to be got rid of? There's the pinch! It clings to one like one's skin. It's one's nature—how can one fight against nature? And yet, I take it, it's the very business of faith to conquer our evil nature. As I read somewhere, any dead dog can float with the stream, it's the living dog that swims against it. I mind the trouble I had about the wicked habit of swearing, when first I took to trying to serve God and leave off my evil courses. Bad words came to my mouth as natural as the very air that I breathed. What did I do to cure myself of that evil? Why, I resolved again and again, and found that my resolutions were always snapping like a rotten cable in a storm; and I was driven from my anchorage so often, that I almost began to despair. Then I prayed hard to be helped; and I said to myself, 'God helps

those who help themselves, and maybe if I determine to do something that I should be sorry to do, every time that an oath comes from my mouth, it would assist me to remember my duty.' I resolved to break my pipe the first time that I swore; and I've never uttered an oath from that day to this, not even in my most towering passions. Now I'll try the same cure again; not to punish a sin, but to prevent it. If I fly into a fury, I'll break my pipe. There, Jonas Grimstone, I give you fair warning!" and the old sailor smiled grimly to himself, and stirred the fire with an air of satisfaction.

Not one rough word did Jonas utter that evening; indeed he was remarkably silent; for the simplest way of saying nothing evil, he thought, was to say nothing at all. Jonas looked with much pleasure at his pipe, when he put it on the mantel-piece for the night. "You've weathered this day, old friend," said he; "we'll be on the look-out against squalls to-morrow."

The next morning Jonas occupied himself in his own room with his vials and his nephew

and niece were engaged in the kitchen in preparing for the Sunday-school, which their mother made them regularly attend. The door was open between the two rooms, and, as the place was not large, Jonas heard every word that passed between Johnny and Alie almost as well as if he had been close beside them.

Johnny. I say, Alie—

Alie. Please, Johnny, let me learn this quietly. If I do not know it, my teacher will be vexed. My work being behind-hand yesterday has put me quite back with my lessons. You know that I cannot learn as fast as you do.

Johnny. Oh! you've plenty of time. I want you to do something for me. Do you know that I have lost my new ball?

Alie. Why, I saw you take it out of your pocket yesterday, just after we crossed the stile on our way back from the farm.

Johnny. That's it. I took it out of my pocket, and I never put it in again. I want you to go directly and look for the ball. That stile is only three fields off, you know. You

must look carefully along the path all the way ; and lose no time, or some one else may pick it up.

Alie. Pray, Johnny, don't ask me to go into the fields.

Johnny. I tell you, you have plenty of time for your lessons.

Alie. It is not that, but—

Johnny. Speak out, will you?

Alie. You know—there are—cows!

Johnny burst into a loud, coarse laugh of derision. "You miserable little coward!" he cried, "I'd like to see one chasing you round the meadow! How you'd scamper! how you'd scream! rare fun it would be—ha! ha! ha!"

"Rare fun would it be, sir!" exclaimed an indignant voice, as Jonas stumped from the next room, and, seizing his nephew by the collar of his jacket, he gave him a hearty shake; "rare fun would it be—and what do you call this? You dare twit your sister with cowardice!—you who sneaked off yesterday like a fox because you had not the spirit to lock an old man in the face—you who bully the weak

and cringe to the strong—you who have the manners of a bear with the heart of a pigeon!" Every sentence was accompanied by a violent shake, which almost took the breath from the boy; and Jonas, red with passion, concluded his speech by flinging Johnny from him with such force that, but for the wall against which he staggered, he must have fallen to the ground.

The next minute Jonas walked up to the mantel-piece, and exclaiming, in a tone of vexation, "Run aground again!" took his pipe, snapped it in two, and flung the pieces into the fire. He then stumped back to his room, slamming the door behind him.

"The old fury!" muttered the panting Johnny between his clenched teeth, looking fiercely toward his uncle's room.

"To break his own pipe!" exclaimed Alie. "I never knew him to do any thing like that before, however angry he might be."

Johnny took down his cap from its peg, and, in as ill humor as can well be imagined, went out to search for his ball. He took what re-

venge he could on his formidable uncle, while amusing himself that afternoon by looking over his "Robinson Crusoe." Johnny was fond of his pencil, though he had never learned to draw; and the margins of his books were often adorned with grim heads or odd figures, by his hand. There was a picture in "Robinson Crusoe" representing a party of cannibals, as hideous as fancy could represent them, dancing around a fire. Johnny diverted his mind, and gratified his malice, by doing his best so to alter the foremost figure as to make him appear with a wooden leg, while he drew on his head a straw hat, unmistakably like that of the old sailor, and touched up the features so as to give a dim resemblance to his face. To prevent a doubt as to the meaning of the sketch Johnny scribbled on the side of the picture—

"In search of fierce savages no one need roam;
The fiercest and ugliest, you'll find him at home!"

He secretly showed the picture to Alie.

