

RIVERSIDE AND ITS INMATES.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

(Concluded.)

A mellow light fell across the path, so thickly strewn with leaves, as Helen and Letty were leisurely walking towards the parsonage. It was an October afternoon, and they both thought they had never seen their home look more lovely than it did in that soft sunshine.

Mrs. Carroll met them at the door, with the warm welcome they were always sure of from her.

She was not a beautiful woman, unless the soul beauty lighting up her whole face could be taken into account. She had pleasant black eyes; soft brown hair, that lay lovingly around her forehead, as if it was glad to lend a grace to such a woman; a voice full of cheery contentment; a hand with a soft, warm touch; and a smile that went straight to your heart, especially if you were in trouble. Never a weary, troubled soul in the parish but sometime found its way to her; and many a good seed was sown, in those quiet chats in her sitting-room, that yielded an abundant harvest.

"I am so glad you did not forget me in these, your last days at home," she said as she led the way in. Letty threw off her hat and wrap in the hall as baby May crept out to meet her, and, picking up her pet, went into the parlor, where she found Mr. Bernard with Mr. Carroll.

"That's right, Letty," said Mr. Carroll; "take care of that little baggage while I talk."

"Do you suppose your conversation will be any more profitable than taking care of this small baby? Because if you do, I don't."

"Now, Letty! I'm astonished that you should speak so lightly of my conversational abilities. I always thought I talked pretty well."

"So you do, Sundays. But week days, you

know, you are only an ordinary mortal, and I can judge you like I would anybody else. I don't think much of ministers out of the pulpit."

"Hear that, Bernard."

"I hear it," said Mr. Bernard quietly. "Perhaps, though, Miss Letty does not include all ministers in her dislike."

"Yes, I do," she said, very decidedly.

"Take care, ma'am, or I shall not allow you to see me out of the pulpit," said Mr. Carroll.

"That would be a terrible catastrophe," she replied, with a wry face. "But truly, Mr. Carroll, I like you better than the rest of them."

"Why have you such a dislike to the cloth?" asked Mr. Bernard.

"Because," she said, extricating baby's fingers from her short, thick curls, "they always lecture me so. They tell me how awfully sinful I am, and I know it as well as they do; but it isn't pleasant to have such an unpalatable fact always dinned into one's ears."

"I never lecture you, do I?" said Mr. Carroll.

"No, you don't. But that old Mr. Greer we had before you came; if you could have heard him at me!"

"I can tell you how to avoid all their lectures in the future," said Mr. Bernard.

"I'll like you forever if you can stop them."

"Become what they and you know you ought to be."

"Fairly caught," she thought. But she only gave him a shy glance and moved with May to a deep window, all by herself. Mrs. Carroll and Helen, who had stayed behind to have a moment alone, now came in. The baby-voice grew more and more faint, until at last she lay asleep in Letty's arms. Mr. Bernard moved to her window.