

"Why, yes, my lass. I niver thought of any other thing, but going back to-night."

"But I must go to church to-morrow; I was not there last Sunday, and I really cannot go unless you go with me."

"Oh, but ta knows, I niver go to church. I hev got out of t' way of such doings. Aunt Martha will go wi' thee, I'll warrant."

"I shall go to t' Wesleyan Chapel, Amos. It is thy place to go wi' Edith. I don't see how ta can get off going."

Perkins was listening with an amused face to this discussion, and his smile decided Amos. "Varry well," he answered, "I'll go; I'm t' right person to go, I dare say, and there's varry few that wouldn't like to be in my place, I'm sure."

"So Perkins rode home alone, and the next morning Amos escorted his daughter-in-law to Bradley Church. They made a little sensation when they entered, for Amos Braithwaite was a well-known man, even far beyond Bradley. And he was, also, a much respected man. His public and commercial character stood very high, and his domestic and religious character was so comfortably negative that no one felt compelled to regard him through it.

Perhaps the service did not do him much good, as it only intensified his complacent satisfaction with himself; but he paid scrupulous attention to it, and he left a golden token of his presence in the offertory plate, which was gratifying to the churchwardens. As he was coming out of church, while waiting in the crowded porch for the Bradley carriage, he had one of those small social triumphs to which he was keenly sensitive. The Hon. Mr. Latrays, M.P., for whose election Amos had done a great deal, came forward and accosted him with much apparent pleasure. Edith asked the stranger to dinner, and the invitation was at once accepted; and it is certain that things of far greater importance would not have given Amos half the pleasure that driving away with the M. P. by his side did.

It was a Sunday full of satisfaction to him. Mr. Latrays remained all night at Bradley, and on Monday morning went back to Bevin with Amos, in order to examine some improvements in the machinery of Bevin mill. They had had long and delightful discussions on all the subjects so perennially interesting to men of the world. Amos had again done himself justice, and had been complimented on his noble daughter and grandson, and almost extravagantly so upon the extraordinary self-denial of his energetic son.

"How few men in England, owning a place like this," said Mr. Latrays, with a grand sweep of his white hand—"how few men would ever have thought of learning the working-man's needs and feelings by entering personally into his labours and limitations. Your son will make an irresistible Radical candidate, sir, I assure you."

This was a view of Joe's conduct which had never before struck his father, but he immediately recognized its importance, though