"Oh, Johnny, how naughty! What would uncle say if he saw it!"

"We might look out for squalls indeed; but uncle never by chance looks at a book of that sort."

"I think that you had better rub out the pencilling as fast as you can," said Alie.

"Catch me rubbing it out!" cried Johnny; "it's the best sketch that ever I drew, and as like the old savage as it can stare."

Late in the evening Mrs. Morris returned, a nurse from the city having been sent for the lady. Right glad were Johnny and Alie to see her sooner than they had ventured to expect. She brought them a few oranges, to show her remembrance of them. Nor was the old sailor forgotten; carefully she drew from her bag, and presented to him, a new pipe.

The children glanced at each other. Jonas took the pipe with a curious expression on his face, which his sister was at a loss to understand.

"Thank'ee kindly," he said; "I see it'll be a case of—

"If he try and don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.'"

What he meant was a riddle to every one else present, although not to the reader.

The "try" was very successful on that evening and the following day. Never had Johnny and Alie found their uncle so agreeable. His manner almost approached to gentleness,—it was a calm after a storm.

"Uncle is so very good and kind," said Alie to her brother, as they walked home from afternoon service, "that I wonder how you can bear to have that naughty picture still in your book. He is not in the least like a cannibal, and it seems quite wrong to laugh at him so."

"I'll rub it all out one of these days," replied Johnny; "but I must show it first to Peter Crane. He says that I never hit on a likeness: if he sees that, he'll never say so again!"

The next morning Jonas occupied himself with gathering wild flowers and herbs in the fields. He carried them into his little room, where Johnny heard him whistling "Old Tom

Bowling," like one at peace with himself and all the world.

Presently Jonas called to the boy to bring him a knife from the kitchen; a request made in an unusually courteous tone of voice, and with which, of course, Johnny immediately complied.

He found Jonas busy drying his plants, by laying them neatly between the pages of a book, preparatory to pressing them down. What was the terror of Johnny when he perceived that the book whose pages Jonas was turning over for this purpose was no other than his "Robinson Crusoe!"

"Oh! if I could only get it out of his hands before he comes to that horrid picture. Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!" thought the bewildered Johnny. "Uncle, I was reading that book," at last he mustered courage to say aloud.

"You may read it again to-morrow," was the quiet reply of Jonas.

"Perhaps he will not look at that picture," reflected Johnny. "I wish that I could see

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exactly which part of the book he is at. He looks too quiet a great deal for any mischief to have been done yet. Dear! dear! I would give any thing to have that 'Robinson Crusoe' at the bottom of the sea. I do think that my uncle's face is growing very red—yes! the veins on his forehead are swelling! Depend on't he's turned over to those unlucky cannibals, and will be ready to eat me like one of them. I'd better make off before the thunder-clap comes."

"Going to sheer off again, Master Johnny?" said the old sailor, in a very peculiar tone of voice, looking up from the open book on which his finger now rested.

"I've a little business," stammered out Johnny.

"Yes, a little business with me, which you'd better square before you hoist sail. Why, when you made such a good figure of this savage, did you not clap jacket and boots on this little cannibal beside him, and make a pair of 'em 'at home.' I suspect you and I are

both in the same boat as far as regards our tempers, my lad!"

Johnny felt it utterly impossible to utter a word in reply.

"I'm afraid," pursued the seaman, closing the book, "that we've both had a bit too much of the savage about us,—too much of the dancing round the fire. But mark me, Jack—we learn even in that book that a savage, a cannibal *may* be tamed; and we learn from something far better, that principle,—the noblest principle which can govern either the young or the old,—*may*, ay, and *must*, put out the fire of fierce anger in our hearts, and change us from wild beasts to men. So I've said my say," added Jonas with a smile, "and in token of my first victory over my old foe, come here, my boy, and give us your hand."

"Oh! uncle, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Johnny, with moistened eyes, as he felt the kindly grasp of the old man.

"Sorry, are you? and what were you on Saturday when I shook you as a cat shakes a rat?"

"Why, uncle, I own that I was angry.

"Sorry now, and angry then? So it's clear that the mild way has the best effect, to say nothing of the example." And Jonas fell into a fit of musing.

All was fair weather and sunshine in the home on that day, and on many days after. Jonas had, indeed, a hard struggle to subdue his temper, and often felt fierce anger rising in his heart, and ready to boil over in words of passion, or acts of violence; but Jonas, as he had endeavored faithfully to serve his country, while he fought under her flag, brought the same earnest and brave sense of duty to bear on the trials of daily life.

If the conscience of any of my readers should tell him that, by his unruly temper, he is marring the peace of his family, oh! let him not neglect the evil as a small one, but, like the poor old sailor in my story, resolutely struggle against it. *For an angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression.*

THE GIPSIES.

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it; and he that keepeth thy soul, doth he not know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"—
Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.

ALIE sat on the threshold of her home on a bright morning in May, eating a cake which her uncle had given her, and now and then throwing a crumb to the merry little swallows that were twittering in the eaves and darting in and out of their nests.

