

heads and shoulders in the farmer's old family Bible. Mistress Hannah was scolding, washing, and vigorously directing two farm women who were wringing out the linen—all in a breath. As she turned a hot red face of inquiry to Blyth, and wiped her forehead, he felt it was not the time or place for love-confidences.

"It is Saturday evening, Hannah," he said in her ear, with a significant look; "so you had better let me carry the basket to the Loganstone, now I am home again. It is too heavy for you, after all this hard work."

"Well, as to its being too heavy, there is no labor I would call too great for those ones. I've done it these three years, nigh since you went away, and the master had to give it up when his legs failed. Still, it's a good offer, and I'm obliged—and this week's wash is heavier by orlinary with all your clothes forbye the rest. Besides, it's safe enough, for only Miss Rachel ever comes for the basket, and if you walk off directly she'll not see you."

"Quite so, quite so," responded Blyth turning on his heel with alacrity, and with pleasure in his heart. "Then that's settled, Hannah, I'll take it."

He distinctly meant to seek a private interview with Rachel Estonsia, and plead his cause and gain her aid, if possible; and now he knew how to do this without rousing Magdalen's quick suspicions.

When the evening fell, it was the custom at the Red House after supper for old Berrington to sit in the porch, with his pipe and some beer comfortably placed beside him on a small table. Joy, meanwhile, might be straying near him in the garden, tying up pinks, or otherwise tending the flowers, or taking a stroll down the lane. Each one enjoyed his or her ease after their own fashion. And Hannah, for her part, reigning over the back premises, generally inhaled the cool of the air in the poultry-yard outside the kitchen. Hero Blyth found her on this special evening, sitting in state on an inverted bucket, while a crowded court of scratching, clucking hens and their broods surrounded her, little dreaming she mused how many should find early deaths and grace the pot, or go to market.

"Here is your basket ready—a batch of bread of my own making, and Miss Joy's butter, some eggs, and a little bit of flesh meat (they don't eat as much as a sparrow's Friday dinner). It's heavy enough," Hannah said, hardly looking up, still counting her chickens.

"I wish they would take the loan of a goat from us, and graze it up the glen. Goat's milk is not fit for them," observed Blyth, without yet touching the burden that awaited him.

"Ay, pride's an ill horse to ride; and, for my own part, I never found plenty a plague," sententially returned Hannah. "I was thinking just now that next year I'll raise more young game-hens. Their eggs are delicate, and your father likes them, or byso that those at the cottage up yonder will eat them when they care for no other."

Hannah always used vague terms when speaking of the sisters at Cold Home. They had not wished to be known as ladies, and pondered at; so in her respect she was troubled to find any suitable phrases.)

"Hannah, I wonder how we should get a without you," said the young man suddenly. "You would not like to leave the Red House either, and turn out now, after taking yourself and us comfortable for so long; would you?"

Hannah gave a jump on her bucket, and turned almost pale. Her big person was so visibly moved she quaked like a jelly.

"What do you mean, Blyth?—I ask pardon, Mister Blyth?" she said, her voice quivering; adding with sinking heart the correct form of words so long disused in her mouth. "If so be that I have not given satisfaction—"

Blyth kindly stooped and patted her shoulder.

"You good old goose! It's nothing of that kind; but can't you guess my meaning? Miss Joy"—here he lowered his voice—"if we were to like other places and people better on the Red House and us—why, you would go away with her, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, I see; yes—that's it. You took my breath very nearly," gasped Hannah, trying to recover the shock of this new possibility. But her puzzled mind refused to grasp the change of ideas as to the future, and she could only utter in feeble protest. "But I thought that you and she—"

at least, you seemed made for each other from you were children. And the master—he was by way of telling me you were courting her only this blessed morning. Besides, there's no man after her to compare with yourself in these parts; unless to some folks' mind that young Steenie Hawkshaw."

"Ah—Hawkshaw? And does he come often, Hannah?"

"More often than my will allows him," returned the old woman, emphatically. "He may have a handsome face, still there's an empty head behind it, and a poor heart below it. But there! I spoke up for you while you were far away; for, thinks I, it's a poor hen that can't scrape for one chicken, and Miss Joy has only me to look after her. But now you're back, and you're not the man I take you for if you need an old wife's help in courting."

"Her mother wants her to marry a gentleman, Hannah. And, they say, Steenie Hawkshaw calls himself one now."

"A gentleman? Oh, Lord! dart his impudence! I've known too much of that sort of gentlemen in my life," replied Hannah, with a snort of indignation.

