

been a cruel awakening for her if the rector had even only smiled at that moment, as she stood looking up in his face. But the rector was almost as simple as Miss Nancy herself.

"You do me great honor," he said, and taking off his hat, made such a slow, deep bow, as was an admiration to behold. Miss Nancy bowed likewise, her coat pinning her too tightly to admit of any courtesy. "Will you come into my house and rest a little?" said the rector.

"I should like to stay in your garden, if you please," replied Miss Nancy, not feeling that she strictly required a rest.

"By all means," said the rector. "Let us go and look how the tulips are coming on."

"Yes, I should like that. I have not been in this garden before," said Miss Nancy, to whom the rector's predecessor had been rather a formidable personage. This rector was different from the first, and Miss Nancy slipped her hand into his from force of habit. The squire was quite accustomed to it, but possibly the rector was not. He did not speak for a moment, but stood looking down at Miss Nancy, and when he did speak, it was to say something quite unexpected.

"God bless you, my little maid! you are very like your mother."

"No," said Miss Nancy, seriously; "Trimmer says I have not got any of her manners, and never shall have any of her looks. Then did you know her?"

"Yes, I knew her," said the rector.

"And didn't you love her?"

"I did, my little maid."

"Yes, everybody did, because she was so good. Trimmer says I never shall be like her, so it is no use. Did you know her quite well?"

They had reached the end of the walk before the rector answered. "She did not know me very well. I was much older than she was, you see."

*(To be continued.)*