

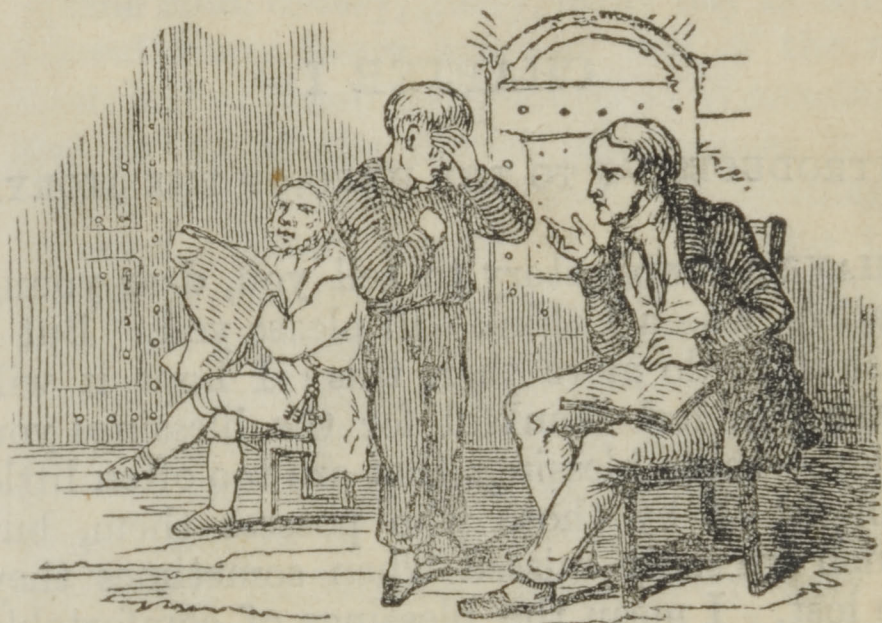


Little Tim seized by Uncle Tom.

LITTLE TIM

And his Friend

THE COBBLER.



Little Tim in Prison.

LONDON:

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Little Tim
AND HIS
Friend the Cobbler.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCES US TO THE HERO OF THE STORY.

I HAVE a simple story to tell you, dear young readers, which I think will please you. But I wish it to do more than this: I hope it will make you feel thankful for the blessings you enjoy,—those blessings that are too often little thought of by those who possess them, but which are sadly missed when sometimes they are lost. I mean the blessings of comfortable homes, kind parents and friends, plain wholesome food and enough of it, and good instruction.

It may be that you have heard of the city of Westminster, and know that it is close to London; and that in this city are the Queen's palace, the houses of parliament, and many great and noble buildings besides. You may have been told, too, that there are many fine streets and squares in Westminster. And so

there are ; but if this be all you know of that city, you have yet much to learn ; for in no place in England can greater poverty, wretchedness, and vice be found. Behind the fine streets, and around the beautiful buildings, are lanes and courts, where dwell hundreds of miserable creatures, crowded together in old filthy houses, which look ready to tumble down ; —and they live there in fearful ignorance, and in the practice of almost every kind of sin, without hope and without shame.

One cold, dreary, gusty, rainy day in March, a great many years ago,—in one of the most wretched of those filthy courts of Westminster, and in one of the dirtiest old houses in that court, was a strange and motley assemblage to be seen. From the cellar up to the third storey of the house, every room was crowded with living creatures. To begin at the cellar, which opened into the court by a sort of trap-door and a flight of broken steps,—to begin there, I say, might be seen a group of two or three families of gipsies, with their poor ill-used and half-starved asses, their ugly and savage dogs, and their baskets and luggage all scattered about in confusion on the floor. Children were crying, women were scolding, and the men, seated lazily on their dirty bundles, were smoking their short black pipes, and occasionally, commanding silence by angry and fierce threatenings, mixed with awful oaths. These gipsies had probably just returned from some country excursion, and were making up, in idleness, for the fatigues of the journey, while they were spending their gains in indulg-

ing their appetites: for, miserable as they seemed, there was no want of provisions, such as loaves of white bread, rashers of bacon frying on the fire—for the cellar had the comfort of a fire-place—and broken jugs of strong beer, which were being passed quickly round from men to women, and from women to children, amidst all the crying, scolding, and profanity of the horrible place.

In the higher portion of the house, other scenes of wretchedness, wickedness, and poverty might have been witnessed. Here was a room in which, stretched on some dirty straw, and covered only with a ragged quilt, lay a woman in great pain and sickness, apparently near dying, with no one to attend to her wants, but surrounded by a group of noisy, dirty children, who disturbed the poor suffering mother with their uproar. In another apartment, were half-a-dozen men, drinking, smoking, and playing at cards, which game presently led to wrangling, till they all rushed from the house to fight out their quarrel in the court below. Another room, nearly at the top of the house, was closely shut, and barred withinside; and there, if any one could have obtained a peep, might probably have been seen a gang of thieves, dividing the fruits of their wickedness, or a gang of coiners, melting base metal, and casting it into moulds, that it might be passed for real silver money.

Above all this din, and confusion, and crime, there was a miserable loft which had only one occupant on the day of which I am writing. The only way to get into this loft was by a

broken step-ladder, which led to a low door, just beneath the roof of the house; but though there is some danger in climbing a broken ladder in the dark—for dark it was—we must venture—in fancy, that is—to ascend it: for the occupant of that comfortless abode is the hero of my history.

Well, here we are, at the top of the ladder, and here is the door:—we can feel the latch: but we lift the latch in vain: the door will not open. Ah, we have found out the mystery now: just above the latch is a strong nail driven into the door, and the fellow to it is driven into the door-post, and a strong cord is tied tight from one nail to another. Ho, ho! we have a prisoner, then, in this sad hole of a garret.

Even so, young friend. Well, we will not disturb the cord that fastens the door; for our thoughts and fancies can enter where our bodies cannot: and so here we are, on the broken floor of that dismal prison. There is no window; but light enough passes through the broken tiling of the roof, to let us see all that is to be seen.

And little enough that is. At one end of the place, just behind a stack of chimneys, which goes through the loft without affording it a fire-place, is a scanty heap of shavings, which, no doubt, is intended for a bed. In another place, is an old tin kettle without handle or lid, and a broken basket without a bottom, a bundle of rags, and a thick, strong walking-stick. This is all. You may look around in vain for any other furniture. There is neither chair, table, nor cupboard.

