

and send down young Ben to let me know."

Thus saying, he quitted the cottage, and was closing the door without uttering a word of thanks to the stranger; but suddenly his heart smote him for ingratitude, and putting in his head again, he said,

"I forgot to thank you, sir, for all your kindness to my poor boy; but it is not for want of feeling it, I can promise you; and I hope I shall be able to speak it out some other time."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," answered the young gentleman, "I require no thanks, my good friend. God speed you, and give your son a quick recovery."

As soon as the door had closed on Jacob Halliday, and while Ben's wife was putting on her worst straw bonnet and thickest cloak, to go out upon her charitable errand, the young gentleman turned to Ben, saying,

"You mentioned Mr. Graham's name, just now. Pray is that Mr. Anthony Graham, the banker, of Brownswick?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ben; "Jacob and I are two of his men; and a better master or kinder man doesn't live."

"Pray, is his house far from here?" demanded the visitor. "I found a letter

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