

before them; so they said farewell, with many thanks for all the kindness that had been shown them. Phil asked Mrs. Goodman to accept payment for their night's lodging, but she bade him put back the money in his pocket.

"You are more than welcome," she said. "Keep your money for them as has the heart to take it from you; but take care you don't get it stolen, for you'll want all you've got before you get to London. I'd be glad to feel sure you'd get there safe and find your cousin. It's a terrible long journey, but there's a good Providence as takes care of us all, and He'll keep you from harm."

Then giving them both a motherly kiss, she bade them farewell.

The worthy waggoner shook hands heartily with them before he went to his work. "I wish I could give you another lift," said he, "that I do, with all my heart, for I've taken a liking to you both. But my business lies on a different road to yours. Perhaps, though, you may find some one else who will take you a bit on your way. Success go with you wherever you are."

Polly went a little way with them, to show which was the best provision shop. By Mrs. Goodman's advice they bought some slices of bacon as well as bread; and she enriched their basket with a bottle full of milk and some little cakes. So they went off well supplied as they began their third day's journey. But we must not be too minute in relating all that befell our young pedestrians. Fortunately for them, the weather was very fine, the season being more than commonly dry and fair. They went steadily onward, occasionally sleeping in an empty shed or hovel, or sometimes being kindly invited to pass the night with a cottager who happened to come into contact with them, and felt pity for their lonely, friendless condition.

It was very pleasant to turn aside sometimes into the woods to search for flowers and to peep into birds' nests, which they never disturbed. Not unfrequently they were offered milk to drink at milking-time in the fields, for in that part of the country it was more usual for the milkers of the cows to go to them with pails and stool than for the cows to be driven home for the purpose. Phil's stock of money of course diminished gradually, but he had still plenty left, and he had too vague an idea as to how long their journey would be to feel uneasy lest it should not hold out. He had to make an inroad into their funds to buy a pair of boots for Susie, as hers were become too old and thin for such constant walking; and seeing some that were just her size in the window of a village cobbler, he bought them. When they were fitted on, the cobbler's wife took them

into her kitchen and made them eat a good meal of bread and cheese before they proceeded on their way.

But on one occasion our young couple were able to become benefactors themselves. They met a poor man and woman who were also journeying on foot. Their destination was to a place about half way between Plymouth and Exeter. The man seemed weak and suffering, and his wife looked pale and anxious about him. They were sitting down by the side of the road, and when Phil asked if he could help them, she shook her head and said, "No"—that her husband was suffering from actual want of nourishment, and would not be better till he had something to eat.

"But," said Phil, "there is a village near we have just left, which you will reach directly, and there is a shop in it where you can buy what you like."

"Ah," said she, "what is the use of a shop if you have no money to buy food with; and we have spent our last penny?"

Phil and Susie looked at each other. The same thought came into the minds of both. Phil pulled out his purse, and, taking a shilling from it, he gave it to the poor woman, saying,—

"We can spare this very well; will you take it and buy some food?"

"Bless you!" said she, "who would have thought of getting help from such as you? But God will reward you and bring you friends in time of need." And the poor man thanked them as well as his weak state would allow.

"Phil," whispered Susie, as they were walking away, "shall we give the poor man some of our bread to eat? I think that will do him good directly."

"Right, Susie," said Phil; and they opened their basket and took out two rolls and two slices of bacon, and gave them to the man, who began to eat eagerly. Then they ran off, not waiting for more thanks.

"How nice to be able to help them!" said Susie; "how glad I am you thought of the shilling, Phil!"

"And how glad I am you thought of the rolls and bacon, Susie!"

They had given away their breakfast for the next morning, but they arranged to do with half a roll and half a slice of bacon for supper, and leave the rest for breakfast. Nor did they at all regret what they had done when supper and breakfast time came. The dear children knew something of the meaning of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN A GIPSY CAMP.