There are no walls to the room, except at the end where the chimney-stack is: every other side of it is formed of the thin, broken roof; and the cold wind, and the drifting rain of the miserable March day on which I am supposing our visit to be made, enters so freely through the hundreds of cracks and crevices that one had need to have on a thick great-coat, and to spread open a stout umbrella, to keep, under such a broken roof, either warm or dry.

And on the middle of that floor sits a little parcel of humanity, in the shape of a boy, whose face looks at least twelve or fourteen years old; but whose size and apparent strength would be puny for a child of seven or eight. We shall be about right, probably, if we make a guess between the two accounts, and set him down at ten. Sad and sulky does the boy look, as he sits bare-headed, bare-footed, and half-naked besides, on the damp, rotten floor. His hair is matted to his head, and grim and dirty are his features; and yet there is a pleasant twinkle in that bright blue eye of his, and when he opens his lips to mutter to himself, those lips seem as though they could smile in the happy sunshine, though they are far enough from smiles now. Ah, young reader, you little know how many bright glances and sunny smiles are quenched by the sorrow and suffering that sin brings.

And our little prisoner—there he sits;—and there he has been sitting for hours and hours: hungry for want of food, and wretched for want of everything that can make young life happy.



Well, you have seen, in fancy, the prison and the prisoner. Now let us descend from the wretched loft, and tell our story as though sitting at our own cheerful fire-side, and talking of things long past.

The rain continued to pour down with increasing violence on that dreary March day; and the wind rose higher and higher every hour, loosening the rotten tiles from the more rotten laths to which they were hung. The damp floor of that garret became more damp every minute, and the cold more piercing; and still the boy moved not from his position. His only serious employment through the long hours of that day was to feel in the pock-

ets of the old ragged coat, which was almost the only garment he had on, for a few stray crumbs which they might contain, and which, when he had caught with his benumbed hands, he devoured, dirt and all, with the eagerness of ravenous hunger. And his only amusement was that of breaking the stem of a dirty tobacco-pipe into an inconceivable number of little bits, which he afterwards tossed up in the air—and a brisk air too—catching them in his mouth as they fell.

The longest day will have an end; and as a wet March day, in London, is not one of the longest in the year, especially in a windowless garret, the boy, after a time, began to believe, from the darkness that gathered round him, that night was coming on. He was right: it grew darker and darker, as well as wetter and more windy. And then, how eagerly did the little fellow—shivering with cold, and trembling with fear—listen to every noise he heard below. At last, voices of a man and woman approached the bottom of the broken ladder; then there was a rattling at the door; and before it was opened, the young prisoner had darted from his uneasy resting place, and was crouching on the heap of shavings behind the chimney stack.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWS THAT AS THE GARDENER IS, SO IS
THE GARDEN.

MARCH has sunshine as well as showers, and calm days as well as windy ones, so much so, you know, reader, that it has got the nickname of 'many weathers;' though, for my part, I think that name is as justly due to any other month in the year as poor March.

But, however that may be, it was a warm pleasant afternoon, a few days later than the cold wet one of which I told you in the last chapter; and the sun shone cheerily full on a bright painted board over a little shop in that populous highway of Chelsea, known as the King's road. And on that board was inscribed in yellow letters, to resemble gold, "Joseph Brunton: shoes and boots neatly, expeditiously, and cheaply repaired." In other words, dear reader, you must know that Joseph Brunton was what is generally called a cobbler; and a cheerful, good-humoured, kind, and diligent cobbler he was too, withal. But cobbling was not the only trade carried on in Joseph Brunton's shop. He added green-grocery to his ways and means of getting an honest living but this was his wife's part of the business for while the industrious tradesman was thump thumping away on his lapstone; or stitching with all his might, with his coat off, and his

arms partly bare, in one corner of the little shop, just under the window, Martha Brunton was always at hand, to answer the shop bell, and ready to sell a pound of potatoes or a bundle of turnips, or anything else her stock afforded, to *her* customers. And what with shoe-mending and green-grocery, it was believed that Joseph Brunton and his wife were getting on in the world.

Joseph was by no means an old man, and you are not to fancy him with a dirty paper cap on his head, a gray beard of three or four days growth on his chin, and a pair of huge spectacles mounted on his nose. Nor was his wife any other than a neat—very neat, sharp and active little woman of thirty years, or thereabout. Her cap, see her when you would, looked as though it had just been taken out of a bandbox, to be put upon her head, and under it were no disagreeable looking curl papers to be seen, even at the earliest dawn of day, but smooth, glossy brown hair, nicely parted over a forehead, clear and white as cheerfulness, and soap, water, and towel, could make it. Her other garments were all of a piece with her head-dress,—so clean and tidy,—down to her very shoe-sole; and as she tripped in and out of her little parlour behind the shop, and across and across the shop floor, and out upon the broad pavement, where she kept, both for show and convenience, much of her stock in trade, you might think of the fancy of some poet,—

“Her little feet peeped in and out,
Like mice beneath her petticoat.”

One little failing Martha Brunton had. Her temper was apt to be rather quick, like all her other movements; and she was perhaps a little too fond of having her own way. But then, Joseph, her husband, was so very willing, in general, that she should have her own way, that this was not of so much consequence as it might otherwise have been.

And Joseph Brunton,—I have said what he was not in age and appearance; now for what he was. He was, then, a pleasant, curly-haired, rather stout and tall middle-aged man, about ten years older than his little wife. His apparel was always scrupulously clean, although he was a cobbler. His shirt sleeves, so much as you could see of them,—for when he was at work, he always tucked them up,—were white almost as driven snow; and his good leather apron kept all the rest of his dress from being soiled. To see him on Sundays, or on any day of the week besides, when not at his work, you would not guess at his trade, except by looking at his hands, which he could not quite keep clear from the stains of leather and wax.

In his earlier life, Joseph had been brought up in a family of Friends—Quakers, as some call the good people who prefer rather to call themselves Friends—and although he was not exactly one of that society, he had been so accustomed to their habits and manners, that his general way of talking seemed rather peculiar to those who were not used to it. This will soon appear. And now I have done all that is needful in the way of description,—except that I should say, Joseph Brunton's house was as much a picture of neatness as

himself and his wife and his little shop, and the sign board over it, on which we left the sun cheerfully shining, a page or two back.

One thing more though:—there were no children in the house to disturb its neatness. One little boy, this pleasant couple had had; but he had been taken from them by death some years before, when only two or three years old. Perhaps it was partly to amuse himself as he sat at work, and to take off his thoughts from dwelling too much on the loss he had sustained, or it might be to attract customers to his green-grocery stores, that Joseph Brunton kept, in a pretty cage, just behind where he sat, a superb goldfinch, which made the shop ring with one continual melody of sweet sounds from morning to night. Very fond, I assure you, was Joseph Brunton of his goldfinch; and so was Martha.

