

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



man's truth were granted together in three determination. "Wine," if John was desirous of his resignation, should be the sole beverage of Beecroft, to the exclusion of his father.

From thoughts like these, Harwick was roused by the querulous voice of his wife, complaining about the misdoings of the servant girl. "Ever since her earliest married life," Mrs. Harwick had been one of those misdoings, the kind in both high and low life, who have a faculty for never keeping a servant. It seems as if there must be hidden proclivities amongst all our domestics, which always come out at the approach of an inferior.

"Half-past five, and Mary Ann not yet come in," cried Mrs. Harwick. "I send her out a step, with a message, and she stays out half the night with that worthless dog of Tom. She'd do give him the color, I know, too. She's a nice one; she shall be given warning to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

THE MEN IN THE WOOD.

John Harwick was something like his father in character, and yet in many respects he was very different from him. He had the same steadiness at the bottom of his nature, but this steadiness was so covered over by an inborn laziness, that in most things he seemed to himself to be led by others rather than take the trouble to control by his own will. Thus his energetic, resolute father had been able, even after he reached manhood, to keep his children over him.

John was a much rarer and more genuine temper than old Harwick, and as he went about in the world he often half wished to be more than all useful to others; but it would have been far too great an effort to him to break the chain in which he felt had bound him, and so he never showed what he was in himself. His religion, like that of his father, was a matter-of-fact form, which he used chiefly from custom; still he was much more impressionable than old Harwick, and a stirring sermon or a hymn would now and then fill him with a vague hopefulness, and he would in his precious work had hitherto always quickly gone out.

One John Harwick had made an attempt to free himself from the stagnant life at Beecroft; this was when he married. His endeavor had, however, turned out a bitter failure. His wife, whom he had chosen hurriedly, without knowing much of her, and chiefly because he thought she was a good housekeeper, proved a violent temper. The two, not far from Beecroft, so what the young pair settled, because the dwelling of bitterness and contention, and old Harwick did not improve matters by meddling in his daughter's household—a proceeding which she greatly resented.

At the end of a year death broke up this uncomfortable home. It was better to John Harwick that there was no better happiness in the world for him than the full quiet that he had enjoyed at Beecroft. He therefore gave up his farm as soon as he could, and returned to his father's house, taking his child with him, where he quickly fell again into his former habits of letter, the old man made him in everything.

Winnie was John's one born joy, and she, with a child's utter insatiable desire for affection, was good to her father, and gave him back fully his love.

About three months before this July afternoon when Mr. and Mrs. Harwick were talking of their son, John went to buy cattle from a celebrated drover, who lived in the south of Devon, not far from Exeter. John had a good eye for stock, and his father often sent him on such errands as these.

One day while he was in South Devon he was walking along a path which led through a wood. A rough pole had been thrust in the hand the night before, and he was in a feverish state, shaking the unshod feet in their nests; giving the leading horse their first painful experience of life, and treading off his horse's feet and dragging them either and thither. But this morning there was only a gentle breeze, that wandered about, leading the early-walkers, which were beginning to pass the field in many unbroken lengths. "The sun shone out so warm and then, warning minutes with his branches, and giving his feet into his horse's back, and

ledding by, and a light shower fell now and then, and ledded the grass with pearls.

John walked along with his feet fixed on the ground, as was generally his habit. He was wearing the comb of two bottles, and making up his mind which he would buy.

"The shrill cry of a pheasant, as it rose from the wood, startled him, and made him look up. But his eyes did not follow the bird; they rested on another object. Not far off a girl was picking up the broken branches of a tree which lay through the trees fallen her unwieldy hair, and brought out in it here and there a shade of chestnut. The stream sang at her feet, and it throng about her. The stream filled now and then her shawl and showed her slender waist. When she came close to her she had raised herself and was arranging the bundle of sticks on her back. Her dress was slight, but she bore her burden almost easily. He looked into a face in which he felt as if he was at once at home, and yet no other face that he had ever seen was like it. How slowly the brown eyes met his, and yet how full they were of meaning!