Hitherto all had gone well with the young Arnolds in their pedes-

trian tour. The settled fine weather they had enjoyed since they left Plymouth could not, however, last always, and when at length the weather broke, and it began to be rainy and damp, everything seemed changed, and Susie's spirits failed her. It was dreary work sitting under a thick tree or in a shed whilst it rained in torrents. Then when it ceased for a time and they could go on, the ground was muddy, and tiring to walk over.

"Oh, Phil," said poor Susie, one day, "don't you long for home? We have been walking so long, and yet home never comes," and then she fairly burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Susie dear," said Phil, almost choking in his efforts to keep back his own tears; for he, too, was longing for home. The poor lad felt intensely lonely.

Somehow, everything seemed to be against them on this day. No village came in sight, though a man they met had told them they would get to one almost directly. They had quite emptied their provision-basket, and they were getting cold and hungry. Phil had made up his mind to look out for a lodging for the night, and to pay for it. The same person who had told them they were near the village, had mentioned a widow woman who let out beds to travellers for a very moderate sum. But though they went on and on, they came to no houses, and the road had grown narrower till it was little more than a lane. There were cart-ruts in it, but the grass was growing between them. Suddenly it flashed across Phil's mind that they had lost their way, and had long ago left the high-road, but owing to the extremely gloomy evening and the deepening twilight, he had not noticed it before. He now remembered that there had been a point where two roads met, and he felt sure he had made a mistake and taken the wrong turning. Had it been earlier in the day it would not greatly have signified, as they could easily have retraced their steps; but it was almost dark, and Susie was tired, and it would be a long way to toil back to the high-road, and then on to the village. Perhaps this lane led to some farmhouse or cottage. The ruts showed that carts were driven through it pretty often. So he thought it would be best to go on in hopes of coming to some dwelling.

"I can't go any further, Phil—indeed, I can't," said Susie, whose courage forsook her when she found they had gone wrong, and were getting further away from the looked-for village every moment. "I am so cold, and so tired."

"Sit down here," said her brother, putting the little travelling-bag down for her to sit on; "and I will go on and see if there is any house near."

He took off his own great-coat and carefully wrapped it round

her in spite of her remonstrances, and ran off. He had not gone far, when he heard a dog bark, and he thought there was a sound of voices. Certainly he smelt a strong smell of wood-smoke. A little further and he came to an empty covered cart, and near it was a tethered horse grazing by the roadside. A donkey was pulling some thistles out of the hedge with an energy that showed how great a luxury he considered them. All these signs of life were most welcome to Phil, who thought there must be a farm close by.

Great, then, was his surprise when, on rounding a sudden and abrupt bend in the lane, he came in sight of a large fire and two tents, their openings being placed opposite the fire, so that its warmth would penetrate into the interiors. A large pot was hanging over the fire, suspended from three tall rods of iron, which were fastened at the top by a ring and strong hook. Two or three figures were moving about in the tents, and several children were round the fire, heaping on fuel.

(To be continued.)

A FAITHFUL HOUND.

The story of a dog is given by the Reading (Pa.) *Times and Dispatch*: The owners of the faithful hound are a man and wife, each sixty years of age. He was born deaf and dumb, and she became deaf when about six years old. He converses in the sign language, and she is able to hold extended talks with a few intimate friends by watching closely the movements of their lips. She also somehow manages to answer callers' inquiries. They have a pet dog that is an essential element in their domestic life. As neither of the old people can hear, the dog, becomes by its superior instinct the means of communication. When the door-bell rings, it will go up to its mistress and pull her dress, then run before her toward the door. The dog has learned to know the time of the arrival of the milkman who serves them, and can distinguish the sound of the milkman's bell. The dog will sit in the attitude of attention, with head up and ears thrown forward as soon as it catches the first note of the bell, and will wait until the milkman has driven in front of the house before it moves. At the ringing of the bell it will go to its mistress, and by signs or pulling her dress announce the milkman's arrival. She fully understands its movements, and preceded by the dog, goes to the milk-waggon, obtains the day's supply and returns to her domestic duties.

"THAT," said a reclaimed drunkard, pointing to a large family Bible that lay upon his table, "was the first thing I bought with the money saved from drink. It never was here before, but it has been my comfort ever since!"