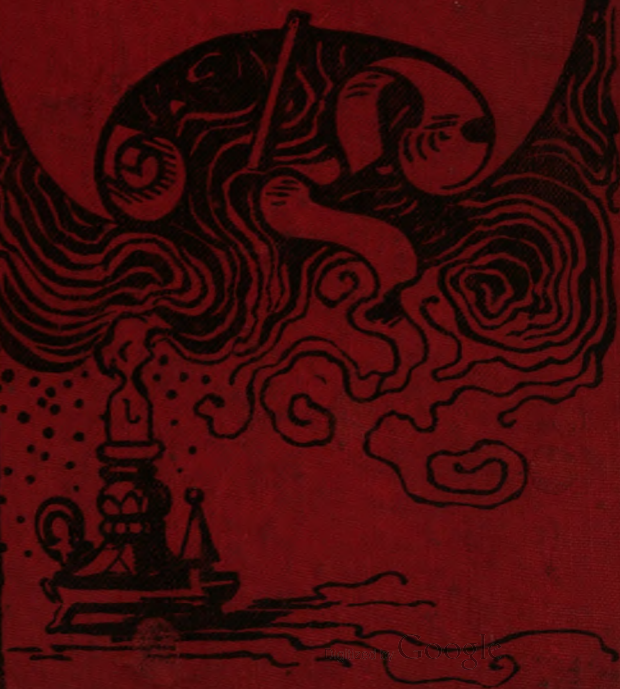
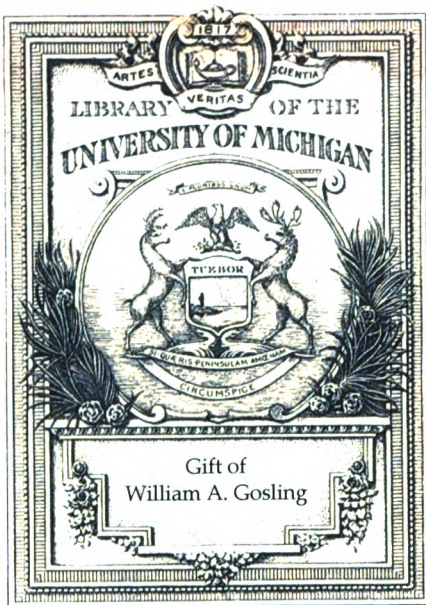
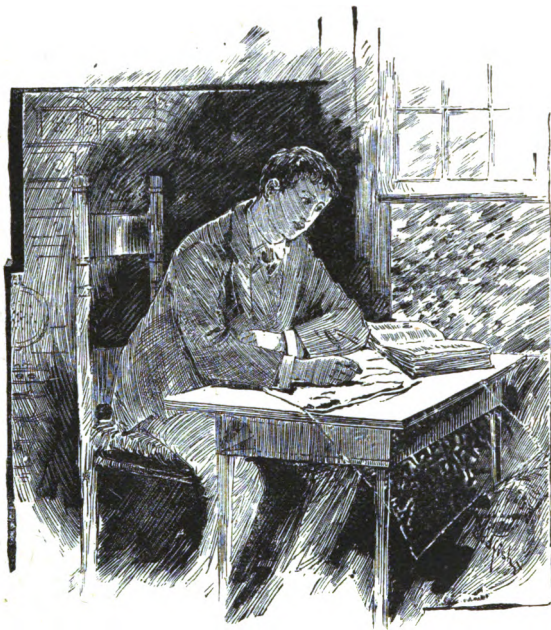


A HEDGE
FENCE







“WAS I TO WRITE THE FIRST LETTER?”

A HEDGE FENCE

BY
PANSY

AUTHOR OF

"The Pocket Measure," "Ester Ried Yet Speaking,"
"Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On," "Four
Girls at Chautauqua," "Hall in the
Grove," "An Endless Chain," etc.,

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

CHILDREN

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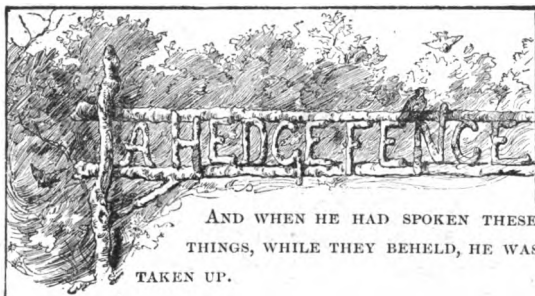
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1882

1860, C.
Cath. of William A. Goddard
3/29, 1861

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AND WHEN HE HAD SPOKEN THESE THINGS, WHILE THEY BEHELD, HE WAS TAKEN UP.

AND THEY WERE ALL FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST.

THEN THEY THAT GLADLY RECEIVED HIS WORD WERE BAPTIZED.

THEN SHALL THE LAME MAN LEAP AS AN HART, AND THE TONGUE OF THE DUMB SING.

Cooledge, Jan., 18 —

DEAR RENIE :

Was I to write the first letter? I can't remember. Mother says it makes no difference, but I think it does; because, you see, the first fellow is ahead all the time, and always has to write next. This is a real jolly country. We went to the State House the other day, and saw the Governor. He spoke to us, shook hands, and said he used to be a boy himself once. Folks say he was a good boy. I asked father if governors were always good boys, and he laughed,

and said if they were, some of them changed a great deal when they got to be men.

I've got something funny to tell you. The other day we got into an awful scrape, Tim and I. We didn't mean to, either of us. He didn't think, and I forgot, and that was all there was about it. That is, about the beginning of it; before it ended there was a good deal. I did mean to tell you all about it, but I guess I won't. It is past now, and I'd kind of like to forget it. But I'll tell you something that came of it. Mr. Harris Browning was here. You don't know him, but you ought to; everybody ought to know him, I guess, especially boys. He likes boys first-rate, and he is always doing something nice for them. He is awful good too. He was spending a week here, visiting the Truesdale folks — they are our boarders. Well, I sat in the dining-room studying my lesson. I was all alone. Tim was up-stairs studying his lesson. We couldn't be together because of that scrape I told you of. I felt lonesome and bad. I was thinking, and I spoke out loud. Says I:

“If there was some kind of a hedge to keep a fellow inside of things so he needn't forever be tumbling out and getting into scrapes, I'd like



it." Just then in came Mr. Harris Browning. It was raining, and he had been out in the rain and had a dripping umbrella, and he came through the dining-room to put it in a safe place. Then he came back and stood by the table and looked at me.

"What's that, my boy?" he said; and I told him what it was. "A hedge," he said, and he laughed a little. "What sort of a hedge? a fence? and how high would it have to be so that you couldn't climb over?"

"I wouldn't try to climb," I said; "or if I forgot and began to climb it, it would give me a prick, and that would make me think, and I'd jump back. A fellow is always getting into scrapes because he don't have time to think, and that would give him time."

"I see," he said. "It isn't a bad idea. Well now, my friend, I think I can help you about that. Suppose I send a hedge to you, a new one each month, or a new piece of one, and you can put them together yourself. I think I can manage a piece of one that will give you a prick whenever you try to climb."

"Send it!" I said. "Send a hedge! How would you go to work to do it?"

“That’s my part of the bargain,” he said, and he laughed again. “I’ll agree to furnish the hedge if you’ll agree to take care of it. Set it up in its proper place, and see that it has a chance to help you. A hedge set up over in the ten-acre lot wouldn’t help keep you inside this yard, you know.”

Well, we had some more talk, and the next morning he went away. And the very next afternoon came a card by mail for me, and it had all these verses that I put at the top of my letter, and a cute little hedge. The letters were woven into each other in the cutest kind of way, making a regular hedge fence all around a fellow who stood in the corner, who I suppose was me. I thought it was a pretty thing enough, but I didn’t see what help it could be. But I put it in my pocket, and what do you think happened the next evening? First, though, about the fence. There was a cute little hand pointing to something at the end of that first verse, and I looked to see where it pointed, and it said: Acts i. 2. So I got mother’s Bible and looked at it, and that said: “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come

in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.”

Well, it was a nice evening; the sky was just as blue as it could be, and there were ten thousand million stars twinkling. But I felt awful lonesome and gloomy. Tim had gone home to stay a week, and mother hadn't come. She had been gone two weeks, and I'd been with father to the depot to meet her, and she wasn't there. Now when a fellow's mother don't come, maybe you know how it feels. I didn't want to go in the house a bit. I knew father would read the paper, and look gloomy, because he didn't like mother's not coming a bit more than I did; and then he would write letters—and Tim was gone, and I didn't know what to do. I had been to the telegraph office for one of the boarders, and I hung on the gate and wished I didn't have to go in the house.

Just then Jerry Davis came along. He isn't the best kind of a boy, but he is pleasant enough. He stopped when he saw me.

“Good luck,” he said. “I was hoping I'd find you out doors. Come on down to the mill-pond. The ice is prime, and we'll have a skate and a race.”

Well, sir, I wanted to go like anything! It was such a nice night, and I hadn't been to the pond this winter. I knew father wouldn't miss me, because of the papers and the letters, and mother wasn't at home to worry. She didn't like to have me go to the pond when she was at home, because it worried her; and I knew father wouldn't let me go if I asked him; but mother being away I pretty near made up my mind to go; but I didn't say anything to Jerry, I just stood looking up at the stars, making up my mind. Just then he said :

“Come, what are you gazing up there for? Hurry up; it's getting late.”