Alie had not sat long when a tall, large-boned woman, in a red cloak, with sun-burn features and wild dark eyes, approached her, followed by a miserable-looking little girl,

about six or seven years of age, who had neither shoes on her blistered feet nor bonnet over her tangled hair. The gipsy stopped before Alie, and, in a tone which she intended to be winning, said, "Good mornin' to ye, my dear. Will ye cross my hand with silver, and I'll tell ye your fortin'?"

Alie promptly declined the offer, not only because she had been taught by her mother never to encourage those who pretend to be able to look into the future and to see what God has hidden from our eyes, but because the appearance of the woman frightened her. And had the gipsy said any thing more to her, Alie would have retreated at once from the door. The woman, however, passed on, and a few yards further on found a willing listener in a flighty girl of the village, whose long gilt ear-rings, red ribbons and curl-papers, were the outward tokens of such vanity and folly as might easily make her the dupe of a gipsy fortune-teller.

But the thin little girl lingered behind, shyly eyeing Alie's tempting-looking cake. Alie

broke off a piece and held it out to her. The child sidled up, took it, and devoured it as though she were famished. Alie smiled and gave her another bit.

"What is your name, little girl?" said Alie, first glancing to see that the gipsy was too much occupied to listen to her.

"Madge," answered the child.

"And is that woman your mother?"

Madge nodded her head in reply.

"And you go wandering about the country with her?"

Madge gave some low, confused answer, which Alie could not at first understand; she made out from the child at last that the gipsy had pitched her tent somewhere near, and that she could not tell how long she would stay.

"Do you ever go to school, little Madge?"

The child only answered by a stare.

"Does any one teach you to read?"

Madge either did not comprehend the meaning of the question, or her eyes were wandering to Alie's white kitten, and she paid no attention to what was said. Alie marked the curious

glance, and setting down her cake, went after her shy favorite, drew it from under the table where it had crouched, and carried it to the little girl at the door.

Alie's cake was nowhere to be seen, and the gipsy child was turning away.

"My cake!" exclaimed Alie. The girl started, and the piece of cake fell from her hand to the ground.

Alie, astonished as well as distressed, stood looking for a moment at the little culprit, then said in a voice of pity, "Pick it up, little Madge; you may eat it. I daresay that you are more hungry than I. But, oh!" she continued, as the child obeyed with an awkward air and a look of shame, "did you not know that it was very, very naughty to steal it? Did your mother never teach you that it is wrong to take what is not your own?"

A strange expression stole over the face of the wretched girl, which, coupled with the gipsy woman's appearance and what Alie had heard of the character of some of the race

made her suspect that Madge would derive little benefit from her parent's instructions.

"Do you not know that God sees you?" pursued the young questioner.

"I know nothing about him!" muttered the child.

"Not know about God! Never pray to him!" exclaimed Alie.

But here the conversation was suddenly broken off by the gipsy woman calling to the child. Madge looked frightened, like one who had often found a word to be followed by a blow, and obeyed the call, though reluctantly, casting a parting look of regret, not at Alie, but at her pretty white kitten, and in a few minutes more both the gipsy and child had disappeared down a lane.

"Oh, poor, wretched little Madge!" thought Alie; "no wonder that she took the cake—no wonder if she grow up miserable and wicked! She does not know about God—she does not know that he made her—that he watches over her,—that he hates sin, and will punish it!

What will become of her in this world? what will become of her in the next?"

When her brother Johnny came home from the fields, Alie told him of the little gipsy girl.

"I've heard of the gipsies," said he; "they've pitched their tent down yon lane, not a quarter of a mile from hence; and the farmer says that he must keep a good look out after his poultry. There's a big woman, and an ill-looking man with a fur cap and a patch over his eye, who offers to mend kettles and pans. Farmer says he's sure the fellow has seen the inside of many a jail, and hopes the party won't stay long in the place."

"Poor little Madge, it's not her fault that she is the child of such people," said Alie.

"She'll not get much good from them, I take it. She'll learn to tell falsehoods like her mother, and to steal like her father, and perhaps end her days in prison," observed Johnny.

Alie was silent for some time. Her fingers were now busily hemming a seam, but her thoughts were far away from her work. At

last she said softly, as if to herself, "And yet that poor child is precious."

"Precious to her parents? I don't believe it!" exclaimed Johnny. "She looks as though they half starved her; and didn't you see the bruises on her bare arms? I don't believe they'd care if she died in a ditch."

"She is precious in the eyes of the Lord," murmured Alie. "That poor little girl has a soul!"

Johnny did not answer for some time; and when he did so, it was with a forced lightness of manner. "I don't see what you and I have to do with the matter, Alie; we are not the little beggar's keepers!"

"*I am not my brother's keeper*: I have read these words somewhere in the Bible," said Alie; "but I can't at this moment remember what part of it they come from."