Well, it was on the afternoon of that sunny day in March; and Joseph Brunton sat in his snug corner, with the window open before him, on the sill of which was lying a pair of boots, which having just been “neatly, expeditiously, and cheaply repaired,” according to the announcement of his sign board, he had placed there to be out of his way, or for some other reason. Now and then, as an acquaintance passed by, he just lifted his head and opened his mouth to say with a cheerful smile, ‘How dost thee do?’ but these pleasant greetings hindered no time.

I cannot say as much for poor dicky, the goldfinch; who, just as the last gleam of sunshine was gently gliding off the sign-board, pleased to give notice to his master, by two or

three well understood chirps, that a little fresh food would be agreeable, or that, at any rate, a little kindly notice was expected for his last fine song.

‘Poor little dicky,’ said Joseph Brunton, putting down his awl, which he was at that moment sharpening, and rising from his seat,—‘it would be ungrateful to neglect thee;’ and saying this, he turned round, and taking a root of fresh groundsel, he employed himself in twisting its stalks among the wires of the little cage.

It was but a minute,—nay, not more than half a minute, he was sure,—that Mr. Brunton was thus occupied; but, whether longer or shorter, his quick eye, ere he settled himself to work again, perceived that the boots had unaccountably disappeared from the window sill. For a moment, the honest shoe-mender felt mightily puzzled. The boots were there,—no question of that—when goldy piped for food: and now, the boots were not there,—no question of that either. A sudden thought came into the mind of Joseph Brunton.—‘They have been stolen;—that poor little wretch of a beggar boy that—yes, yes, I perceive,’—and in an instant, with greater quickness than usual, Mr. Brunton was out of his shop-door, and looking sharply up and down the pavement.

He did not stand there long. Thirty yards or more from the shop door, he saw, shuffling away as fast as his legs could move, a little bare-headed and bare-footed fellow, wrapped up, so to speak, in an old ragged coat which had once done service to a man, and which

now dragged at least half of its skirts in the dust and dirt behind the puny wearer. In another moment, Mr. Brunton was in full chase of the delinquent, as he believed the beggar boy to be. Quickly the boy ran as he found himself pursued; but more quickly did the pursuer follow. Down a narrow lane



darted the boy; down the narrow lane also darted the man, and in two minutes, the powerful grasp of the worthy shoe-mender had secured the culprit. Yes, he was the culprit; there could be no denying it: for in one of the capacious pockets of the old coat, the newly-mended boots were found concealed.

‘Thee must come back with me;’ said Mr. Brunton

‘I shan’t,’ shouted the boy: and then as he found his struggles were useless, he changed his tone — ‘Please let me go, sir: I won’t do so any more.’

‘Thee must come with me, I say,’ returned Joseph Brunton; and thus saying, he led the boy towards the shop.

‘Now, sit thee down, my boy,’ said the kind-hearted man, in a serious, but encouraging tone; ‘sit thee down, I say; I must have a little talk with thee.’

The boy obeyed; but he looked at the doorway as if projecting a speedy escape as soon as possible. Mr. Brunton observed this, and calmly shut and fastened the door. ‘Thee must sit still,’ he said.

The boy looked at him uneasily.—‘You are going to beat me,’ he said; ‘but you had better not, I tell you.’

‘And why had I better not?’ said Joseph with a smile: ‘or why should I beat thee, poor boy? What good would that do?—None to me, I know; and none to thee, I think. No, no, I shall not beat thee.’

The boy brightened up, and there was a pleasant twinkle in his blue eye that caught Joseph Brunton’s attention. He looked more closely at the little prisoner, and, in spite of dirt and rags, and in spite too of matted hair, and cheeks pinched in, perhaps with hunger, there were marks of openness and even beauty in the face of the little thief. ‘Alas!’ muttered Joseph to himself; ‘if this poor boy had had good parents and good instruction and a happy home, how different would he seem. Many a

proud mother would be glad to have a son with such a face, to pet, and perhaps to ruin by indulgence, as this poor boy is likely to be ruined by penury and ill-teaching.'—'Boy,' he said aloud; holding in his hand the rescued boots; 'dost thee know what I could do with thee, for stealing these boots?'

'You did not see me,' said the boy.

'Nay; but I found them on thee; and I could send thee to prison for thy misdeed. Dost hear?'

The boy heard but he did not answer. 'What is thy name, boy?' continued Mr. Brunton.

'It's no odds' said the boy, who had been taught not to commit himself unnecessarily by giving up his name.

'Well, my child;' said the kind-hearted man; 'it is, as you say, of little consequence. I suppose you will not tell me where you live?'

'Oh, any where,' the boy answered.

'And have you parents?'

The boy shook his head.

'And dost thee not know it is very wicked to steal?'

'They make me,' said the boy.

'They?—who?'

'Uncle Tom and Mammy.'

'But they dare not make thee do wrong, surely?' continued Joseph Brunton. 'Thee *must* not steal.'

'I must,' replied the boy stoutly. 'They shut me up three days last week, with nothing to eat, because I did not take anything to them at night, and they beat me wicked—look here:'—and the little boy stripped up his sleeve, and showed that his arm was blackened and bruised with heavy blows.

‘Poor boy—poor boy! what can I do with thee?’ said Joseph. ‘It were best, surely for thee and for me to take thee at once before the magistrate. But I have not the heart to do it. Besides,’ he muttered to himself, ‘if sent to prison, he would mix with older offenders, and learn more wickedness.’—‘Boy,’ he continued aloud; ‘hast thee ever heard of the great God who made thee?’

‘Uncle Tom says God very often,’ the boy replied; ‘and so does every body I ever see.’

‘But,’ asked Joseph, ‘dost thee know what that word means? Dost thee know whose name it is?’

The boy shook his head.

‘Hast thee heard of Jesus Christ—of heaven—of hell? but I need not ask thee. I see thou dost not understand me. Canst thee read?’

‘No,’ said the boy—‘but please do let me go Sir,’ he cried. ‘I shall catch it cruel again when I get home.’

‘And where is thine home?’ again asked the shoe-mender.

‘Oh, anywheres,’ repeated the boy.

‘Boy,’ said Joseph Brunton, changing his tone, and his subject, ‘canst thee eat—art hungry?’

