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ROLY AND POLY AT PINKVILLE.

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ROLY AND TOLY

AT PINKVILLE.

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Dedication.



WITH HER DEAR LOVE,

AUNTIE GIVES THESE BOOKS

TO

MABEL, LILIAN,
ANTOINETTE, KITTIE, MAUD,
AND BABY BERTHA.

ROLY AND POLY AT PINKVILLE.



CHAPTER I.

PAPA and mamma had almost decided that they would not go to the country at all this summer, when one day a letter came from Pinkville that quite changed their minds.

Coming from Pinkville, and from mamma's dear sister who lived there, the letter was very welcome. Mamma loved every thing about Pink-

ville, and you wouldn't wonder at it if you could see the place once.

Pinkville is a village—a little bit of a cunning village, curled down in one corner of a valley. Farther along in the valley are other villages, but there isn't one of them as pretty as Pinkville. The hills come almost together in that part of the valley where she lives. They look—the big hills—as if they would like to hug little Pinkville if they could. And they come so close to her on each side that Pinkville has not room enough to grow in between

them, and has been obliged to send some of her houses and people up on the sides of the troublesome hills to live.

It was right out of one of the prettiest houses on one of the hills that the letter came to mamma, and the letter was an invitation for mamma and all her family to come to Pinkville. “Don’t let the summer go by,” the letter said, “without visiting Pinkville. Come right away—all of you—while it is so hot and dusty in the city, and so cool and sweet here. You won’t be sorry if

you come, for Pinkville is beautiful now, and wants you very, very much."

And that isn't the beginning of what the letter said. It was just such an urgent invitation all the way through.

When mamma had finished reading it, she handed it to papa, and did not say a word. Papa read it through and looked at mamma.

"Well," papa said—"well, mamma?"

"Think of the woods, and the

water, and the breezes on the hill," mamma said.

"And the dust, and the heat, and the dry earth here," papa said.

"And think of the children in Pinkville," said mamma. "How Roly and Poly and Mosie would enjoy it. Roly and Poly have told Mosie about every thing that they did there last summer, and he never gets tired of listening. How Mosie would love Pinkville!"

"Pinkville!" said Roly, coming into the room just then. "What about Pinkville, mamma?"

Then Roly saw the letter in Aunt Milly's handwriting.

"O mamma!" she cried, "does auntie want us to come to Pinkville?"

"Yes, Roly," mamma said.

"O mamma!" Roly said. And she said nothing more, for she wanted to say so much that she didn't know what to say first.

But Roly's looks were quite enough. Such beseeching looks as she gave papa and mamma for a second or two were altogether too much for papa and mamma.

“Why, Roly,” papa said, laughing, “you look as if you were begging for your life.”

“It’s awful sickly here anyway, papa,” said Roly, seizing at the word life. “I heard the doctor say there’d been six cases of infant measles.”

“Did he say that Roly would make the seventh case, if somebody didn’t hurry her off to the country?” said papa.

“He didn’t say so, papa,” said Roly, shaking her head wisely; “but there’s no telling.”

“At any rate, she looks puny—poor thin little Roly,” papa said, pinching her fat arm.

“Oh! do, do, do. papa; please do!” Roly said.

“Do what?” papa asked.

“Take us to Pinkville,” said Roly.

“Well,” said papa. Papa had not nearly finished what he was going to say; but that one word was enough for Roly, for it was just the word she wanted to hear.

Papa was going to say, “Well, I’ll think about it.” But Roly thought,

because she hoped, that he was going to say, "Well, I'll take you to Pinkville" So in an instant Roly had bounced out of the room, and in another instant she bounced in again, with Poly and Mosie bouncing after her.

And then they all three commenced to tease; and oh! how they did tease! It was "Pinkville," "Pinkville," "Pinkville," and "Please do," "Please do," "Please do," until papa and mamma were almost crazy.

"Mamma," papa said, when he

could be heard, "I think you'd better start immediately. I really can't stand these children any longer."

"When?" said mamma. "To-day?"

"When you have written to Milly that you are coming, and have packed your trunks, and I have made arrangements for going with you; all of which will take three or four days at least," papa said.

Mamma and papa talked it over, and the day for going to Pinkville was finally fixed upon, and then preparations commenced.

CHAPTER II.

To say Roly and Poly and Mosie were excited would not give you any idea of the state they were in while the preparations were going on. Why, they were almost crazy, they were so happy.

They were to go early in the morning, and the night before they started they were quite sober; for they had been around saying good-by that afternoon, and good-byes

always sober people — even crazy, happy children.

They had been to Aunt Merciful Gratacap's and left what money they had for her to give away the next Saturday ; and they had left with her their love and their good-byes for some of their children who came every Saturday, and who would be disappointed to come and find them gone.

They had said good-by to Aunt Merciful Gratacap, and then they had gone to the Laughlin nursery—the dear old nursery, where the Doing

Goods had held so many happy meetings.

They had said good-by to Daffy, who, when they went in, was sitting in his little chair with the stand before him, working at his old trade still. It was a fine gentleman, with hair curling on his neck, and great, wild black eyes, like one he had seen in a picture, that Daffy was making this time.

It had been hard for Mosie to say good-by to Daffy, for in the days which had gone by since their boy died they had grown to be dear

friends. Mosie had spent a great many afternoons with Daffy since that day.

And it had been harder still for Daffy to say good-by to Mosie, for he had so few friends and so little company of his own age that he could not well afford to lose his best friend and companion.

The five children had discussed the question of giving up the Society or continuing it, and had decided to continue it. Daffy had promised to keep on working, and Dolly to keep on going to Aunt Merciful Gratacap's,

and giving, if her mother would permit. And Dolly had promised to write to that part of the Society which was in the country, and tell it what that part which was in the city was doing. You know Dolly was old for her years, and she could write quite nicely.

And Roly and Poly and Mosie had promised to keep on doing good in some way in Pinkville.

They had said good-by to uncle and auntie and little cousin Ned, and to the doctor, whom they had met

on the street, and to three or four other dear friends.

And now they were sitting after dinner, in the hour that came between dinner and their bedtime, on the front piazza with papa and mamma.

They were sober; so sober that for a few moments after they all got seated they were quiet. They did not, any of them, talk at first. They all seemed to be thinking. I shouldn't wonder if papa and mamma were thinking what a beautiful evening it was, and what a beautiful home it was to

leave ; for the sky above them was blue and gold, and the grass beneath them was bright green, and the air around them was sweet with the perfume of flowers.

But Roly and Poly and Mosie were thinking of graver things.

“ Well, little ones,” papa said pretty soon, looking down from the sky to his children, “ did you say your good-byes ?”

“ Yes, papa,” the children answered.

“ And is it the good-byes that give

you all such solemn thoughts?" said papa.

"Yes, sir," said Roly, who was thinking of little Flip, who had turned up again, and to whom she had taken a great fancy.

"Yes, sir," said Mosie, who was thinking of Daffy.

"No, sir," said Poly.

"What were you thinking of, my little Poly?" said papa.

"I was thinking, papa," said Poly, "that we have promised to keep on being Doing Goods, and I was wondering how we could in Pinkville."

“Then the Society isn’t given up, eh?” said papa.

“Oh! no,” said Poly “Daffy and Dolly are going to keep on working, and Dolly is going to Aunt Merciful Gratacap’s just the same, and we’ve promised to do good in Pinkville.”

“It didn’t trouble me any,” said Mosie, as if he were going to settle Poly immediately, “how we’d do good. We can give away pennies to poor children, the way we do here.”

“Of course we can,” said Roly,

thinking that if she agreed with Mosie she would be on the winning side.

“No, my boy,” said papa; “you can’t do any thing of the kind. There is hardly a very poor family in Pinkville. And there are no children there who are not above begging pennies.”

“I remembered, papa,” said Poly, “that the children never looked that hungry, tired way in Pinkville. So I wondered.”

“May be,” said Roly, “it’s our

duty not to go, if we can't do good."

Roly was very fond of that word *duty*. She liked to say it solemnly, like a grown-up person.

"Suppose we leave you behind, then, Roly," papa said.

Roly looked up quickly, for she began to be alarmed; but she saw that papa was smiling, and knew that she need not fear being left behind.

"No, Roly," papa said, "we won't do that, because it isn't necessary. If we couldn't any of us possibly do

good in Pinkville, and could do a great deal of good here, it would be much better for us all to stay. But now, listen hard, my children," said papa. "*Wherever we go, we can do good.* I want you all to remember this: there isn't a place in the whole world where we can't do good, if we try. Giving money is only one of a great many ways of doing good. There is always one way left," said papa, "when no other way will do. There is the way of doing good by *being* good. I wonder if you all remember a sermon that papa

preached on the night of the birthday when Mosie first came?"

"I do," said Mosie. "I couldn't forget it. It's the first sermon I ever heard."

"So do I," said Roly.

"And I do, too," said Poly.

"What was the text?" said papa.

"Watch and pray," they all said at once.

"Now, I'm not going to preach it over," said papa, "any further than the text. But I'd like to say that over to you, if I could, in such a way that you would remember it

constantly while you are at Pinkville. 'Watch and pray,' my children. You are going to new temptations, and you'll need to watch for them : 'Watch.' You will need new strength to resist them : 'Pray.'

"And, Mosie and Roly and Poly, by watching and praying and being good, you can not tell how much good you may do. Perhaps, while you are at Pinkville, you will not have a chance to do good except by setting good examples. And so, before you start, just feel and real-

ize, each one of you, that that is to be your way of doing good in Pinkville—*being* good.”

They were all quiet for a few moments again, and then papa said :

“Just think how happy you would feel to know that by being patient you had helped some one else to be patient, or that by resisting temptation you had helped some one else to resist.”

“Won't there be any other way, papa ?” said Roly.

“Perhaps so,” said papa. “I can not tell. But you have that way at

any rate. Roly and Poly and Mose, if you have no other way, you may get tired of that way. It is not nearly so easy as the giving way. You may think, and I presume you will, that by being good you do no good at all, except to your own selves. But, though you can not tell that you do good, as you can in giving, you must believe it all the same. If for no other reason, believe it just because papa says so. Though you may not know it, you will surely do good by being good.

“You know,” said papa, “that I

am only going to stay a few days in Pinkville, and after I am gone I want you, whenever you think of me, to think of what I have said—especially of ‘Watch and pray.’”

Nurse came to take the children away. They were to go to bed half an hour earlier than usual on account of the next day’s journey.

“‘Watch and pray,’” papa said, as he kissed each one of them good-night.

CHAPTER III.

It was very hot the next morning when they started. The sun kept sending down crowds of fierce beams faster and faster as the hours went by, until at noontime he had sent every one he owned, and could not torment the travelers any more than he had. It was just as hot as it could be at twelve o'clock, and Roly and Poly declared several times that they could not stand it, and they asked their papa dozens of times if

they hadn't got almost to Pinkville.

“Be patient, Roly and Poly,” papa said. “Remember the example.”

“Why, there an't any body to be patient for, papa,” said Roly. “What's the good?”

“Set the example for me,” said papa. “You don't know how much good you may do me. I don't feel at all patient.”

Mosie did not complain of the heat, for riding in the cars was such fun to him that he could not very

well complain of any thing. It was the first time he had ever traveled out of the city on a railroad.

It was about five o'clock when they came to Pinkville. For more than an hour they had been riding in the valley. Roly and Poly, who felt as if they were quite experienced travelers, because they had been to Pinkville for the last three summers and knew every thing on the way there, pointed out all the beauties, as they passed them, to Mosie. They told him to notice the great hills, and to keep watch for the place where

the hills were near together, because that place would be Pinkville.

“When the hills ’most meet, Mosie,” Roly said, “you may know it’s Pinkville.”

So Mosie watched for the place where the hills almost met. By and by they began to come nearer to each other, and about five o’clock the cars stopped at the place where they came very near each other, and Mosie would have known, if papa and mamma and nurse had not begun to gather up the baggage, and

Roly and Poly had not told him of it, that that place was Pinkville.