"Can't you?" replied Johnny; "why, they were the words of Cain, when he was asked about his brother Abel."

There was another long silence.

"I wonder," exclaimed Alie, clasping her

hands, 'if we could do nothing to save that poor child?'

"I can do nothing, at least," replied Johnny, and went whistling out of the house.

But Alie's mind was not so easily satisfied. She was one of those who have learned, from such solemn verses as that which stands at the commencement of my tale, that there is sin not only in doing the things which we ought not to do, but in *leaving undone* the things which we ought to do; and *doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it?* She knew that it is the duty, and ought to be the delight, of every Christian to help others on in the road to heaven, or lending good books, or assisting with the purse such valuable societies as have been formed to carry out this holy work.

Alie thought at first of watching for an opportunity when Madge might again pass the door, and giving to her a little copy of the "Young Cottager," which she had earned as a prize at school. But common sense (and common sense should always be taken into our council whenever we try to do good), showed

her great objections to this. Madge could not read the book, nor understand it even if she could read. She was so ignorant, that whoever would teach her must begin with the very implest form of instruction.

Alie dared not go to the gipsy tent; she was afraid of the woman, and yet more of the man; nor did she think that her mother would like her to visit those who bore such evil characters. Much did Alie wish that she could consult her mother, ever her best and wisest friend; but Mrs. Morris was at this time absent from home. Alie was not sufficiently at her ease with her uncle to speak to him on the subject; and as for her brother Johnny, he cared nothing at all about the matter.

Many children in Alie's place would have given up all idea of helping the gipsy girl, as a thing quite out of their power to do, and would have rested contented with the thought that this work was not intended for them. But Alie, timid and gentle as she was, was not one to be easily discouraged where her pity and her conscience were concerned. She re-

remembered how the attention of Madge had been attracted by her pretty white kitten. Might not that kitten serve as a lure to draw the child a little way from the tent? There was a spot well known to Alie, where an old thorn-tree grew at the meeting of two lanes; it was about midway between the village and the place where the tent was pitched, and in sight of both. Alie thought that she might venture thus far, and seek to win an interview with the poor gipsy girl. There was one great difficulty in her way, at which the reader perhaps may smile: the old thorn could not be reached without passing the carrier's little yard, and the tenant of this yard was a large fierce dog. True, the dog was chained; but Alie never felt as if iron or brass could stand the force of his sudden spring; and the sound of his low growl, and sharp, short bark, was to her terrible as the voice of a lion.

"Johnny," said Alie, "I wish that you would go a little way with me this evening; just as far as the thorn where the two roads meet."

"Do you want your fortune told, Alie?"

replied Johnny, looking up with a saucy smile.

"No; but I wish to speak to little Madge if you would only walk beside me so far."

"Oh, I wish you may get me!" exclaimed Johnny, chucking up a penny. "I'll have nothing to do with those beggarly gipsies!"

"If I go at all, I must go alone!" thought Alie; and alone she resolved to go! She saved a piece of bread from her own dinner, and wrapping up her white kitten in her checked apron, set out on her little expedition. She repeated to herself, as she walked, one of Watts's hymns for children, which, she thought, contained much truth in very small space, and might easily be both learned and remembered. The sound of it, too, was so pretty, that Madge could not dislike to learn that. Alie forgot all about the hymn, however, as she drew near the carrier's yard, and heard the rattle of a chain within. Almost as much afraid for her kitten as for herself, she pressed it closely to her bosom, and, going as near as she could to the opposite hedge, ran with a light, noise-

less step past the spot; then paused to congratulate herself on the dreaded danger being over.

Alie reached the thorn in the lane, and to her pleasant surprise found Madge seated on the ground beneath it. The tent was at some little distance, though nearer than Alie liked to have it. A donkey was grazing beside it, and smoke was rising from a fire kindled on brushwood, over which a kettle was boiling.

I shall not dwell upon the conversation which passed between the two little girls. Alie found Madge more intelligent than she had expected; and the heart of the poor child, accustomed as she was to harshness and neglect, readily warmed toward one who seemed to take an interest in her welfare. Madge could not tell Alie how long the gipsies were likely to remain in that neighborhood, but she eagerly agreed, as long as they stayed there, to meet her young friend every morning under the thorn.

The shadows were now growing long; the sun was sloping down to the west. A heavy

step was heard along the lane, and a dark and ill-looking man approached, with a fur cap drawn low over his brow, and a stout crab-tree cudgel in his hand. Madge started to her feet like a frightened fawn, and, without a word of good-bye to her companion started off for the tent. The man called after her in language which made Alie tremble, and it was the greatest relief to her when the gipsy had passed her without addressing or seeming to notice her. Again carefully wrapping up her kitten in her apron, Alie turned her face toward the village. As she proceeded along the lane, the distant sound of a sharp cry of pain coming from the direction of the tent, and then the angry tones of a man's voice, thrilled to her very soul. Full of sorrow and pity for another, Alie never thought of the dog, till startled by a sudden bound and bark, which made her quicken her steps toward her home.

