

He was a man to whom the boy could unburden himself of his woes. And had these woes been selfish the old man had been the first, I surmise, to alter subtly the trend of thought. But the woes were seldom so.

One day Upcott sat, his hand bound up, for he had been grievously cut when wrenching a knife from the grasp of his delirious progenitor, sat in melancholy mood; but the mood of the most happily circumstanced youth is often so; for youth is melancholy. Upcott had been speaking sorrowfully of his mother, he being old enough now to grieve for her beauty so abused. And the old man took his favourite book and turned the leaves, and found and read: "I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and worldly way of union." And then said the old man:

"'Tis not but what, taking things all round, life is none so bad. Believe me, boy, the love of man and woman is a holy thing. And after all, in his best hours, when the man thinks of the moments when he does get the knife in his hand, he arranges things so that he will be punished for his lapses. Don't you forget that, lad; don't you get a wrong view of life. There are many happy homes in North Devon where the man and woman are both taking their own parts in the life—happy homes——" and behold, the old man was wandered in silence into a day dream, so that he hardly heard the boy's cry:

"Oh, I know that. I think they are all happy but