Just as quick as a wink it came to me, that verse, you know, where the hand pointed, about the men gazing up, and about Jesus coming again. “What if he should come to-night while I'm down at the mill-pond!” I said to myself; and somehow I felt as though I would rather not be at the mill-pond if he did. Just then I laughed right out :

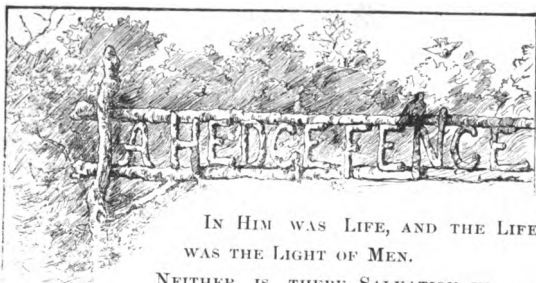
“I won't climb any hedge to-night,” says I. “I've got pricked trying.”

Jerry he turned and looked at me, and says :

“Are you getting crazy? Who said anything .

about a hedge? Going to the pond, or not?"

"Not," said I; and I skipped into the house. What do you think? There sat mother! She missed the six o'clock train, and the lightning express which doesn't ever stop here, stopped for her, because Major Dennis was on, and the President of the road, or something. Anyhow, mother came up from the depot in the express wagon, and Hannah had slipped out and got some oysters, and we had the nicest kind of a supper, we three; and I sat by mother, and she give me two of the biggest oysters in her plate. Wasn't I glad I wasn't at the mill-pond? But wasn't it queer about that hedge fence? There goes the second bell for school.



IN HIM WAS LIFE, AND THE LIFE
WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN.

NEITHER IS THERE SALVATION IN ANY
OTHER ; FOR THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME
UNDER HEAVEN GIVEN AMONG MEN, WHEREBY WE MUST BE
SAVED.

IF GOD BE FOR US, WHO CAN BE AGAINST US ?

L.YING LIPS ARE AN ABOMINATION TO THE LORD.

Cooledge, Feb., 18 —

DEAR RENIE :

There is my hedge fence for you, as good as I can make it ; doesn't look much like the one that Mr. Harris Browning sent me ; that is the cutest kind of a thing ! Queer, isn't it, that he takes the trouble to make them for me every month ? Mother thought he would forget, but he didn't ; he isn't one of the forgetting kind. Well, sir, you never saw anything like that hedge for helping a fellow out of scrapes ! You

said I must tell you every time it did me a good turn. Old fellow, I couldn't begin to do it! I should have to write a book. Why, there isn't a day, no, nor an hour in the day, hardly, but that hedge pops up before me and says: Look out, sir, you'll tumble over before you know it, if you take another step this way. I'll tell you what I'll do: the great big scrapes you shall hear about; and the others will have to keep until you come. Yesterday we had a time of it at school. Did you ever learn the rule for long division? I think it is rightly named, for if it isn't l-o-n-g, I should like to know what was! Our class was to have it word for word; and ever since Jerry Davis was caught peeking, Mr. Masters hasn't let us take our arithmetic to the class at all; so there is no chance to peek. Well, you better believe I had to work over that old rule! It took me until eight o'clock.

If mother hadn't helped, I don't believe I should ever have learned it in the world. It's queer how different mothers are from other folks. I asked father to help me, and he said, "Help you to learn a rule! That's a strange idea! You must just go to work and master it!" But mother knows how. She came and

sat down by me when I was tugging at it, and feeling doleful, and says she :

“How far do you know?”

“I don’t know any far at all,” I said. “It’s all mixed up.”

Then she said we would unmix it; and says she: “What is the first line about?”

Well, sir, do you believe I knew! Not a word of it, and I’d been studying for half an hour. Mother made a motion with her finger, like a curve, you know, and asked me what I put at the left of that line, and I said the divisor; and then I said Oh, it’s about the divisor. Find how many times the divisor goes into the dividend.

“Into all the figures of the dividend I suppose?” she said; and then I laughed, and told her no; into the fewest figures that would take it; and she went through that muddle with me, and asked funny questions, you know, and made a fellow good-natured, and made him think what he was about; and in ten minutes after that, I could say every word of it! Father came in, and says he: “Well, Frank, how’s the rule?” “I know it, sir,” I said; “mother got it, and I can say it.” But that isn’t the begin-

ning of the scrape. Jerry Davis has got a printing press for a Christmas present ; and he knows how to use it, cause his uncle is a printer.

What did he do yesterday morning but bring to school the cutest little square of paper, not so big as my hand, with every word of the rule printed on it as nice as could be ; and he gave every boy in the class a square. I took it because I thought it was cute, and put it in my pocket. Mr. Masters has a way of marching all around the schoolroom while our class is reciting ; and when it came time for the rule, he was away over by the map of North America ; so what did the fellows do but stand up and read that rule, one after the other, from their pieces of paper.

“ Well done ! ” Mr. Masters said, and I knew he was astonished, because some of them are awful blunderers. I blundered over mine a little, I was so busy thinking about them.

Then we went to the board, and each fellow had an example as long as from here to your house to do. I was right in the midst of mine when Jerry Davis began to whisper :

“ Say, Frank, how do you do this ? ”

“ Davis,” said Mr. Masters, “ go on with your work.”

Then Davis said he couldn't; and Mr. Masters told him to follow his rule; but he couldn't do that, for he had put it in his pocket out of sight.

What did Mr. Masters do next but to tell him to repeat the rule. That he couldn't do, not a word of it! Then Tom Burns was called on to repeat, and he couldn't; and Arthur Perkins couldn't. And by that time Mr. Masters knew there was some trick; and he asked every fellow in that class for the rule. He came down and stood right before them, and they couldn't look on their papers, and not a boy had a word to say.

When he got to me, thanks to mother, I said it off like a rocket. Then he began to ask questions, and I began to tremble in my boots. What was I going to say? If I told the truth, every fellow would be mad at me. I hate rows, and I couldn't bear to think of it; besides, some of the boys are mean when they are mad, and do things to hurt a fellow like everything. Mr. Masters was asking each boy if he had a written copy of the rule anywhere about him, and every fellow of them said, "No, he hadn't." I about made up my mind to say the same, because I

hadn't, you know. The thing was printed. What do you suppose popped up just then but a piece of that hedge to stumble over: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

"It isn't a lie," I said to myself; "the copy isn't written."

But that was a real thin excuse, for of course we knew what he meant, and of course it would be deceiving him; and it didn't make a hole, even, through the hedge. I saw I'd got to jump it, if I went that way. But I felt awful. I told myself that the boys would all be mad and that the snow was hard just now; and ice balls sometimes hurt awfully; and it was kind of hard to have them all against me when I hadn't done anything wrong; and just then up came another piece of the hedge: "If God be for us, who *can* be against us?" I tell you, Renie, I made up my mind to risk it; and when he got to me with his question, he said:

"Frank, I hope for the exact truth from you; as you are the only one who doesn't seem to depend on a trick to help you through with your lesson. Do you know anything about a written copy of the rule that these boys could have looked at?"

Says I: "I haven't a written copy, but I have a printed one in my pocket."

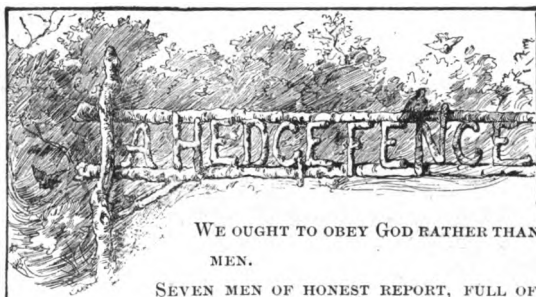
Well, he called for it, of course, and I had to show it. He asked where I got it, and I asked if he wouldn't excuse me from telling; and he did, and sent us to our seats. But all those fellows had to stay, and there was no end of a time!

And they are mad at me, every one of them; and Jerry Davis says he will teach me a thing or two before the winter is over. But mother says, suppose they do pitch snowballs at me, I can melt them with coals of fire. It took me a good hour, and a hint from mother about what the Bible said, before I understood what she could mean. The Bible is a queer book, I think. There's most everything in it. Do you know about the "coals of fire?" I'm practising on them. I sent Jerry Davis a book from my Christmas set to read to-night.

Mother says tell aunt Jane to write. So no more this time.

From your cousin,

FRANK HUDSON.



WE OUGHT TO OBEY GOD RATHER THAN
MEN.

SEVEN MEN OF HONEST REPORT, FULL OF
THE HOLY GHOST AND WISDOM.

BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE
A CROWN OF LIFE.

Cooledge, March, 18—

DEAR RENIE :

Now, says I, if I haven't got a queer thing to tell you, then no fellow ever had, that's all. There, I've gone and said got again, and I promised Miss Kennedy I wouldn't. There's such an awful lot of things of that kind to remember it's enough to make a boy gray. There I go again! If Miss Kennedy were to see this she would say, "My dear Frank, does that really fill you with awe?" Then I should say, "Yes, ma'am, it does." She won't see this letter, that is one comfort. She is our new teacher, and

she is just perfectly splendid. I try awful hard to please her, but she will never know it, for I don't succeed worth a cent.

But about the hedge fence. Well, you see the way of it was that I went home with Tim to stay till Monday. Tim goes to school, you know, and boards here. He goes home Friday nights; it is six miles on the cars. Mother didn't much like my going, but I coaxed, and father said, "Don't you think the boy is getting old enough to hop out of the nest once in awhile?" So mother finally said I might go.

Well, my new hedge fence had come just the night before, and I didn't think much of it. The drawing was cuter than ever; just the ugliest kind of little bits of wretches peeking out on the other side of the hedge trying to get hold of me. But the verses didn't seem to have anything in them to help a fellow. I didn't expect to have anything to do with people who would want me to do wrong things, and I knew my reports were always "honest," if they weren't anything else, and it didn't seem to me that I had anything to be faithful about. But I took the card along, kind of wishing all the while that since I was going away from home I

had a hedge that would help keep me straight. Much I knew about it.

