

walk home upon." Jones, for that was his name, seemed quite taken aback, as well he might be, at this liberal offer, and dug quite a little grave in scraping his acknowledgments; but as for saying anything except "Thank you kindly," which came out in pieces at each scrape, it was purely beyond his power.

We learnt, on inquiry, that David Jones was the son of a carrier, who travelled between Maystoke and London, and had a high character for sobriety and honesty, which had descended on his son, who did a smaller trade in a smaller way, with a smaller horse and cart, over a smaller district. And so the matter was settled; and each succeeding Sunday, for many a year, David used to come regularly to church, and dine with the servants. We had never any occasion to regret his admission to the household but once; and that was that he took from us the best servant we ever had. Her name was Mary, and she was the girl who had first introduced him into the choir. I had often thought, and even hoped, that such a marriage might be brought about, as they were well suited to each other; and one day as I was giving her her wages she all of a sudden burst out crying, and said—

"Please, miss, I'm come to give warning."

"Warning, Mary!" I said, "why, what has happened?"

"Nothing, miss—that is, miss, David's been and made me an offer, and please, miss, we're going to be married."

"Well, Mary," I said "I wish you joy; you have, I think, made a very good choice."

"Thank you, miss; please, miss, what do you think of David?"

"I think him a very excellent young man, Mary; but if you want my opinion as to his looks, I am afraid I can't say I think him handsome."

"Oh, don't you, miss?" she said, apparently quite surprised; "I do."

It was now my turn to be surprised; but I became of her opinion years afterwards. Now, she was very good-looking herself, so the next time I saw David I congratulated him on having obtained the affections of the best and prettiest girl in the village.

"Lor! miss," he said, do you think her pretty?"

"Very; dont you?"

"Well! to tell you the truth, miss, I've never thought about it; but she's good, *that* she is!"

And I don't believe he had; and his is not the only case of a man being almost ignorant of his sweetheart's personal peculiarities.

Shortly after this, David's father died. I shall never forget the manner in which he told me of the sad news; for those words form the key of his whole life and character. He said, in his sweet voice, and his eyes hid in a mist of tears—

"Oh, Miss Herbert! God has taken away my father, but He is very good I have never known Him take away anything from me yet without giving me another blessing in its place. It has pleased Him to deprive me of a father, but he has given me Mary for my wife."

When a decent time had elapsed he married Mary, and they both went to live at Maystoke. Having now the large cart, and the long distance to London to go, he was not able to come to our church except on rare occasions. All the village missed him, but I think we missed him more than all. The many little kindnesses which he did for us—sometimes walking over that long five miles to do a bit of gardening for us; sometimes bringing us a remarkably fine sample of