

inn, and in those few minutes he opened his letter and looked at the signature. His heart gave a bound, a leap of joy; it was "James Barrow," his brother, his dear Jem. To think that the letter, on account of its English stamp, should have been allowed to lie so long in his coat pocket: and who could have taken that shaky handwriting for Jem's?

James was in England; he had come with Cocks some months before, but in such a state of destitution that he was ashamed to come to Petersley, and had sought for work at Liverpool, where he had landed. Now he had injured his arm and could not work. "One blessing is," he said, "that I have no wife or children to provide for, though when I last wrote to mother, (shame upon me, it is seven years ago,) I told her what I believed to be true, that I was about to be married. However, it came to nothing, and now I'm uncommonly glad of it. Will you come to me at once? I am awfully hard up; I cannot bear to apply at the union, for they will send me back to my own parish; still, I must have help or I shall starve." Then there was a postscript: "Sam, forgive me; I knew what that wretched Cocks had been up to, and I guessed that he and Collins were at some mischief about you, though I did not quite know what. Oh, lad, prison and all, you've been a deal happier than I have!"

Sam buried his face in his hands, he saw at once what lay before him; he saw the sacrifice which God required of him, and, strong man as he was, he trembled at the thought of it.

For a few minutes self triumphed; he would go to Mary at once, he would obtain her promise to be his, and then he would do all that love could do for Jem; but the letter? Ah, Sam's open nature helped him now. He must tell Mary about the letter, he would not obtain a promise from her without her knowing of that. A few earnest words of prayer brought him strength in his need; and the result was that Sam's tired horse was replaced by another from the inn, and he returned at once to the farm, and from thence was off to Liverpool that night.

In a few days after, Sam's brother had a room in Farmer Power's house, for which Sam paid, and Sam himself was having not quite a pleasant interview with the Squire.

"Why, Sam Barrow, you really dis-appoint me," said Mr. Welby; you are a changeable fellow, and no mistake. What-ever made you think of those iron-works, when you had such a capital chance before you? House, good wages, light work." The Squire was really annoyed. He had so set his heart on rewarding Sam, and on having him in his service, and here was Sam, cap in hand, quietly declining the cottage, and declining the post of game-keeper, and declining every other post that could be offered near Petersley.

"Please, sir," he said, "with all thanks to you, I've had a reason for changing of my mind, and I'd take it very kind of you for to say nothing more about it."

"Well, Sam, I don't know what has come over you to throw up such a nice prospect;—but you're ill, man, sit down."

Sam was deadly pale, but would not admit that he was ill.

"Have you pledged yourself in any way at these iron-works?" continued the Squire, more gently.

"Yes, sir, my name is down, and a vacancy has just occurred; and as I'm a strong chap they will take me on at once; besides, I must go, it's right," added Sam, decisively.

"Then, Sam, if it is right, go by all means, and let us drop the subject, my good fellow. Now I know what you are going to say next, Will I appoint your brother instead? that's just what I can't do, not at present, that is. I know James was an honest lad, but the company of a man like Cocks was not likely to improve him." Sam looked down-hearted, so the Squire added kindly, "I will tell you what I will do; he may work in the gardens, if he likes, on low wages, and then by-and-by, if you don't repent of your bargain, we will see what more can be done for him. In the meantime I shall keep Morton on, but I don't like it."

Sam bowed, and retired, and was soon by his brother's side at Farmer Power's.

"Jem, it's going to be all right; the