They all got off from the cars in some way, though there were so many of them, and every body seemed to want to get off first; and then Mosie saw mamma kissing a little bit of a lady with rosy cheeks and blue eyes, and papa shaking hands with a tall gentleman with brown cheeks and black eyes, and Roly and Poly being hugged by two boys, both a good deal larger than himself. They were thirteen and fourteen years old.

First one boy hugged them, and

then the other, and then one boy said to the other :

“ What a growth Which and Tother 've come to, Len !”

And the other said : “ Too big for their boots, an't they ? Which is Which and which is Tother anyway, Will ? I can't tell 'em apart.”

Before Will could answer the question, which was only asked to tease Roly and Poly, the lady, who was Aunt Milly, had got through kissing mamma, and the gentleman, who was Uncle Charles, had got through shaking hands with papa, and they

both came and kissed Mosie, and took him and introduced him to Will and Len.

The two boys seemed very glad indeed to see Mosie, for they gave his hand hard shakes; and one of them patted him on the shoulder, and said:

“How are you, my man?”

And the other patted him on the back at the same time, and said:

“Welcome, my young friend.”

Then one of the boys took Mosie by one hand and Roly by the other, and the other boy took Poly's hand,

and papa took Aunt Milly, and mamma took Uncle Charles, and nurse went behind, and they all started homeward.

“Len, do tell me,” said Will, the one who was fourteen, looking back at his brother, “whether I’ve got Which or whether I’ve got Tother. I’d like so much to know whom I’m escorting.”

“Can’t tell you,” said Len, the one who was thirteen, looking wonderfully puzzled. “Can’t tell you. Was just wondering whom I was escorting.”

“Stop,” said Roly, “calling us that. You said, when we went home last summer, you never would any more.”

“Will,” said Uncle Charles, “what are you doing?” For he had heard Roly call “Stop.”

“Why, father,” said Will, “the twins look so much alike that we can’t make out which is which and which is t’other, and Len and I were trying to help each other out of the fix. Which is which and which is t’other, Uncle Leonard?”

Before papa could answer, Uncle Charles said quite sternly :

“Don’t let me hear any more of that, sir. I remember your teasing Roly and Poly with those names last summer. Let that be the end of it, remember.”

“Roly,” said Will, speaking very gently, so that his father could not hear, “hearest thou the tender birds a-twittering in yon tree?”

Now, when Will asked the question, he smiled very sweetly at Roly, and she did not suspect that he was trying to make fun of her again, so innocent little Poly smiled very sweetly back, and answered :

“ Yes, Will.”

“ Dost ?” said Will, still smiling.

“ And likewise hearest thou the gentle frogs a-warbling in yon silvery lake ?”

Now, though Roly knew perfectly well that Will was a great tease, she never once remembered it while he smiled at her. As long as he smiled, she would have smiled back and kept on answering his silly questions, if it had not been for Mosie.

“ Roly,” Mosie said, “ he’s fooling you. Frogs don’t warble. And just look at that little black pond that he

calls silvery." They were really passing a little frog-pond by the side of the road, and Mosie pointed to it. "Don't you answer him, Roly."

As Mosie spoke he jerked his hand out of Will's.

"Now," said Will, rubbing his right eye with his right fist, "don't. Please don't. You hurt my feelings."

Mosie felt and looked as if he would like to hurt something besides Will's feelings. Mosie began to think that he hated Will; that he would

like to do some dreadful thing to him.

“Come, now,” said Will. “Come, Mollie. Take hold of my hand. There’s a good girl.”

That was more than Mosie could stand — being called *Mollie* and a *girl*. He doubled up his fist and hit Will a terrible blow on the cheek, and then kicked him and pounded him till he felt himself caught and held by two strong hands.

Fortunately they were in an open place where there were no houses, and fortunately there were no people

passing then ; so only Uncle Charles and Aunt Milly, and papa and mamma, and Len and Roly and Poly and nurse saw what was done. They all gathered round Mosie, who was held by papa, and Will, whose hand was pressed on his cheek, and whose smile was gone, and exclaimed and asked questions.

Mosie could not speak, he was trembling so with anger and excitement, and Will did not seem inclined to explain. So Roly said :

“ I'll tell you. Will was teasing

us—Mosie and me—and calling us names, and I'm glad Mosie did it."

"So am I," said Poly, who always stood by Roly and Mosie.

Papa took Mosie's hand, and they all started homeward again—silently and soberly this time; for the two boys' behavior had changed all their joy into sorrow.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY came to the foot of the hill, and went up a long flight of steps, and then around a winding path till they reached the house. The house was not far up on the hill. It was on a knoll, and was a square, white house, with green blinds, and a great piazza in front. Around every pillar of this piazza—and there were many pillars—rose-vines wound and wound from the floor of the piazza to its roof. Every pillar was green

and pink from top to bottom, with scarcely a spot of white showing through, and the sweetness that came from all the pillars together was enough to sweeten all Pinkville.

They went up into this beautiful yard, and on to the beautiful piazza, and into the pleasant house, without saying—any of the new-comers—how beautiful it all was.

Roly and Poly were wondering what would be done to Will and Mosie, and papa and mamma were wondering the same thing, and Mosie—

I don't know what he was thinking about, but he was very angry still.

They went up-stairs into the front room, and nurse took off Roly and Poly's things, and washed them, and got them all clean and neat for supper, and mamma brushed Mosie's hair and bade him take off his dusty clothes and put clean ones on; and when they were all ready, they went down-stairs into the dining-room, where supper was waiting; and Mosie sat down on one side of the table, and Will, with his bruised cheek, sat down on the other side, and sup-

per went on without a word being said about Will and Mosie.

And the evening went on in the same way. Nothing was said about the quarrel, but nobody seemed to be very cheerful. This evening, that they had all thought would be such a happy evening, was dull.

Mosie and Will kept away from each other all the evening, and Mosie was very glad when bedtime came and he was sent up-stairs. The children were all sent to bed—even Len and Will, who generally sat up much later.

Mosie had a little room all by himself, just as he had at home, to-night. Aunt Milly had intended to put him in the large room with Will and Len, because she thought it would be much pleasanter for the boys to be together. But she changed her plans now. So Mosie went by himself into the little room, and, instead of undressing immediately, he went and stood by the window, near the head of his bed, and looked out.

The window was open, and Mosie reached out and looked down into the yard. It was cool and nice

there, leaning out among the breezes, and looking down into the dim sweetness; but Mosie did not feel comfortable. His head was hot, and he wished that something would happen—he did not know what.

He had only been there, leaning out of the window, a very little while, when the door opened, and some one came into the room. Mosie looked around, and saw papa coming toward him. Papa came to the window and stood for a moment with his hand on Mosie's shoulder, and then he sat down in the chair by the

window, and lifted Mosie on to his lap.

They sat in that way for a few moments, and then papa said :

“What were you thinking about then, Mosie?—doing good?”

“No, sir,” said Mosie.

“About being good, then?”

“No, sir,” Mosie said.

“What then; about watching and praying?”

“No, sir.”

“Were you thinking, Mosie,” papa said, “how angry you were, and how you hated Will?”

Mosie did not say "No, sir," this time. He said nothing.

"My child," said papa, "what are we going to do about this thing? Are you willing to let it go?"

Mosie did not seem unwilling.

"Because, if you do," said papa, "it will make mamma and me very unhappy."

"What shall I do?" said Mosie, sobbing; for, though he was quite willing to let it go as far as Will was concerned, he could not bear to make mamma and papa unhappy.

"What do you think you should

do, Mosie?" papa said. "Can you think of more than one way of making the thing all right? What do you do to make up with mamma and me when you have displeased us?"

"But it's different," said Mosie.

"I love you, and I hate him."

"And because you love us," said papa, "it isn't so very hard to tell us you're sorry when you have done wrong, and it isn't such a great victory that you gain, Mosie. But what do you think of telling some one you do not love at all that you have done

wrong? What sort of a victory would that be, my boy?"

A great victory, Mosie knew. But he did not care much for winning it.

"Mosie," said papa, "have you forgotten about doing good in Pinkville, and that it is by being good that you are to do good here?"

"No, sir," said Mosie.

"Think how you have begun, Mosie. Think what a beginning this afternoon has been in being good. With such a beginning can you expect to do good? And are you willing not to undo it as far as possible,

and, by letting it go, to give up the whole plan for doing good?"

"Oh! no, sir," Mosie said. "I wouldn't give it up for any thing. I promised Daffy."

"Then I'll leave you to decide, Mosie," papa said. "You know what you ought to do. Pray God to give you strength to do it."

And papa said good-night and went away.

CHAPTER V.

MOSIE felt better for papa's visit, but he did not feel just right still. He did not feel much like going to God and talking to him. But, because papa had told him to, he knelt down by the bed and said over one of his prayers. It was, "Now I lay me," and it had in it no prayer for help; so, when Mosie had finished it, he said in his own words: "Please, God, help me to do right."

Mosie knew what right was, and

that was all he needed—help to do right.

Mosie felt a great deal better then. He felt stronger, but still it was very hard to do right. He went very slowly out of his room and into the hall. He knew where the boys' room was, for he had seen them go into it; and as he came near the door, he heard them talking inside.

And then he turned and went half-way back to his own room; for he realized what he was going to do, and he was afraid. It was so much worse to have both the boys there;

to have Len listening to what he should say.

But Mosie only went half-way. He remembered Daffy, and their dead child, and the Doing Good Society, and his promises ; and in an instant he said over again, " Please, God, help me to do right," and ran quickly back and opened the boys' door and went and stood in the boys' room.

" Halloa there ! is it the forty thieves a-coming ? . Oh ! it's the young tiger-cat," said Len.

" Shut up !" said Will, and he came

up to Mosie and put out his hand to him.

“I’m sorry,” said Mosie, and he didn’t get a chance to say any thing more.

“All right, my man,” Will said. “I’m sorry too. You’re a plucky little fellow, and I won’t bully you any more.”

Immediately Len began to sing “Let’s be jolly,” and Will came in on the chorus, and Mosie stood and laughed.

And then they all began to be very jolly indeed, and they jumped

and screamed, and threw pillows at each other, and turned somersets, and had glorious fun generally—such noisy, wild, crazy fun as only boys can have, and such fun as Mosie had rarely had with boys in his life before.

They made such a noise that Aunt Milly came up by and by to see what was the matter. Aunt Milly was so pleased to see Mosie in the room with Will, and playing with him, that she did not scold the boys very hard. She looked at Will and then at Mosie.

“It’s all quiet on the Potomac, mother,” Will said. “No more fighting till the next time. We shook hands on it.”

“I’m very, very glad,” said Aunt Milly. “And Will and Len, I hope you’ve learned a lesson about teasing little children. I hope it will be the last time that you do any thing of the kind. It is so mean to tease.”

“Yes, mother dear,” Will said, turning a somerset which brought him so near her feet that Aunt Milly slid out into the hall and shut the door and left the boys alone.

They played till they were tired out; then they went to bed and slept three in a bed—in the boys' wide bed, which was big enough for four.

They lay awake a long time, and talked just as girls who go out to spend the night do. Mosie told Will and Len all about the Doing Good Society, about Aunt Merciful Gratacap, and Daffy and their boy. He could not have talked to them as he did if they had still been jolly and mad with fun.

But, as they had had fun until they were tired of it, and were ear-

nest and sober now, and very much interested in what Mosie told them, and anxious to hear all about Mosie, Mosie talked and talked until there was nothing about the Doing Good Society that Will and Len did not know.

Will and Len were not very bad boys. They meant, down at the bottom of their hearts, to be good boys. The great trouble with them was, that they liked fun too well. Boys ought to like fun very much, of course. But they ought not to

like it a great deal better than any thing else, as Will and Len did.

Will and Len liked fun so much that they liked it through thick and thin, everywhere and always, good fun or bad fun. They liked fun so much that, for the sake of it, they would do wrong sometimes.

Will and Len thought that the world they lived in was a very jolly world indeed. They thought that sorrow was a kind of humbug, and that people were very silly to be sad when it was so much easier to be jolly. They had never been misera-

ble, and lonely, and homeless, and they did not pity as they ought—thoughtless Will and Len—the miserable, and lonely, and homeless. They had never felt the need of gifts and kind words ; and they never offered gifts and kindnesses to the needy.

