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membered to have seen my old nurse since the fever, and with him I was brought into communication. He was a German, and one of the few working bees in that hive of profligacy. Why he had chosen such a place for his habitation is inconceivable; but it had been his home full a quarter of a century. He was a widower without kith or kin, so far as was known; he was dirty in his habits and person, and an inveterate smoker; he tenanted a single room in one of the least miserable houses in the locality, where he ate, drank, smoked, slept, and worked at his bench at some small mechanical trade. In former times, and at rare intervals, Peggy had been employed by him in this home; and she was also his laundress, when he thought he needed one, or when he did not perform that office for himself.

To this old man, whom I had slightly known in my childhood, I was introduced a few days after the funeral of the widow's child; but he had no recollection of me. He remembered my old nurse, however—'boor Beggy,' as he called her—and was sure that she had called on him 'in sore drubble.'

Could he tell me what the trouble was about?

He was not sure; but he 'daught it was about de liddle schildt dat she call Roland Leigh?'

'And how long since was this?' I asked.

He could not say; he had a bad memory. It might be 'dwo, dree, vour, vire year.'

'And she did not say where she lived, or might be found?' I once more asked.

'Nein—not at all, mine vriendt.'

'Can you tell me how she looked?' said I.

'Look! mid her eyes, I do suppose,' replied the old man, drily, emitting a huge volume of smoke from his foreign-looking pipe, which made my eyes water, 'mid vat you call de obdies,' he added, by way of further explanation.

'True my good friend; but I mean what sort of appearance had she?'

'Oh, I understandt: abbear! vell: she was boor Beggy; note vaary different vrom de old vay: she was vat you call slobdy slobdy. and——'

'She was very poor, then?' said I.

'Nein! he could not say dat, responded the German; indeed, he should think not; for when touched with her evident distress of mind, and supposing it to arise from poverty if not destitution, he offered her alms, she would not receive them. This he said in other words, and added

that 'de grade lamendation of boor Beggy was about the liddle schildt, Roland.'

I thanked the old man for answering my questions; and was about to turn away in despair of receiving any further information, when he remembered that Mrs. Magrath had spoken of a stable yard where she had been searching for 'de liddle schildt,' as the old man persisted in speaking of me, quite at a loss to comprehend, as it seemed, that time had turned the little child into a man, and that, in fact, I myself was the Roland Leigh of whom poor Peggy was in search.

She had sought for me, then, and had discovered my retreat. Perhaps if I had not been kidnapped away from my old stable loft, or if I had returned to London immediately after my shipwreck, we might long ago have met; and the thought distressed me, if it did not cause me to murmur and rebel. For, reader, such as Peggy Magrath was, she was inexpressibly dear to me; and the hope of carefully nurturing her in her age, as she had nurtured me in my childhood, was one of the bright visions of my life.

Whatever other effect the information I had obtained from the old German of Whiskers' Kents had upon me, quickened my determination to prosecute my researches; and the next leisure hour I could command led me to the stable yard, where I found my old friend at his accustomed occupation, rubbing down a horse with a wisp of straw, and whistling ostlerwise. He was but little altered; only that his whistle I thought, sounded feebler, and his head was more plentifully sprinkled with grey hairs—which was surely to be expected; for Ben the ostler must have been, at that time, verging on or hastening towards threescore years and five.

I stood by him, as he went on with his job, unconscious of my presence, till a change of posture occasioned him to look up. Then he did not recognise me.

He touched—not his hat, for he was bare-headed—but a stray lock of his grizzled hair, and looked inquiringly, as waiting my commands.

'You don't know me, then, Ben?' I said.

He opened his eyes wide, and looked puzzled; but no gleam of intelligence crossed his countenance; and he shook his head.

'I am Roland Leigh.'

If a pistol had been exploded unexpectedly close to his ear, I am not certain that he would have started more naturally, or altered in countenance more completely. Still, he did not speak,

nor did he move, until, closely scanning me from head to foot, and finally suffering his eyes to rest on my face, he gradually relaxed; his eyes twinkled, as it seemed, with strange emotion, and he laid hold of my extended hand, and returned its pressure with a genuine Yorkshire squeeze, which made my arm tingle to the elbow joint. Then he broke silence.

"I always said thou'd coom back for it," he cried. "I be glad to see thee, Roley. The Lord knows I be glad to see thee; and thou shall ha' it. I knew thou'd coom back for't."

"You were right, you see, Ben; I am come back," said I, a little wondering what he thought I had come back for.

"I've taken care on't, Roley," he went on; but I reckon 'tis a wee bit wore and grimed; but thou winnot mind it, lad. I've taken care on't."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Several lodges of the British Order of Good Templars have recently been organized in King's County; and there is good reason to believe that many more will be added to the already large list of lodges in that County during the present winter. In this city the spread of Temperarism is truly astonishing. Young and old, rich and poor, male and female are joining the lodges by scores. If this state of affairs continues, by next spring the Templars will out-number any temperance society in British America.—*Monitor.*

BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

CITY OF TORONTO.

The Toronto City Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.

J. ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The Queen City Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings at 8 p. m., in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.

W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The Jesse Ketchum Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7.30 p. m., in the Coldstream Hall, Brook Street.

J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The Crusade Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.

P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.