Madge was now almost constantly in the thoughts of Alie. To find some way of helping one so unhappy, of teaching one so ignorant, of pouring any sweetness into a cup so

bitter, became the frequent occupation of her mind. Alie took pleasure in mending up old things and making new ones, reserving little dainties, contriving small surprises for the poor gipsy child in the lane. She searched out the most beautiful verses to teach her, thought over improving stories to tell her, and never forgot, morning and night, to pray earnestly for the unhappy little girl.

And was all this trouble in vain? No; there was one lesson which poor Madge easily learnt, and that was, to love her young teacher; and the next step was not a very hard one—to love that which she taught. It was glad tidings to the desolate girl to learn that there was a great and good Being who cared even for her; that there was a glorious crown prepared even for a gipsy child; that she who had never enjoyed the comfort of a home upon earth, might, after death, dwell in a bright home above the skies. Alie had not yet had many opportunities of serving God, or benefitting her fellow-creatures, it was only a year since she had openly professed religion and was baptized—her baptism

in the beautiful stream, was one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Alie, as she rose from the water, looked as peaceful and happy as an angel, and she had since *done what she could*. She had sought out one wandering lamb; she had cheered one sorrowing heart; she had been a guide to one who had no other to win her from the way of misery and destruction. Oh! dear reader, could the same be said of you?

Souls are perishing before thee—

Save, save one!

It may be thy crown of glory—

Save, save one!

From the waves that would devour,

From the raging lion's power,

From destruction's fiery shower,

Save, save one!

Who the worth of souls can measure?

Save, save one!

Who can count the priceless treasure?

Save, save one!

Like the stars shall shine forever

Those who faithfully endeavor

Dying sinners to deliver—

Save, save one!

FRIENDS IN NEED.

'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.'—Prov. xix. 17.

ALIE went to the place of meeting early one morning, but Madge was not beneath the old thorn-tree. Alie did not hear the gipsy girl's accustomed greeting as she ran forward barefoot to meet her. Alie called her name softly, but no voice replied. She looked in the direction where the tent had been pitched; the tent was gone; there was nothing now to obstruct her view to the very end of the green lane. Alie felt sad, and yet thankful. What a short time had been given to her in which she could serve poor Madge! But that short time had not been wasted; she had caught the opportunity on the

wing, before, as she believed, it had passed away forever.

"But I should have liked to have seen her once more. I should have liked to have said 'good-bye,' and to have given her something to keep as a remembrance of me," thought Alie, as she slowly walked along the lane toward the blackened spot which showed where the gipsies had lighted their fire. "Perhaps we shall never look on each other's faces again, until we meet before the great white throne. Oh! may we both be on the right hand then. She *did* love to listen when I told her of the Lord; and he can keep her from temptation, and guide her to himself. She promised to repeat, morn and night, that little prayer which I taught her. I think that she will do so, if only for my sake; for I am sure that she loved me—poor unhappy little Madge. Oh! if I had had time to teach her a few verses more."

Alie was startled from her reflections by a sound something between a sob and a cry, which came from some place near the spot where the tent of the gipsies had stood. She

stopped, listened, and heard it again. The voice was like that of one in bitter distress. Alie fancied that she could distinguish her own name! Doubtless it was poor Madge who was crying; but if she were there, so might her parents be also, and Alie was terrified at the idea of meeting the gipsies in so lonely a spot, quite out of sight of any dwelling. She could see nothing of them as she looked down the lane; but again and again rose that wailing cry.

"It is that *fear of man* which would keep me now from doing to others as I would they should do unto me," thought Alie; and, mustering all her resolution, she ventured further into the lane. She had not proceeded many steps when she heard the voice of Madge distinctly exclaim, in tones of tremulous joy, "Oh! it is you, Alie! it is you at last! I thought that you would come to the thorn; but, oh, I was so afraid that you would not hear my crying—that you would go away, and leave me here to starve!"

"Where are you?" exclaimed Alie, look-

ing about her in surprise at not seeing the speaker.

"Here—up here, just at the other side of the hedge."

"Why don't you come down?"

"I can't—I'm tied to a tree! I've been tied all night!" exclaimed the poor child, bursting into an agony of tears, which for some time prevented Alie from understanding another word which she uttered.

Alie lost no time in making her way to the place. She clambered up the mossy bank, careless of nettles—scrambled over the low briery hedge on the top—and beyond it, fastened to the trunk of a tree, she found the unhappy Madge, pale, exhausted with crying and the want of rest, her arms chafed by the cord which bound her, and which she had vainly struggled to break. Happily Alie had a knife in her pocket, or she could never have unloosed the tightened knots. The moment that Madge was free, she fell sobbing into the arms of her deliverer.

"How cruel! Oh, how cruel to bind you

so!" exclaimed Alie; "what had you done to make them so angry?"

