

seat of an omnibus, and gazed at the human tide which flowed along the streets, thinking it perhaps the most wonderful of all London sights.

The thoroughfare along which we were threading our way was very crowded at that hour, and I watched with the curiosity of a stranger the dextrous way in which the omnibus-driver guided his horses through the throng. But, expert as long habit had made him, he was guilty of one mistake, and his wheel came in contact with a small hand-barrow which an old woman was pushing: the barrow itself was not overturned, but the shock threw off a basket which stood upon it. In spite of the woman's effort to save it, the basket fell to the ground, and out of it rolled handfuls of pence and half-pence over the pavement, and amongst the horses' hoofs.

The next instant a swarm of boys, spying the booty, came flocking up—came flocking from nowhere it appeared to me, for I had not seen one previously! The driver passed on, with a shrug of his shoulders; but not before I heard part of the torrent of oaths which poured from the unfortunate woman's lips, as she tried in vain to protect her barrow and regain her copers.

"Poor soul!" I said.

"Ay, sir, I'm very sorry," the driver responded, in a contrite tone, "but it was not exactly my fault; she should not have tried to cross just then."

"I pitied her more for using such words," I remarked, "than for the mere loss of her pennies."

The driver looked sharply at me for a moment. "She didn't like to be robbed of her money," he said, "and small wonder."

"But swearing only made matters worse."

"Right you are sir; but she couldn't help it, you see: 'tis another proof of the truth of the old saying, 'Money is the root of all evil.'"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but that saying is *not* true."

The driver stared at me more keenly than ever.

"Certainly it is a goodish while ago that I heard it first, but when I was a boy I learned it from very good authority," he said, rather grimly.

"From what authority?"

"Something out of my line now, sir," he replied; "but it is my certain belief that I have the best authority. Those words are in the Bible!" There was a quiet triumph in his tone; he evidently expected that he had settled the question.

"I beg your pardon again," I answered, "the Bible says no such thing!"

"Well, sir, if I was in the way of laying a bet with a gentleman I'd risk heavy odds on it," returned the omnibus-driver, pulling up his horses with a jerk to set down a passenger.

"You would lose your bet then," I said. "The Bible says, 'The love of money is the root of all evil;' which you will perceive is a very different thing."

I saw in a moment that my friend the driver was a man who sometimes troubled himself to think. His face lit up with a half smile as he replied,

"You have me there, sir, and I'll allow you have me most fairly. The thing is different! The fact is we are always willing to lay the blame of our doings on anything but ourselves—the devil, other people, or the poor money, 'tis all one, so long as we can manage to spare our own selves."

"Yes," I said, "the money is innocent enough, but it is the undue love for it which does the mischief. God gave cattle, and lands and worldly wealth to Jacob, and Joseph, and Job, and Solomon; and gave the riches and rewards as tokens of His favour—which he would scarcely have done if wealth was in itself an evil."

"Dear! dear!" muttered he; "it's years and years since I thought about