

a walking funeral, with never a hat band or mark of mourning, and he expressed something of this feeling to Miss Paxton, as they were driving home together the day following the interment.

"You foolish Robert," she said, "didn't he tell us to rejoice and not mourn, to thank God that he is free. Mourning is very well for an unrepentant sinner—and the undertakers must live, poor fellows—no black is too deep for the loss of a soul, but for a suffering saint, who has escaped from his mortal prison, there is nothing to mourn about; our sorrow is just selfish."

"I know I am selfish, but I do miss him so much. I have such a respect for him, the dear old master, that it would have comforted me to have a black band."

"Then you shall have one, Robert," said Mary, with a smile, "and—" but at that moment they encountered Mr. Crutch, on his bay poney, and the sentence was never finished.

Robert drew in his horses and asked him if he thought they would find Mr. Jibb at home.

"Yes," replied the Reverend Peter, with a sly twinkle of his bright hawk-like eye, "I have just left him, and you will find him under his his own vine and fig-tree what he planted," and he cantered on, and they turned up to Mr. Jibb's house, Robert explaining that he was "a first-class hand at paneling but an ugly old beggar to deal with."

They found him standing at his door, with his arms a-kimbo; a short and burly man, clothed in a blue shirt, the sleeves rolled to the shoulders, displaying his hairy arms, which were as sturdy and muscular as a crocodile's fore legs. Brown derry trowsers, and a striped bed-tick apron, completed his dress. He had a short neck, and a large head covered with a thatch of thick iron-gray hair, a large, coarse face with a week's growth of stubbly beard upon it, the most remarkable feature being a very long upper lip. There he stood, John Jibb, the richest and most successful man in Cromaboo, looking at the new comers with more curiosity than courtesy.

"Good evening, Mr. Jibb," said Robert; "do you want a job?"

"I don't know as I do," returned the person addressed.

Mary now spoke, and courteously told him the nature of her business, her intention of turning the barn into a house, and what she would want him to do, asking what wages he would require, and if she should pay him by the day or by the job.