"Let me carry it for you," said John, holding out a hand toward the faggot.

The words came from his lips as simply as if he were offering to do something that he had done all his life.

But she shook her head, and laughed a laugh which was as clear as the thrush's song. Then she turned away, and disappeared from his sight up a steep path which led among the trees.

John was half inclined to follow her, but afterwards he had time to look back at her as she went by. All that afternoon and night he was busily employed in thinking how his new purchase would be used at Beecroft; but in some most uncomfortable way the face in the wood, and the substance and the shape and the look were always getting mixed up in his mind with the faggot.

Next day he ought to have gone home. He persuaded himself, however, that he had not yet seen his way as to whether the white booby, with a star on her brow was, was, after the foot of the herd, and so he stayed on. He thought a good deal about the face and talked a good deal about the booby; but that was about all he did during that day. On the morning, as he was walking to the railway station, he found himself almost settled down again into his old, listless state, he suddenly came upon the girl of the wood in a cottage garden that he passed. She was cutting rhubarb. How heavy the small little brown leaves went in, and out among the red sticks and broad green leaves.

"Good morning," said John, stopping short.

She smiled and smiled, and answered, "Good morning."

"That is a very fine rhubarb," said John; "do you see any of it?"

"No, but you're welcome to a stick or two," she answered, looking him over fully in the face then she had just done, and speaking as if she found three good reasons for her friendly offer.

For reasons as clear and full as she had seen in her face, she said that they made his fine lips join to do their duty in the way of the faggot.

He and she went off still playing with the latch of the gate.

She, however, apparently took silence in mean content. "Come in and sit down while I get it ready," she said.

And he went in and sat down, feeling as if it were a matter of course that he should do it. It seemed to John that he was sitting in a picture. Everything was so bright, and everything appeared as if it had fallen into its place. From the ground a sweet melody of the Lord's prayer, with Lucy Burnett worked at the bottom of it, rose the chimney-pipe, to the mangle and cotton in the little shop, which stood open on the table.

The girl went and came with quietly patter feet, running out into the little back yard to wash the rhubarb at the pump, and coming back with it in a cloth and bringing it to him in a small bundle.

"Do you live here always?" asked John.

"No, with mother."

"Have you no father?"

"It is so strange, being the mother, to send her away likely to get or to be the father. I don't know of any mother, and she's a mother."

"Father has been in heaven for some years now," she answered, a softened shadow coming in her eyes.

John looked at her wonderingly. She had spoken as simply as if she had said, "Father has been seven years gone in heaven." This was certainly a very different eye from that in which the dead were spoken of at Beecroft.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" he asked, when he had got over the strange, new feeling caused by her words.

"Only one brother."

"He's a lucky man to have such a house as this to come back to after being away."

"He doesn't live at home now."

She was as busy as ever while she spoke. She was evidently one of those women who are used to which they kill. John remembered how he had seen some of his neighbors were stood shattering for half-an-hour with a broom or a window.

"Their hands, and was struck with the contrast."

"Is that your name?" he asked, pointing to the sampler, as he rose to go.

"My I, come here again if ever I am in this neighborhood?"

"The word was spoken very softly as she bent over the fire putting on some wood. Thus John went away, and recollected after he was gone that he had not said even "Thank you" for her rhubarb.

A few weeks later John Harwick went to Exeter to see some new farm machinery. He stayed several days in Exeter, and went to and to consider whether it would be useful on a hill country farm like Beecroft; such at least were the reasons for his coming home which he gave in a letter to his father. Farmer Harwick was a man abroad enough to like all new improvements that would work, but he was habitually slow to spend money, and so he was well-pleased with his own's caution.

John did not hold in Exeter, but at Woodford, the village near the great cattle-travel, where he had been staying. It was not too far from the farm, and he was ready to go home with little delay by railway.