Tim's mother is nice I s'pose, for him, but I wouldn't like her for mine. There's as much difference in mothers as there is in everything else. We had pretty good times on Saturday, and got awful tired, and they had supper late, and had raw oysters and plum jam, and lots of milk and things, and I guess I ate a good deal.

Well, sir, in the night I was sick, most awful sick. I rolled and tumbled about that bed and cried like a trooper. Tim got up and called his mother, and she said I had bilious colic she guessed, and asked me if I had ever been so before. And I told her I had, and mother always gave me something that helped me, and what did she say but that she would bring me a little hot brandy and water which would help me right away. I was all doubled up with a pain just then, but I straightened myself out, and says I, "Oh, no, ma'am, I can't take that; mother never gives it. I'll be better in a little while, I guess."

Then Tim spoke up, and says he, "Why, Frank, it is real good; mother puts lots of sugar in it. I always take it when I'm sick, and I

like it first-rate." Then I told them that I wasn't such a baby that I couldn't swallow medicine whether I liked it or not; but that mother never used brandy, and she didn't want me to, and I had taken the pledge years ago, never to touch, taste, nor handle the stuff, and meant to keep it. Well, sir, we had just an awful time. That mother she went off and fixed the brandy, and she said she hadn't anything else that would do so much good, and that all people took brandy for medicine; but I told her that father and mother never did, and didn't believe in it; and every few minutes that awful pain would come and double me right up; and she said maybe I would die if I was so obstinate as not to take medicine; that folks did sometimes. I didn't think I would die, because I had had that sort of thing before. But I stuck to it that I couldn't take brandy, because I had promised not to. When I took the pledge that time I wrote you about when I was a little fellow, mother and I prayed about it a good deal, and she had me promise God that with his help I would never taste the stuff. How was I to take brandy and sugar after that? After awhile that mother got angry; she

did truly, and she said: "I never did see such a provoking boy! Mr. Truax, I wish you would come down here and see if you can do anything with him." He's the father. So he came and leaned over the bed and glowered at me, and says he: "Frank, you are here under our care while away from your parents, and that being the case, of course you must obey us. Now I command you to swallow the medicine that Mrs. Truax has brought you. There is reason in all things."

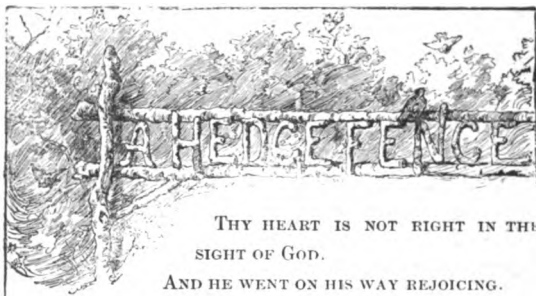
"I can't do it," says I; "I'm hedged in. 'We ought to obey God rather than men;' that is my hedge fence, and I've promised not to try to climb it."

Oh, well; if I were to sit up all night and write, I couldn't tell you the whole story. It was just the meanest time a fellow ever had in his life. By and by the pain was better; but I felt sore all over, and everybody in that house was mad at me. That mother said she didn't believe in children being wiser than their elders, and lots of other hateful things. Then it got to be morning, and they all went off and left me; and I just lay there and cried, and wanted mother, and thought how was I going to wait

till Monday morning, and me so sore and everybody mad. Oh, it was awful! All the same I was glad that I hadn't jumped the hedge; because mother and father don't believe in it for medicine, either, and they think that God doesn't. Well, the folks had their breakfast; I didn't want any; and when that mother came and asked me if there was anything that I thought it was right to eat, I just said, "No, ma'am," as quick as I could, and then I turned my face to the wall and cried again. The clothes were all tumbled up, and it was awful. After awhile I went to sleep and dreamed I was home; and when I felt myself waking up I tried to stay asleep, because I knew I wasn't at home. Then somebody stooped down and kissed me. I opened my eyes in a hurry, and there was mother. I'll tell you how it was. You see Phil Truax is a young man; his room is next to Tim's, and he opened his door when the row came, and heard it all. So what did he do but get up by and by, and harness his horse and drive all those six miles—but it is only four miles by the road when you drive—after mother. And he told her all about it. He said there was a young captain in the enemy's

camp, and he had made up his mind that the general (that was mother) ought to come to his aid. Then mother said he looked sad and said, if he had been hedged in when he was my age, he would never have got lost out in the woods as he is now. He drinks, Phil Truax does, and mother is very sorry for him; and I'm going to try to coax him to sign my pledge. Mother was glad that I didn't climb the hedge. She made everything straight at Tim's, and they think she is a lady. I know one thing; I don't want to go visiting again in a hurry.

Good-by, FRANK HUDSON.



THY HEART IS NOT RIGHT IN THE
SIGHT OF GOD.

AND HE WENT ON HIS WAY REJOICING.

AND HE RECEIVED SIGHT FORTHWITH, AND
AROSE, AND WAS BAPTIZED.

HE WHICH PERSECUTED US IN TIMES PAST, NOW PREACHES
THE FAITH WHICH ONCE HE DESTROYED.

JESUS CHRIST MAKETH THEE WHOLE.

Cooledge, April, 18—

DEAR RENIE:

We've had the greatest lark out! All kind of mixed up with my hedge fence, too. It's a real long story—most too long for a letter, I guess, but I'll hurry it up. The folks are well, and nothing has happened to any of 'em, only Katie's had the measles, and Charlie the mumps, so I needn't take time telling you about them.

You see, the other day it was the first of April, and we boys had been planning a joke on Alvin Burke; he's a boy in our school who works for his board down at the factory boarding-house, and we don't know him very well because he never had any time to play, and always seemed kind of glum. He is a great fellow to study, though, and always has his lessons; beats us in spelling, and such things, all to pieces, but he has been away behind in arithmetic; it is because he never had a chance to go to school before. Next week our spring term begins, and Alvin wants to go in our arithmetic; he has been working awful hard, and he thinks he can keep up, and the teacher is willing to have him try it, if he can get an arithmetic. Well, sir, that fellow has sold his broken-bladed knife, and his old rubber ball, and a story-book that somebody gave him, and I don't know but he would have sold his teeth, if he could have had them pulled out, trying to get an arithmetic; it is the advanced kind, and they cost a dollar and a quarter. It seemed so funny to us boys to see him dig in, that we nicknamed him "Rithy;" that's the short, you see, for arithmetic; and about a week before April fool,

we got up a notion. At Freehold's store they have queer little tin boxes to look exactly like a book, red edges and all, and I noticed that they were just the size of our arithmetics; so I told the boys, and we agreed that it would be a jolly lark to buy one of those boxes, and get Jerry Davis to letter it, and wrap it up in paper, and send it to Alvin; he'd be sure to think it was a real book.

The boys all went into it, and thought it was rich. Charlie Porter said it was nicer than most April fools, for it was a real nice box to keep pencils and things in, and Alvin might be glad to get it; it only cost a quarter. We put our money together, and bought it, and had the letters put on with Jerry Davis' printing press, and you never saw a cuter thing.

We were going to lay it on Alvin's desk Monday morning, and have the fun of seeing him open it. Well, I carried it home to take care of, that evening, and on the way I stopped at the post-office, and there was my hedge fence. Just a beauty it was, all fixed up with green ink, and the verses pecking out at me.

I don't know what made me keep reading over the first one so much; I never noticed the

others at all. That kind of seemed to stick me, and says I to myself, "It kind of seems as though I must be trying to climb that hedge, for I feel a thorn."

By and by I began to talk out loud. Says I, "Why, I'm sure there's nothing mean about that—just a little fun; he gets a nice tin box. If he is a little disappointed, he isn't a baby."

But the more I thought, the queerer I felt; something kept saying to me, "You know you are not doing it because you want Alvin to have a nice tin box; you want to see how hot his face will get, and how his great gray eyes will look first glad and then sullen, and you boys all want to giggle and whisper, 'April fool!' It don't look very mean on the outside, but down in your heart, old fellow, I shouldn't wonder if you were ashamed of it." Well, if you'll believe it, I got so scratched every time I tried the hedge, that at last I went straight to mother and we had a talk, and I had a plan, and she agreed to it, and I went out after supper, and asked all the five boys to come and eat apples in our dining-room for an hour. They all came, and when I had a chance, says I, "Boys, let's make a clean thing of it, and put the arithmetic

inside; see how it fits!" and I popped my old book into the box, and it was a perfect fit.

They looked astonished, and they all wanted to talk at once and asked what was the matter, and all that; and I squirmed around it awhile, and then I up and told them about the hedge fence, and the thorn that was scratching into me. They laughed some, but pretty soon Charlie Porter began to rub his leg, and says he, "Boys, I believe I'm scratched, too; let's tumble back and fall in with Frank; I've got a quarter saved up from Christmas, that I'll give." And if you'll believe it, every boy of the five agreed to it! Some of them hadn't any money, but mother came in and talked the thing over, as nice as though she had been a boy herself, and she said she would advance the money, and open an account with them, and they agreed to earn it, and if their fathers were willing, they would all do it. And the next morning the fathers were willing, and we all went to the bookstore and bought as nice an arithmetic as the man had, and he threw off a quarter, so it only cost us twenty cents apiece.

But the funniest part of the lark is to come. We carried it to Alvin's desk, all tied up in

white paper, and do you believe he would open it! He thought it was a piece of board, done up like a book. We watched him all the morning, and he shoved the thing around with his elbow, tossing his head, and looking awful fierce, and pretty soon he slammed it down on the floor.

We got around him at noon, and coaxed him to let us see it. "Do you suppose I'm a fool?" he asked us. "It's nothing but a board wrapped up, and I know where it came from, too."