"I had done nothing!" cried Madge between her sobs. "Perhaps they wanted to keep me from going after them; they need not have been afraid—I'd have given no trouble!"

"Do you think that they mean to come back soon?" said Alie, glancing timidly around.

"I don't think so," replied the girl. "They would not tell me where they were going, nor let me see which way they went. It was all done so quick! Father came home late yesterday, and said something to mother—something about being found out; mother started, seemed afraid, and pointed to me. Then they whispered together—looking at me every minute; and then they pulled down the tent, and packed up all in haste; and before they left, father tied me up here, and said he'd beat me if I made any noise."

"Let's come to my home," said Alie; "and ask mother what's to be done. You must want a little breakfast sadly; and a little rest too poor, poor Madge!"

Before many minutes were over the gipsy girl was seated at Mrs. Morris's table, with a basin of warm bread and milk before her, feeling something like a traveler after a stormy voyage, when he has cast anchor in a haven at last. When Madge's hunger was satisfied, Alie led her to her own little crib, where the poor child soon fell into a refreshing sleep.

Great was the wrath, great the indignation of Jonas, the old sailor, when, on returning from his morning's stroll, he heard from his sister the story of Madge. The idea of a helpless and innocent child being thus maltreated and abandoned, roused all the lion in his soul. Down came his brown fist with startling violence on the table,—as with hearty good-will he might have laid it on the gipsy; and a torrent of fierce abuse was about to pour from his lips, when, recollecting his resolution, he pressed them together with a mighty effort, and suffered his indignation to escape only through his flashing eyes.

"It is evident," said Mrs. Morris, "that they have found the poor child a burden, and so

hoping that she has made friends in this village, they have gone off and left her, taking care that no one should be able to trace them."

"They are—" commenced the sailor fiercely, then closed his lips tightly again.

"And now," continued Mrs. Morris, "the difficulty is how to dispose of this poor child. Notwithstanding all my efforts, I find it no easy matter in these hard times to maintain my own family, and send Johnny and Alie to school. I do not see how it would be possible for me to undertake the support of another child."

"Then, mother," said Johnny, who was present, "what will you do with poor Madge?"

"I do not see what I can do," replied his mother, "but send her at once to the poor-house."

"The poor-house!" exclaimed Johnny.

"The poor-house!" echoed Alie. "Oh! mother, I'd work my fingers to the bone rather than send poor Madge away. She can share my dinner my breakfast, my bed."

Mrs. Morris gravely shook her head; but Alie was too earnest to be easily discouraged.

"I could earn something,—I really could, mother! You know that Mrs. Mant said that I might help her in mending!" and the little girl looked imploringly into the face of her mother.

"My dear child, what you could earn would not supply Madge with enough of food to keep life in."

"I could get something for chopping fire-wood," began Johnny, and then stopped short; "but I hate the trouble and shouldn't much like to tie myself up to do it. 'Twouldn't do to begin and not go on, I take it."

"It would not do at all," replied Mrs. Morris.

Jonas sat in profound thought, appearing as though he were making some deep calculation on his fingers. The truth is that the old seaman had as warm a heart, and as strong a desire to help the outcast as any one present; but his means of doing so were very small. Much the greater part of his little pension was regularly paid to his sister, to cover the neces-

sary expenses of the sailor's board and lodging; and what Jonas reserved for himself was such a mere trifle that it barely sufficed to supply him with clothing, and replenish his little tobacco pouch. But he, like Alie, was disposed to regard the desolate stranger as one whom the Almighty had committed to their protection, and the idea of sending her away to the poor-house was repugnant to his kindly nature. Jonas turned over and over in his mind the means of supporting the child until she should be able to do something for herself, and at length he came to a decision.

"Yes," he muttered, half to himself, "yes, that's the thing! 'Twill cost me something maybe at first; but it's right, and I'll do it! The gipsy girl shall have my pipe!"

The children could not forbear laughing. "Little use she could make of it!" cried Johnny.

"That's the way with you youngsters," said Jonas, rather pettishly; "you never know how to put two and two together. What's a pipe without 'bacco, and how's 'bacco to be had

without money?" he continued, raising his voice;—"the money that buys 'bacco for me would buy bread for the gipsy; and your little earnings, my dear," he added, turning to Alice, "put on the top of my savings, might serve to keep the little boat afloat, without running it on the rough shore of an almshouse."

Alice clapped her hands in delight. The eye of Mrs. Morris glistened. "My dear brother," said she, "I won't be behind you in this labor of love. If you think of making such a sacrifice—"

"Think!" cried Jonas bluffly, "it's not thinking, but doing!" and, stamping up to the fireplace with an air of resolution, he again took his pipe from its place and deliberately snapped it in two; but could not refrain from a sigh as he looked on the broken pieces.

"You need not have broken it," observed Johnny; "I would have done no mischief where it was."