‘O yes, please Sir, yes,’ exclaimed the boy eagerly. ‘I hav’nt had anything to eat since

—,’
‘I do not ask thee when thee didst eat last,’ said Mr. Brunton. ‘Thee canst speak falsely I fear, as well as steal; but thou shalt have a meal now at any rate.—Martha,’ he called.

And Martha came from the little parlour behind the shop,—wondering, perhaps, when she saw the ragged boy, what sort of a customer she was wanted for.

‘Martha,’ continued Joseph; ‘this poor boy—have we a plate of broken food to give in charity?—I do verily believe he is greatly pinched with hunger.’

Martha looked doubtfully at the little object before her; but as she looked her scruples disappeared. ‘Poor child,’ she said; ‘he does look hungry,—and pretty too,’ she added to herself,—‘if it were not for the dirt.’ In a minute or two, a plate of meat and bread and cold potatoes was put into the boy’s hand. He devoured the food ravenously.

‘Poor boy, thee wast hungry,’ said the compassionate cobbler, when the meal was over. ‘It is sad to see thee, and such as thee, going the broad road to ruin and perdition: but what can such as I do?’ and Joseph shook his head despondingly. ‘Well, my boy, I cannot do more for thee. Thou hast bad teachers I fear, and wilt soon come to a shameful end. But boy, thee must not steal. It will bring thee to shame:—now listen: if thee will promise not to take what is not thine, thou mayst come:—but why ask thee for a promise which I fear thou wouldst break. Without a promise, thee mayst come again to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, if thee likes, and I will give thee a dinner. Dost understand?’

‘Yes sir. Thank ye sir,’ said the boy heartily.

‘And now, thee mayst go: but stay, thee wilt tell me thy name now?’

The boy pondered, as though calculating the danger of such unwonted confidence. At length he said—‘They call me Tim. My name is Timothy Smith:—thank’ee sir. I’ll come to-morrow:’ and in another minute the shop was left to Joseph, Martha, and the goldfinch, the unconscious cause of this unusual scene.

‘You might have been satisfied, I think,’ said Martha, when they were thus left, ‘with giving one dinner, without promising more. But poor boy, he was hungry; and we shall not miss a few scraps any how. But how did you get acquainted with him Joseph?’

Mr. Brunton smiled:—‘He tried to rob me, first of all, Martha.’

‘What?’

‘He ran away with these boots, my dear.’

‘I wish I had known that just now,’ replied Mrs. Brunton, rather sharply; ‘I would not have given him a scrap of food—no.’

‘I think thee would, Martha. I know thee too well to believe thee unkind and unforgiving.’

‘But a thief, Joseph! He will rob us every day.’

‘Nay, Martha, we will take care that he shall not.’

‘I don’t like it,’ said Martha; for she would not give up her point; ‘I wonder you should be so silly as to feed a young thief for trying to rob you.’

‘The bible, Martha, tells you and me to recompense no one evil for evil, but *contrariwise*.’

‘So it does,’ replied Martha thoughtfully, and there the matter ended for that day.

CHAPTER III.

GIVES THE PAST, AND CONTINUES THE PRESENT HISTORY OF TIMOTHY SMITH.

THE next day, punctually, but timidly, did the little culprit—bareheaded, barefooted, and big-coated, as before, present himself to the kind-hearted Joseph Brunton; and day after day, for many days in succession, was he to be seen seated on a basket turned bottom upwards, opposite the industrious mender of shoes, devouring, rather than eating, his plateful of bits and scraps. And it was curious to remark how soon, and yet how gradually, the honest man and the roguish child began to understand each other, and to slide into each other's confidence. On the first day, little passed between them worth noting; but before a week was over, the little fellow had found time to linger over his meal, and to hold something like confidential intercourse with his friend—the first, the very first real and true one he had ever known.

During these conversations, Martha Brunton rarely appeared in the little shop. For one thing, her customers were generally either morning or evening ones, and as Timothy's usual dinner hour was three or four o'clock in the afternoon, she had seldom any occasion to break in upon the conference. But another reason was that she did not altogether approve of Joseph's extreme regard and kindness for this dirty little thief—good-looking though she



allowed him to be. He had taken this affair in hand without much consulting her opinion, and she knew it would not end well;—‘no, that it would not, she knew.’ And though, day after day, she laid by the plate of broken food, it was with a shake of her tidy and comely little head, which plainly said—more than she cared to express in words.

But, for once, Joseph chose to have his own way; and when that was the case with her generally obedient husband, Martha knew it was useless to resist.

‘Timothy,’ said Mr. Brunton to his little pensioner, one day, about a week after their first acquaintance; ‘thine is a good and happy name. I wish thee wert like another Timothy of whom I have read, and that ‘thou didst

know the Holy Scriptures in this thy youth. But, alas! thou hast no kind and tender mother and grandmother to teach them to thee, as he had.'

'Granny's dead;—she died last hopping:' said the boy; and Mr. Brunton thought he saw a tear or two in his bright eyes as he said it. But they did not fall.

'Then thee hadst a friend in thy grandmother,' inquired Joseph: 'come now, tell me all about it,' he continued, in a soothing tone.

It was not a long story that Timothy had to tell; nor was it a very happy one. I shall not attempt to give it in his own words; but here it is in mine,—as much of it, at least, as Joseph Brunton could gather from him.

As long ago as Timothy's memory could take him back on the stream of life, his resting place at night used to be under cover of an old blanket tent, beneath the hedges of Kent and Sussex; and his home by day, a donkey cart, which contained, besides himself, all the worldly goods of his 'granny and mammy,' including a collection of rags, rabbit skins and hare skins, and old metal, which they travelled the country to gather, either honestly or dishonestly, and which, as often as they could, they disposed of in pedlary shops, in exchange for money or goods. This was the pleasantest part of Timothy's life; for though he then suffered much neglect and some cruelty, his 'granny' was generally kind to him; and so was his 'mammy' when in a good temper; but at other times she used to beat him without mercy.

He knew nothing about a father:—perhaps he had one, he did not know; and at that time he knew nothing about uncle Tom.

His life continued with little change, except that of scene and seasons, until little Timothy could run by the side of the donkey, instead of continually riding in the cart. Then he was taught to beg, to lie, and to steal, and was often beaten for want of success. At times he used to accompany his granny and mammy to country fairs, where they made a stall with their tent blanket and donkey cart, and sold a few toys, while he—poor little wretch—was sent into the crowd, in his rags and dirt, to beg or to pick up dishonestly anything that came in his way. At one of these places, uncle Tom made his appearance, and Timothy was told he was his father's brother. This was 'the summer before last,' Tim said; and since then he had travelled the country with them, or else lived in a mud hut by the roadside, which they hired for a single winter, because 'granny was getting old and lame'; and also because the poor donkey fell down one day and broke its leg, and was killed by uncle Tom. In this miserable place they lived a sad life; for Uncle Tom used to beat his mammy and his granny every day, and himself too; but they bore through all this bad usage, and the poor boy began to find that the more cruelly uncle Tom used his mammy, the more cruelly he himself was treated by her. At this time, they all lived by begging and thieving; and very sadly the poor boy seemed to have fared.