While at Woodford he became, in what seemed to himself quite a natural way, a frequent visitor at the cottage where he found thoroughly and well-to-do and in many ways and more intimate and every day she showed greater pleasure at his coming. Her mother, a new-fashioned old Christian, who, upheld by a steadfast faith and a cheerful spirit, had weathered many a storm of life, watched the young people with unobtrusive anxiety; but her girl was sensible and judged round by her best judgment for a young woman, high religious principle, and so far that present she said nothing.

One evening when John came, Lucy was reading the Bible out loud to her mother and sister. The latter said, "Who would do anything good, such was one of his verses she read. John had often heard the words before, but he was quite new to the meaning of them. He was quite new to him as strange and new a feeling. The lips which attended them were growing daily dearer to him, and she had come to know her way, he had long conceived that there was something in her life above his own. Now, as he listened to these words, it was as if a great sudden light shone out showing him the difference between them. He slipped away before the reading was ended, he could not sit at that moment have spoken ever to her.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

No. X.
St. Peter's Catechism and Warning—St. Matt. xxvi. 69-75. St. Luke xii. 11

In last month's paper the washing of the disciples' feet at the close of the Last Supper was treated. The subject chosen was left on that memorable night a hymn was sung. This hymn, usually sung at the end of our Great Festival, is a beautiful and solemn one, to Paulin xxvi. Paulin xxvii. Then the table laid

went forth towards the Mount of Olives. It would seem to be they went along that Christ warned His disciples that at that time had almost come when they would forsake Him. For Peter Christ had a special word for, he, just now, was on the edge of a precipice, and the Lord would warn him of his danger. "An enemy lay in wait for Peter, and the Lord said, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat" (St. Luke xiii. 31). What solemn words are these! "Satan hath desired to have you." With all his power and with all his ability, Satan "hath desired" to have you. The great enemy thought—"This man loves his Master; but I will try and get round him and persuade him to deny his Master." That was Satan's desire. And Satan has still this desire. Eighteen hundred years have

not weakened it. He desires to get possession of each one of us to-day as much as then he desired to have Peter. "Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter v. 8). And just as a lion sometimes lies quietly down in the dust, so Satan will let us alone sometimes. We must not, then, think that he has given us up for back again, as a lion, he will come to seek his prey. Now, then, shall this foe be met, and with what weapons? St. James bids us "resist" (James i. 7). But if we resist to our own strength we shall be sure to fall (Ps. lv. 1). Christ gives Peter a beautiful encouragement—"I have prayed for thee." And when it was that Christ prayed for Peter? "That thy faith fail not." The word "fail" here means die out altogether. This prayer was answered. Peter's faith *faileth* and *fell*, but, as we shall see, it rose again. Christ prays still. Do we think enough of this—His word sure? "If in any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous" (1 John i. 1). "When thou art converted"—that is, turned back again—"strengthen thy brethren." It may be remembered that Peter had been brought to Christ, and in spite of all his mistakes, Peter really loved Christ, and though a great fall was coming, he would not turn back again, and when that time came, he was to strengthen others. Those who have been in a battle know how to advise those who go to fight. A young soldier can learn much from an old one. Peter, as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, could "strengthen" others. It is remarkable that we find this word, in the Greek, *Amos* times in St. Peter's Epistle, though a different English word is used (see 1 Peter v. 12; 2 Peter v. 12; and iii. 17). This last verse is very expressive: "Deny not, lest you also be brought down." How well could Peter say, "Deny not." If any one of us has felt the power of Satan, shall we not be able to use that word "Beware" to others? How well would it have been for Peter if he had taken heed to hear his Lord's "Beware!" Instead of this, he jeers at his confidence. He could not believe that Satan would touch him; it might be

