

night they talked together of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." I think of the Roman court and Paul before Agrippa, and then I think of John's humble little parlour, barely lit by its one poor candle, and I doubt which was the more august scene. And when the day broke Sam went out from that solemn interview to begin a new life.

Yes; but not at once. One thing was greatly in Sam's favour, however: he never broke the promise he had made to that strange appearance of Mary Burslam, though often the mighty craving to do so was almost beyond his control. In that piteous midnight confession to John Burslam he had kept back his experience, as being too keenly personal to both; but one night, when almost overcome by his passion, he stumbled into John's parlour again, and, covering his face with his hands, showed him only his poor stormy heart, and the angel who had hitherto kept him from breaking his promise.

This conversation produced results little foreseen at the time. It first of all led John to consider the necessity of supplying nobler motives and objects to take the place of the rude sports which had hitherto filled up Sam's spare hours. Sam had evidently great mental as well as great physical powers, and in their cultivation John saw a certain safeguard. But he did not enter on this plan with any great enthusiasm; indeed, he rather dreaded the duty which every day more importunately demanded his attention. He would rather have preached a sermon than sit watching Sam painfully strive to make straight lines and pot-hooks and stumble through a child's lesson in reading and pronunciation.

It was impossible not to sympathize with Sam's earnest efforts and his child-like pride in his successes; and in a year only a word of explanation now and then was needed, and John got rather to like hearing the young man read while he sat by his side in the little parlour.

But when things had got thus far nearly two years had passed, and Sam Naylor was a very different character from the hero of the beginning of my tale. He had conquered his love for beer, and become a great man in the temperance lodge. Even those who had determined to cling to their beer-pots till death parted them liked well to listen to Sam Naylor's racy teetotal speeches. He spared none of them, and they laughed heartily at each other's discomfiture. "It wor as good as cock-fighting nobbut to listen to 'un," was the general verdict, for Sam generally found among his audience an opponent whose rude eloquence, backed by the popular sympathy, was worthy of his steel.

At first his inches and sinews kept men from sitting readily or