Then spring came, the last spring, and summer, and they travelled the country again, lodging under the old tent by night, and making and selling matches, or begging by day, catching up, as they went along, all they could lay their hands on, of any sort of property. Then autumn came; and they went picking hops for a farmer in Kent. In the hop garden, poor granny was taken bad, and died under a hedge; and then it was that, with his uncle Tom and his mammy, Timothy first came to London, and had lived, 'just anywheres,' as he expressed himself, and where he had been trained, by constant ill-treatment, to shift for himself in any way he could, and had never escaped punishment if he did not take home money, or money's worth, at night to his mammy and uncle, who shifted likewise for themselves, Timothy would not say, or did not know how; and who were, both of them, more often beside themselves with strong drink, than they were sober.

This was Timothy's story of his past life, told indeed, in very different words, but told so as to cause the kind-hearted Joseph Brunton many a sigh. He had no reason to doubt that the story was pretty nearly a true and faithful one; for as I just now said, the honest shoe-mender and the little rogue began to have confidence in each other.

And if Joseph Brunton was affected by the story of his daily pensioner, so was he shocked by his entire ignorance of all that is most fitting for a child to know. Of God, and heaven, he had never heard but in the language of

blasphemy and profanity. Of the Bible he had never heard. Of what was right or what was wrong he had but a faint idea:—stealing and lying, for instance, he thought, were quite fair and proper when not found out; and those were the best and cleverest people who could most successfully deceive. As to begging, that was his business, and his birthright, as it seemed to be that of almost everybody he knew;—But I will not distress you, reader, by speaking any more of this poor boy's ignorance. Only let me say: Be thankful for your happier lot, and remember if you do not profit by the instructions you receive, your sin will be greater than that of such poor children as little Timothy, of whom, I fear and know there are hundreds,—ay, thousands,—in England—happy England.

It was but about half an hour each day that Joseph Brunton saw anything of the little ragged fellow; and it was not much that he attempted to do in the way of teaching him. But now and then he thought he saw an inquiring glance in the boy's bright eye, and a quivering of his lips, when he spoke a few words of good instruction in his ears, which encouraged him to say, the day after he had heard the history of the little vagabond's life,—

‘Timothy, would thee like to learn to read?’

‘I dunno;’ said Timothy; ‘what is it?’

Mr. Brunton took a book from a shelf by his side, and opening it, explained to the boy that the marks which he saw stood for the words which are spoken; and that by learning to understand those marks, he would be in the

way to get wisdom, power, and perhaps money.

'Yes,' said Timothy, starting up; 'I should like.'

'Well, then,' replied Mr. Brunton; 'tomorrow I will begin to teach thee. I suppose thee art going now?'

'Yes,' the boy answered, wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve; 'I must not stop any longer.'

'And Timothy, where wilt thee go from hence?'

'Oh, anywheres,' said Timothy; this was his usual answer when pressed by Joseph as to his places of resort.

'And what wilt thee do the rest of this evening, Timothy?'

'Oh, nothing,—it does not signify,' said he, and darted from the shop.

'Poor child,' said Joseph Brunton to his wife, who came out of the neat little parlour as the boy departed: 'I fear he gets into much evil, day by day. I cannot get him to tell me how he passes his time. I doubt he continues to steal when he can.'

'To be sure he does,' replied Martha. 'You are strangely bewitched with that boy, I think, Joseph.'

'Martha,' said Joseph, solemnly but kindly; 'how old would our little Joseph have been had he lived until this day?'

It was a tender subject. The little woman burst into tears, and said nothing. There was no need for it. She understood Joseph—quite.

CHAPTER IV.

TIMOTHY GETS INTO TROUBLE ; GETS OUT AGAIN ; AND LEARNS TO UNLEARN WHAT HE HAD LEARNED AMISS.

BUT Martha, at that time, could not,—no that she could not,—she could not if she would, and she would not if she could, approve of her husband's whim, as she called it ; and very glad was she when the next day came, and the next, and the next besides, and the ragged dirty boy failed to make his appearance. Joseph Brunton, on the other hand, was sorry. He had become used to the boy, there was something in him that he liked, notwithstanding his repulsive outward appearance ; he wished, too, to do something, if but a little, towards rescuing the poor little fellow from ruin, by putting him in the way of learning something better ;—and Joseph had a certain book by his side, the same that he opened to Timothy, in which he had strong faith, and he had thought, 'If I could but teach him to read that book—.' In short, he felt strangely uneasy at the boy's unaccountable absence.

It was not long unaccountable.

Tinkle—tinkle—tink—sounded the little shop bell one morning, in the third week of March ; and in came a customer for a bundle of greens, and a five-minute's chat with her acquaintance, Mrs. Brunton.

'—And such a to-do we had a few days

ago,—and do you know I had to go to the police office, all about a little dirty wretch of a boy, who came into my shop, and when my back was turned, ran off with a great piece of cheese that was on the counter.'

'Ah,' said Martha, eagerly, 'what sort of a boy was it? Do tell me.'

'A little fellow of his age, I should think,' was the reply; 'but I didn't mind much what sort of one, only I pretty soon handed him over to the policeman; and he has got a month of it.'

'But how was he drest,' inquired Mrs. Brunton, 'I want to know. I fancy I have seen something of the young urchin.'

'Why, as to dress; he had not much to boast of, besides an old ragged coat that had been a man's once—' I need not record any more of this conversation.

'There, Joseph, did you hear?' said Martha, when her customer was gone. 'There's an end of your fancy, I should think.'

'Yes, Martha, I hear. Doubtless, it is little Timothy. I grieve for the poor boy,'

'Well, it is a bad thing for him, to be sure,' replied Martha, softening a little: 'but it is no use grieving, Joseph. You had better forget the boy. It is all done with now, at any rate.'

But Joseph Brunton could not forget the boy so easily. Thump, thump, thump, went his hammer on the bit of sole leather he was fashioning and hardening, — thump, thump, thump, he went again; but it would not do. He could not thump poor Timothy out of his mind. Long he pondered: at length, when

he could bear his thoughts no longer, he washed his hands, pulled down his shirt sleeves, took off his apron, put on his coat and hat, and walked out of the little shop, telling Martha he had business abroad.