Charlie Porter told him he didn't believe it was a board, it didn't look like one, and says he: "See here, Alvin, if it is a board I'll give you twenty cents for it. I will, as sure as my name is Charlie Porter." So Alvin opened it, and I just wish you could have seen his face! First he thought it was an arithmetic, the box was, you know, and then he found it wasn't, and he was awfully disappointed, and he tried not to show it; and then he found there was an arithmetic inside, with his name in it, and it said under the name: "From Some April Fools." Well, sir, he just jumped up and down and shouted! It was the jolliest time!

Mother says I must go to bed this minute, so good-by. From FRANK HUDSON.



ON THE GENTILES ALSO WAS Poured
OUT THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

AND THE HAND OF THE LORD WAS WITH
THEM ; AND A GREAT NUMBER BELIEVED, AND
TURNED UNTO THE LORD.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD ENCAMPETH ROUND ABOUT
THEM THAT FEAR HIM, AND DELIVERETH THEM."

SEPARATE ME, BARNABAS AND SAUL, FOR THE WORK
WHEREUNTO I HAVE CALLED THEM.

Coolidge, May, 18—

DEAR RENIE :

Father says he believes in hedge fences. He thinks he has good reason too. I'll tell you about it. I carried this one to mother as soon as it came. That is, it came Saturday night, and I showed it to mother on Sunday. She and I were having a little talk. I told her there wasn't a thing in it this time that could help me ; that there was nothing to make a hedge of.

But she didn't agree with me. She said she thought they were all good for hedges, but that last verse was a grand one. Now the last verse was the one that I was the most sure couldn't do me any good. I told her I didn't see how; that every single one of the verses was about other people; the sort of verses, you know, that a fellow couldn't twist to make belong to himself; and the last one was miles away.

Then mother said: "Why, Frank, I am astonished! Haven't you been separated by the same one who called them? And hasn't He a particular work for you to do?"

Then I knew that mother meant about my joining the church, which I did two Sundays ago, you know I told you. But I had never thought about having any work to do; not that he picked out for me. Well, we talked it over, mother and I. She said she knew he would show me my work when I was ready to do it, and that she hoped I would remember that I was separated from the folks who didn't love him, and must not go anywhere to soil my clothes. She laughed when I looked puzzled, and said she was thinking of the time when I was a little fellow and she used to get me ready

for church. Tim was here then, and he used to coax me to come out in the garden, but I would shake my head and say: "I can't; I'm all Sunday now, and must sit still."

There was more talk that I haven't time to tell you about, but I thought of it ever so many times that day.

The next afternoon the Smith boys and that Nickerson fellow that I never have much to do with, were out in front of our yard playing marbles. They asked me to come and play, and I went a few minutes; but Sam Smith had bad luck and at last began to swear.

Pretty soon Joe Nickerson answered him in the same way. Now I often have to hear that kind of talk, and I had always thought that if I kept still it was the most I could do; but right off there popped into my head that verse about being "separated." Said I to myself, "I'm not separated much, now that's a fact, so long as I stay here and roll marbles. A body who did not know me, might think I would swear too, whenever I felt like it."

I waited a little, but the swearing kept on and I made up my mind to "separate" myself. "Boys," says I, "I'll have to leave." Then

they began to coax me not to go yet: and Sam Smith said he had a nice plan; his mother told him he might bring half a dozen boys home to supper, because it was his birthday, and he asked me to be one of them. But I said I would have to go in, and when they got at me for a reason, I thought I ought to tell them, or else it would not be separating myself. So I up and told them that I had made up my mind not to stay any more where folks swore. Then they got mad. They called me "parson Hudson," and they said since I had joined the church, I thought I was too good for common folks, and that I ought to be tied to my mother's apron string for fear I should hear somebody say something that wasn't pretty. Then they began to swear again, all three of them, and I ran into the house: and they hooted at me. I told mother about it; I said I had separated myself as well as I knew how, but I didn't see as there was any chance in it to work. But she told me not to try to go too fast.

It wasn't till the next morning that I heard the rest of the story. Don't you believe Sam's mother had not told him he might ask any of the boys to tea, but he did, and he

thought she would be sure to give them some supper when they got there. Instead, she sent them all home. Wouldn't I have enjoyed it to be one of them.

Well, they were all mad about it, and they made up their minds to have some fun : so they went to widow Hurlburt's garden and tramped down the plants and things and did lots of mischief, and let the pig into the vegetable garden and spoiled everything. There were five of them ; and they got found out and taken up, and the widow was willing to settle it if the rathers would pay five dollars apiece for each boy. They say that one boy didn't do a thing, only looked on, but his father had to pay, all the same. When father told mother and me about it, mother said : "Frank, my boy, you see one good result from separating yourself, don't you?" And she told father all about it, and he said that a hedge fence that saved him five dollars in one night, was worth thinking about.

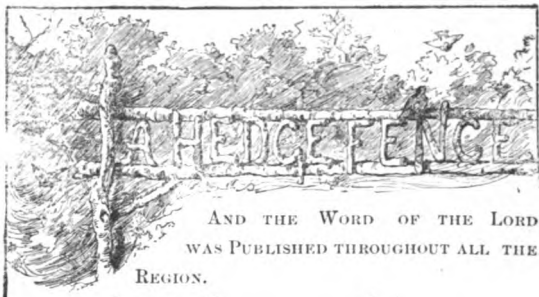
But I told mother that, after all, I didn't see any work for me to do, and she said, wait, that I hadn't heard the end of the story yet, perhaps ; that there was no telling what I might do, some time, for those very boys, because

they would keep watch of me now, to see if I was to be trusted in other things. Then after a minute she said softly, "You don't know how large a work you may have begun in interesting your father in your hedge fence."

I thought about that a good deal, and I made up my mind I would ask you to help me pray for father. He is real splendid good, you know, only he isn't a Christian: and mother and I want him to be dreadfully.

Your cousin,

FRANK HUDSON.



AND THE WORD OF THE LORD
WAS PUBLISHED THROUGHOUT ALL THE
REGION.

SPEAKING BOLDLY IN THE LORD.

· **GO YE** THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING
THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON,
AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Cooledge, June 18—.

DEAR RENIE :

There's lots to tell you this time : all the folks
around here have been having the mumps :
some of them look too funny for anything.
Their cheeks puff out, you know, and their
noses look twisted, and they can't eat, nor
laugh, nor nothing.

Jimmy Tucker had them, and I went to see
him at noon, and took him a pickle that was
left from my lunch ; you ought to have heard

him yell! It seems that the mumps don't like pickles. I didn't know it. I was awfully sorry for Jimmy, and yet to save my life I couldn't help laughing.

There! I've gone and told another story. Mother says that whenever I say I couldn't stop doing some silly little thing *to save my life*, I am telling what isn't true; that if it would have saved my life to stop laughing at Jimmy Tucker, I could have done it in a twinkling. I s'pose I could, but it is an awful lot of trouble to be so particular all the time what you say. Well, it was because of the mumps that I went on a journey. You see our school got so full of them that there was no room for studying, and we had to close for a week. That was the way mother came to take me with her to Orange, N. J., for a little visit.

We started real early in the morning, and I had to bring my things the night before to pack in mother's trunk. I brought my best necktie, and my gold cuff buttons, and my new hair brush, and then mother called after me, and said, "Frank, don't forget your hedge fence!"

I had to stop in the door and laugh; it

seemed so funny to hear a fellow told to bring a *hedge fence* to pack in a trunk.

"I guess I'll carry that in my pocket," I told her at last, when I got through laughing, "but there won't be a bit of use for it this time. It is all about preaching. It doesn't hedge me up a bit. I can't be expected to stand up in a pulpit and preach."

"Humph!" mother said; "because you can't stand up in a pulpit and do it, you have nothing to say about the Lord! That's a queer idea. Then his word won't be published through Orange by any help of yours, eh?"

Well, sir, I went off feeling kind of queer. It was a new notion to me that I had got to do anything about *publishing things*. I told mother that that was not what the fence was for; it was to hedge me in when I was going to do anything wrong. She didn't answer that, only just looked at me and smiled.

What do you think? I hadn't been in Orange but one day, before a boy where mother and I visited, asked me to go to a P. S. Club.

They were just going to organize, and they meant to meet once a month, and have talking and singing, and stories told, and oh! lots of

nice things. I went, and it was real pleasant. Pretty soon, after they had elected their President and other officers, they began to plan how to open their meeting. Some of them said it ought to be done with singing, and some said that reading the report of the last meeting was a good enough way to open. Well, I know all about the P. S., and their whisper motto is,

FOR JESUS' SAKE,

and I thought the way to open would be to pray a few words; but I had no notion of saying such a thing, until up popped that fence of mine about "speaking boldly in the Lord." Do you believe I could get away from the notion that I ought to tell those boys and girls what I thought? Pretty soon they up and asked me what my opinion was. Then, says I, it was a clear case: either I had got to jump that hedge fence out and out, and sneak behind it, or else I must speak out boldly. It was real hard work, but I said that it was none of my business, seeing I didn't belong, but I should think that a society with such a whisper motto as theirs, ought to begin with prayer. You

ought to have heard how still they kept for a minute; it was just awful!

Then Bert Holland, a little fellow, said a queer thing. "Boys don't pray," said he. He seemed scared to think he had spoken, and his face got red. It sounded so queer that we all laughed. Then Harry Bolton, a real splendid boy, spoke out boldly, I tell you.

"Some boys do," said he, "and I think Frank Hudson is right. I move that we begin our meetings with prayer."

They put it to vote and it carried, and then the hardest part of it came: what did they do but ask me to pray, right then and there! It was awful hard work, but I stood up and said, "God bless all these girls and boys, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

We had a real splendid good time, and the boys were all nice to me, and hoped I would come again, and I wish I could.