so for others, but not for him. "I will go with thee to prison and to death;" "I am so strong, so brave." Poor Peter! He fancied himself so! Though Christ told him plainly that he would deny Him; yet, as St. Mark tells us, "he spake the more intemperately, if I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise" (St. Mark xiv. 31). A proud man is always very near a fall (Prov. xvi. 18; 1 Cor. x. 12). Self-confidence is a great snare. It springs from putting self in the wrong place—from expecting too much from self—from believing in self. Peter was very much in earnest when he protested that he never would deny his Lord; but Peter did not know his own weakness. This is a lesson we all need to learn—the young especially need it. Until we are tried, we are often very much in the dark as to

knows how he may be tempted, or how weak his heart may not be to resist that temptation. One thing, however, we do know. If any part of Christ's sheep is caught by the "roaring lion," and cries to Him, He will save it from the power of the enemy. "The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered" (Isaiah lxx. 1, 2). What a blessed prayer for each one of us is that of David! "Hold Thou as well, and I shall be safe."

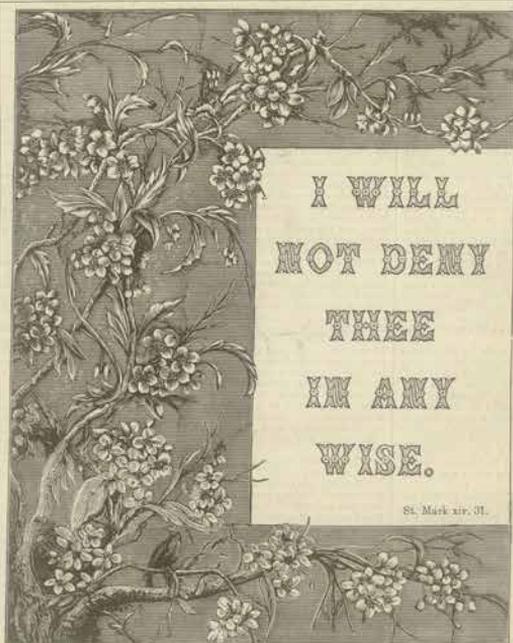
"Beware of Peter's word,
Nay, confidently say,
"I never will deny my Lord,"
But 'Glad I never may,"
M. H.

The Locust War.—Miss Gordon Cumming states in a late number of *The Nineteenth Century*, that, in the autumn of 1879, the weight of locusts eggs collected and destroyed in Cyprus alone, revealed the astounding amount of 236 tons; while between July, 1881, and February 1882, the eggs destroyed weighed 1,929 tons.

During the months of March, April, and May of last year, the weight of all the locusts and insects destroyed was mounted to 12,000 tons. Miss Gordon Cumming writes up her most interesting article by a reference to the present year, expressing the hope "that it does may find the farmers of Cyprus rejoicing over something approaching to the extermination of their greedy foe."

FASTIDIOUS HARPOON.

"Did it ever strike you how frightful it would be to be widely prosperous and happy? I think of fancy it would have made me look upon myself as a sort of outcast from the general lot and its claims, doomed to perish wholly and be put out, as a thing completed and done with. The incompleteness argued against it, ever something surely our claim hereafter— incompleteness of its incompleteness, of knowledge, incompleteness of nature. I think God means to round all these things in human want and deprivation, just as we round oranges. He does not incomplete anything, anything, anything. Why should He leave us poor and anxious imperfections incomplete?"
ISAIAH HUNT.



St. Mark xiv. 31.

our own weakness. When all is smooth, it is easy to guide our boat over the calm waters; but when the wind-blows and the waves rise, then there is a struggle. David once wrote—"I shall never be moved," but in the next verse only of the same Psalm he read: "Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled" (Ps. xxx. 6, 7). One sometimes hears people say, "I shall never be tempted by such and such a sin; there is no feeling that possession of the heart." The wise man has written, taught by the Spirit of God, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 26). It is a very solemn thought that the root of all sin is in each heart, and that this root is ready at any moment to spring up into life. Some of the servants of God of whom we read in the Bible had some terrible falls into sin. A Christian never

The Irish Boy and His Penny.

