

On the following morning Mr. Purdee called at the "Black Farm" house where he found Tom ready and waiting for him.

Mr. Purdee ushered him into his own pew, where, owing to his change of dress, and the fact of his being there at all, he sat unrecognized by many who personally knew him well. Tom was fond of music, and the singing quite captivated him.

The preacher was a Mr. Beatty, who had heard of Tom's peculiar case, and with a tact seldom excelled, read for his lesson the second chapter of James.

Tom Snarr sat with his great, homely, honest, weather-beaten face, upturned to the pulpit, earnestly listening to the words of eternal truth; again the choir and congregation joined in sacred song, and Tom was carried away with the novelty of the scene, and circumstances, and almost forgot his own identity in an excited imagination.

The preacher announced his text as being part of Christ's message to John the Baptist.

"The poor have the gospel preached to them." He looked round upon his congregation, and opened his comments by saying,— "This wonderful message was sent by the most wonderful man to a wonderful prophet. The Divine man who sent the message was very poor, the men who carried it were poor working men, and the prophet to whom it was sent was not only poor but confined in prison. The subject of the message is the *"godes spell,"* God's good tidings. Blessed are the poor to whom this message comes with acceptance!

Who will not receive with joy and thankfulness the gracious message of this wonderful, divine, poor man? who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

As the preacher dilated upon this grand theme in plain, vigorous saxon, the homely, dull, face, of Tom Snarr, brightened; when he spoke of the sufferings of honest poverty, with the pathos of true sympathy, tears rained down Tom's weather-beaten cheeks.

Mr. Purdee watched him closely, and as he afterwards said,— "I thought then there is more in that man than he knows himself."

From that day forward Tom Snarr was a changed man. He continued to rise in general estimation, and to Mr. Purdee, he became a kind of necessity.

Tom's worldly circumstances steadily improved, his peat-fuel cost him merely the labour of digging, and whenever his own work was scarce he could make brooms and his larger boys could help him, besides earning a little with tending the sheep. No one was better pleased at these changes than Wyatt, and no one more heartily enjoyed them than Tom. brother, Jim, who could now assist him more effectually than before.

Summer had once more passed away, and Autumn was fading into early Winter. The Crooks were almost forgotten, for no one had heard from or seen any of the family since they left the "Clough."

One day in November, Wyatt called at the "Quarry," and found them all busy stacking up heather in bundles, and the two Snarrs were helping them.

Jim Snarr had of late been employed, occasionally to assist Wyatt, and he was expecting soon to obtain the appointment of assistant game-keeper, to which Wyatt had strongly recommended him, backed by Mr. Purdee's influence.

"Jim," said Wyatt, "I have to go over as far as Hob-cross to day, and I don't care to go alone. I don't know either the road or the men I want to see as well as you do; and another reason is that there are some characters out that way, not over nice; so I want you to come along. He handed Jim a cudgel, which, he took without a word of comment, simply remarking,— "I'm ready, when you are." So the two started.

(To be Continued.)

DON'T GET EXCITED.

(From the Galaxy.)

One day last summer I was out on Saratoga Lake with the Congregational minister of the village, fishing for pickerel. We tied our boat under a bridge, near another boat which was already there, and in which there sat a man and an indolent-looking boy. As we were mak-