"I would have been a temptation," replied Jonas, rubbing his chin; "'twould ha' been always putting me in mind of a want. If I

hadn't broke my pipe, maybe I'd ha' troke my resolution."

"You will miss it sadly, I fear," said Mrs. Morris.

How much the poor old sailor missed his accustomed indulgence can only be guessed by those who have, like him, formed a habit of smoking till the pipe seems as necessary as daily food. It is a habit which I hope that none of my young readers will adopt, the expense of it being one of its least disadvantages. But Jonas had been accustomed to smoke from his youth; he looked to his pipe as to his comfort and companion, and, in giving it up, he sacrificed really more than a lady would in putting down her carriage, or a sportsman in selling off his hounds. Therefore his pence were a nobler offering than their hundreds of dollars would have been.

Madge was now the happy inmate of a home, whose simple comforts appeared luxuries to her. Its inmates vied with each other in showing her kindness. Except in school-time, or when she was at meals, Alie's little hands were

busy from morning till night; and even Johnny tried his skill in cobbling a very old pair of his sister's shoes for Madge, and succeeded, more to his own admiration, it must be owned, than to that of any one else. Madge was now made neat and clean, her hair cut and brushed, her rags mended; and the change in her appearance was so great that Jonas said, looking at her with quiet satisfaction, that he should not ha' known the miss. There was a bright, happy expression now in Madge's blue eyes, and she did not start when suddenly addressed, as if she were afraid of being struck.

And if the outward change was so great, there was every probability that the inward would be yet more striking. Madge was docile and willing to be taught, and she could not be long under the roof of Mrs. Morris without receiving knowledge of the best and highest kind. The distinctions between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, honesty and theft, were becoming daily more and more clear to the child; and she was gradually learning that which would give her the strongest

motive for refusing the evil and choosing the good.

Madge had not been many days in her new home, when, to the surprise of the little family, then assembled round the dinner-table, a post-chaise stopped at the entrance. A gentleman dressed in black, with a paper in his hand, descended from the vehicle, and, after tapping at the door, though it stood open on account of the heat of the weather, walked straight into the kitchen.

"Beg pardon—pray don't move," said he, waving his hand slightly, as the family rose at his entrance. "May I ask if your name is Morris?" he continued, first glancing at his paper, then at Alie's mother.

Wondering, and half alarmed at the unexpected visit, Mrs. Morris only answered by dropping a little courtesy; while Jonas muttered something about "land shark," which it was intended no one should hear.

"I thought so,—hum!" said the lawyer, for such he was. "I have been directed to you as one who might give me some information

as to the movements of a party of gipsies upon whose track I have been for the last ten days."

"Indeed, sir, I know little about them," replied Mrs. Morris. "Some gipsies were in this neighborhood about a week ago."

"But they made all sail last Thursday night," joined in the sailor.

"A tall woman, and a man with a patch over his eye," said the lawyer, examining his paper.

"That's 'em," cried Jonas; "an ill-looking pair, and a sight worse than they look."

"Can you tell me in which direction they went?" said the stranger, addressing himself to the sailor.

"Not I, sir," replied honest Jonas.

"They have a child with them, have they not,—a little girl?"

"They had a child, sir, but they tied her up like a dog, and left her behind when they made off."

"Ha!" exclaimed the lawyer eagerly; "and

have you any knowledge where she may be now?"

"I should think that I have, seeing she's just alongside," cried Jonas, looking round for poor Madge, who, alarmed at finding herself the subject of conversation, had hid behind her little friend Alie.

All the lawyer's attention was now turned toward Madge. He fixed his piercing gaze upon the timid child, questioned and cross-questioned her without mercy, not only about events which had happened recently, but, as it appeared to Johnny and Alie, about every thing that could possibly have occurred in the whole course of a gipsy's life. The dinner on the table was becoming quite cold; but the stranger had as little apparent regard for the hunger of the family as he had for the feelings of Madge. He wrote down most of the replies which he drew from her shy, reluctant lips, and concluded by proposing that she should accompany him in the post-chaise, as there was very important business connected with the child.

This was too much for poor Madge. She clung tightly to Alie, and, bursting into tears, begged that she might not be sent away.

"But if I were to take you to a fine house and fine friends, my dear?" said the lawyer, in an insinuating tone. "I may tell you that you were not born a gipsy; nor were those who deserted you your real parents. You were stolen long ago by those who have passed you off as their child. Your mother, Mrs. Everard, has been anxiously searching after you for years, and joyful indeed will she be to find that our search has at last been successful."

Alie and Johnny gave exclamations of pleasure and surprise, Jonas was startled into uttering a whistle, but Madge scarcely understood the good news,—she still clung to her early friend, and sobbed out that she didn't want to go away, she wouldn't go away with that man!

"Well," said the lawyer, with a smile, after a few vain attempts to coax her into confidence, "it is evident that she is both safe and contented where she now is. Let her remain

here for the present, till her mother can come herself and claim her stray lamb from those who have so hospitably afforded her shelter and protection."