And so he had; and day after day, for a whole month, did Joseph Brunton, at a certain hour of the day, and for a certain time, find business to do abroad. And whatever that business was, he ever put, before he went, a certain book into his pocket,—that book in which he had such strong faith; and daily when he returned, did he wear a cheerful aspect, and had a kind word for his pretty goldfinch, which acknowledged his attention with a happy chirp and a thankful song.

And Martha knew well enough the business that called him abroad during that month, for Joseph Brunton did not approve of secrets between man and wife. I fear she did not at first like his daily absences, but she was a kind little body after all, though too hasty—rather too hasty.

The days were lengthening, Spring had come, and April showers were soon to shew their good effects in May flowers. The month of little Timothy's imprisonment had all but passed away.

'He comes out to-morrow, Martha,' said Joseph, as he sat at tea with his little wife.

'Yes,' replied Martha,—that was all.

'Thee would not know him now, Martha; he is quite another being,—so neat and clean, thanks to thy kindness, Martha, for the nice shirt thee made him, and to the prison disci-

pline, which, if it be not all we could wish, is better than I thought.'

Martha felt pleased.

'And so grateful, Martha; so much improved; and so rapidly has he made progress. He will soon be able to read. Thee will be pleased to see him, I am sure.'

Martha was softened out-right. She had felt for little Timothy more than she cared to express; and she had yielded to her husband's wish, and made up a little bundle of clothing for the destitute boy; and she now felt how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

'And Martha,' continued the benevolent cobbler: 'thee canst not know, unless thee were to see, how loth he is to go back to his wicked relations, and to his sinful practices. Martha, he wishes to be honest now he knows what honesty really is.'

'But he must go to them, I suppose,' replied Mrs. Brunton; 'it is a sad pity, though.'

'I have thought about it,' said Mr. Brunton, hesitatingly. 'I have, to-day, thought *much* about it, and have fancied if we were but to save the poor child from ruin, how happy we should be.'

'But how can we, Joseph? We cannot take him into our house, you know.'

'We need not do that exactly: but I have been thinking,—could we not give him employment? He would soon learn my trade, I do think: and that would be no loss to us, you know; and he might be useful to you, in your business, Martha, which would sometimes save my shoe-leather,' said Joseph; 'and then

as to lodging him, why, there is the little storehouse in our garden—it might be made warm and tight.’

Martha was now fairly in for it: and she soon entered as warmly even as Joseph could desire, into all his plans. There was a little bedstead to be got, and a mattress, and a blanket or two, and some coarse sheets; and a window to be mended, and the place to be cleaned and scoured, and a new jacket to be made for little Timothy out of one of Joseph Brunton’s old coats; and trousers, and shoes, and stockings;—it was a pleasant scheme, and these were pleasant calculations, for they were kind and generous ones. ‘And why,’ asked Martha, quite boldly too, ‘why should the rich have all such pleasures to themselves? Not that we are so *very* poor either, Joseph, eh?’ and the little woman laughed with pleasure at the very idea.

But a damping thought crossed Martha’s mind at this moment. What right had they to take a child from his relations, bad though they were; and would they like to give him up, if they were asked? or would they not contrive, by Timothy’s means, to rob the shop and the house?

But Joseph Brunton had thought of this too, before he formed his plans. He had found out, from the boy’s description of the locality, the very court and house in Westminster, where we, my young readers, you remember, first became acquainted with Timothy, on that cold, dreary, gusty, rainy day, in March; and he had discovered that uncle Tom and

Timothy's mother had disappeared—gone no one knew whither. They had, in fact, hastily departed on the day that Timothy was sent to prison, evidently intending to desert the poor helpless boy, and get rid of him as a useless burden.

And when Martha heard this, she smiled again: but there were tears in her eyes too, as she said,—‘ I wonder how a mother can be so wicked and cruel.’ And others, my young readers, have wondered about the same thing; but there are such mothers in the world, nevertheless. Be thankful, I again say, that you have a happy home, and loving parents and friends.

The next day came, and Timothy came also, hand-in-hand with the benevolent shoe-mender. It was quite true, though any other besides Joseph Brunton had said it,—Martha would not have known the young rogue again, so changed for the better did he seem. He was clean as soap and water, and plenty of it, could make him, and his skin was clear and fair: his face had lost much of the aged look which dirt, and dread, and starvation had before spread over it, and it was no longer shaded and disfigured by the long, filthy, and matted hair of former days; this had been closely cut off—*rather* too close, thought Martha; but never mind, it will grow again,—and was as smooth and neat as even Martha could desire to see it. Then the bright blue eyes, the brighter for the tears with which they overflowed, and the filled-out cheeks and the happy smile that dimpled them—for Timothy could

smile now;—who could have dreamt this to be the same boy? Not Martha, certainly. The ragged, dirty, misfitting old coat, *that* was gone too,—‘burned up for good and all,’ Martha trusted; and instead of this universal covering, Timothy had on a clean new shirt, of Martha’s own making, and a decent suit of fustian, of Joseph’s careful providing.

But if I go on at this rate, I shall be long in finishing my story; and I have yet to tell the result of Joseph Brunton’s experiment.

A year passed away, and the third month of the second year of this experiment was close at hand, and never, for one moment, had either Joseph or Martha been sorry for having ventured upon it. And there was Timothy, surprisingly grown, but otherwise looking more youthful than when we first met with him. Not a more useful, active, and obedient errand boy or shoemaker’s apprentice could scarcely have been found, had all Chelsea been searched—to say nothing of the King’s-road. At dawn of day, it was he who took down the shop-shutters, and swept the shop, and swept the pavement, and fed the goldfinch, and set out the green-grocery stock to the best advantage. It was Timothy who was presently seen seated on another seat, by the side of Joseph Brunton, diligently profiting by his instructions in the art and mystery of cobbling, and talking of a hundred things besides. It was Timothy, too, who was ready to clean knives, and perform a dozen sundry household works, and to run on errands, and to take baskets or barrows of vegetables to Mrs. Brunton’s customers, and

to bring home the money, too, with which he was sometimes intrusted, without the mistake of a single farthing.

But how came all this about? Did the little idle, cunning thief,—trained from his very babyhood to all that was evil,—take naturally to these altered courses? Is this at all likely?

I will tell you how it came about,—and how such unlikely things do sometimes come to pass, so that older thieves than Timothy, learn to steal no more, and wicked swearers to fear an oath, and constant drunkards to become sober, while those who were no better than

“Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb:”—

I say, such things as these are not likely nor natural; but they are true for all that. Now listen.