"You would prefer an honest farmer like me. Well, I am glad to have you on my side, Hannah," smiled Blyth, adding, in a slightly scornful tone, "And if becoming a gentleman depends on a fair stock of grandfathers, or a smattering of learning, or even a longer purse than one's neighbors, why, who knows but I might hold my own with my rival yet?"

"It's not all that," sobbed Hannah, fairly overcome now. "It's the airs that does it! Your mother was a lady, if only a governess; and his was a gypsy, they say, and not rightly married, either. But no matter; it's always airs as gets folks on in this world, and he's got the best of them."

"Well, good-night, Hannah; I must be going."

Young Berrington caught up the heavy basket like a feather-weight and trudged off. He was secretly well pleased with the probable result of his own wiliness, and thought gayly enough, "All's fair in love or war."

The night was falling when he parted from Hannah in the Red House fowl-yard. The darkness had deepened when he found himself waiting behind the Loganstone. He listened, it seemed for a long time, but heard nothing of human presence—only a night-jar's cry, or the short, fine squeak of the bats flying around like winged mice, or perhaps a cry, as mournful as that of a lost child, which came from the white owls who lived up in the wood, and were now hunting their prey of "rats, mice, and such small deer" in noiseless flight. At last he distinguished a light footstep coming stealing over the ground, halting in an uncertain way, then fitfully nearing him. It approached.

"Miss Rachel!" said Blyth, stepping out from the black darkness of the big stone.

There was a cry. He saw a white face one instant; the next, a black, slight figure went speeding away through the night like a scared shadow, and he knew he had frightened Joy's mother.

"It is only Berrington—Blyth Berrington," he shouted, in his fresh, honest voice, to reassure her.

But no answer came back, though he waited long. And there lay the basket. Heartily vexed, and not knowing what was best, Blyth at last took up the cottage provisions again, which he carried as far as the little porch of Cold-home; setting down his load with a sound thump, and clearing his throat with a resounding "Hem!" before remarking aloud, "I beg pardon—the basket!"

He fancied a nervous wailing could be heard behind the cottage door, and soothed, whispering sounds of answer. As he slowly retreated, Cold-home door opened, and by the lantern he could decry the sister's figures, both peeping after him. He halted and hesitated.

"Thank you, Blyth—I had lamed my foot with a thorn," said Rachel's clear voice, reaching him some yards away, though she seemed to speak low. "Don't wait."

Blyth Berrington took off his hat courteously, though they could hardly see the action. He went home in the darkness less gay than he had gone forth that night, feeling foiled.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"If ye would love and loved be,
In mind keep well these things three,
And sadly in thy breast imprint—
Be secret, true, and patient!"

"Thus he that wants one of these three,
Ane lover glad may never be.
But aye in something discontent—
Be secret, true, and patient!"—DUNBAR.

They were very busy at Red House Farm with the moor-ponies. These had been driven in from the hills into a stone-fenced pound, and then Blyth and his men chose out of those branded with George Berrington's mark all fitted for breaking-in for housework or for sale. The latter were now confined in a large lower yard, where they behaved much like school-boys when holidays are over and lessons not yet begun, alternately playing with, kicking, or biting each other.

"There is a beauty! Oh, I should like to have that one myself to ride," Joy had cried, pointing out a jetty black pony, with never a white hair upon it.

This was a handsome little animal, with short, thick, fore-legs, a broad, intelligent forehead, and prominent eyes; short in the back, and with strong hind-quarters.

"He is the pick of the basket," quoth Blyth, looking at the little beast with sage deliberation. "You are right, Joy; and you shall have him. I will train him for you myself."

Whereupon he gave orders to Dick that no one but himself (Blyth) should touch or meddle with Blackberry, as Joy had named her choice. All the Red House horses were called after berries of some sort. Blackberry was to be the young mistress's own pony, and required a careful education. Dick only put his tongue in his cheek, and at once resolved, like the obstinate old black-head that he was, to have his finger, when possible, in this pie.

This training of the moor pony is like unto the Firstly of the short discourse of this simple chapter. The Secondly concerns an incident of the sheep-washing on the farm.

The Chad had been partly dammed in the near meadow, at a spot where it ran shallow and sparkling, after having just made a wide pool, firm of footing, and not much deeper than would reach to a well-grown man's knee. Here, time out of mind, the Red House sheep had been washed; once more, the cleansing of the flock began. But presently, whilst overlooking his men, young Berrington's soul became sorely vexed within him.

