

strong, handsome horses were drinking leisurely from the cool stone troughs near.

"Now then, Jim!" called one of the men to a bright-looking boy seated astride on the low wall of the yard. "Come for your ale, if you want it: it is too hot for me to take extra steps to-day."

"Keep yourself and the ale where you are, Sam: I don't want either."

"What sort of man do you expect to be when you don't take your beer, lad?"

"A molly-coddle like lame Johnny," said another voice, "I've given up hope of seeing Jim make a man since I've found he's trying to be a total abstainer."

"You'll meet with more disappointment if you expect whisky to make men," said Jim, good-humouredly.

"Don't argufy, you two," came the steward's voice then. "You've work enough in store to warm you without that."

"That boy is getting too uppish for me," said Sam angrily to the latter, as the men rose. "I wish you would turn him over to Reilly, and let me have Dick Neill instead."

"All right, but you'll have the worst of the bargain: Dick's a lump of laziness compared to Jim." However, the change was effected, and, as Sam had intended, much to Jim's vexation: Sam's horses were handsome and spirited, and one of them, Lion by name, had been a great pet of the boy. It was trying to see Neill, a stupid, heavy boy (who, by the way, could drink ale unlimited), jog past him on Lion's broad back, on the way to the field, while Sam, leaning towards him, said, spitefully, "No teetotallers for me, boy."

The work seemed dull without the spice of danger and excitement attendant on the management of Lion, for Reilly's horses were steady as Time, and much slower than that scythed individual is considered. The afternoon, however, brought stir enough before its close. Lion soon discovered that Dick's handling was neither

so kindly nor so firm as Jim's. Until the middle of the afternoon, he allowed himself to be worried by loud scolding, severe tugs of the mouth, and other miseries inflicted by heedless boys on their patient servants; then his nostrils widened, his ears went back, and before the men could turn themselves, he was galloping wildly across the field, with Dick in the empty cart behind him. The men shouted to Dick to lie down in the bottom of the cart, but the poor boy lost all presence of mind and sprang out, falling backwards and his head coming violently against a stone; Lion continued his wild race over the wide, level field until he was tired. Jim leaped from his half-loaded cart, and dashed across to Dick, who was stunned by the fall; he half raised him, while another brought water, and a profuse bleeding of the nose relieved the poor, bruised head; his father was sent home with him, and Lion finished the day's work under Sam's guidance.

Next morning saw Jim, in spite of teetotalism, again at Lion's head, but the old cordial feeling between him and Sam seemed gone: whenever the subject of drinking or abstaining came up there were taunts and jibing words from Sam, which left sore, angry feelings behind. At last this became so hard that Jim, hearing of a neighbouring farmer who wanted a boy, agreed to his terms, and gave up his place at Fernshaw. Merry, active, and obliging, there were plenty to say they were sorry he was leaving, and doubtless Lion would have said so too, if he could.

Two nights before he left, an alarm was raised that a cottage at the foot of the hill, the home of a drunken couple, was on fire. To snatch up pails and hurry to the place was the prompt action of men and boys. The woman, unconscious through drink, was dragged out, a humiliating sight; and the husband, not much better, could do nothing but weep and maunder. He got somewhat roughly pushed about in the vigorous efforts made by his kindly neigh-