I have told you that Joseph Brunton had a certain book, which he kept constantly by his side, and in which he had great faith, and I think you, my intelligent reader, can guess what that book was: or shall I at once avoid all mystery by saying it was the Bible. It was from this book that he himself had learned all that had, with God's blessing on its teaching, made him what he himself was; and this same book, he believed, “was able to make” even his little rogue of a Timothy,—widely different though he seemed from the Timothy of Scripture—“wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus;” and to teach

him that "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, he should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in the present world."

It was not, however, the work of an hour, nor a day, nor a week, nor even a month. No, no. If you, my young readers, have—as some children have—a little patch of garden-ground for your own, to work in and cultivate, you know very well, that though, at one time, just after you have cleared it, your garden may seem free from weeds, yet they soon spring up again, and need pulling up, one by one, or they would spoil the look of your ground, and make your cultivated flowers look less beautiful than they really are. Well, Timothy was to Joseph Brunton what your little garden is to you. Many weeds of bad principles had been sown in his mind, and time, and patience, and watching were necessary, before the weeds could be overcome. But faith, and love, and perseverance, do wonders, wherever they are set to work.

But I must not attempt to follow, step by step, little Timothy and his kind teacher, in their onward progress through the year and two months of which I have spoken. I shall only say that, in due time, and a short time too,—for never surely was a boy quicker at learning than Timothy—he had learned not only to spell, but to read; he began, also, to write a tolerable hand, and to master the difficulties of arithmetic. These were the employments of the long winter evenings, and the fine summer mornings, and did not interfere with the labours of the day.

But how shall I describe the wonders which burst in upon the little fellow's mind, like a flood of light entering a dark, dark place, when Joseph Brunton, as he sat at work, or at night, in the little parlour, when work was over,—or at other times, when the bible was open before them,—told him in his serious but loving way, of the first fall of man, and his heavy guilt, of the hatred of the holy God to sin, and of his great love to sinners, of the coming of God's son into the world to be the Saviour of men, of his life of love, his death on the cross, his resurrection, his return to heaven, and his great work there. O, it was wonderful—astonishing!—and to think that all this was so new,—that he had never heard anything like it before! Poor little Timothy was melted. He could see at once, then, how sad and wretched and wicked his former life had been, how unworthy he was. And to be able to believe that all this good news of God's gospel was for him! I tell you, my young friends, that you who have known these things from your infancy, and, perhaps, think too much of yourselves because of your bible knowledge, while yet that knowledge is only in your heads and not in your hearts,—I tell you that you cannot conceive how precious these tidings were to little Timothy, and what a difference they made in him. God's blessing rested upon Joseph Brunton's experiment, and his exertions, ay, and his prayers: Timothy—the little pulfering, ignorant, idle, and untrustful wanderer, became a new creature. Old things passed away from his heart

and his affections. He hated sin because God hates it. He loved the bible and all its blessed truths. And he loved—ah, I cannot tell you how much he loved his kind friends—his more than parents—Joseph and Martha, for their mercy to him, a poor little wretched thief as he once was.

And when, at the end of a year, and he could read for himself, Joseph put into his hands a New Testament, for his own, with his own name written in it by Joseph Brunton himself,—let the other be who he might, I believe that Timothy Smith was, to say the least, one of the happiest beings within a mile of King's road, Chelsea.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH SOME IMPORTANT EVENTS ARE TO
BE RECORDED.

Too happy to last. There was a black cloud in the horizon, which neither Joseph, Martha, nor Timothy could have foreseen.

It was in the beginning of July; the day had been most sultry hot; but with the twilight of nine o'clock came a refreshing breeze, which pleasantly fanned Joseph Brunton's face as he stood, bare-headed, at the outside of his door, anxiously looking up the King's road in the direction of London. 'It is strange what keeps him so late,' he said; and Martha, who was also standing at the shop door, thought it strange too, that Timothy, so

punctual as he always had been, should loiter so sadly on this occasion.

‘Had it been the first time of sending the boy to London,’ continued Joseph, ‘I should have feared he had lost himself; but he well knows his way.’

Ten o’clock came, and eleven;—but Timothy returned not; and, in short, he came not back at all. Great was the grief which Joseph and Martha felt when, after days of vain inquiries and numberless efforts to discover what had become of the poor boy, they were compelled to conclude that, notwithstanding all hopeful appearances, Timothy had fallen in with evil companions, and returned to his old habits, “as a sow that is washed returns to her wallowing in the mire.”

‘My hopeful experiment hath failed,’—sighed Joseph Brunton, as, in course of time, he settled down again in solitary state, to his seat. And thump, thump, thump, went his hammer, upon leather and lapstone; but thump as he might, he could not, any more than he had done a year and a quarter before,—he could not thump little Timothy out of his mind.

‘But I cannot believe,’ said Martha, crying with renewed energy,—‘that the boy—poor little fellow—has run away from us of his own will. I am sure he has taken nothing but the clothes he had on, and they were not his best. If he had meant to run away, would he not have taken more with him? To be sure, I cannot find the little Testament you gave him, among his other things; but I don’t think his

running away with that proves him bad, do you, Joseph?’

Thump, thump, thump, went the hammer again. Joseph’s heart was too full to let him speak.

But what had become of little Timothy? Come with me, reader, and I will show him to you.

Here we are in Westminster:—and look,—do you remember this filthy court, and that house in particular,—the dirtiest of all the houses in the place? The cellar, too, with the trap door and broken steps? And the garret or loft at the top of the house, just under the tiles, with the broken ladder?

Now, open your eyes wide. On that self-same spot where first we saw him, sits Timothy, sad and disconsolate, again a prisoner. His eyes are red with weeping, and yet there are hope and courage and manly fortitude, and brave endurance, sparkling in them as, in solitary musing he turns over the leaves of the little book upon his knee, and reads,—“Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”

—‘Yes,’ he says, starting up with new life; ‘they may kill me if they like; but I will never steal for them again—never.’

But though strong in spirit, his body is weak. He has been three days shut in that dismal loft, with only a scanty meal a day to keep him from starving. And besides that, in struggling to get away from his uncle Tom, who had caught sight of and recognized him,

and laid hold of him, as he was returning from his errand, he had received a violent blow which stunned him for the time, and from which he only recovered to find himself in the power of his old evil teacher, without even a mother's influence to soften his lot; for she, as his uncle informed him, in answer to his earnest inquiries, had been some months dead.—Poor Timothy.

