

were inspired, by his example, to sing their best. The change was not only in the outward man. Timmy had set himself a model. He wished to be "like pa'son"; but as he listened to Mr. Denman's teaching a conviction stole upon him that there was even a higher model than the Vicar whom he must follow and copy; there was no sudden upheaval or conversion in his heart, but, little by little, old things, old friends, old amusements, lost their charm, and instead of them a love of goodness, kindness, and charity, had taken their place. Timmy knew now what it was to own the guiding power of the love of God.

But though he had loosed himself from his old ways, he had not lost that gift which made him a power among men of his own class. Although now his theme would be very different, and he had ceased to rail at governments and powers, he was still able to command an attentive audience. His manner was short and incisive, and he had a humorous way of putting things which compelled consideration. Though at first his old comrades shirked his company, and dreaded to hear him speak, yet by degrees they would gather round him again, and

many a word of warning and advice from his lips bore seed in after days.

When chimney-sweeping was slack, Timmy would lend a hand at the quay-side, or in the harvest field; and he had often found an excellent chance of pointing a moral, even while cracking a sly joke and raising a laugh. Among the other good things which his change of life had brought to him, was the friendship which had sprung up between him and the wheelwright's family.

The Sunday tea at Mrs. Harker's cottage passed into a regular institution, and no temptation would have drawn Brodie away from that pleasant meal. The friendship had its earliest foundation in the common admiration they both felt for the Vicar, and soon other points of mutual interest were discovered.

"Declare if you two don't talk like a book," John Harker would say admiringly, as he listened to an exchange of opinions between the two. "'Pon my word now, 'tis a pleasure to listen to you; pa'son hisself couldn't 'spound better than you can, Timmy, and as to my old 'ooman, why, she allays was real smart to 'splain what ain't quite clear."

CHAPTER VIII.

STELLA'S RELATIONS.



STELLA was right in her conjecture that her father would soon be leaving home again. The great autumn race meeting at Doncaster was coming on, and Mr. Atherfield had heavy stakes on the St. Leger. Without any thought for his daughter or his household, he absented himself from home for a fortnight. Ruth was only too glad to avail herself of Abraham's offer to look after the house, on the Sunday after his departure, to take Stella with her to church. At first the young girl felt only curiosity, and stared around her

at the unwonted sight; but by degrees the solemnity of the service began to influence her. She tried to follow the prayers in Ruth's book, but it was not until Mr. Denman mounted the pulpit that she really settled down quietly,