AN INCIDENT OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

It was a bitterly cold day in March, as it often does blow at that season of the year in our fair city of Edinburgh, sight was drawing on apace, here and there a lamp had been already lit, when a feeble old man, leaning on the gate of one of our charitable institutions brought the janitor to the door. Two children were standing there; a boy of nine years, and a

girl of eleven, the younger child asking to be admitted as a patient under the plea of being "terribly ill." The benevolent gatekeeper, observing that the boy could scarcely stand, took the forlorn applicants into a sheltered place, and sent for the resident medical officer. An examination revealed the fact that the patient was suffering from pneumonia, and was seriously ill. There could be no question therefore as to his remaining in bed, he was immediately dressed, bathed, and laid in bed, his little companion meantime giving a history of the case, with an occasional word of explanation from the patient himself. The girl explained that she was not his sister; she was only "a neighbour's lassie;" the boy, "Dan," was the son of an Irish labourer,

working at Leith docks, there were ten children, counting the new baby, which had arrived a week ago, his mother was ill and in bed. Dan himself had been ill for some time, but to-day he was so much worse, that his mother fearing he might die, had hastily summoned a neighbour's lassie (one little friend), and had asked her to go with the boy to "some of them hospitals, and see him took in," she then had given the little people forgiveness, and shut the door upon them. Dan carried his money, and hand-kerchief, the two poor children threaded their way along the crowded show, turning up into Coalsmith Street, where they were fortunate enough to find a ten-car just starting for Edinburgh. They got upon it, outside of course, and exposed to the raw, less wind, Dan giving away two of his pence as payment for this luxurious treat. After leaving the car, they had still a long walk before them, while the boy's strength was declining every moment. They rested for a little on a door-step, then again proceeded on their way, arriving (as we have said) at the hospital gate just as evening was closing in. The simple story having come to an end, the girl appeared to return to her home in Leith, but, without an affectionate kiss from Dan, who pressed into her hand one of his two remaining pence, as a reward for all her kind services towards him, then turning to the nurse, he asked her to take charge of his last penny as he did not need what might happen, and his money might be required. The nurse (who had already taken quite a fancy to the child), smilingly undertook the important charge, and little Dan, having thus settled all his worldly affairs, lay down in bed, to fight a terrible battle with deadly disease, rendered still more dangerous by his unbelieved condition, the result of poverty and neglect. It was indeed, a terrible battle; the first night in his new abode, high over the hills, delirium supervened, and for some days it seemed scarcely possible that the little patient could pull through. But youth has great recuperative powers, and Dan slowly emerged from this distressing condition, and gazed with languid and bewildered eyes around the ward. He did not at first remember how he had come there,

but after a while memory reasserted itself, and Dan was himself again—and such a dear little fellow he proved to be! The peculiar manner of his admission to the benefits of the hospital had excited both interest and amusement among doctors and nurses, and the Irish boy became a great favourite with all. The nurses patted and dandled him, the young doctors poked fun at him, never with such a darling, was the opinion of all—so patient, so unselfish, so thankful for everything, so unwilling to give trouble. And thus little Dan prospered among his new friends and gradually grew well. He took the deepest interest in the other sick children around him, more especially did he soothe himself about two little

in paper, which Dan received with thanks, then with a parting kiss to all the little patients, the Irish boy took his departure, and, doubtless, in the multiplied interests and occupations of hospital life, he was speedily forgotten. But they had not soon the hat of him. Three weeks afterwards, the door of the ward opened, and Dan walked in bright and joyous, a small paper parcel in his hand. He had come to pay an afternoon visit to his friends, and even while receiving the congratulations of the nurse on his improved appearance, his eyes were travelling round the ward in search of faces which he knew.