It was towards the end of August. The day had been gloomy, and now, as evening drew on, a drizzling rain began to fall, and to moisten into mud, as it fell, the street dust of the old city of Bristol; and to glisten in the gas lights of its multitude of busy shops.

'What do you want, my boy?' asked the owner of one of these shops (a bookseller's) in rather a sharp tone, of a lad who had just entered, and stood hesitatingly in the door-way.—'What do you want, there?' he repeated, as the former question was yet unanswered.

What indeed could such a boy want in a bookseller's shop,—drenched to the skin as he must have been, through his ragged jacket and scanty trousers,—bareheaded and barefooted as he was besides,—what could he want there, but to beg?

'I have come many miles to-day, sir,' said the boy, as he tremblingly approached the counter:—'and I am not used to beg of late; but I have no food and no friends, and——'

'There, that will do, that will do,' replied the man bluntly; 'I have nothing for you my man.'

The petitioner meekly withdrew, and was leaving the shop.

'Stop, you sir,' shouted the bookseller; 'what is that I see in your trousers pocket? You have been stealing one of my books, sir. Come here, I say, this instant,'—and at the same time, he jumped over the counter, and hastened to secure the supposed thief.

But the boy was in no hurry to escape. Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew from it a book, which, small as it was, had betrayed its presence—for the pocket was small also,—and quietly put it into the tradesman's hands.

'It is my book, sir,' said the boy, 'not yours.'

'Um,' exclaimed the man, glancing at the book, and speaking in a milder tone;—'You are right. It is not mine. A Testament, I see. Rather a curious book for a boy like you to carry about with him. Come now, if you are in want of a few pence for lodgings and so forth, you had better sell the book.'

'No,' exclaimed the boy, vehemently, 'no; I can starve, but I cannot sell that book; no never.'—and he held out his hand eagerly to reclaim the property.

'What is all this about, friend Harrison?' said an elderly person in a very broad-brimmed hat, and a very plain, broad-skirted and comfortable-looking drab coat,—who had been standing at another counter, reading—and listening also, it seemed.

'Rather strange, sir,' replied the bookseller. 'Here is a young lad begging, with a Testament in his pocket that he wont sell at any price.'

‘Let me look at it, if thee please,’ said the stranger.

He took it in his hand.

‘Is this thy name, boy, written on the fly leaf, ‘Timothy Smith, given him by Joseph and Martha Brunton.’ Is Timothy Smith thy name, I ask thee?’

‘Yes, sir, yes it is,’ said the boy eagerly: and at the sound of the well remembered ‘thees’ and ‘thys,’ so like his kind friend, he burst into tears.



‘And Joseph Brunton,’ continued the Friend; ‘what dost thou know of Joseph Brunton—and Martha?’

‘They are my only friends on earth;’ replied the still sobbing boy.

‘Then why didst thou leave thine only friends?—and stop;—why is this leaf of thy Testament turned down? Hast thou a particular regard for any passage of Scripture in this tenth chapter of Matthew’s gospel?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied Timothy.

‘Perhaps, then, thou canst repeat it? If thou canst, do.’

“Fear not them which kill the body,” said Timothy; “but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”

‘There is something extraordinary in this, friend Harrison,’ remarked the wearer of the broad-brimmed hat, turning to the shop-keeper: ‘I know Joseph Brunton well; he lived in our family many years, and was a trusty, valued servant; and I can vouch for this being his own hand-writing. Boy,’ he said, speaking to poor Timothy; ‘wilt thou walk with me to my house in the next street. I can then hear thy story at more leisure. There is that in thy looks that pleads for thee. Come, walk under my umbrella, there is room beneath it for thee and me.’

And nothing loth, but thankful to Him who had said to him in his word—“the very hairs of your head are all numbered,” Timothy walked by the side of his new protector, until reaching a large house in a fine and broad street, and seated by the kitchen fire, he told his simple history to the approving friend. To my readers there is nothing new in it, except that after a few days detention in the garret at Westminster, Timothy had been compelled

to accompany his uncle Tom far into a part of the country he had never before been ; and that after many days, he had succeeding in making his escape, and wandered he knew not whither until, guided by Providence, he had reached the city of Bristol

‘I believe thy story,’ said the gentleman, when it was ended ; ‘the more so that thou hast not concealed thy former life, and hast given me a faithful description of my friend Joseph. And now, I tell thee what I will do for thee. I have a ship now in port, about to take the voyage to America. If thou wilt, I will clothe thee, put thee on board, under the care of the captain, who is a kind man and a christian, and I will give thee a letter to my agents abroad who shall provide thee with a situation, and put thee in the way to be useful, honorable, and it may be prosperous in the world. I will also write to friend Brunton, to inform him of thy welfare. In the meantime thou shalt lodge in my house, and be fed from my table. What sayest thou?’

And the kind friend did what he had promised ; and on parting with Timothy a day or two later, on board the ship that was to convey him to his destination, he slipped into his hand a small purse of money, saying, ‘Keep fast hold Timothy, of thy shield and buckler, the Holy Scriptures, and it shall go well with thee in the life that now is, and in that which is to come.’

Many years passed away, and nothing more was seen of Timothy Smith. But one day, as Joseph Brunton sat at work in his accustomed seat, he heard the tinkle, tinkle, tink of his shop bell, and lifting his face, he met the earnest gaze of a pleasant looking stranger—well-dressed, and in other respects, respectable and gentlemanly in his appearance,—who having entered the shop, seemed to be waiting for Joseph to speak.

‘What can I do for thee, sir?’ asked Joseph.

‘You do not know me, then, my dear, my best friend!’ returned the stranger, whose bright blue eyes filled with tears as he spoke.—‘Perhaps, however,’ continued he, ‘you will remember this?’ and he took from his pocket a well-worn book, and opened it at the first page.



Wonderingly, Joseph took the book; but before he could adjust his spectacles—(he wore spectacles now)—the voice of Martha was heard—‘It is Timothy—little Timothy—dear little Timothy!’

And so it was. He had prospered in America; and America was still his home; but amidst all his prosperity, he could not forget his first protectors; and for the happiness of embracing them once more, and thanking them for their kindness to the little untaught, and ragged thief, he had travelled four thousand miles: and had the distance been ten times greater, he would have still travelled it.

And now my story is ended; and Joseph Brunton’s experiment, you see, succeeded. And what more shall I say, but—Success to all who, like Joseph Brunton, whether in ragged-schools, or any other way, “Cast their bread upon the waters,” in the full faith that they will again “find it, after many days.”