Uncle Charles and Aunt Milly had talked to them often about sin and suffering, and about doing good. But Will and Len did not like to listen, and they always tried to forget, as soon as they could, what their father and mother said. For sin and

suffering are not jolly, and Will and Len liked only jolly things.

To-night they were very sober, because they were tired out, and they listened with great interest to what Mosie told them about sin and suffering. It might not be jolly, but it certainly was droll to have a little boy, smaller than themselves, who had really suffered, in bed with them, and telling about his sufferings and the sufferings of other poor, wretched children.

If they had been jolly, they would have thought Mosie was preaching

when he talked so seriously about doing good, and when he told them that he wanted to do good in Pinkville, and hoped he should have a chance.

“An’t there any poor children here?” said Mosie at length. Mosie did not know but papa might have been mistaken when he said there were none in Pinkville.

“Not a one, Mosie,” Len said, “that you would want. We have aristocratic beggars in Pinkville. There are only two of ’em, Mosie.”

“Name 'em,” said Will, wondering who they were.

“Why, Tommie and his dog.”

“They don't count but one, boy,” Will said.

“I tell you, Mosie, they count two,” said Len, “because they don't always go together. About once a month they're parted. Just about so often Tommie thinks there's danger of robbers, and leaves the dog home to take care of the silver, and he goes off alone.”

“I don't know what you're talking about,” said Mosie.

“ I’ll tell you, Mosie,” said Will. “ Tommie is the only beggar in Pinkville, unless you count his dog another. He’s a loony old fellow—”

“ Loony means crazy, Mosie,” said Len, kindly explaining.

“ I guess I knew that,” said Mosie.

“ Of course he did,” said Will.

“ What do you take the boy for ?”

“ Well,” said Will, “ he isn’t a clear loon. He’s about half loon and half sensible, and he and a vicious cur keep house in a shanty in the woods, on the other hill. They earn their living, Mosie, by politely

requesting Pinkville to fork over meat and potatoes whenever they feel an appetite coming on, which happens about seven days in the week."

"Does he beg Sundays too?" said Mosie.

"It amounts to the same. He does double duty on Saturday and gets enough to last over. Oh! no; Tommie goes to church on Sunday. He sits up in the gallery, and the dog waits outside."

"Will," said Len, jumping up in bed in his excitement, "we'll have to

sit in the gallery next Sunday, 'cause the seat'll be full. Father'll have to let us."

"Hurrah for the gallery!" said Will. "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"O Mosie!" said Len. "You don't know what fun it is to sit in the gallery. Lots of the boys sit there, but father won't let us unless our seat's full. We'll take you with us. We sit right behind father, where he can't see us."

"Why don't you want him to see you?" said Mosie.

“ Oh ! we can have more fun,”
said Len.

Now, going to church for fun was something that Mosie had never heard of before. Before he had ever known what was inside the churches, when he had sat outside, ragged and dirty, and watched the people going in, he had always noticed that the people went in quietly, not as they went in to places of amusement.

And though he had known quite well, for many weeks, all about the inside of the churches ; though

every church he saw outside now seemed to him like a great home inside, Mosie did not know that people ever went in the churches to have fun.

It all seemed so holy to Mosie about the house of God. The good minister and the pulpit, and even the aisles, and pillars, and seats, seemed holy to Mosie. Mosie loved to go to church, but not because he had fun there, though Mosie loved fun well enough. He loved to go to God's house because he loved God.

For Mosie did love God. Though

he often did things to displease Him, he still loved Him. Mosie had loved God ever since he knew, on the night of the birthday, how God loved him, and how he sent his blessed Son on earth to die for him.

It struck Mosie so strangely to hear the boys talk about having fun in church that he did not know what to say at first.

“An’t you glad we can sit in the gallery, Mosie?” said Len.

Mosie mustered up all his courage and answered, “No.”

“ Well, you are an odd one. Why ?” said Len.

Mosie wished they would not ask him, but he said, stumbling a little over it,

“ Church an’t the place to have fun.”

“ O you little moll—!” Will did not finish the word, but checked himself, and commenced to talk about something else ; about Tommie and his dog again.

Mosie felt his face getting hot. He could stand any thing better than being called a mollie. He wished,

for a moment, that he had agreed with the boys, and he thought how much easier it was to be bad than good. That is a thought that we all of us have to think a great many times in our lives, my dear children. But it was a thought that Mosie had had to think very few times since he became Mosie Ruble; for he had had so many things to help him to be good. He had not seen any boys who teased and tempted him to be bad, as Will and Len did. He had had papa and mamma to help him to

be good, and Daffy and dear little Roly and Poly for companions.

But now the thought came into Mosie's head that it was disagreeable to be good, and Mosie wished that he had agreed with Will and Len that it would be nice to have fun in church.

But this thinking and wishing only lasted a moment, and then Mosie felt right again, and his face wasn't so hot, and he listened to what Will had to say about Tommie.

Will was talking very pleasantly, for he did not mean to tease Mosie

again, and he told him about some of Tommie's queer ways, which amused all the Pinkville boys.

"I'd like to see him," said Mosie.

"All right," said Len. "We'll call."

"All right," said Will; and they said nothing more that night.

Mosie wondered, before he went to sleep, if, besides all the wrong that he had done that day, he had done any good. He knew that he did right when he overcame his pride and hatred, and told Will that he was sorry. But whether by being good

that time he had done good, he could not tell. But he remembered what papa had said about not being able to tell always, and he went to sleep hoping.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Mosie woke in the morning, he could not understand at first where he was, but very soon all yesterday came back to him. And then Mosie felt ashamed, and he began to fear going down-stairs and meeting all the people who had seen him behave so badly. His fear lasted all the time while he and Len and Will were dressing.

But he need not have feared; for when he went into the sitting-room

every body spoke very kindly to him, and they were all as gay and happy as if nothing disagreeable had ever happened.

Uncle Charles took Will and Len into the library, and had a long talk with them ; and the consequence of it was, that they commenced immediately to be very attentive and polite to Roly and Poly and Mosie, and did not seem in the least inclined to tease them. They asked the little girls what they should do to amuse them in the first place ; and Roly and Poly

answered that they should take them into the woods.

“How would you like having a picnic?” said Will.

“Oh! splendid,” cried Roly. “Say we do.”

So Will asked Aunt Milly and mamma if they might take the children into the woods for a picnic, and the two mothers gave their consent.

After breakfast, Aunt Milly packed a basket, and they all started off, back of the house, up the hill. They

had only gone a little way when Mosie said :

“ I wish we could go and see Tommie.”

“ We’ll go anywhere you like, Mosie,” Will said, “ but it’s a long walk to Tommie’s, and Roly and Poly would get so tired that they’d have to be carried home.”

“ No, we wouldn’t,” said Roly. “ Let’s go.”

Roly and Poly knew Tommie, for he had begged at Aunt Milly’s every summer when they had been in Pinkville.

As Roly and Poly insisted on going, Will and Len turned about and went down into the village with them. Then they went across the village till they came to the other hill. They sat down a few moments to rest at the foot of the road leading up the hill, though Roly and Poly declared they were not tired.

The road was pretty steep, and it was hard work for Roly and Poly, who took such short steps, to get ahead. But they would not be helped, for fear the boys might think they were tired.

“Just take hold of our hands, Roly and Poly,” Will said, “and you’ll get along twice as fast.”

“No, I thank you,” said Roly, with great dignity. “I an’t tired,” and Poly said it after Roly, with great dignity.

“You’d better, Roly and Poly,” said Mosie, “if you an’t tired. Because you keep the rest of us behind.”

And then Roly and Poly started and ran, to prove to the boys that they were as smart as they were, and they kicked up such a great dust

that the boys begged them to come back and creep if they wanted to.

Once in a while they passed a house standing back from the road, and once in a while they passed an old farm-wagon, going slowly, slowly up the hill.

Slowly as Roly and Poly walked, they passed the lazy old horses.

The houses were all on one side of the road, and on the other side, close to where the children walked, was the edge of a thick dark woods. Every little while Roly and Poly stopped and looked into the trees.

After one of these pauses, Roly slid up to Will and put her hand in his, and whispered :

“ Will, what’s in there ? ”

Will shook his head solemnly, and did not answer.

“ Please tell me, ” said Roly.

“ Oh ! do, Will, tell us, ” said Poly, coming and taking his other hand, for Roly had whispered so loud that Poly had heard her.

Roly and Poly did not think what they were doing when they took hold of Will’s hands. They did not

want to be helped, of course. They only did it to coax him.

“Would you, Len?” said Will gravely.

“Tell Roly and Poly—little Roly and Poly—about it!” exclaimed Len. “What an idea, sir! Don’t think of it!”

“No,” said Will. “No, Roly and Poly. I can’t tell you.”

Roly and Poly teased and teased, but it did no good.

At the first winding in the road, the first time they turned a corner, whom should they meet but Tommie

and the dog coming down the hill; a feeble old man with long white hair, and stupid, staring, light eyes, carrying a stick in one hand and a large basket in the other, and a little black and white dog with a sharp nose and very small, bright eyes. The dog commenced barking as soon as he saw the children, and Roly and Poly commenced screaming as soon as they saw the dog. The dog barked at Roly and Poly, and Roly and Poly screamed at the dog; and whether the dog or Roly and Poly were more frightened nobody could tell.

It is certain that all three were terribly afraid of each other; for the dog got behind Tommie to bark at Roly and Poly, and Roly and Poly got behind Will and Len to scream at the dog.

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed Tommie, very much amused. “Rich, rich, rich! Ha, ha, ha!—a joke! Nice, little boy!”

Tommie meant that the dog was a nice little boy. He always praised his dog for barking. He thought it was so smart and funny and brave in

his dog to bark, just as if he were the only dog in the world who had that accomplishment.

“Stop that noise,” said Len, lifting up his foot at the dog. “Keep still, you rascal.”

“Ah! now,” said Tommie, seeing the upraised foot, lifting his weak hand and dropping it backward and forward at the side of his face, and looking very silly; “ah! do-o-on’t, now, please do-o-on’t. I wou-ou-ldn’t.”

“Keep him still then, Tommie,”

said Len. "I won't have him scaring these little girls."

"Kee-ee-p still then, nice—little boy," said Tommie, turning around and dropping his hand more forward than backward at the dog.

But at that instant the dog, seeing a good chance to escape, started, barking, and leaping, and tumbling, head over heels and heels over head, down the hill; and Tommie, leaping, and tumbling, and screaming, "Nice lit-tle boy, wa-a-it!" started after him.

"Nice lit-tle boy, wa-a-it! Nice

lit-tle boy, wa-a-it!" the children heard until Tommie was out of sight, and until they had laughed till they could laugh no more.

CHAPTER VII.

“Now,” said Will, “what are we going to do? Here we are going to make Tommie a visit, and he isn’t at home. And we didn’t tell him of it, or he might have gone back.”

“An’t there any woods we could go into?” said Mosie.

“Not near here. A good deal further on there are. The only woods here are these thick ones that it’s next to impossible to get into.”

“Let’s go on,” said Roly, “and see Tommie’s house.”

“I’d like to,” said Mosie.

So they decided to go on, as it was not much further.

“Here we are !” said Will pretty soon.

Roly and Poly and Mosie looked in all directions, but they saw no house.

“Follow your captain,” said Will, and he turned with his face to the woods.

Just where they stood, the tall bushes and the branches of the trees

were so thick that they could not see six inches into the woods.

“Get behind me, Roly and Poly. Single file,” Will said. “Fall in line, all of you.” They formed a line, Will leading and Len bringing up the rear.

Will parted the branches, and stooped down and took a step forward.

“Come on, Roly,” he said. Roly was just behind him in the procession.

Roly passed through the opening Will had made, and found herself in

a narrow, clean path. Then the others came on, and they marched to the end of the path, which turned once, and brought them around to the door of a little shanty.

The door was open, and, one after the other, they looked in. There was nothing to be seen but a low room and a great deal of unpainted wood. The floor was unpainted, and the ceiling was unpainted, and the walls were unpainted.