Alas! even in the short space of three weeks, there had been many changes, some, like himself, had been sent convalescent to their poor homes; others, happier still, had gone to the beautiful home above, and their empty cots occupied by other little patients' children, who were gazing upon Dan, with much curiosity, but no recognition. But from the far end of the ward, two weak little voices were calling him by name; two thin little faces were flushing with happiness at the sight of the afternoon visitor. Yes! Peter and Sandy were in the ward still, and Dan joyfully ran across to his little friends. Then his little paper parcel was proudly opened, and two rose biscuits produced, purchased for his sick companions with the precious penny which had been carefully kept for this purpose. Dan, unselfish, noble-hearted boy! Which of us can correctly estimate the self-denial practised before a child so poor could preserve that penny untouched for so long a time as three weeks? Dan has once more gone back to his home in the crowded precincts of the abode at Leith, to struggle up to manhood until all the difficulties and discomforts of an Irish school-labourer's home. What will be his after life? Are there many such boys hidden away in obscure and squalid places? Surely that home is a happy one, where one child such as this is to be found.

D. M. McKEAN.

KIND WOMEN!—If the world only knew the precious hints that four kind words infused into the spirit, how much benefit might be done at little cost to the afflicted and benighted.



"HER DAILY TASK OF FEEDING THE FIERIONS."—See page 2.

boys who were very ill and suffering much pain. Anxiously he inquired every morning how Peter was, and if little Sandy's leg was better, and the only tears he was known to shed, fell from his sympathetic eyes when he heard the moans and wailing cries of the little sufferers. But the day came at last when Dan was declared convalescent and able to return to his home. He was bright and happy, sorry so doubt to say "good-by" to all the dear friends who had done so kind to him, but, not unwilling to return home, evidently through a very poor body, it was not an unhappy one.

As the nurse kissed her little patient, she restored to him his one penny, nicely wrapped up

A Teacher in our Midst.



IN a recent number of THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN we directed the attention of our readers to the able and very young Miss Skinner, an "Nurse of the Sick," being one of a series of small articles, or leaflets, addressed to various sections of the working class, and entitled "The Friendly Letter Series." These communications, full of deep sympathy and true pity, are addressed to all

number that all true happiness must come from God: "They who honour me," says God, "I will honour." Be industrious, honest, sober, temperate.

We have exceeded the limits of our space, but we are so completely in accord with all that is expressed in these lectures, that it has been a labour of love with us to direct attention to our "teacher in our midst," and to express a hope that our author may long be spared for such good and worthy service as she unobtrusively performs. We cannot more fully commend one article than by extracting the words of one to whom honest earnest workers can always look for wise counsel, deep sympathy, and kindly explication, the Earl of Shaftesbury, who in a recent letter to Miss Skinner, says: "I shall cease no vainly by endorsing your writings. I shall, on the contrary, be pleased for my common-sense, may God prosper you in all your work for His honour!" We can wish Miss Skinner God speed in no more hearty and sincere words than these.

"The Right Cometh."

A remnant of gold,
Nothing more;
While the sunbeams is shining the door,
And the door.
A remnant of thought,
Nothing more;
As she crosses the golden-gilt floor
To the door.
A remnant of pain,
Nothing more;
Yet she stands, with heart heavy and sore,
At the door.
A remnant of care,
Was it more;
That she's grateful of her rule to the poor
And fortune.
A remnant of shame,
Was it more;
That she'd driven the wayward and poor,
From her door.
A remnant of prayer,
By that door,
With a soul that it might become more,
For Love's law.

Jem's Find.

BLESS'D I do say, sir, as how it's a great shame—'n' I express an old woman's freedom—'not to think of laying such a thing to a young innocent like her; by a mother I can bear without fear's patience."

And with less than her ordinary politeness towards people in general, not to speak of ladies in particular, and was who paid well and regularly, Mrs. Leach left the room with an air the reverse of pleased.