I meant to tell you all about Orange, and how I went to New York while I was there, and rode on the elevated railway and crossed back and forth on a ferry, and went to Central Park and saw the Obelisk, but there isn't room this time; I must write a letter on purpose.

When we were riding home, while the cars were rattling with all their might, mother leaned over to me, and said :

“Frank, seems to me you have found a way to preach a little, without going into a pulpit. Mrs. West told me her boy decided that evening of the P.S. meeting to do things heartily for Jesus’ sake. She thinks your words helped him.”

I told her it was all because of the hedge, that I couldn’t jump it. But I do think that mothers have such nice sweet ways of saying things to a fellow.

Good-by,

FRANK HUDSON.



BE STRONG IN THE LORD, AND IN THE
POWER OF HIS MIGHT.

WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE
WATERS, I WILL BE WITH THEE; AND THROUGH
THE RIVERS, THEY SHALL NOT OVERTHROW THEE.

BY FAITH THE WALLS OF JERICHO FELL DOWN, AFTER
THEY WERE COMPASSED ABOUT SEVEN DAYS.

BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

I HAVE SET BEFORE YOU LIFE AND DEATH, BLESSING AND
CURSING.

Coolidge, July 18—

DEAR RENIE :

Now what will you say, I wonder? Don't
you believe I have gone and jumped that hedge
fence after all?

Maybe you are not a bit surprised, but I must
say that I am; because you see, I had got so
kind of used to being helped by it, that I

thought I would keep on the right side of it, of course.

This is the way it was: Fourth of July is coming, you know, and we boys were all getting ready for it.

Every fellow but me was buying lots of fire crackers; and a good many of them bought powder. They got their things so long beforehand, because they were afraid they wouldn't have any money left when the day came, and besides it is kind of nice to be all ready.

Well, you know mother, and how she feels about powder and things; she grows worse and worse. Since that accident last Fourth of July with the toy cannon, she turns pale when anybody says powder before her. I don't wonder much. But now, honestly, doesn't it seem a little speck queer to be afraid of fire crackers? Not that I want any; I hate the sight of the sneaking red things.

But I was going to tell you about it.

Of course we promised, Tim and I, three years ago, that we wouldn't buy any, nor fire any; but this year —

Why, you see it's this way: the boys around here are apt to make fun of you if you don't buy

firecrackers. And one day when the Smith boys and Joe Nickerson were saying some pretty mean things, like "does your mother allow you to sneeze when you feel like it?" and "do you have to ask her when you want to wink your eye?" and all that silliness, it made me feel awful! Just as though they were making fun of mother, you know; and thinks I to myself, I'll show them a thing or two. I had a whole quarter of a dollar in my pocket, and what did I do but go in with the boys and spend every cent of it in firecrackers! I had my hedge fence in my pocket, too; but if you'll believe it, I didn't see a thing in that hedge about firecrackers, until I had bought them.

Then what did it do but begin to prick me. "Be sure your sin will find you out." That is what it kept whispering to me over and over, until I really got mad.

"I haven't done any sin," I told it, "and there's nothing to find out. I'm sure I didn't do anything in secret; all the fellows saw me."

"Yes; but your mother didn't, and you know she told you not to buy any."

"That was three years ago;" said I, "she hasn't said firecrackers to me this summer."

“That’s because she trusts you.”

“Well, she can trust me now ; I’m not going to fire a cracker of them ; I mean to give them to some boy whose mother doesn’t care.”

“But you know you are not going to tell your mother a thing about it.”

“Well, what if I’m not ? That is only so she won’t be worried.”

Did you ever argue with a thing in your pocket ? It is the strangest how it will keep on and on, after you think there isn’t anything more to say ? Why, I believe it said that verse over to me twenty times on the way home !

Well, I had the dreadfulest time with those crackers ! I couldn’t think who to give them to ; you see I hadn’t thought, when I bought them, of giving them away. I just wanted to show the fellows that I wasn’t afraid to buy fire-crackers. I couldn’t find a place to put the things. First I tucked them into my drawer, away down among the stockings ; and then I remembered that the next day was Friday, and that mother would be in there to regulate my drawer and see that everything was straight ; so then I put them in my new boots that I don’t wear only Sundays ; and in less than an hour

afterwards what should I hear but father calling out to mother to have Frank's boots sent down to him and he would see about those pegs that hurt! I tore up the stairs in a hurry, before mother could step from her room into mine, and whipped those firecrackers under the bed.

But I knew that wouldn't do, for Friday is sweeping day, too. At last I made up my mind to dig a little hole in the back yard and bury them. So I went at it. And I tell you I had no end of a time.

There wasn't a boarder in the house that didn't want me to do something for them, between the time that I went at that job and the time when I got it done! Mother called me twice, and I had to hide the stupid things in my hat and run bareheaded. And mother said: "Frank, don't work out in the hot sun without your hat. Run and get it. What are you doing?"

"Planting," says I, and I had to scud, before she could ask me what I was planting.

At last they were hid in the ground; but all the time that creature in my pocket kept saying: "Be sure your sin will find you out." I was so

provoked at it, that I had a mind to dig another hole and bury it.

Well, sir, I made up my mind not to give the firecrackers away, but to let them lie in the ground where they would keep still and do no harm. But I didn't count on Fluff nor Snip. Fluff has ten chickens and goes clucking and scratching around for them all the time.

Day before yesterday she slipped into the garden, and just as I got home from school and was resting me a minute on mother's lounge, and telling father that I was at the head of the History class, who should come in wagging his tail but Snip, and what did he have in his mouth but that long bunch of firecrackers that I thought were safely buried.

"Dear me!" said mother, "where did Snip get these?" And something said to me, didn't I tell you that your sin would find you out?

We've got a new girl and her name is Maria; she came in, just then, and told father that Fluff had slipped into the garden and scratched up the corn, and that string of firecrackers! Father ran to see to Fluff, and I thought that mother stayed to see to me. But she only sewed away on my new shirt, and said she.

“Some of the boys must be trying to play a joke on Frank; they are not his, Maria, for he never buys any, nor handles any, because his mother does not like them.”

Now wasn't that hard on a fellow! She looked over at me when she said it and smiled the nicest smile there ever was on a mother's face. There I was with my sin finding me out sure enough. I knew now that it was a great big sin from beginning to end, and nothing else, and mother hadn't found it out because she trusted me!

It was awful! If there had not been another verse in my hedge fence I don't know what I should have done. Did you notice that first one? “Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.”

That came into my mind just then, and said I to myself: “I will.” I went over to mother, and sat down on the stool in front of her, and I told the whole story about those firecrackers from beginning to end.

Well, sir, she was just as good as gold. I know she felt bad, for her cheeks got red, and once she said: “O, Frank!” but I went on fast, and told about it, and about the hedge fence, and

all, and said I was sorrier than she could think.

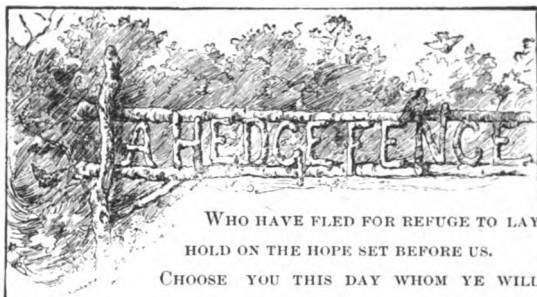
She hunted up a boy whose mother washes here sometimes, and she told mother that she would like to get him some firecrackers, but she couldn't afford the money ; and I went and took the things to him, and he was as glad as he could be, and so was I. And I'll tell you what it is, I mean to try to be "strong in the Lord" beforehand, instead of afterward.

Mother says that perhaps when I am twenty-one she will get over her fear of firecrackers and agree to my firing them ; but I told her she needn't hurry, for I believed I should hate the things until I was eighty-one at least.

I didn't mean to write such a long letter ; but it was a long story, you see.

Good-by.

FRANK HUDSON.



WHO HAVE FLED FOR REFUGE TO LAY
HOLD ON THE HOPE SET BEFORE US.
CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL
SERVE.

AND THEY FORSOOK THE LORD GOD OF THEIR FATHERS.
THE SWORD OF THE LORD, AND OF GIDEON.

Cooledye, August 18—

DEAR RENIE :

I will tell you what it is, that hedge fence of mine is just the nicest thing a fellow ever had. It is big enough to reach around other folks, don't you think!

It is a long story, and a real splendid one.

It began in this way: Mother and I stood at the window one night last week, just before dark, looking at the hedge fence. It had just come in a paste-board box. It is prettier this

month than ever; it has a lovely wreath of forget-me-nots all around the border.

Mother was just reading the third verse when Rene Marshall went by. You are his namesake, you know, and he is real nice. I've always liked him, because he is good-natured to us boys. Mother sighed when she saw him, and said, "There is one who is doing it, Frank."

"Doing what, ma'am?" I said, and I looked out of the window after Rene.

"Doing that verse; whenever I see him, I feel afraid that he is getting farther away from the God of his fathers. He had a splendid father. One of the greatest temperance men we ever had in Cooledge. I have heard him plead with old Joe Bates until I couldn't keep the tears out of my eyes: and think what a good man Joe is now! And poor Rene, with a good father gone to heaven, is going downhill."

"But, mother!" I said, "Rene isn't a drunkard!"

"No," mother said, "he isn't yet; but I tremble for him. His father signed the temperance pledge when he was younger than you are, and never touched, tasted, nor handled; and Rene, they tell me, takes wine at their parties, and

cider all the time. Such things almost always end badly.”

It made me feel just awful to think that mother thought Rene could ever go staggering through the streets a drunkard!