There was a long unpainted bench on one side of the room, which Tommie had begged of a good-natured

school-teacher. There was a small unpainted bedstead in a corner, which Tommie had begged of a carpenter. There was a low unpainted table in the middle of the room, which Tommie had begged of a butcher. Perhaps I oughtn't to say that the table was unpainted; for the butcher had used the table to cut chickens' heads off on, and the stains of chicken-blood were on it still. There were two unpainted stools and an unpainted cradle, all of which Tommie had begged of a poor woman.

The poor woman's baby had died,

and she was glad to get rid of the cradle; for she could not bear to see it empty. And the poor woman was very kind, and had six stools in her house, and thought she could spare two for Tommie.

“What’s the cradle for, Will?” Roly said. “Has Tommie got a little baby?”

“That’s for the dog, Roly,” said Will. “He sleeps in it, and Tommie has the bed.”

“Well,” said Len, “I s’pose we might as well make ourselves at home. There doesn’t seem to be

any body to do the honors. Ladies and gentlemen, I invite you all to enter.”

Len went in and the others followed. Roly went and looked at the cradle, and found that it was half filled with straw, and that there was a hole in the straw about the size the dog would be, curled up to go to sleep.

There was nothing to be explored in the room, nothing that they could look into, but a little cupboard. Poly examined that while Roly was examining the cradle. She found a

plate and cup, and knife and fork, and a big blue platter, and a tin basin and tin pail, and two spoons, and a part of a loaf of bread, and some cold parsnips and half a cabbage, and some codfish and butter mixed up together. They had all been begged.

“I say,” said Len, “that we have some fun here.” Len never went anywhere without thinking of fun the very first thing.

“I say so too,” said Mosie. “It’s just the place.”

“Put my name down,” said Will.

“Mosie,” said Poly, “what would Tommie do if he should come and find us here? Do you b’lieve we’ve got any right to be in another man’s house without he asks us?”

“Polu’only,” Will said, “you needn’t worry about that. We come here whenever we please. Tommie likes to have us, if we’re careful. The boys often come here and pay rent for the time they stay. Tommie thinks it’s very big to let his house while he’s away. ‘The Furnished House’ we call it. It tickles Tommie to ask him if the ‘Furnished

House,' with accommodations, is to let."

"Well," said Poly, feeling greatly relieved; for she wanted to stay as much as any body.

"Got any money to pay rent, Will?" said Len.

"Yes," Will said, taking a purse from his pocket and snaking it.

CHAPTER VIII.

“LET’S play keeping house,” said Roly.

They all agreed, and began to take their characters. Will was to be father, and Roly mother, and the rest were the children.

“Oh! if I only had one of mamma’s dresses here,” said Roly. “I really must have a trail to be mother in. I can’t do it at all without one. I an’t used to it.”

“Oh! for a trail!” said Len.

“What shall be done for a trail for mother?”

“My dear,” Will said, “I’ll lend you my coat.”

“O my love!” said Roly, “it wouldn’t do.”

“But, my dear,” said Will, “we can pin it on behind.”

“To my dress, love?” said Roly.

“Of course, dear,” said Will.

“That’s where they wear them—on the back breadth.”

“Do you suppose,” said Roly, stamping her foot, and pretending to be very angry, “do you suppose,

sir, that *I* don't know where they wear 'em? *I*, a fas-on-a-ble woman?"

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Will, taking off his coat. "Will you allow me?"

"Don't you call me madam," said Roly, shaking her fist at Will, at which Will trembled very much and looked *so* scared.

Then Roly stood still and allowed Will to pin his linen coat to the bottom of her dress.

And when he had finished, Roly began to put on airs. Trails do





ROLY AND POLY AT PINKVILLE.

make people feel queenly—there is no mistake about it. Trails make big girls, who are used to them, feel queenly, and they make little girls, who are not used to them, feel queenlier.

Roly sailed back and forth across the room several times, to show her trail to good advantage, and, with one sweep of her hand, sent her husband and children into the corners, out of her way.

“O dear me!” said Roly, taking out an imaginary watch, “’most dinner time and the steak hasn’t come.

I'll have that butcher arrested. Alexander, Alexander," beckoning to Mosie, "go at once to the butcher's, and tell him he's to send the steak or be arrested."

Mosie disappeared out of the door.

"Jerusha, Jerusha," beckoning to Poly, "set the table for dinner; and Cornelius," beckoning to Len, "go out in the garden and dig some beans for dinner."

They were all disposed of but Will, and he still stood sheepishly in the corner.

“My love,” said Roly, settling herself gracefully on one of the stools, “come here.”

Will came, bowing and grinning, and dropped on one knee before Roly, and put his hand on his heart, and rolled up his eyes.

“My love,” said Roly, “get me a punkin.”

My love groaned. “Ah! to leave thee!” he sighed.

“Go 'long, you goose,” said his tender wife.

Still bowing and grinning, with his hand on his heart and his eyes

rolled up, My Love backed himself out of the room, and Roly was left alone.

Len was the first one to return.

“Ma,” he said, “gi’ me a cent for digging them beans? I want some gum.”

“Yes, Cornelie,” said Roly, “if you’ll be a good boy.”

“Yes, ma,” Cornelius said, “if you’ll double it. It wouldn’t pay to be good for less than two cents, ma.”

“Oh! you funny little thing, you!” said Roly. “I always said you were

my smartest. There, take 'em, and run along."

Cornelius took the pennies that his mother was supposed to give him, and went off to get the gum.

"Will," Roly cried, as Will came bowing and grinning back into the room; "Will," she cried, forgetting her matronly dignity in the excitement of a new idea, "let's have a real dinner here, and eat the luncheon that we brought. Wouldn't it be nice? We can set the table with Tommie's dishes, and all."

“A good idea, Roly,” said Will.
“We will do that.”

So the father and mother called in the children, and told them what was to be done.

“I’m awfully thirsty,” said Poly.

“So am I,” said Len.

“Well, we boys will take Tommie’s tin pail and go up to the spring for water,” said Will, “and Roly and Poly can be getting dinner ready while we are gone.”

“How long will you be gone?”
said Roly.

“About ten minutes, Roly,” said Len. “It isn’t far.”

Just as they were starting, Roly remembered something. She looked very thoughtful for a few seconds, and then she ran to the corner of the little house and called, “Will, Will !”

The other boys were already on the road, and Will was just pushing the branches aside to go through. He turned around when Roly called.

Roly ran down the path to Will, and took hold of his hand with her soft little fingers, and looked up in

his face as bewitchingly as she could.

“Will,” she said, “won’t you please tell me what’s in there before you go?” and Roly pointed with her other hand at the black woods. “I want to know so much.”

Now, Will was very fond indeed of his little cousin Roly, but he did like to tease her once in a while. Roly looked up so earnestly, and asked the question so innocently, that Will, loving fun as he did even better than he loved Roly, could not answer her as he ought. He should have told

her that there was nothing at all there but branches and bushes ; but it was twice the fun to look mysterious and not tell her any thing.

“ Please, Will,” Roly begged.

“ I can’t, Roly. I couldn’t possibly think of it,” said Will.

“ Then I shall be afraid,” said Roly.

“ Then I shall stay with you,” said Will. “ I wouldn’t have you afraid for any thing, my little dear.”

“ No, you shan’t,” said Roly.

“ Yes, I shall,” said Will, going

back a step or two toward the house.

“No, you shan’t,” said Roly, getting in front of him. “I won’t be afraid. I’ve got Poly.”

“Come on, Will,” called Len and Mosie, breaking through the branches. “What’s become of you?”

“Parting words,” said Will.

“Go on, Will,” said Roly.

“Are you sure you won’t be afraid, Roly?” Will asked.

“Yes,” said Roly, “very, very sure.”

So Will went off with Len and Mo-

sie, intending to hurry back, lest Roly should be afraid after all, and want him. It would have been such an easy thing for Will to keep Roly from fearing by telling her the truth about the woods.

CHAPTER IX.

ROLY ran back into the house, and found that, while she had been talking with Will, Poly had got nearly all Tommie's dishes out of the cupboard, and put them on the table.

"Poly," said Roly, "don't let's finish getting dinner now. Let's find out about the woods."

"Why, Roly, an't you afraid?" said Poly—Poly, the little girl who was so proud of being bold.

“ Oh ! we won't go far,” said Roly.

“ We'll just look into 'em.”

“ Well,” said Poly.

“ Let's take hold of hands, Poly.”

Taking hold of hands, the little girls went tremblingly out the door and on the path, and just as close to the woods as they could get. They looked and looked, but it did no good.

“ Can you see any thing, Roly ?”
said Poly.

“ No,” said Roly. “ Can you ?”

“ No. Let's go just a little ways in,” said Poly..

“How can we?”

“We can creep there.” And Roly pointed to a low opening.

They stooped down and crawled along a short distance, and Poly, who was ahead, stood up in a little clear spot. There was just about room enough for Roly to stand up by her. They looked all around, and still there was nothing to be seen.

“Let’s go on,” said Poly, getting more and more curious every moment. “Let’s go on till we find

something. I will if you will, Roly."

"I will," said Roly.

So on and on they went, trembling, and breaking through branches and bushes, getting scratched and bruised all the time. Once in a while they came to a clear place, and then they walked along comfortably for a few moments. And on the other side of the clear place they plunged into the bushes again. They did not realize how far they were going nor that they were scratched and bruised. They did not feel afraid. They did

not think of any thing but the discoveries they were going to make.

Every little while Roly and Poly fancied that they heard or saw something strange, but they only fancied it. They found nothing satisfactory. They kept saying, to comfort each other :

“ We'll get to it pretty soon, Poly.”

“ We'll get to it pretty soon, Roly.”

“ It can't be much further.” “ I'm sure we're coming to it now.” and such things.

They had been walking half an hour — a full half hour — in that

dreadful way, when Roly said, stopping suddenly :

“Poly, I’m so tired.”

“So am I,” said Poly.

“I’ve got some awful hurts,” said Roly.

“So have I,” said Poly. And she showed Roly a long red scratch on her white arm.

And then the little girls sat down on the ground, under the bushes, and cried.

“Roly,” said Poly through her sobs, “I don’t believe there is any thing but bushes.”

“ I know there isn't,” said Roly.
“ Will has been fooling us.”

“ The mean old thing !” said Poly.

And then they both cried harder still.

“ Poly, what shall we do ?” said Roly.

“ Go back,” said Poly.

“ Do you know which way we came ?”

“ No,” said Poly.

“ Neither do I,” said Roly. “ We'll have to wait till the boys come and find us.”

“Do you s’pose they’ll come, Roly?”

“Of course they will. They’ll be awfully scared. Good for ’em! I’ll pound Will.”

“I’ll pound Will too,” said Poly, “with both my fists. And I shouldn’t wonder if I scratched him, I’ll be so mad by the time he gets here.”

“Poly,” said Roly, “s’pose we didn’t pound him. S’pose we forgave him?”

“What made you think of that, Roly?”

“I don’t know, unless it was be-

cause 'Watch and pray' came into my head."

"You know what we promised Dolly and Daffy, Roly?"

"Yes; that came into my head too."

"And how papa told us we could do good in Pinkville?"

"Yes; that too."

"I'm sure," said Roly, "that that's a way of being good, Poly. Forgiving Will will be being good."

"I don't b'lieve it will be doing good, though," said Poly, quite decidedly. "I know it would do him

more good to pound him. He'd remember next time not to fool us."

"But don't you know," said Roly, "that papa said being good would surely do good?"

"So he did," said Poly, "and he told us we couldn't always tell, but it would do good anyway—didn't he? I guess we'd better forgive Will, but I don't want to."

"I know we'd better," said Roly, "but I don't want to either."

"Roly," said Poly, "we're watching now, but we haven't prayed yet."

The little girls put their heads down in their laps and prayed, and then they looked at each other quite sweetly, as if they had never had any revengeful thoughts about Will, and told each other that they were ready.

“Poly,” Roly said, “do you remember the babes in the wood?”

“Yes,” said Poly. “I was just going to ask you if you remembered the little kitten that had such an awful time in the woods, and had to go home to his mother after all.”

