

it's the business of some men to understand and of others to faithfully follow them, you would not have such trouble."

"Well, sir," said the cobbler, "that's just what Larry's been sayin' to me here in the shop once in a while in the mornin' before he started out to get full, and there's a good deal of sense in what he says, I've no doubt. But what I ask him is this—an' he can't tell me an' perhaps you can, sir. It's only this: while my heart's as full as it seems as if it could hold, with the little that I already believe and am tryin' to live up to, where's the sense of my tryin' to believe some more?"

The look which followed this question was so earnest, and Father Black was so unable to answer quickly a question put so abruptly, that there was an embarrassing silence in the shop for a moment or two.

"My son," said the priest at last, "do you fully believe all that you have read in the good Book that I am told you were taught to read while you were in prison?"

"Of course, I do, sir; I can't do anythin' else."

"You believe it all?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"And you are trying to live according to it?"

"That I am, sir."

"Then my son," said the priest, rising, "God bless you and keep you in your way! Far be it from me to try and unsettle your mind or lead you any further until you feel that you need leading. If ever you want to come to me you are welcome at any time of the day or night, and what you cannot understand of what I tell you I won't expect you to believe. Remember, my son, the Father of us all knows us just as we are, and asks no more of any of us than we can do and be. Good-day, my son, and God bless you again!"

When the priest went out, Sam rested again for a moment, and then he murmured to himself: "Two ministers and one doctor, all good people, tryin' to show me the way I should go, and to tell me what I should do, an' me a makin' only about a dollar a day. I s'pose it's all right, or they wouldn't do it."

CHAPTER XIV.

Reynolds Bartram and Eleanor Prency rapidly became so fond of one another that the people of the village predicted an early engagement. The young man had become quite a regular attendant at church, not that he had any religious feeling whatever, but it enabled him to look at his sweetheart for an hour and a half every Sunday morning, and walk home with her afterwards. Although he had considerable legal practice, it was somehow always his fortune to be in the street when the young lady chanced to be out shopping, and after he joined her there generally ensued a walk, which had nothing whatever to do with shopping or