

off towards a hill, whither he was accustomed to resort, when disposed for a lounge or a quiet smoke. Jim Noble, perceiving that his company was not desired, quietly took the hint, and walked off in another direction. Harry Baynham went away *to think*.

That journey apart *to think* was the commencement of better days with the young man. Conviction of sin had taken hold upon him, and as he sat alone on the hill-top, all unconscious of the dew and night-damp, he pondered this vital question within his soul: "What must I do to be saved?" The earnest wayside sower of Gospel seed had taken hold of his soul, and he saw himself guilty before God. Yet he could not see the way of pardon. And he sat and ruminated, until the last shadows of twilight had disappeared, when, with his heavy burden still resting on his soul, he returned to his home.

Widow Baynham was not long in discovering that something unusual ailed her son. His new sobriety and quietness of demeanour, his fits of abstractedness, and his evident disinclination to go with Jim Noble, and others of that class, to the Brown Cow, told the tale. Yet he kept his thoughts secret. It seemed as if he could not break down the barrier of reserve and silence, and tell another of the conflict which was going on in his own soul between light and darkness.

Just about this time, in God's good providence, better employment was offered to Harry Baynham in Devonshire. With an earnest desire to get away from the temptations of Combe Hadley, he accepted it, only stipulating that his mother should keep her old home, and promising that he would faithfully remit part of his wages regularly toward her support. Widow Baynham was very sorry to part with her son, but recognising in the step a probability of spiritual and temporal good, consented at last, with many prayers and tears, on Harry's behalf.

So to Devonshire Harry went, and ere long began to prosper exceedingly in his temporal affairs. His willingness, bodily strength, and handiness in work, soon made