“Which kitten?”

“ A kitten once to its mother said,
‘ I’ll never more be good ;
But I’ll go and be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreary wood.’ ”

“ Oh ! yes ; I remember now,”
said Roly.

So they talked to each other, and waited for the boys to come. They were quite ready for them ; for revenge had gone out of their hearts, and left only forgiveness and love in them.

CHAPTER X.

THE boys were gone fifteen minutes for the water. It took three of them a great deal longer to get it than it would have taken one; for they kept stopping to talk, or to look at things on the way.

“I suppose mother and sister Jerusha will have dinner all ready for us,” said Len, when they were almost home.

“They’ll have time enough, if we keep on at this rate,” said Mosie.

“Come on,” said Will. “Let’s hurry. It’s too bad to leave the little things alone so long.”

So they ran races the rest of the way home. Fortunately the pail had a tight cover, and, though it swung every way, none of the water was spilled.

“Faith, mither, an’ here’s the liquid,” said Len, who carried the pail, going into the house. “Where are you, Roly and Poly?”

“An’t they there?” called Will and Mosie, coming in.

They looked in the wee yard and

ran down the path, and looked up and down the hill, and then they called "Roly! Poly!" with all their might in every direction.

Where the children could be, the boys could not imagine, until an idea flashed into Will's head.

"I know," he exclaimed. "They're in the woods."

"The woods!" said Len, "what nonsense! They wouldn't dare go, and they couldn't if they would."

"Well, I tell you they are in the woods," said Will, seeming quite excited, "and I'm going after them."

“Will, you’re cracked,” said Len. “I couldn’t get into those woods myself.”

“You needn’t get in,” said Will. “It’s my fault that they went, and I’m going after them.”

“Will, what do you mean?” said Mosie.

“I think, Mosie,” Will said, “that Roly and Poly have gone exploring. It would be just like them, to try and find out what I wouldn’t tell them about the woods’ inhabitants. I’m sure of it, from the way Roly behaved. She teased me to tell her,

and then insisted on my going with you and Len for water. The little lady has a long head. I don't doubt she had the expedition all planned."

"What a time they must be having!" said Mosie. "Do let's get to them."

Will was hunting all around the little house to find a break in the bushes. Two or three times he went around it, and could not decide on Roly and Poly's starting-place. There were three or four places where he thought they might have entered. He finally decided to try,

himself, the place where Roly and Poly had really commenced their journey, and he told Mosie and Len to try the other places ; and if either one of them found any traces of Roly and Poly, he was to shout and make it known.

Will had only gone a few rods when he saw his coat—Roly's trail—lying, full length, before him. He gave a loud shout, and in a minute Len and Mosie had come to the spot.

“ See,” said Will, “ here's Roly's

trail. She forgot to take it off when she started."

He put on the coat, and they followed the broken branches, calling "Roly ! Poly !" all the way. Roly and Poly had made a little path in the branches and bushes, which was better than no guide at all, though often it was so slight a path that the boys could not distinguish it. But something seemed to lead them on in the right way.

It did not take the boys more than fifteen minutes to get where Roly and Poly had been half an hour in

getting. Boys as they were, their hands and faces were smarting with the pain of their scratches. Each one of them thought of little Roly and Poly whenever he got a fresh scratch, though they went on silently, and did not talk about the children, whom they pitied so.

Will kept ahead all the time. He plunged into the bushes and did not try to avoid scratches, and called constantly, "Roly! Poly!"

By and by he heard an answer, very faint and low, so faint that he thought he only fancied that he heard

it. But it came again, "Will!" Sweetly it came from the little girls whom he had teased and brought into trouble.

It did not take Will long then to find Roly and Poly, sitting under the bushes, crying wearily.

"You poor little things!" he cried, seizing them both. "Pound me, do. I'll give you leave to pay me off any way you want to. Go at me, Roly and Poly."

"We an't going to pay you off that way, Will," said Poly.

"How then?" said Will.

“We’re going to forgive you.”

“Yes, Will,” said Roly; “we’ve got it all fixed to forgive you. If you’d come at first, we would have pounded you, ’cause we were mad then; but we’ve got over being mad. We prayed it away.”

Will did not say any thing, but something shining, very like tears, came into his eyes. And then he winked hard, and whatever they were, he drove them back.

He took Roly and Poly both up in his arms at once, and said they would go home.

“Here, give me one,” said Len.
“One’s a load.”

Len took Poly, and they started back on their pathless way.

“Mosie,” said Poly, looking back over Len’s shoulder, “did you think you wouldn’t see us again? An’t you glad?”

Mosie did not try to drive back his tears. He had been so miserable when he found Roly and Poly gone, and he was so happy now.

By and by they got back to the little house, and there stood the pail

on the threshold, where Len had dropped it.

“Pull off that cover, Len,” said Will, “and we’ll wash Roly and Poly’s wounds.”

So Roly and Poly, having been stood up side by side on the floor, began to have their arms washed. Wherever there was a scratch, the boys rubbed on water with all their might, until Roly and Poly cried out that the washing hurt more than the scratches, and refused to be doctored in that way any more. Then the boys did not know what to do. They

did not think of their own scratches. All that they wanted was something to make the little girls feel better.

“If Tommie were only here,” said Will. “He’s a regular old doctor. He knows what to do for every thing. As it is, I don’t see any way but to take Roly and Poly home to mother.”

“Oh! no,” said Roly. “We don’t want to go home yet—do we, Poly?”

“No,” said Poly. “We want to finish our playing. We haven’t had dinner yet. My scratches don’t ache much now.”

“Mine don’t, either,” said Roly, commencing to take the dinner out of the basket. “Now,” said Roly, “what are we going to do for water? We can’t drink that.”

“I’m sure we wouldn’t dare leave you again, to go to the spring,” Will said.

“I’d risk their going off again,” said Len. “But it takes a great deal longer for us all to go. I’ll go alone, and be back in five minutes.”

And in a little more than five minutes Len came back with the water, and found the table all set and the

family seated around the room talking and waiting for his return. As there were not stools enough for them all to sit around the table where it stood, they had drawn the table up to the bench, and the three children were to sit on the bench on one side of the table, while the parents were to have the stools and the other three sides of the table.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY had hardly commenced to eat when they heard a loud barking at the door, and "Nice lit-tle boy," coming after it.

"Now, Roly and Poly," Will said, as they commenced their screaming, "just keep still, and the dog won't trouble you. Afraid of a little puppy when you weren't afraid of the big woods!"

"Shame on you, Roly and Poly," said Mosie, as they kept on scream-

ing “It’s mean of you to frighten the dog in that way. See him shake.”

That they could be frightening the dog—the horrible, wicked, barking dog, who looked every moment as if he were going to spring at them and tear them in pieces—was a new idea to Roly and Poly, and they stopped screaming a minute to think about it.

As they stopped screaming the dog stopped barking. He stood and watched Roly and Poly with great coolness for a moment, and then

walked off, leaped into the air, and disappeared in his cradle.

“Well, Tommie,” said Len; “thought you’d come and make us a visit, did you? Glad to see you. You’re just in time for dinner. Hope you’ve brought us something good for dessert.”

Tommie sat down on the edge of his bed and shook his head sadly.

“Basket empty, Tommie?” said Len, winking at the children.

Tommie nodded and began to whimper.

“Now, Tommie,” said Len, “I say

it's mean. How those Pinkville people do treat you anyway! I dare say not even my mother gave you a thing—did she?"

"No-o-o," said Tommie. "Not even you-ou-r mo-o-ther."

"Take my seat, Tommie," said Will. "How hungry you must be! You shall have part of our dinner."

Now, almost any other man than Tommie would have refused that invitation. For almost any other man couldn't possibly have eaten a mouthful after just having swallowed nine cold potatoes, nearly half a loaf of

bread, several cold pancakes, a quantity of hash, and at least a pound of small bits. Tommie had been eating all the way up the hill, and he had eaten the mountain of food, which was in his basket when he started, down to quite a moderate-sized hill. It was very wonderful how Tommie could eat. He never seemed to get satisfied. The more people gave him, the more he was able to make way with. An invitation to eat he never, never refused.

“Thank you,” Tommie said to Will. “Tha-a-ank you. I am hun-

gry—ve-e-ry.” And Tommie, his face one smile, tottered over to Will’s seat at the table, carrying his basket with him.

Tommie knew better than to leave his basket behind. For he did not intend to have it explored, and to have the children discover that he was not a poor, abused, hungry old man.

That was what Tommie wanted every body to think about him—that he was abused and hungry. He had thought it so long himself, and been trying so many years to make other

people think it, that on that one point Tommie had become crazy. He believed that he was always hungry. He believed that people were always trying to starve him. And he meant to defeat them—indeed, he did!

So Tommie sat down and put his basket between his legs and fell to eating. He did more than eat—he devoured. He stuffed every thing on the table that he could lay hands on down his throat so fast that it was a sight to see him. It was such fun to watch him that the children hard-

ly minded losing their dinner. They all sat in front of Tommie, and stared him full in the face and laughed at him, except Len, who was stationed very quietly behind him. Occasionally Len winked around Tommie's shoulder at the children, to warn them to keep still and watch. After one of his silent messages, Len dived and snatched Tommie's basket, pulled off the cover, and, with a shout, displayed its contents, before Tommie had even had a chance to get the last handful from the table to his mouth.

In the act of bringing it to his mouth Tommie turned and stared. That was all he did.

“Ah! Tommie, Tommie!” said Len. “You naughty boy. I’ve caught you this time.”

Still Tommie sat, with the handful of food half-way to the end of its journey, mouth wide open, all ready to take it in when it came, and stared.

“Well, Tommie,” Len cried, “what have you got to say for yourself?”

The question, or the thoughts in his head, roused Tommie. He brought

up his hand with a jerk, snapped his three upper teeth against his four lower teeth, chewed, swallowed, and spoke. Very dolefully Tommie spoke—like the hungry, abused old man that he was.

“ I *am* hungry,” Tommie said, “ ve-e-ry, ve-e-ry. I am *so* hungry. Basket empty, Tommie empty. Basket and Tommie both empty—*so* empty.”

“ Tommie,” Len said, screaming with laughter, “ look there ! Do you call that empty ? ” and Len held the basket before Tommie’s eyes.

But Tommie, looking into the basket, would not be convinced. He shook his head as he looked into it, and muttered; "Empty! empty!"

"Don't plague him any more, Len," said Will. "It's a hard joke on him."

"Not any harder than your joke on us," said Len. "What's become of our dinner that you asked him to share with us?"

"As nearly as I can make out, he's shared it," said Will, laughing,

"It's very funny," Len said; "but

I'm hungry. I move that we go home."

Every body seemed to be ready to go, so they made preparations; paid their rent to Tommie, which settled all difficulties and made Tommie feel amiable; said good-by to hungry Tommie, and started down the hill.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN they got home, all the morning's adventures had to be told. And Will himself explained where the scratches and torn dresses came from; and Roly and Poly said it was their fault, because they oughtn't to have gone to the woods anyway; and Will said it was his fault, because he oughtn't to have teased Roly and Poly. And, though every body seemed to agree with Will, and though Uncle Charles and Aunt

Milly were very grave about it, it was all fixed somehow, and Will was forgiven, and things went on smoothly the rest of the day.

Roly and Poly told their mamma at night how they had remembered "Watch and pray," and the Doing Good Society, when they were in the woods, and how they had forgiven Will, and how they had been wondering ever since if their being good had done good.

Mamma told them that without doubt it had. But Roly and Poly were not quite satisfied; and when

mamma was gone, they kept talking about it, and wishing there were some way in which they could find out.

Finally, Poly suggested that they should go boldly to Will and ask him; and Roly liked Poly's suggestion so much that she said she would do it, though Roly was a little bit afraid. But Poly said she was not, and they agreed to ask him the first thing in the morning.

So, early in the morning, as soon as the boys went out in the yard to play, Roly and Poly tripped along

after them, and followed them wherever they went, hoping to get Will off by himself. But, as Will had no particular reason for going off by himself, he staid with Len and Mosie.