It would be difficult to describe all the talking, wondering, and guessing, which went on in Mrs. Morris's dwelling after the lawyer had driven from her door. The news spread like wild-fire through the village; all kinds of additions were made to a story in itself sufficiently strange; and the kitchen was soon filled to overflowing with neighbors eager for news. Before night came the patience of Jonas was fairly tired out by insatiable questioners; and his pipe, had he still possessed one, would have been in imminent peril. The person who appeared least excited and delighted was poor little Madge herself, who would rather have been told that she might remain with Alic and her mother to the end of her days, than that she was to live in a palace and be the daughter of a queen. She was like a weary, wounded bird, that has found a peaceful nest; and she was too young and ignorant to understand all

the reasons that might make it an advantage to her to quit it for another.

But Madge was a very happy girl the next day, when she found herself in the arms of a mother,—a *real* mother,—one who, with love and joy streaming from her eyes, pressed her long-lost darling close and closer to her heart, as though she would hold her there forever. With feelings of natural delicacy, Mrs. Morris and her family retired to Jonas's little room, and closed the door, not to intrude by their presence on the intense joy of a parent at such a meeting. What the lady said to Madge, or Madge to the lady, they therefore never knew; but what account the child had given of the generous kindness of her friends was easily to be seen when, at her mother's desire, she called them to speak to her. Mrs. Everard grasped the hand of Mrs. Morris with deep emotion; thanked her with tears in her eyes; and insisted on her accepting from her, as an acknowledgment of her debt, a sum which would have covered poor Madge's expenses for years. The lady had brought her carriage

half full of presents for the children; beautiful books, choice sweetmeats and cakes,—never before had the plain table been loaded with such a heap of good things! Alie found herself dressed from head to foot in nicer clothes than she ever had worn; for Madge insisted on her putting them on at once, that she might see how Alie looked in them, and laughed and clapped her hands with delight, as though this were to her the greatest treat of all. Johnny felt almost ashamed to accept the numerous presents,—he felt that he had so little deserved them, he had done so little, sacrificed so little, to promote the comfort of the stranger.

Suddenly a thought seemed to cross the mind of Madge, which cast a momentary shade over her bright little face. She ran up to her mother, laid hold of her arm with childish eagerness, and, pointing to old Jonas, who was looking with hearty enjoyment on the scene before him, exclaimed in an audible whisper, "Have you brought nothing for him?"

"Blessings on the girl!" cried the honest sailor; "I want nothing but such a sight as

this! 'Tis as good as the view of the old white cliffs to the homeward-bound!"

"He was so kind—so very kind," continued Madge, without noticing the interruption; "he broke his pipe, and gave up all his smoking, that I might not be sent to the poor-house. Alie told me he did, and Alie always says true; and he ought to have some of the cake."

The conclusion of Madge's speech set all the party laughing—Jonas laughing the loudest of all. Mrs. Everard put her arm fondly around her little girl.

"Perhaps we could think of something that our good friend would like still better than cake," she said gently.

Madge looked wistfully at Alie, her usual counselor as well as friend. Suddenly her face brightened. "I know! I know!" she exclaimed; "I once heard him say he wished he'd a glass like those on board a ship, and he'd show us the hills a long way off, and the mountains in the moon besides!"

'A telescope he shall have," said Mrs. Everard, "and one of the best that can be made."

The lady was as good as her word, and the sailor the next day became the happy owner of that which it had long been his wish to possess, though that such a wish should ever be gratified had never entered into the good man's calculations.

"It seems so strange," whispered Alie to Madge, "so very strange, that we should be so thanked and rewarded for such little acts of kindness. I don't believe that such a thing ever happened before!"

'My child, you are mistaken," said Mrs. Everard, who chanced to hear the observation; "more wondrous things are happening every day—things of which the present scene is like a type. The poorest, weakest little one who suffers on earth, and needs the hand of Christian kindness, is the child of a Parent infinitely rich, infinitely great, who deigns to notice, and who will a thousand-fold reward, the smallest kindness shown for His sake. Nothing given in charity is ever lost; no effort made for

charity is ever forgotten. *Inasmuch* as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me, are the words of Him who holds in His hands all the treasures of earth and heaven.

Help the poor who need your aid,
 Help with silver and with gold,
 Ye whom God hath stewards made,
 In your hands his wealth to hold.

Help the poor by kindly deed—
 Hands in willing service move;
 Clothe the bare, the hungry feed—
 Weary no'er in acts of love.

Help the poor by kindly word;
 Comfort, counsel, wisely given,
 Such by wandering sinners heard,
 May those sinners lead to heaven!

Help the poor by earnest prayer—
 Lift your heart unto the Lord;
 He alone can bless your care,
 Make success its rich reward!

Gifts, words, works, and prayers, shall yet
 Bring the Christian harvest sure;
 God will not your love forget;
 Blessed he that helps the poor!

