

and we may bring our coach to destruction between us. We must have a better guide than that."

"Well then, sir, what d'ye say to Public Opinion?"

"Public Opinion is a many-headed monster, Brodie. Our movements, I fear, will be very unstable if we are swayed by it."

"Then I gives it up, sir! I leaves it to you to give the name to the coachman."

"What was it induced you to promise to stand by me and act with me?" asked Mr. Denman. "Wasn't it the fact that you thought I had the welfare of the poor and needy at heart? And you had their welfare at heart, too. To whom, then, should we look for guidance but to the One to whom we owe every good and pure feeling in our hearts?"

Timmy shuffled uneasily in his chair. He had said, "in church and out of church," and now it seemed as if church was being brought down to him in the study. It had been a favourite phrase for him to use, that "Pa'sons was cowards; they preached at the poor man when in the pulpit, where nobody could answer them, but they would be afraid to say the same thing to a man face to face." And yet here was this parson quietly sitting down and giving him the chance of replying to his utterances.

"But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" said Mr. Denman. "I think that is the coachman we need, Brodie; *the love of God* must be our guide, or we shall do little good."

"Well, sir, I said I'd leave it to you to name the coachman, and so you shall," answered Tim; "but there'll be a mistake somewhere, if you reckons upon me havin' much o' this world's goods."

"We may have goods in other forms beside gold and silver, Brodie. It seems to me that you have them

in the form of a strong mind, a ready tongue, a good judgment, and in the power of being able to make men listen to you. With the love of God to guide you, these are valuable gifts indeed!"

A glow of intense gratification spread, not only over Timmy's countenance, but over his whole body. Praise like this from Mr. Denman was praise indeed; the sweep's heart warmed and softened; he felt that this was a man whom he could indeed stand by, for he knew how to appreciate him. There was a suspicious huskiness in his voice as he answered,

"You're very good, sir, to say so, and I'll bide by you, as I said. I leaves it to you, sir, to give the word, and I'll answer to it; you may trust me that far."

It was strong evidence of how much the personality of Mr. Denman had been impressed upon Timmy. The man was conceited and doggedly obstinate. As a rule, he bowed to no man's opinion; he was "a law unto himself," and a law which heretofore nobody had been able to gainsay; and yet the few gentle words which the Vicar had spoken had melted him at once, and he honestly meant what he said in stating that he would be entirely guided by Mr. Denman.

The two had a long talk that evening. If the Vicar was not able to express the whole of his opinion on "things in general," he was at least able to let Timmy see what manner of man he was. To an observer, the appearance of the two men would have presented a striking contrast—Mr. Denman, refined and gentle, possessing all the better qualities, endowed by birth and education; Brodie, small, active, alert, and, as his face told, obstinate to a fault; yet as he sat listening eagerly to his companion's words, little by little the brute element seemed to melt away, and leave a better and a manlier man in its place.

Timmy walked home in a very meditative frame of mind that night.