“Dear me!” said Poly at length, “there’s no use in trying.”

Now, as neither of the boys had observed that Poly was trying to do any thing, they did not understand what she meant by making such a remark, and they inquired.

“We want Will all alone,” said

Roly, "and you do stick to him so."

"Indeed! I feel honored," said Will. "Depart!"

"Never!" cried Len and Mosie.

Then Will chased the boys, and they ran away off to the other side of the house. They meant to come right back, but they got interested in something there, and staid.

Roly and Poly, now that they had Will all alone, instead of saying any thing, played with their fingers and looked down at the grass.

"Well, little ones?" said Will.

Roly couldn't get up courage enough to say it, but Poly did finally, without looking up.

"Will," Poly said, "Roly and me want to know if we did you any good yesterday, forgiving you?"

"What do you want to know for, Poly?" said Will.

"'Cause," said Poly, "we wanted to—Roly and me did—lots."

"Suppose I didn't know myself, Poly?"

"Don't you?" said Poly, looking up then, straight into Will's eyes.

"Yes," said Will, looking down,

straight into Poly's eyes, and blushing a little. "I do know, and I might as well tell you. I think the next time any body serves me a mean trick, it will be pretty easy for me to forgive it, because I shall remember how you forgave me mine. Yes, Roly and Poly, you've done me good. You've taught me how to forgive."

"It was by praying, you know, Will," said Roly.

"Yes," said Will, "you told me. I'll remember it."

Then how happy Roly and Poly

were ! They wanted to write to Dolly and Daffy right away and tell them how they had succeeded in doing good the very first time they tried. They thanked God for it when they said their prayers at night, and asked him that they might have many more opportunities of doing good while they were in Pinkville, and that they might improve every opportunity that came.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF all the days in the week, Sunday was to Mosie and Roly and Poly the dearest day. One reason was, that they had papa that day from morning till night. It was the only day in the week when he had nothing at all to do with ugly business, and when he could devote himself entirely to mamma and his children.

But papa was not all that made Sunday dear. The children loved the nice long Sunday talks. And

they loved church and Sunday-school, and the quiet and rest, and the church bells and the hymns.

And when Sunday came in Pinkville, with mamma and papa with them the same as ever, and Uncle Charles and Aunt Milly and Will and Len besides, Roly and Poly and Mosie thought it was about the nicest day they had ever known.

There was a troublesome thing on Mosie's mind, though. He thought of it many times during the morning, before church time ; and he thought of it on the way to church. The

troublesome thing was the *gallery*. Mosie was afraid to sit there with Will and Len and be tempted to play. He feared temptation, though he had been taught that, with God to help him fight against it, there was no need of fearing it.

Mosie hoped that there would be room for him in the seat down-stairs, and that only Will and Len would be sent up-stairs. But he did not like to speak of it to any body, because he did not want to tell his reasons.

So they went on to the church door, and not a word was said about

the seats. Until they all stood in the vestibule—papa, mamma, Uncle Charles, Aunt Milly, and Roly and Poly — seats were not mentioned. Then Uncle Charles said :

“ Len, and Will, and Mosie, you will have to sit in the gallery to-day.”

That ended the matter, and Mosie, with a sad heart, followed Will and Len up the stairs, while all the rest went down the aisle.

“ Mosie,” Will said, stopping at the top of the stairs, “ how are you on the peaching question ?”

“I’m all right,” said Mosie indignantly. “You never catch me peaching.”

Mosie did not like it at all that Will should even suspect he could be a tell-tale.

“Then you won’t tell, Mosie, if we have a little fun?”

“Of course I won’t,” said Mosie.

Mosie had meant to say something to Will and Len about it being God’s day, and God’s house that they were in. But Will’s question made him angry and drove away his good intentions. So he lost his opportunity;

for, as soon as Mosie promised not to tell, the boys went in and sat down in the front-seat.

The gallery ran only across one side of the church, and that was the side opposite the pulpit and the choir. The choir stood in a recess behind the pulpit just large enough to hold them and a melodeon comfortably. The people who sat in the gallery therefore looked at the faces of the minister and the choir, and at the backs of the congregation.

They had scarcely been seated two minutes when half a dozen boys



ROLY AND POLY AT PINKVILLE.

came in together and sat down behind them ; and in about two minutes more, Tommie came in and sat down in the very same seat with them. And then church commenced. Mose closed his eyes and put his head down on the seat before him, as he always did, when the minister asked God's blessing upon the morning services ; and he noticed, as he did it, that all the other heads were going down too. He thought that perhaps the boys had concluded not to have fun, in church after all, and that he

was going to be spared any temptation.

When the minister gave out the text, Mosie's fears were all gone. The boys had been so quiet and attentive, during the prayers and hymns and reading of the Bible, that Mosie decided that the fun was all given up. So he forgot the boys and prepared to listen to the sermon.

And just then Tommie jumped off from his seat and said, "Ah!" and opened his mouth very wide, and then sat down and shut it. Mosie

looked at the boys behind Tommie, but every one of them was listening to the sermon very attentively. And so Mosie thought it was one of Tommie's queer performances and nothing more.

In a few moments the same thing happened again. Tommie said, "Ah!" and opened his mouth standing up, and shut it sitting down. And in a few moments more it happened the third time. And the third time Tommie added something to the programme. He put his hand down his

neck and pulled out a bean ; and then Mosie, looking around, saw that there was one boy who was not quite so attentive as he had been ; for he was laughing very hard to himself. It was the boy who sat directly behind Tommie, and, as Mosie looked around, the boy winked at him, and shook the pocket of his jacket, and took from it a handful of beans which he offered to Mosie, pointing, as he offered them, over the gallery.

Mosie turned quickly around without touching the beans, but Len, who

was watching, held out his hand and took them. And then Mosie learned the wicked use these boys had for the beans.

CHAPTER XIV.

Now Mosie began to see how it was that the boys had their fun in the gallery, and why it was that they were not found out in it: because they had for their ally that great friend of Satan and that great enemy of God — Deceit. Think of their bringing into God's house, on God's day, his enemy!

I wonder if those reckless boys knew, and if other boys know, how

many more sins lie in ambush for us all on the Sundays, and how earnest we, who fight to conquer, must needs be then.

It is because the Sundays are God's days, because the sins which are so small, or else no sins at all, on the week days, are so monstrous on the Sundays, that hearts must be braver and the fightings fiercer.

God's days! How much just those two words mean. Why, the Mondays, and Tuesdays, and Saturdays, are only *our* days. But these days! they are God's, his very own.

he loves his own days — his own sweet days. His little restful days, so like, but for their littleness, the never-ending, happy, happy day that some time shall be his and ours together.

These boys in the gallery had used up their own six days of fun. How very selfish in them to use the little seventh, that was God's as well ; and how it must have grieved him, looking down, to see them do it !

Mosie was sitting between Will and Len, and now he noticed that Will was feeling in his pocket for

something. Mosie did not know whether it was a handkerchief, or something to do mischief with, that Will was seeking; but if it should prove to be the latter, Mosie meant to beg him not to use it. And it did prove to be the latter, though Mosie did not know it when he saw it. It was simply a small piece of candy, which Mosie did not fear in the least, for he supposed that Will was going to put it in his mouth.

But Will, instead of doing that, did something else, which Mosie thought was equally harmless. He

generously slipped the candy along the seat into Tommie's hand. The happiest look came on Tommie's face. Eating in church was something Tommie had not bargained for. That was the great drawback to Tommie's enjoyment of the services, that he had to sit and listen, from the invocation through the benediction, without once being refreshed by a mouthful to eat. For in church Tommie *could not*, actually *could not*, beg.

So Tommie was highly delighted with Will's present. He snatched it,

clapped it into his mouth, and cracked it with his teeth, and then he jumped straight off from his seat, made a terrible face, and spit it with all his might into Will's face ; for it was hot pepper-candy.

Even then Will did not seem to be disturbed in the least. He looked straight at the minister, and so did the other boys, after giggling for about a second.

I think Will must have forgotten, when he played such a trick on Tommie, all the sad lessons he had learned about teasing. I don't believe he

remembered Mosie in disgrace and Roly and Poly crying in the woods. And he could not have remembered that teasing a poor old man in the very sanctuary of a kind, considerate God, would be sure to make the Tenderest Heart ache.

“Bah! bah! bah!” said Tommie, so loudly that the minister, pausing in the midst of his sermon, looked up in the gallery, and half the congregation did the same.

There they all saw Tommie, with his hands going violently back and forth at the sides of his face, his

mouth open, and his face awfully twisted. But not the minister, nor a person in the congregation, could see any reason why Tommie should stand there performing in that peculiar way ; for it was very evident that not one of the good boys—who were sitting so quietly and listening so hard to the minister's words—had disturbed Tommie in any way. And as they all knew that Tommie was half crazy, and fond of making himself conspicuous, they turned around and forgot Tommie and the gallery and the boys in an instant. So De-

ceit helped the boys serve Satan and grieve God. So Deceit helped the boys to steal God's moments for their own.

And then the boys, seeing that they were not watched, and seeing how easily they could deceive the minister and the congregation, began to be a little bolder.

They commenced by laughing quite freely about Tommie, and then they whispered to each other, which they had not done before.

"Bub!" said one of the boys, leaning over and touching Mosie.

Mosie looked up before he thought what he was about, and the rude boy puffed out his cheeks and looked cross-eyed at him. And then the boys laughed at Mosie, who looked bewildered, and commenced, as usual, to grow red in the face.

The boys grew bolder all the time, as they saw that their transgressions were not discovered, and Len turned around and whispered to one of the boys, and then they all giggled a good deal, and pretty soon the boy to whom Len had spoken got up and went out.

As he went on his toes and did not make the least noise, no one but the minister and the choir saw him. And they noticed that the boy had his hand pressed on his head and looked distressed, as if he were suffering from headache.

The boy had been gone only a few minutes when the gallery-door, which the boy had left ajar, was pushed open and then shut, and Tommie's dog came jumping over the seats and barking as hard as he could bark.

Even then the minister and people,

who stopped and stared at the gallery again, of course, had no reason to think that Tommie's dog had been coaxed up-stairs and pushed into the gallery—which he had by the boy who went out. They had no reason to think that Tommie's dog had not come up of his own free will, and entered to please his own fancy.

But Tommie knew better. Little as Tommie knew about most things, he knew every thing about the dog. He knew that his dog was a creature of habit, and that one of his oldest, strongest habits was to lie quietly

outside the church door while his master sat inside and listened to the sermon. Tommie knew that his dog cared nothing about the church inside; that he was interested in nothing within the churchyard but one soft, warm spot in the grass.

And Tommie *thought*. In a second he reasoned the whole thing out, and knew, as positively as if he had seen the boy do it, that the boy who went out had brought the dog in.

Tommie had a deep respect for Sunday and the Sunday services, and

he felt greatly insulted that his dog—his good little boy—should have been made to disgrace him so. He was a very good-natured man—poor, foolish old Tommie—and it took a great deal to provoke him. But he was angry now, and he seized his hat and rushed out of the gallery, shaking his fist, and muttering, “I’ll pay him! I’ll pay him!” Down the stairs he went, as fast as he could go, with the dog at his heels. But there was no boy there; for the boy had thought it best to take himself off and wait, at a safe distance from the

church, for his companions. And though Tommie ran long distances in several directions, muttering, "I'll pay him!" and hunting for the boy, neither he nor the dog succeeded in finding him.

After Tommie left, Uncle Charles and the minister and the sexton and a few other people seemed to suspect that every thing was not all right in the gallery, for they looked up there occasionally. The boys, noticing it, did not attempt to have any more fun until the heads were all down for the last prayer. And then the same

boy who had made a face at Mosie pulled his hair. Immediately Will and Len turned around, and Will whispered, "You let him alone!" and Len slapped the boy.

Mosie did not pay the slightest attention to the boy, nor did he thank Will and Len for taking his part. Mosie was thinking what a very wretched Sunday morning it was, and how he wished it would come to an end. And in a few minutes it did.

