

**HARRY FOSTER'S
RULES, PP. 1- 94**

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Harry Foster's Rules, pp. 1- 94 by Mrs. H. H. B. Paull

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MRS. H. H. B. PAULL

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THE VISIT TO SIR THOMAS FANSHAW (p. 71).

HARRY FOSTER'S RULES.

BY

MRS. H. H. B. PAULL,

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"THE GREATEST IS CHARITY," "TREVOR COURT," ETC.

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"Not slothful in business."

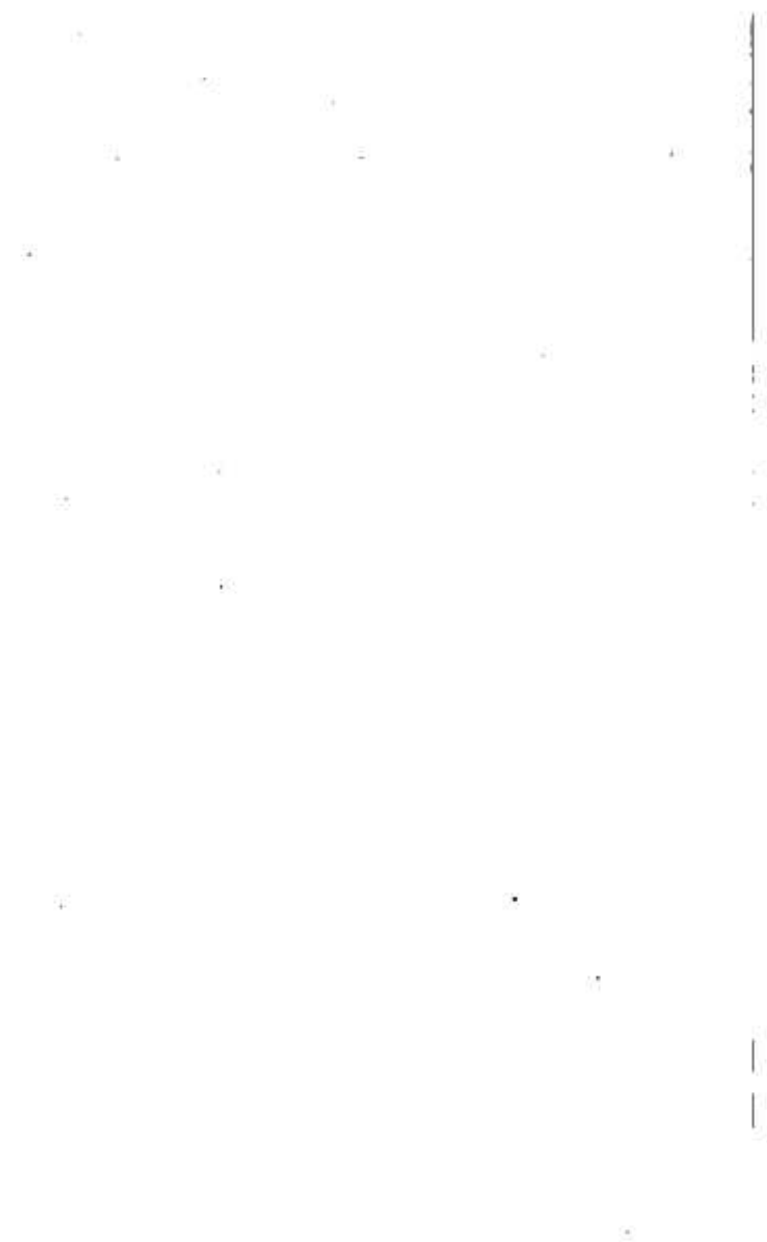
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HARRY FOSTER'S RULES.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT SORROW.

“H, sir, will my father die?” And the bright face of the boy of thirteen who thus questioned the doctor was clouded with sorrow and tears.

Dr. Allen looked pityingly at the boy so soon to be fatherless, and said,—

“Your father is in God's hands, Harry, but I fear that nothing can save him now.”

“Does mother know?” asked the boy, who while returning from school had encountered the old woman who helped in nursing John Foster, and she had said to him, “Make haste home, Harry; your father is dying.” He had reached the door breathless with haste, and met the doctor leaving the house.

“Your mother does know, my boy,” was Dr. Allen's reply to the filial inquiry; “and you must be her comforter in her sorrow when your father is gone; she will have no one left but you then.”

“I will, sir,” said the boy. And as the doctor left

him with a cheering word, he knew that Harry Foster would unflinchingly keep his promise.

Hastily wiping his eyes and controlling his grief, Harry Foster entered the house, and went softly upstairs to the room in which lay his dying father. The mother's quick ear, however, detected the sound of his footsteps. She opened the door, and held up her finger. One glance at her pale face and swollen eyelids, and Harry's firmness gave way.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he whispered, although she had closed the sick-room door. "Oh, is it true?"

The mother's arms closed round her boy, and for a few moments he sobbed out his sorrow on her bosom, while she restrained her own grief, and soothed him with comforting words.

"Your father's expecting you, Harry," she said at last.

The words roused him. He dried his tears, and followed his mother into the room.

Harry Foster had seen his sick father before going to school that morning, and the painful change now evinced in the dying man made him shrink back with a fear that his father was already dead; but at the movements in the room the heavy eyelids slowly opened, and as John Foster recognised his boy he smiled and feebly held out his hand.

"Come nearer, Harry," he said faintly. "I'm not in pain now, and God in His mercy has preserved my senses. I thank Him for it, because I want to say something to you before I die."