It was the very next afternoon that I stood on the post-office steps waiting for the mail, when Rene came to the door of the ice-cream saloon, and says he:

“Come here, Frank, and get a taste of raspberry wine; it is refreshing.”

Says I, “No sir; not I, thank you. I can’t be jumping a hedge for the sake of some raspberry wine.”

Rene looked puzzled a minute, and then he laughed, and asked if the heat had taken away my senses.

“It isn’t intoxicating,” he said, holding up his glass and looking through it.

“It has alcohol in it,” I told him; “father said all those things that sparkled so, and tasted bright and snappy, were beginning to make alcohol. And I don’t want to begin his acquaintance. Father feels so, and grandfather did, and his great grandfather did, and I’m hedged up, and I don’t mean to jump. Look here!”

Then I out with my hedge fence and showed him the verse: They forsook the Lord God of their fathers. "I don't want to have that said of me," I told Rene. Then I said: "What makes you forsake it, Rene? Mother told me the other night about your father, what a good man he was, and a temperance man and all. I should think you would want him to hedge you up."

After I had said it I was scared, Rene looked at me so queer! He didn't say a word. Just turned and went back into the saloon, and it wasn't until after he had gone that I remembered he had taken my hedge fence with him.

I didn't like to go in and ask for it, so I went without it all the week. I didn't see a sight of Rene until Sunday night: then I went to the young folks' prayer meeting, and who should get up but Rene Marshall! I never saw him there before, and it was so still you could have heard a pin drop when he began to speak. I can tell you every word he said:

"My friends, I have been walking on very dangerous ground, and my feet have well-nigh slipped, but I have been "hedged in;" my father's God has sought me and set a wall about me. I trust that I am saved."

Well, sir, if Dick Woods hadn't at just that minute begun to sing

Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe on the Son,

I guess I would have yelled. I did yell that hymn out as loud as I could. I think hallelujah is a splendid word to sing.

Isn't that nice? Rene is grand, now. I told father that he had helped to save Rene Marshall. He didn't understand, and I had to tell him about the hedge fence, and how I told Rene that I was following my father, in not touching alcohol, or any of his relations.

Then mother said something low to him which I didn't understand. It was about "healing himself," though what she meant, I'm sure I don't know.

Mother is calling me to come and help pick blackberries for tea, and this must call itself done.

Good-by,

FRANK HUDSON.



THE GOD OF ISRAEL IS HE THAT
GIVETH STRENGTH AND POWER UNTO
HIS PEOPLE.

THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE, AND THY
GOD MY GOD.

I HAVE LENT HIM TO THE LORD : AS LONG AS HE LIVETH
HE SHALL BE LENT TO THE LORD.

SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

Cooledye, Sep. 18.—

DEAR RENIE :

We've had our picnic. We went up to Bel-
don's woods, us boys, you know, and a lot of the
girls; we had a real jolly time. They had fried
potatoes for supper, and you never saw the way
the folks kept calling for them. It's queer how
the woods makes things taste; but as true as you
live, they were better than cake!

Mother broiled three chickens for me to take,

and every boy and girl there wanted a piece, because they said mother cooked chickens nicer than anybody else.

I always knew she did, but it seems queer to me that other folks didn't think just so about their mothers. I told Mr. Barnes that, and he said if I lived long enough I would find that there was a difference in boys as well as in mothers: though what that had to do with the subject, is more than I know.

But I wasn't going to tell you about that. It is the swimming story that I am to write about.

You see there is a lake up there, and a lot of us planned to go in swimming. We planned not to say a word to our mothers, because mothers are such fidgety creatures; and I thought mine would be happier if she didn't know anything about it, though there isn't a speck of danger.

Well, about an hour before supper we went off by ourselves, for the swim. We were all sitting on a log waiting for Joe Stevens. He is the best swimmer, and he knows just where to go in, and come out, and all, and we agreed to keep with him. He went back after Charlie Porter and we were to wait on the log till they came.

While we sat there, Dick Burns and two other fellows got to disputing about a little dog. Stephen Jenkins wanted to borrow Dick's for a few days to see if it would teach his some tricks, and Dick wouldn't let him have it.

"It isn't my dog," he kept saying, "I have lent the dog to Charlie Porter to take home with him and keep all winter, and because I am taking care of it for him till he goes home, it is no sign that I have a right to let other folks take it."

"Yes, he is, yours," Stephen said; "likely because you have lent him to somebody that you haven't a right to do what you please with him!"

"Ho!" said Dick, "you would be a nice fellow to borrow from. Suppose you should lend me your history to keep for a week, and to-morrow morning Frank, here, should come to me and say, 'I want Stephen Jenkins' history: he said I might have it. He says it is his own, and he has a right to do what he likes with it, and he doesn't care if he did lend it to you.'"

We all laughed at that, but Stephen said it wasn't the same thing. That the dog hadn't gone away yet, and while it was there, Dick had **a right to do as he pleased with it.**

“No sir:” said Dick, “I’m just keeping the dog for Charlie: he pays for his feed, and takes care of him, and I’ve signed a paper that he is to belong to Charlie until next spring, and I say I’ve no more right to lend the dog, then I would have if he had gone over to the hotel where Charlie boards. Have I, boys?”

They all agreed that he hadn’t, only me, I didn’t say a word. As quick as a flash I saw an old hedge start up to keep me out of that swim. When mother looked at the hedge for this month, she pointed to the third verse, and said she: “Frank, my boy, that is what I have done with you. Remember that you are His servant, lent as long as you live.”

Now it was only a few minutes before this, that I had got kind of cross at myself, wondering whether I ought to go in swimming; and I muttered: “I guess my body is my own: I have a right to swim with it if I want to!” And here it wasn’t my own at all.

Then up popped that other hedge: “Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.”

Was it any ways likely that he had something to say to me about swimming?

If you’ll believe it, he had: and just then he

seemed to speak. "Honor thy father and thy mother;" those were the very words he said:

Mother hadn't said I mustn't go in swimming. She had not said a word about it: I don't believe she knew there was a lake up there. But if I had asked her, she would have said no quicker than a flash, for she is dreadfully afraid of water.

You see it wasn't exactly *disobeying*, but it was a good way off from the "honoring." Any fellow could see that.

The boys went on talking about the dog, and I went on thinking, and whittling slabs off the log, until the others came up.

"Come," said Joe, "step spry, boys, we'll just have time for a good swim before supper."

Then I hopped up. "Good-by boys," said I, "I'm going to tramp back to camp."

They all began to shout and question, and at last I said to Joe, "I can't go. I've lent my feet, and their Master says it isn't quite the thing to take them in swimming, so they must stay out."

"Are you cracked?" Joe asked.

But Charlie Porter began to whistle. He's quick to understand things, Charlie is.

I went off. I told them I couldn't explain any further, it was a riddle for them to guess.

Well, sir, if you'll believe it, before I got back to the rest, I heard somebody hallooing after me, and I waited, and that was Charlie Porter.

"Was it your mother, Frank?" he asked, and laughed; then he said he was in the same boat, that his mother wouldn't be happy if she knew he was in the water, and he had decided to go back.

The fellows went in swimming, and had a good time, and none of them got drowned, or anything, and nothing bad happened: and they chaffed us a good deal about being afraid. But somehow, I didn't care. I never had a nicer picnic in my life. I could have sung and danced all the time, I felt so nice and happy.

After all the others were tired out, and rather cross, I felt bright and kind of chuckly inside.

Hedges are bothersome, sometimes, but you do have good fun inside of them, I think.

I told mother all about it, and after the light was out, and she was just going away, she stooped down and kissed me, and said she felt so safe, and glad, and happy.

Mothers' kisses are nice. I just as soon live
inside of a hedge as not.

But isn't it queer how they bring a fellow all
up standing, after he thinks he has things all
fixed?

Good-by,

FRANK HUDSON.



HIS SONS MADE THEMSELVES VILE,
AND HE RESTRAINED THEM NOT.
HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.

IT IS BETTER TO TRUST IN THE LORD, THAN TO
PUT CONFIDENCE IN PRINCES.

AND ALL THE PEOPLE SHOUTED, AND SAID: GOD SAVE
THE KING!

Cooledge, Oct. 18—.

DEAR RENIE:—Such a time! What do you think—I've been to New York again! This time with father. He didn't mean to take me, and I didn't coax, but at the last minute he thought he would.

Lots of things happened. I don't know when I shall tell you about them all. The thing I am going to tell now, is how I got lost. Yes, sir, right in the streets; and it is enough sight worse than getting lost in the woods, I can tell you!

We were going along, father and I, as fast as we could rush, and that wasn't very fast, for there was an awful crowd of people going both ways.

Father had a satchel, and a paper bundle, a great big one, and an umbrella, and two coats to carry, and I had a box of things he was going to take back to the store; and we couldn't keep side by side, the crowd was so great.

Father went ahead, and he kept looking back to say:

"You keep close to me, and we'll push through to the street-car."

I kept as close as I could, and the crowd grew larger every minute.

Pretty soon there came along a man with the queerest-looking monkeys you ever saw! They were dressed up, just like men; coats, you know, and collars on, and tall hats, and they were taking off their hats, and bowing, right and left. I never saw anything so funny in my life! I looked after the man, as far as I could see him, but I kept moving along all the time, and when the man got out of sight, I looked for father, and he was nowhere to be seen! Where he disappeared to is more than I understand

to this day. It was just as though he went out of the world. One minute there and the next gone.

I kept hurrying along for quite a little way, because I didn't know what else to do; and I thought maybe some of the crowd hid him from sight and I should see him in a minute.

But I didn't. After awhile I turned around and tried to go back, but there were so many people coming from that way, that I couldn't seem to get along.

Then I saw there was a street at the left, and I thought maybe father had turned there, so I turned too, but no father was to be seen: and at last I began to understand that I was lost, and I didn't know what to do.