And you see how much worse was the ending than the beginning of the

morning—little, frightened sins at the beginning; big, bold sins at the ending. So Satan sends out always his disguised little temptations to spy and make ready, and then open wide the gates for his armed hosts.

CHAPTER XV.

WILL and Len hurried Mosie downstairs, and they started off across lots, taking a short cut home.

“Now, Mosie,” said Len, when they were off in a field by themselves, “you’re sure you’re not going to peach?”

Mosie did not condescend to answer.

“Of course he isn’t,” said Will.
“I guess his word is good.”

“I guess if I hadn’t promised you,

I wouldn't be any more likely to tattle," said Mosie. "It's a business I don't do."

Will put his hand approvingly on Mosie's shoulder and walked along by him.

"Suppose father should ask you something about it, Mosie. What would you say? I shouldn't wonder if he did; for I thought he suspected something by the way he looked up."

"Suppose he should ask *you*," said Mosie. "What would you say?"

“ Oh !” said Len, fidgeting a little, “ I could get out of it. I’d tell him something, without lying.”

“ If I told him any thing at all,” said Mosie, “ I’d tell him the *truth*.”

“ I reckon you wouldn’t be in such a hurry if it was about yourself,” said Len.

“ I would, too,” said Mosie. “ If it was about myself, I’d tell him anyway—whether he asked me or not.”

“ Would you ?” said Len, turning up his nose.

“ Look out what you say, Len,”

said Will. "You know Mosie's got good grit. I believe he would ; and, what's more, I believe it's the only square thing for us to do."

Len looked at Will in amazement. "Will," he said, "what's got into you ?"

"A little decency," Will answered quietly.

"It's pluck, Will," said Mosie.

"A pious variety," said Len.

"Whatever variety it is, Len," Will said, looking at him, "it's going to make me own up to giving Tommie that candy."

“Pooh!” said Len. “What a fuss about nothing! I’ll leave it to you, Will, if it was any thing more than a little fun.”

“And I’ll leave it to father,” said Will. “I don’t mind telling you that I’m ashamed.” Will looked as if he did mind telling it; for he did not speak very loudly, and he looked away over his shoulder, at nobody.

“Dear me!” said Len. And he put his hands in his pockets, and whistled, and kicked the ground.

It was very evident that Len was uncomfortable.

“ If you tell of yourself, you’ll have to tell of me,” Len said.

“ No, I won’t,” said Will. “ I can manage it so that you’ll never get found out through me.”

“ And will you?” said Len.

“ Yes,” said Will. “ I will.”

Len did not seem to be any more comfortable after that. Something besides the fear of being found out troubled him, it was very plain, from the fierce way in which he whistled and kicked into the earth.

“ Will,” he said, when they were almost home, “ what makes you own

up, anyway, when you could just as well get out of it?"

"Mosie," said Will, "what made you own up to me the other night?"

"God," said Mosie.

"It's the same with me," said Will, speaking to Len. "I can't remember the plucky thing that Mosie did, and like to be beaten by such a little fellow."

"It's because you want to be good, Will," said Mosie, "that you're going to be plucky."

"I suppose it is," said Will.

“Well,” said Len, leaning on the gate—for they had got home—and keeping Will and Mosie from entering the yard, and kicking harder than ever, “I suppose I might as well come round.”

“You’ll feel enough better to pay for it if you do, Len,” said Will.

“O Len!” said Mosie, “you’ll be so glad if you do.”

“All right!” said Len. And, as “All right” always settles every thing favorably, Will and Mosie were quite satisfied, and so was Len.

“And Mosie,” said Will, laying

his hand on his shoulder again, "though we're big fellows, we'll give you all the credit of this pluck. Won't we, Len?"

"Indeed, we will," said Len. "It's your example, my boy."

How delighted Mosie was then, to know that he had won a victory for the Doing Goods! You may be sure that he did not wait till bedtime to thank God for it.

They had dinner in a very short time, and the boys all thought that Uncle Charles looked very grave while he carved the meat and waited

on the table. And they did not imagine it; for as soon as they were all served, before he commenced his dinner, Uncle Charles leaned back in his chair and looked at Will and Len.

“Boys,” he said, “what caused all that disturbance up-stairs this morning?”

“Father,” said Will, looking honestly—for he felt honest and free—into his father’s eyes, “we’re going to tell you all about it after dinner.”

It was a hard thing for Will to say; for every body at the table was

looking at him, and they all knew then that he had a confession to make. But he said it bravely, and he felt much better and manlier after it.

Uncle Charles looked pleased though sad, and dinner went on in the usual way; and then they all went into the library—Uncle Charles and Will and Len—and before they any of them could sit down, Will commenced and told every thing he had done; and then Len told his part, which was worse still; and then Will told his father how Mosie had con-

fessed to him that he was sorry, and how Mosie's confession had put him and Len up to making a confession that they were sorry.

And Uncle Charles listened till the boys were quite through, and then he stood in front of them with his hands on their shoulders, and the tears in his great man's eyes, and told them how very happy their confession had made him, and how he hoped that it was only the beginning of a new, better life for each of them ; and how he hoped that hereafter there would never be between

him and them any thing but honesty and manliness and goodness.

And I can't tell you how much good just that confession did Will and Len—how much nobler and happier they felt for it. And it all came from Mosie's confession—from his first trial of the new way of doing good by being good.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON Monday papa went home again, and mamma and Roly and Poly and Mosie said a long good-by to him; for they were not to see him again until he should come back to Pinkville to take them home.

At the last of the week a letter came from Dolly to the little girls, telling them that she had gone on Saturday to Aunt Merciful Gratacap's and given away her pennies, and that Daffy was still working on

the paper dolls, and that he sent his love to Mosie; and asking them what they had done in Pinkville for the Doing Good Society.

And Roly and Poly were in such a hurry to tell Daffy and Dolly how they were doing good, in the new way of being good, and what successes they had had, that they persuaded mamma to sit down and write a long letter to Dolly for them.

I could not begin to tell you the things that Roly and Poly and Mosie did during their three weeks at Pinkville; for on every day of the three

weeks they did new things. They found new amusements, and they fell into new temptations, and they gained new victories, and suffered new defeats. Yes, they were defeated sometimes, Mosie as well as Roly and Poly, and Roly and Poly as well as Mosie. But I am glad to say that they were oftener conquerors than conquered; that they gave Sin many a hard blow, and that they fought like old stout-hearted warriors under their brave Captain, Christ.

I am glad to say that, though the branch of the Doing Good Society

in Pinkville did some harm by setting bad examples, it did more good by setting good examples.

As it is always pleasanter to talk about the best things that people do, I shall tell you of one or two victories that the children gained in Pinkville, instead of telling you of any of their defeats. And in the first place I shall tell you of one more bold thing that Poly did—a thing which was really quite heroic.

They were all out walking one day, Will, Len, Mosie, and Roly and Poly, and they came into a long,

shady, cool avenue of elm-trees, in which there were no houses. The only house in the neighborhood was a little brown cottage at the head of the avenue, where an old man lived with an old servant.

He was a very cross old man, Will and Len told Mosie and Roly and Poly; and they said it was the greatest fun in the world to play tricks on him, for he got so dreadfully angry at them for doing it. "He's a regular old coward too," Will said. "All he ever dares do is to come out and scold, and shake a stick."

“Let’s bring him out, Will,” said Len.

No sooner had he said it than Will picked up some pebbles and threw them against the old man’s house ; for they had come to the brown cottage. And no sooner had the pebbles struck the cottage than out came the old man, screaming and shaking his stick.

“Get away, you scamps !” he cried. “You just get away, or I’ll—”

“Thank you, sir,” said Will, taking off his cap. “But I wouldn’t

like to trouble you. A fine day, sir."

"It isn't," screamed the old man. "It's a hateful day, you scamps. Get away, or I'll—"

"Oh! don't," said Will. "I beg you won't put yourself out on our account."

"He will do something, Will," Roly whispered. "He looks so mad."

"You needn't be alarmed, Roly," Will said. "He was never known to hurt any one yet. He's the biggest coward in Pinkville."

“Get away, you scamps!” cried the old man again, “or I’ll—”

“Now,” said Will, folding his arms and standing up boldly in front of the gate, and addressing the old man, “I demand satisfaction, sir. What do you mean, sir, by ordering a gentleman to *get away*, sir?”

“Get away, you scamps! Get away, you scamps!” the old man screamed, getting more excited every moment.

“I’ll beg you not to repeat that remark again, sir,” said Will, “or I

shall be under the painful necessity of rebuking you for it, sir.”

And Will, with a business-like air, swung open the gate, and stood inside, folded his arms again, and waited for the old man to proceed. Will had done that very same thing more than once before, when he had called the old man out and had fun with him, for the entertainment of companions; and he had never entered the gate that the old man hadn't entered the house as fast as his feet could carry him.

But, either the old man was more

angry than usual, or braver; for he stood still just long enough to bring his arm around and throw his stick with all his force at Will's head, and then he ran fast enough, and locked the door behind him too.

"I told you so," cried Roly, as Will staggered back a little and put his hands to his head—for the stick was quite large and hard, and had hurt his forehead. "I knew he was going to do something."

Will did not stand still a minute. As soon as he had recovered from the first shock of the blow, he rushed

up to the house and leaped on to the piazza and shook the door and pounded it. I don't know just what business Will had with the gentleman of the house; but if the gentleman had admitted him, he, for one, would have found out that it wasn't just the pleasantest business in the world; for Will was terribly angry, and revenge was in his heart.

But he could not get inside the brown cottage, and he and his revenge had to go away from it, though just what they wanted more than any thing in the world then—the cross old man—was shut up in it.

CHAPTER XVII.

WILL marched down the path, and out of the gate, and by the children, looking straight ahead, his hat, which he had just picked up, set sidewise on the back of his head, and the spot on his forehead, which had turned black and blue already, looking darker on his pale, angry face. He did not look at, or speak to, the children, but walked swiftly away.

They followed him closely and quietly. He frightened them with

his pale face and queer manner, and not one of them dared ask him where he was going, or even ask each other. Len ventured to whisper, "He's awful mad, isn't he?" to Mosie; but no one else spoke.

They followed Will down the avenue a little way, and then into a lane that branched off from the avenue. It was a short lane, but it was a green, shady, comfortable-looking place, with several tall trees in it. Under every one of these trees small squads of cows, whose masters allowed them to roam wherever they

pleased, were spending the afternoon together, dozing on the grass. The children had stopped when they came up, to look at the cows and remark how they were enjoying the beautiful day and the beautiful lane.

They followed Will down to the end of the lane, where he stopped and commenced to let down some bars; for the lane was only the entrance to a large meadow.

It was a beautiful meadow. Looking off a great distance on every side, the children could see nothing but the meadow, the meadow. Wher-

ever they looked, they saw the high meadow-grasses, which must have been almost as tall as Roly and Poly, nodding the tips of their delicate heads at each other. They all seemed to be exactly of a height, and Roly thought that was very nice indeed, because the grasses could have no reason for quarreling about which was the tallest.

That is what Roly thought while Will was letting down the bars; and Poly thought how lucky it was that each one of the pretty grasses, so tall and so exceedingly slender, did

not have to stand up by itself, but had many grasses to lean on.

But Len and Mosie thought what a fine lot of hay that grass would make, and how much money the cross old man, who owned it all, would get for it when he sold it.

And Will thought what a glorious revenge he was going to have, by letting the cows in to eat the old man's grass before it should have a chance to become hay.

“Come boss come boss!” Will called, when the bars were all down.

In an instant every one of the children comprehended why Will had brought them down the lane to the meadow. They knew that he had come there for vengeance, and they knew what a dreadful vengeance his was going to be.

“Will,” said Len, “what are you about? You’re getting into an awful scrape.”

“Don’t let the cows in there, Will,” said Mosie.

“Get out of the way,” said Will, “and don’t any of you say much to me.”

Will spoke so angrily, so differently from himself, that the children all moved away from him and obeyed him by keeping silence.

The cows were not slow in answering Will's call. Up they rose from under the trees—the great, clumsy creatures—and came galloping down the lane toward the meadow—toward the great bars lying down on the ground, which they had only seen fastened up in the stout posts heretofore.