All the laboring men of those parts had most easy, if not lazy, notions of what a day's work might be. And while he, who had always felt proud and glad of exerting his strength—and came indeed of a different race long ago than theirs—had brought back fresh vigor and ideas of energy from Australia, without doubt the farm-work had been growing more and more slack in his absence. Old Farmer Berrington seemed to have lost heart while his handsome son was away. His weight of flesh was a heavy burden upon him. Because he suffered from gout and swelling of the legs, he could only move about slowly and not far; wherefore, his men behaved more and more as if they had all bad legs too. Dick was the worst, being as nearly a rogue as an honest man can well be; also that often privileged plague, an old servant.

So now, as the sun grew hot that day, so did Blyth's inward wrath, as he from time to time urged on the easy-tempered laggards who washed the sheep, while another man passed each animal down, and boys and sheep-dogs kept the flocks from straying. Meanwhile, Joy and old Berrington looked on from beneath the shade of an oak tree on the bank, and saw little amiss.

"Isn't it a pretty sight?" exclaimed Joy, rejoicing in the warm sunlight, the fresh, early green of the trees and grass, the shining of the clear river above and below the pool, the pastoral scene, with all the woolly, gentle creatures crowded together, the mild baa-ings and barking that filled the air.

"I am sorry for the poor sheep in the river, they beat as if they disliked the water so much. But see, as each one is washed and set free out there in the meadow, how happy they are. It makes one think of souls passing through the river of death, and enjoying themselves white and spotless in the happy fields of Paradise."

"Well, now, that thought surpasses mine," said old Berrington, admiringly. "I had only thought this sheep-washing reminded me of the Baptists on a christening Sunday. I've seen them dip as many as forty in this very Chad, away down by Mooretown, or Dippers' Hole, as they call the spot. There is a rook mid-stream where one man is placed lest any should drown, for the pool is deep enough to submerge them

over their heads and ears. I was mortal sorry for some of the poor maidens, who looked grieved over their Sunday finery all dripping. But the happy souls—now that is a pleasant thought to dwell upon in one's mind. Is it not so, Blyth? Eh, boy?"

"Joy has always sweet and pleasant thoughts, sir, I think; and what is more, she gives them to those who only look at her," said Blyth, looking up at the girl under the tree no less admiringly than his father had done—only differently. Or perhaps Joy thought so, for she gently murmured something about helping Hannah in the house, and flitted away in her pale cotton dress, like a spring butterfly. When she had gone, Blyth could stand his dissatisfaction no longer. He had hitherto restrained himself, but now he called out in anger to the men that he could wash two sheep himself to every one of theirs, aye, and better! Their task at this rate would not be over by sundown. The men paused and looked up at him. Dick slowly grinned and made reply.

"Well, young master, us don't know as to that. Two to our one! he, he! Well, mebbe her had better try."

"I will," cried Blyth, his blood fired; so, pulling off his coat and waistcoat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, he waded into the pool and began his task in thorough earnest, yet dealing gently with the dumb beasts. He had some ado to keep his word, for the men, of course, at once brisled up, and, grumbling to each other in murmurs, were apparently resolved to thwart him in so shaming them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth of a Good Name.

A man of very pleasing address, but very dishonest in his practices, once said to an honorable merchant: "I would give fifty thousand dollars for your goodname."

"Why so," asked the other in some surprise.

"Because I could make a hundred thousand dollars out of it."

The honorable character, which was at the bottom of the good name, he cared nothing for; it was only the reputation, which he could turn to account in a money point of view, which he coveted.

But a good name cannot be bought with silver; it, of all other possessions, must be fairly earned. When it is possessed it is better business capital than a great sum of money. It is a fortune any boy or girl may secure. Honesty must be its foundation, even in the smallest particulars. When an employer says: "There is a boy I can trust," that youth will always find himself in demand, provided he joins industry with honor. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

It seems hard at the time, perhaps, to be bound to a ceaseless round of work, while other boys are lounging or playing on the green. But the reward will come if you are faithful. While idlers are dragging out a miserable lifetime in privation and poverty, the hard-working boy lives at his ease, respected and honored.

Remember that if you desire to make your way in the world, there is nothing that can serve your purpose like a name for honesty and industry; and you will never acquire either if you are a loiterer about the streets, and neglectful about your business. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Occupations of Old.

Most of our ancestors seem to have had occupation, which are inherited the present day

Adam was a husband-man.
Cain and Abel were cooks.
Noah was a sailor and anti-prohibitionist, (as all sailors are.)
Shem, Ham and Japhet were builders.
Abraham was a minister.
Jacob was a shepherd.
Jonah was a diver.
Samson was a pugilist, that would have knocked Sullivan inside out.
Job was a doctor, because he had great deal of patients.