All the people were hurrying along, kind of wildly, and I tried to hurry too, but I couldn't, for now I had nowhere to go.

I began to try to plan what I ought to do. Father was on his way to the hotel; I knew that, but I didn't know what one, and even if I did, how was I to find it? He meant to take a street-car, but I didn't know what car, and I hadn't a single cent of money.

I began to fumble in my pocket to see if

I couldn't find something to help me, though I knew just as well as could be that there was no money there. I gave my pocketbook to father when I was on the cars, because I had heard a good deal about pickpockets, and since I hadn't but seventy cents in the world, I didn't care about being robbed of it.

The only thing there was in my pockets besides my handkerchief, and a few strings, and a ball of twine and some such things, was my hedge fence.

I couldn't think what it was at first, and I pulled it out and looked at it.

"Humph!" says I to myself; "I'm hedged up now in a different fashion. I'm lost, and there's no way to climb out that I can see, and you can't help me. There isn't a thing in this hedge to help a fellow who is lost."

It is the prettiest card that he ever sent me. There is a lovely vine climbing all over the hedge, and on that vine was the verse: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The letters are made of the roses on the vine, you know. Someway you can't help seeing that verse the first thing.

I said it over, and all at once it seemed

to come to me, how many times I had been helped by these hedges.

“It is true,” said I to myself; “Hitherto he has helped me, and I suppose he knows I am lost, and don’t know what to do. I don’t suppose this is any harder to him than lots of other scrapes that I have got into. Why don’t I ask him to help me now?”

Well, sir, I made up my mind that I would.

There didn’t seem to be any use in hurrying along and not getting anywhere, and I just thought I would stand still, and ask him what to do next. I thought I would go up on the steps of a building, because it would look better to stand there. So I stepped to the door of one building, but I saw it was some kind of a saloon — there were bottles and jars, and all sorts of liquor. I made up my mind not to stand there, for I don’t like to hang around saloons, so I went on to the next building. This was on a corner, and people were rushing by it from all directions.

I just took my stand, and leaned against the door to keep me from getting jostled over, and then I began to say: “Lord, help me again, for Jesus’ sake.” Not aloud, you know, but inside.

It was all I could think of to say, and it was just what I wanted, so I thought it would do as well as anything.

One man looked at me pretty hard, and said he :

“What are you doing here, youngster?”

I didn't like the looks of him much, and didn't want to tell him I was lost ; so I said I was waiting for my father, and he let me alone.

Well, now you listen, for I've something queer to tell you.

There I stood, and I guess I prayed that prayer over ten thousand times, and I didn't see any way out of it, nor know what to do, more than a baby would.

And somebody laid his hand on my shoulder, and said : “Why, Frank Hudson, where in the world did you come from?” And that, sir, was Mr. Harris Browning !

Now, how did he happen to be passing that corner just then, and catch a glimpse of me in all that crowd? If I had stood on the steps of the saloon, he wouldn't have seen me. Almost the first words he said after he found me out, about things, were, “Now I see a reason for missing the car I wanted. I thought it was

very important for me to catch it, but, instead, it seems I was to come down to this corner and catch you."

After that, I knew I wasn't lost any more, but father didn't know it, and I felt bad for him.

I told Mr. Browning about it, hedge fence and all. He asked a good many questions as to where father intended to go and when he found I knew nothing about it he said: "Well, Frank, my boy, hold on to your Helper: you can't do better. He will show us the way out. We'll do the best we can, and trust him for the rest. What is this great-bundle you are carrying?"

Then I told him that it was to go back to the store, and that it was to have been there before ten o'clock the next morning, and that I ought to find father before that time, or I was afraid it would make trouble.

"Suppose we take it back," said he, "then that will be so much done. Do you understand what was to be said?"

Yes, I understood all about that, for I had heard father and mother talk; and the address of the store was on the box, so he said we would just take a car and go there at once.

And we did. It was an awful long way.

But we did the business all nice, and then we left a message for father that I was in Mr. Browning's care and would be found at his boarding-house. But I didn't think father would call there, until he found me, and it seemed dreadful to think of his flying over the city, hunting for me.

While Mr. Browning was talking, and writing his address, I just went to praying again, as hard as I could pitch in. It wasn't for myself this time, but for father; and what do you think I heard while I stood there in that door saying over, "O Lord, help us again," but my own father's voice; he was saying to a policeman:

"I'm in great trouble. I've lost my boy."

I shouted right out: "No, you haven't, father; here I am."

Well, I sha'n't try to tell you the rest. Father cried and I cried, and we had a great time.

But this is what I want to know:

How came Mr. Harris Browning to walk down that street, instead of some other, and how came father to come up to that policeman, a mile away from where he left me, and speak so

that I could hear him? I don't know, but doesn't it look as though somebody planned it who knew how?

I asked Mr. Browning why he thought God had me get lost in the first place, and he said he should think God didn't do that, it was the monkeys, and my turning my head the wrong way, instead of keeping my eyes on father all the time, but God helped me out of my trouble.

FRANK HUDSON.

WITH ALL YOUR HEART.

ONLY FEAR THE LORD AND SERVE HIM IN TRUTH WITH ALL YOUR HEART : FOR CONSIDER HOW GREAT THINGS HE HATH DONE FOR YOU.

BEHOLD, TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

I HAVE FOUND DAVID MY SERVANT : WITH MY HOLY OIL HAVE I ANOINTED HIM.

THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S.

ANNIE CLARK read the first verse over the second, even the third time, with a cloud on her face. Then she spoke to the duster in her hand.

“There are plenty of people who can serve Him, but I don't see how I am one of them. Sweeping, and dusting, and setting tables, and cutting pie, and seasoning turnips, and potatoes, and waiting on children : that is my work.”

Her lip curled a little, it looked like such mean work. There were so many things she wanted to do ! For instance on this Thanksgiving day she would like to put on her new brown suit, and her new hat with a bright plume in it, and go to church, and sing in the anthem that the Sabbath-school was going to

give just before the sermon; but this she could not do, for the turnips were to be peeled as well as seasoned, so were the potatoes; and uncle John and aunt Sarah, and all their hungry children, were to be there to dinner: all of them either a good deal older, or a good deal younger than Annie, so that she did not look forward to having much pleasure in visiting with them.

The rest of her thoughts she kept to herself, and went on dusting the parlor, but with the cloud still on her face. She would not have dared to say, in words, that it did not seem to her as though "great things" had been done for her; but that is the way she felt. Thirteen years old, the oldest daughter, with a taste for drawing, and a taste for study, and a chance to take drawing lessons of a splendid teacher, and a chance to study French under Madame La Blanc, who, all the girls said, was "just lovely!" and she unable to do as the other girls did, and go to school, because it would "cost so much," and "business was so poor," and the family was so large.

"Uncle John has money enough, if he only thought so; but all he cares for is plenty of turkey and pumpkin pie!"

This she said aloud to the discreet duster, and her face was beginning to grow positively cross.

There was a long streak of black on the window seat. Annie rubbed vigorously; it looked as though she would have to go for soap and water. While she worked over that spot, a carriage went by — a carriage of peculiar shape — black, with nodding plumes all about it, and drawn by white horses. The hearse! She knew whither it was going. The Morgans, who lived only a few blocks away, had not so large a family now; there would be more time in that house. Little Sadie would be carried out to-day in the hearse, and left in one of the cold receiving vaults at the cemetery. Annie shivered as she thought of it. What if it were their little Kate? She took up a great deal of time, so did Ned. What *would* the house be without them? How still it must be at the Morgans! “Consider how great things he hath done for you.” The words came back to her, as she stopped her rubbing to follow the hearse. Yes, he had; she could hear at this moment the glad shouts of Ned and little Kate.

Someway, after that, Annie’s face grew clearer. Quiet she was, for awhile, but presently she

trilled a little song as she worked. "Serve him with all your heart;" she said those words over. What, by paring potatoes and keeping up fires and setting table? Yes, just in those things. Didn't the Bible say "do with thy might whatsoever thy hands find to do?" and didn't it say "whatsoever ye do, do *all* to the glory of God?" She would try it on this Thanksgiving day. There was much to be thankful for, even though she could not take drawing, nor French. The Lord had done great things for her. The more she thought about it, the more things came trooping up to be considered. So she sang over her work.

Down in the kitchen her mother was saying with a sigh, "I suppose Annie is dreadfully disappointed about not going to church to-day and singing with the girls, but I *don't* know how to get along without her."

Just at that moment Annie's voice rolled through the house, reaching to the kitchen. A snatch from the anthem. "Consider," it said, "Consider how great things, how *great things* He has done!" Over and over the triumphant strain repeated, and the father, listening, smiled as he said: "She doesn't seem to be very



NOW SHE COULD GO TO SCHOOL.

broken-hearted ; that voice doesn't sound like it."

Busy? I think you would be sure of it if you could have looked on her. Uncle John and aunt Sarah, and all the little "Johns" and "Sarahs" had splendid appetites, besides, there were the Marshalls, aunt and cousins and friend, and to make matters more busy and bewildering, there was a bride, quite new to the family, coming with the Marshalls. Mrs. Clark was hurried and nervous. She had only poor help in the kitchen. But there was one who had enlisted to-day with her whole heart.

"Dear me, Annie! How late it is, and they will be here in a little while, and there is the parlor in confusion."

"You had better not say that, motherie, the parlor is spick and span. Even aunt Sarah can't find any dust, if she puts on two pairs of glasses."

"Oh, Annie! I forgot the front hall. And the rubbers and umbrellas are there from the storm, and the children's rubber cloaks. That ought to be put in order right away."

"Done, mother. The front hall is perfection."