Ah! how the cows had been wishing, for days and weeks, that some

one would come and let down the bars! Ah! how the cows had stood and looked over the highest bar at the meals which they couldn't get! Ah! how the homely old cows' pretty, sad eyes had grown sadder for seeing the sweet meadow-grasses, which couldn't be eaten because of the bars!

And ah! how the cows did gallop for the meadow, now that the bars were down!

The first cow, the leader of the galloping band, was almost there. In a minute more, every thing would

have been over, when little Poly ran and planted herself exactly between the two posts.

“What are you doing?” said Will, taking hold of her arm quite roughly. “Get away!”

“Will,” said Poly, looking sweetly up at him and not moving; “the cows can’t go in the meadow.”

“They can,” said Will furiously. “Come away!”

“I guess you’ve forgotten about forgiving,” said Poly.

Something came up into Will’s face that made him less pale, and he

spoke quite gently to Poly this time.

“Poly,” he said, taking hold of her arm, and trying to pull her away; “the cows are coming, and you’ll get hurt.”

“I don’t care if I do,” said Poly, sobbing, which didn’t look very brave, but which was, though; for it was just the thing to accomplish Poly’s object. “I don’t care if I do. I want you to forgive.”

Now, Poly had two reasons for doing what she did: she wanted Will to be good for his own sake, and she



ROLY AND POLY AT PINKVILLE.

wanted the satisfaction of knowing that she had done him good.

It was more than Will cared to resist—his dear little cousin's tears. Somehow the tears did it. The little tears drove great revenge away, and brought great forgiveness. Brave little tears!

And now the leader had two feet in the meadow. With one arm Will snatched Poly, and with the other he beat the cow's head and tried to turn her around. But it was hard work to do it; for the creature had got a

taste of the grass already, and it was very delicious.

However, there were Len and Mosie to help him, and between them they got the bars up with the cows all safely outside.

The poor old things ! They stood and looked at the meadow, which, scarcely a minute before had been so near, and was now as far away as ever, sorrowfully and hopelessly. They looked at it alone, and had not one angry glance for the children who had brought them their bitter disappointment.

“The poor cows!” said Roly.
“They don’t seem a bit mad, do they? They just look as if they felt badly.”

“Cows don’t know enough to pay off grudges,” said Will, not in a very amiable tone. “If they did, they’d hook Poly.”

“I think,” said Roly, as, according to custom, she took hold of Will’s hand, “that they know too much. They know enough to know how to forgive.”

“Oh!” said Will, in his own cheery tone, “that’s your opinion,

is it, Roly? Well, I shouldn't wonder if you were right. Come here, my little hero," he said to Poly, putting out his other hand to her

With Will between them, all jolly and nice again, Roly and Poly tripped along home, and when they weren't jabbering to him, or to each other, they were humming happy little snatches of tunes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day appointed for them to go home was a Friday, and Thursday morning papa came. Of course his children were delighted to see him ; but they did not devote nearly as much thought and time to him that Thursday as they did to Will and Len ; for they knew that they were going to have papa all the fall and winter, and all the time ; while that day was their very last of Will and Len for a long while.

Uncle Charles and Aunt Milly had promised that the boys should come in the winter and make Mosie and Roly and Poly a good long visit; but winter seemed a great way off to all of them. And so Thursday was a sad day; for you know how such dear cousins as these five were must have hated to say good-by to each other at the end of their three splendid weeks together.

And Thursday was such a long day, too. They all wandered about the house and yard till noon, trying to decide how to celebrate it. And

at noon they decided that it was too late to celebrate it at all. So they wandered around in the same way in the afternoon.

They played a good many different things, and they talked about a good many different things. But they did not do any thing remarkable, except to feel rather gloomy all the day. And that was a remarkable thing indeed ; for there hadn't been another day in the three weeks when all five of them had not been more jolly than gloomy from morning till night.

After tea, the household separated into two groups on the piazza. Uncle Charles and Aunt Milly and papa and mamma sat in chairs at one end of the piazza, and Will, Len, Mosie, and Roly and Poly sat on the floor at the other end.

The boys sat on the edge of the piazza — Will and Mosie leaning against pillars, and Len between them kicking the lattice underneath. And Roly and Poly sat in little heaps, with their feet curled under them.

They were talking over the three

weeks, and making plans for the long visit in winter.

“It’s the funniest thing,” said Roly suddenly. “It has seemed all day as if I heard some one saying, ‘Good-by.’ Whatever I say to any body, and whatever any body says to me, I hear good-by with it.”

“How solemn!” said Poly in a deep tone.

The boys laughed.

“The twins are getting sentimental in their old age,” said Len.

“You needn’t make fun of us the last night,” said Poly.

“We didn’t think of making fun, Poly,” Will said. “But you are such queer little things.”

“We’re ten times as sorry that you’re going as you are, Poly,” said Len. “You don’t know how we’ll miss you.”

“You can’t be any sorrier than we are,” said Poly. “But maybe you’re as sorry.”

“There isn’t any maybe about it,” said Len.

“Roly and Poly,” said Mosie, “don’t you think it would be nice to have a branch of the Doing Good

Society in Pinkville after we're gone?"

"Splendid!" said Poly.

"El-e-gant," said Roly.

"Len," said Will, "you and I are going to be proposed as members."

"Upon my word!" said Len.

"You're pretty good at guessing," said Mosie. And then the three members proceeded to do business in the regular way, according to the form which they always used in the Laughlin nursery when a question was under consideration.

"I move," said Mosie, "that Will

and Len be made members of the Doing Good Society."

"I second the motion," said Roly.

"I third it," said Poly.

If Dolly had been there, she would have said, "I fourth it." And if Daffy had been there too, he would have said, "I fifth it." And the matter would have been ended. As they weren't there, "I third it" had to finish up things.

Will and Len became formally members of the Doing Good Society.

"Now," said Will, "though I feel

flattered by becoming a member, I'm afraid I'll have to be nothing but an honorary member."

"And I'm in just the same boat," said Len.

"How honorary?" said Poly.

"Why," said Will, "we shall have the name without doing any of the work."

"You can work all you please," said Mosie.

"Provided we know how," said Len.

"Len and Will," said Poly, "you're only talking. You can't help know-

ing how, 'cause we've told you all the ways we do good, and you must know lots of other ways."

"Well," said Will, "I'm willing to do what I can, but I'm afraid it won't be much."

"So am I," said Len.

"I tell you," said Mosie, "you'll do a good deal if you do all you can."

"We'll try, my boy," said Will.

And then Mosie and Roly and Poly suggested ways to Will and Len of doing good, and they got on to the winter visit again, and Will

and Len were to be taken to the first meeting of the Doing Goods that was held after they came, and report to the Society how they had done good in Pinkville.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEY started at nine o'clock the next morning, and about half-past eight Roly, whom nurse got ready for the journey first, came downstairs with her things on. She went out in the front-yard, and Mosie and Will were standing there talking in low tones, so Roly thought she would not disturb them.

“Where’s Len?” she said.

“In the back-yard, Roly.”

Roly went around to the back-

yard and found Len with his hat on, all ready to go to the depot, standing with his back to her, and so busily employed that he did not hear her when she came.

Roly stood behind Len and watched him. He had a string in his hand, with a large, tempting kernel of corn tied to the end of it, and Len was playing jokes on the chickens.

He threw the corn, and Roly saw the chickens come flocking and cackling around the one kernel, and she wondered what Len was going to do.

A little white chicken tried for it, and two little black chickens tried for it, and many little brown chickens tried for it, and a little gray chicken got it. He snapped it up—the little gray chicken—and threw back his head, and gulped, and was just going to swallow it, when something, some cruel thing—it was the hand of a boy at the end of a string—jerked it, and jerked him with it; and the little gray chicken was quite dizzy-headed for a few moments, from the surprise and the jerking and the disappoint-

ment, and he staggered and tumbled around like a drunken chicken.

Roly could not help laughing, and Len, who laughed till the tears stood in his eyes, turned around and saw her.

“O Roly!” he said, “it’s such fun. It’s enough to kill a fellow to see those chickens. I’ve nearly jerked the wind-pipes out of a dozen of ’em with that one kernel.”

“Poor things!” said Roly, becoming sober. “It must hurt.”

“Now, I’m going to do it again,” said Len. “Watch, Roly.”

“No, don’t, Len,” said Roly.

But Len went on with his preparations.

“Please don’t, Len,” said Roly.

“Why not?” said Len.

“Because,” Roly said, “it’s teasing.”

“Nonsense! Roly,” said Len.

“It is,” said Roly; “you know it is, and you know you promised.”

“It wasn’t a promise exactly.”

“Well, it was almost. You said you’d try and remember not to tease any more.”

“Well,” said Len, putting the

string in his pocket, "seeing you're going away, I won't do it again."

"Give me the string, Len," said Roly.

"Are you afraid I'll use it some time?"

"Yes," Roly said.

"Why, I can get enough more."

"O dear!" said Roly in a dreadfully discouraged tone; "I don't know what I shall do with you. Yes, I do!" she exclaimed. "I'll make you promise."

"How will you do it?" said Len,

smiling down at the earnest little face.

“I’ll never, never like you any more if you don’t promise to stop being a tease ; for teases are *so* horrid,” said Roly.

And I guess Roly spoke what every short, fat, round, rosy, defenseless little girl feels about teases.

“What an awful consequence !” said Len.

“Len,” said Roly sternly, “do you promise ?”

“Roly,” said Len, “I promise you seriously that I’ll try. If I succeed,

you must let me count every success in with the Doing Good victories, to be reported next winter."

"You may," said Roly.

"Now that I've promised," said Len, "you'll like me forever and ever, will you?"

"Forever and ever," said Roly.

CHAPTER XX.

“COME, Len and Roly,” Will called.

They all started off for the depot, just as, three weeks before, they had all started from the depot home together. But how differently their walk ended this time! It ended in love and peace, though it ended in sadness, now.

Pretty soon the cars came and carried off part of the people who loved each other, and left part of

them behind. That is the way cars do, and that is the way plenty of things besides cars do. They carry away, and they leave behind. Sometimes there are just two people who love each other, and one of them is carried, and one of them is left. It may be the cars that separate them; or it may be death, which carries farther than the cars; or it may be sin and bitterness, which carry farther still. But, whatever it is, instead of two together, there are two alone. Poor, lonesome ones, who were so happy!

But neither papa and mamma's family, who were carried, nor Uncle Charles and Aunt Milly's family, who were left, were so badly off as that. For there were still enough together on the cars, and in Pinkville, to comfort each other. And then they were sure to meet again after a while.

It was one of the very first days in September when they got home. Mosie had finished one season in his new home, and was commencing another. He had finished his summer, and was commencing his autumn.

That summer, as Mosie stopped

and looked back on it—that season, dating from the second day of June, the birthday—seemed to Mosie like one of the fairy stories that mamma read to him once in a while, very beautiful, but very untrue.

Or sometimes it seemed so to him when he remembered very distinctly all his old, nine-years life. But oftener it seemed otherwise. Oftener it seemed to him like the beautiful *true* stories, and the old life like a dreadful dream that one delights to wake from and find false. The longer Mosie lived in his new life, the

more it seemed to become real, and the old life unreal.

I would like to tell you about more of Mosie's seasons. I would like to tell you about his autumns and his winters and his springs and the rest of his summers in the new life. But it would be too long, dears. I'll have to leave you to imagine other seasons.

And oh! how I would like to tell you of the seasons that came around so fast to make big girls of Roly and Poly. How I'd like to tell you what the seasons did to them, and what

they did throughout the seasons. But all that will have to be imagined by you, too.

You may do just what you choose with them, provided you remember that they were Doing Goods ; provided you remember that they still held meetings in the Laughlin nursery, with Daffy working always at the paper-dolls ; provided you remember how they still, on Saturday afternoons, gave their pennies and their smiles and gentle words, out from Aunt Merciful Gratacap's dark cellar, into the hands and hearts that

passed by in the sunshine, desolate. Provided you remember that they tried to be good children, and to serve right nobly Him who died for them, you may do with them whatever you may choose.

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