"Here, Jane, you just go straight off to High Street, No. 4, and bring back that young woman what came this morning. Now look sharp, I'd go myself to tell the time you take to put your bonnet on, let alone staring at me like one that's not 'n' so young as I was, and that's no doubt, I'm a bit stouter. But there, now's your gone yet? Just you run, and say that I'm waiting for her immediate, she needn't say to pack her kit or things, 'cause she can do all that to-morrow."

Jane, a large, good-humoured-faced girl, equal to any amount of drudgery, if at all times equal to her duties, just as she was going to the door, and before she was well out, she was to be first, and to obey the peremptory order of her mistress, as soon as she had slowly grasped what was required of her.

Thus, Mrs. Leach set down, and still somewhat behind her, from her ill of righteous indignation, she seemed harassed by pointing out her thoughts aloud.

"I think now that young gent has gone, for all she's learned, she ought to be able to see a bargain, and so on that, and he that kind of a bargain, I do believe he'd not hurt a worm if left

only the thought of it; but there it is. You can't no more set a head on young shoulders like this than you can fur. I could have given him a whacking with all my heart, that I could."

And yet she almost laughed, as she thought of the young fellow, who had been so much the lodger as she might slight of, as on leaving the room.

Meanwhile, the object of her fierce wrath stood where she had left him, his hands in his pockets; the perplexity disposed, the air of injury, mind and senses still under the control of confusion. Presently he began to walk softly, but in silence, but more in reflection.

Early that morning Mr. Esau, just now Mrs. Leach's and her occupying the first of her lodgings, which, having been so long in the comfortable house, had gone out, leaving his sitting-room, as usual, in an admirable state of confusion, which Jane, having cleared away the breakfast things, had proceeded to tidy. About four o'clock he returned in haste, duster upstair, and almost immediately descending, and made a sudden entrance into the kitchen, a domain by no means unknown to him, as he frequently sought his landlady there, when too impatient to summon her by more proper methods.

"Have you seen my purse, Jane? he abruptly demanded.

"No, sir."

"Where is Mrs. Leach? Perhaps she has taken it; I left it somewhere about this morning, and now I can't find it anywhere."

"Miss war'n't in your room till after six, sir, and it war'n't there then, she's gone yet."

"Have I any one else there?" he asked again, a little sharply, for he was anxious at the result of his recollections, and in a hurry to be gone.

"Yes, sir, there's a young woman, what come early just after you'd gone; she went in there to wait till Miss could speak to her, 'cause the other room the chimney was below swept. She wasn't there before."

"Long enough to get my money, I'll be bound; twenty pounds if there was a shilling. Where does she live?"

"I'll be after her before she has time to get rid of it."

"She said so how she came from High Street, No. 4, her called Grace, and she's a good one."

"Grace—Anon, 4, High Street," the young man repeated, and was already out of hearing.

It would be hard to describe the feelings, almost, as he stood alone, "uncommonly anxious," thus a brilliant idea struck him. "I'll put it in the hands of the ladies; that's about the only way to frighten these acts of people like to tell the truth."

Without further consideration he proceeded to carry out his design, by leaving information at the stallion. He gave such a version of the story, that two policemen were dispatched in the name of Grace to search the streets, with stopping the purse which was missing.

This done, Mr. Esau managed not to keep an appointment, and the whole of the affair, he immediately returning to his rooms some after seven, he was called upon to give a full account of the misadventure to Mrs. Leach. That worthy lady listened with a countenance full of sympathy, until it came to the point at which he had put the matter into the hands of the police.

"Oh, how she had made no interruption, save to exclaim once and again, "Oh, look; good goodness," characteristic expressions of interest; but which—as he had distinctly retained his clever idea, of investigating the business at once—he immediately put his hand into the pocket of the innocent most who had been so much the lodger, and got his comfort, and drew forth, with an air of the bank-note astounded the attention, the loss of which had caused this confusion, but he broke out in the manner already related. Not even waiting to pour forth his full tale, she departed to seek at once in search of the happiest victim of Mr. Esau's contrivance.