"Annie dear, do you suppose you could get time to light the fire in the back parlor?"

“Oh, I lighted it when I ran up to answer the bell a few minutes ago. I saw it was getting late.”

Now that is just a little hint of the way things went all that day. Annie was not *always* on hand “with her whole heart,” and it made the greatest possible difference. At every turn were traces of those busy hands. Little Kate’s hair that the mother nearly always had to curl because Annie hated to do it, and pulled so that Kate always cried, got itself done as if by magic, and the two youngest children appeared in the parlor in due time, with smiling faces and perfect toilets. Then, when the mother rushed out in dismay, lest the table would be late for the dinner, she found it complete in all its appointments, not a spoon or fork lacking.

As the busy day wore on, Annie became interested in her experiment of working with all her heart. How many steps could her heart save her mother? That became the problem at which she worked. It seems almost a pity that she could not have heard the mother as she dropped into her chair at the end of that long exciting day for a moment’s breath,

and a word with father, say, "What I *should* have done without that blessed child to-day, I don't know. She has been hands, and feet and eyes all day. I couldn't begin to tell you of all the things she has thought of, besides the hundred I have set her at."

Uncle John was helping himself to a glass of water, and heard this. "I've been watching that girl," he said, and he shook his fat sides with laughter. "She's a real team; makes things stand around; she will make a good farmer's wife one of these days, and have the highest market price for butter, and raise the most chickens."

"Her tastes do not lie in that direction, I think," the mother said, with a smile which hid a little sigh.

She was sorrier than her daughter knew, that the direction in which they did lie cost too much to be noticed for the present.

Uncle John and his family drove home by moonlight, and it was three days before he came again.

"Here," he said, hurrying into the kitchen to set on the table a jar of golden butter. "Sarah's tastes lie just in this direction,

you see ; and she can't be beat on her butter. I thought I'd bring you a jar, since your Annie won't be likely to make you any. Dick says she's for French, and drawing, and all that nonsense. I don't much believe in those things ; think it spoils girls for work ; but I guess it will take a good deal to spoil Annie. She goes into it as though her heart was set on doing her best, and that kind don't spoil easy. So here's a Thanksgiving present for her that she will like better than butter, I guess."

He tossed them on the table, a green ticket and a pink one ; and Annie gave a curious little smothered squeal of delight. She recognized them ; one would admit her to the drawing class, the other to Madame LaBlanc's French for a whole long term.

CHRISTMAS PRACTICES.

AND DAVID BEHAVED HIMSELF WISELY IN ALL HIS WAYS,
AND THE LORD WAS WITH HIM.

A MAN THAT HATH FRIENDS MUST SHOW HIMSELF
FRIENDLY: AND THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH
CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, BLESS
THEM THAT CURSE YOU, DO GOOD TO THEM THAT HATE
YOU, AND PRAY FOR THEM WHICH DESPITEFULLY USE
YOU AND PERSECUTE YOU.

THE WICKED IS DRIVEN AWAY IN HIS WICKEDNESS, BUT
THE RIGHTEOUS HATH HOPE IN HIS DEATH.

THE sun shone beautifully, and made a
million diamonds glitter along the snowy
road.

“It is a prime day,” David Pierson said, and
he looked out of the window in great satisfac-
tion. It was to be a gala day to him. In the
first place it was Christmas morning. You
need not suppose this was the first that David
had seen of the sun this morning; he saw
him rise and commence his day’s work. As for
David, he began his work long before the sun.

He went by the light of a kerosene lamp and took a peep at the pile of presents lying heaped on the piano. He had not seen the inside of one of the parcels yet. He meant to wait until breakfast time, and have the fun altogether, but it did no harm to look at the outside of the packages, and this he had done, very early. He was completely dressed now, and waiting for the sleepy people to be ready, and for the tardy breakfast bell to ring. How people could be sleepy on Christmas morning, David did not understand.

Besides, it was his birthday and he was twelve years old. Splendid things were going to be done in honor of the day. At least David persisted in calling them splendid, though he knew as well as you and I do, what Webster said was the meaning of the word.

There was to be a sleighride in the handsome, new, two-seated, gayly painted sleigh, drawn by two handsome horses, whose bells jingled just a *little* better than any others in town, so David thought. He was to be taken to the glass works, and the superintendent of them, who was also the superintendent of his Sabbath-school, had promised to show them

through the different rooms, and let them see the liquid glass put into the fiery furnace, and taken out and blown, and swung, and rolled, and oh! — I've no idea what. You should have heard David talk! He thought he understood all about it, and he was pretty well posted, for like a sensible boy he had been reading up on the subject ever since this plan was formed, some four weeks before.

It was five miles to the glass factory, and it stood to reason that boys who had been five miles in the clear, cold air of a winter afternoon, and spent some two hours wandering about a glass factory asking questions, and driven home again through air that grew colder as the day grew older, would be comfortably hungry by the time home was reached. All this had been thought of and planned for. Such a dinner as was to await their coming! Turkey, and chicken pie, and mince pie, to say nothing of the good commonplace things like potatoes, and squash, and turnip, which everybody forgets to mention but would be very sorry to miss.

Mrs. Pierson forgot nothing. She understood a boy's appetite as well as though she had been

a boy. Better, indeed, for she was a boy's mother, and she promised them that everything should be ready within ten minutes after she heard the jingle of the returning sleigh bells. Everything was planned, and the sun shone as though he heartily approved.

What, then, made David Pierson sit down on the side of his bed with one boot off and the other on, and look sober and thoughtful for five minutes? He had an important question to settle,

You must understand that, having no brothers or sisters of his own to help enjoy his good time, he had to borrow some, and there were always plenty who stood ready to be borrowed. Four other boys, neighbors and friends, were invited to enjoy the delights of the day with him.

Father was to take them to the glass works, and uncle Dick was to entertain them in the library all the evening, after a fashion that he understood and nobody else did, so there was a delightful secret waiting at the end of this day, to give zest to its joys.

A bit of a cloud had risen on all this sunshine. David's most particular friend, Dwight Holmes, had sent word that morning that his wretched,

inconsiderate cold, instead of being better, was worse, and mother, with the trying peculiarity belonging to mothers, was afraid to have him take the sleighride, although he meant to be on hand for the dinner and the fun afterwards.

A thought had just occurred to David in connection with this, which made him grave. However, he did not think about it more than three minutes. Do boys ever think longer at a time than that, I wonder?

Then he rolled down the stairs three steps at a time, and went to consult his right-hand man and woman.

“Mamma”—she was the first one, of course—“could you eat another boy, do you suppose, this afternoon?”

“Could I *eat* another boy!” in pretended dismay.

“Oh, well, mamma,” laughing a little. “You know what I mean. Just suppose there was another boy coming, could you manage him, for dinner?”

“Well,” said Mrs. Pierson, looking properly grave and considerate, “it is a serious question; in fact, I may say I think it is a very *tough* one. Still, I might try what I could do.”

David looked his "Thank you," as he went out of the door, and went in search of his father. He knew his mother would manage it.



DAVID LOOKED HIS "THANK YOU."

"Papa, might not Dwight's seat be filled in the sleigh?"

"I was thinking of that. If mamma can manage another turkey bone, and its belongings, it is a pity to waste any room in the sleigh. Whom have you in mind?"

"I was thinking of Rich Holden, sir."

David's voice was grave and rather hesitating. Mr. Pierson turned quite away from his dressing bureau,

let the ends of his cravat drop, and looked at David in silence for a minute. "Why of him?" he asked at last.

"Well, sir, it is my opinion that he pretty nearly hates me." David spoke more quickly this time, and seemed quite decided in his own mind as to what he wanted to do. Mr. Pierson looked at him a minute longer, then turned back to his glass with a little laugh as he said, "And is that a good reason for asking him to your frolic?"

"Why, yes sir, I guess so. I'm sure it will be doing good to him, and that is what the verse said last night, you know, 'Do good to them that hate you.'"

"Oh," said Mr. Pierson. "Yes, I know. What proof has Rich given that he hated you?"

"Why, the other day, in the history class, he tried to floor me; kept whispering the wrong date, just to mix me up, you know, and then he did floor me, quite; tripped me up with a string so that I sprawled on the floor, right before Professor Perkins, and all the fellows laughed. "He doesn't treat the other boys so, but he is always tormenting me."

"Very well," said Mr. Pierson, after another

thoughtful silence. "I don't see but what he meets the conditions as well as any. If you think he will not spoil the pleasure of the others, and mamma is willing, go ahead."

Mamma did not say whether she was willing or not, when he went back, but she kissed him.

In less than a half hour from that time, there was an astonished boy in town. He stood twisting a bit of paper in his hand, and his face was very red. This was what was on the paper: "I say, Rich, will you go sleigh-riding with us this afternoon to the glass works, and come to dinner afterwards, and spend the evening and have no end of fun? It is my birthday, you know, besides being Christmas. Dwight is sick and can't go, so there is just room for you in the sleigh, and I'd like first-rate to have you." Not a word about the tripping up, nor the dozen other tricks that he had played on the boy who was always getting above him, and who, he believed, *felt* above him all the time.

You don't believe he had the face to go? Then you are just mistaken. He did go, and had a good time, too. Everybody treated him as though they were glad he was there; and I

may as well own that he never had much of that kind of treatment before.

I could tell you a great deal about that afternoon and its delights, if it were not for the way stories have of growing too long, and taking up more room than can be spared for them.

But I really must tell you what David said to his father a few days afterwards as he came in from school: "Papa, there isn't anybody to practice on now: I'd as soon do good to Rich as not: he is real splendid good. This morning he saved me a mistake, by just whistling over a date I had set down. I took another look at it and remembered it was wrong. Rich wouldn't have done that for fifty dollars, two weeks ago."