Immediately the latter had recovered from his almost ludicrous dismay, at this unexpected turn of affairs, he struck his hat, and took his way very more quickly than in the afternoon, to the police-station.

"I wish I could have to see the young woman; it would be confounded awkward, if I had been at Jericho before I'd been and made such a

mess of it," was his mental observation on the whole business.

II.

It was a bright, frosty morning in early February, the inclination had been good, and in dissipating the mist from the window panes of the (Columbo's Rest in Portland Street, when two men proceeded to look out, and called to the stand, and then entered the Rest, where they intended to sit and smoo themselves for a while, out of reach of the sharp east wind that was blowing. "Coke's alive, Jen, what's yer bet?" said the elder of the two, starting back as he opened the door, which was only latched.

"From the floor by a young girl asleep or unconscious, it was difficult to tell which, but her cheeks were pale, and her fine hair and hair."

"Truck, eased like," continued the speaker; but his companion advanced, and knelt down beside the unexpected inmate of the aboyer.

"More like 'em dying, she is, some to me," he exclaimed quickly, as he touched her cold hand, and still an sign of movement came.

"What'll we do with her? I'd be glad to go for a police, had'n't I'll lock-up her taken to the 'firmity, if that's the best-up she belongs to."

"I guess I'll take her home to Aunt Nell." With quick decision the young man had already raised his helpless burden.

"What for? much 'y'll get by takin' in the likes of her, I'm dead if it is, and you'll lose the chance of a far, too."

"I hope that's nobody's business but my own," he retorted, with good-humoured scorn, but he got on "seeing the house is mine, and the carriage too." Then he proceeded to place the girl in the more commodious of his two vehicles.

"Well, you're a queer 'un," was Bill Merion's answer, but he contented himself with this observation, and saw his companion drive away with no further remark.

Jim Milson could certainly not have justified to himself the impulse which he was following. For the sake of the whole, and he was resolved, not to spare and address, the fair hair grizzled with auburn, spread like a halo around, had touched in his mind some chord of tenderness which lay hidden under his rough exterior.

Not ten minutes after Grace Anon was safely enclosed in Aunt Nell's parlour, but he got good, poor mumbled feet, warm chafing of the useless mass, together with the plentiful coverlets heaped upon her, soon restored some degree of animation to the sufferer. Before she opened her eyes a cup of tea was waiting, for Jim had not been idle.

"It's always the women what," he decided, as having tied up and patted his willing horse, he put on his riding cap as to what to do next.

But though the young man's face, with his hair of grass and feeble matters were all that came from the door.

"She's best left alone, if she gets a lot of sleep that's the best doctor's for her," was Aunt Nell's dictum, as she softly and the door behind her. "Whatever did you pick her up for, Jim?"

"He told her all he could, which, as we know, was not much."

The second sight of the addition to their small household, Aunt Nell said:—"She's better to-day, the turn's taken, and it won't be long before she'll be asking you, but she's that weak, I wouldn't let her speak such a word, though she's tried her, and her pretty eyes has been looking a deal better." Aunt Nell had a vein of poetry in her. "I'll go warrant there's not much harm in what's brought her to this, or I've never seen a March lamb—poor creature. What's it to do with her, if it come across you, Jim, her, Jim, that's what I'm thinking; she's ought not to be a child."

Jim was silent for a few minutes, then he said, slowly, as if he was drawing up from his memory some almost forgotten, yet once familiar words:—"Isn't there some thing about a child, that's of a certain kind, and she's a good soul, as could be, Jim made no profession of religion, nor did he, for his knowledge, often open to a woman. Was it then some of those women were stirred and swayed, some shrewd touches which reached far back to the time when in the

