

It was with astonishment, not unmixed with indignation, that the lady heard Mabel's softened statement of the concluding part of the interview.

"To think it should be that wretched woman!" And then followed some remarks about Providence, which we omit as profane; for they savored of that idea of the Divine government which some of the old women on the Cornish coast have been said to have, when they are out of tea, and hope Providence will send a good gale when the next homeward bound Indianian passes their coast, that a lucky wreck may fill their tea-caddies. Ah, me! there's very strange theology about Providence. Once a year it would be well if some teachers, better than the Veering tribe, would preach from the Saviour's words, "Were those eighteen, on whom the tower of Siloam fell, greater sinners than all that dwell in Jerusalem?"

Meanwhile, a certain difference between the characters of Shafton Keen and Delamere Burnish was very clearly developed. The former, clear to see, and clever in denouncing an evil, but not regulating his own actions in consequence. The latter, hoodwinked or blinded by education and family prejudices, yet feeling the scales fall daily from his eyes, and resolute to walk by the light he gained.

Mabel was aware of a change, she knew not what. He spoke more at table, drank nothing but water, paid her marked attention, but sought no more interviews, and seemed like a man full of some strong purpose. He undertook to negotiate for Mrs. Burnish in regard to the accident, and had succeeded in obtaining an interview with the bereaved mother, who, though destitute, and belonging to a destitute class, spurned his offers of money; and, as soon as the inquest was over, and the poor child buried,—the work of a couple of days,—she disappeared. A little paragraph went the round of the papers to this effect:—

"An accident, attended with serious consequences, and that might have been far more disastrous, occurred on the evening of the 15th. The daughters of T. Burnish, Esq., M.P., were returning with their governess from a drive, when the storm broke suddenly over the metropolis. The horses were frightened by a flash of lightning, and set off at full speed, the driver nearly losing all control over them. They were stopped just after they had turned into Portland Street, and the ladies fortunately, had received no injury. We regret to add that a little girl, a foreigner, named Adelo Marquise, aged six years, was run over, and carried to—Hospital, where she died the next day. The well-known benevolence of the family has been exerted to the utmost to compensate the parents of the child—though no blame was attributable to the coachman."

Among the many readers of the papers, few perhaps noted that paragraph, except, indeed, as the name of Burnish attracted their attention. In many drawing-rooms there were pretty little notes written of mingled congratulation and condolence to Mrs. Burnish, and there the matter ended.

Not entirely. In a tavern situated in one of those nests of dwellings between the westside of Tottenham Court Road and Foley Place, a man, grey before his time, was lounging in a box compartment of the dingy coffee room, as it was called, and skimming the papers with an air of negligent sadness. A glass of cold spirits and water was beside him; evidently his breakfast, which he sipped constantly, holding his hand when he lifted the glass to steady it. No one was with him in the box. But the landlord who was bustling about among his other customers, now and then gave what he would perhaps have called "a squint" over the settle, a look in which cunning and curiosity were mingled. Just as the company seemed all intent on their morning draughts of beer, punch, spirits, and news, they were startled by a deep groan from the box of the lonely tippler. In an instant the landlord ran towards him, and the people jumped to their feet. "What was it?" "Was he ill?" "Open the windows!" "Bring brandy!" "Bring water!" "There, he is better!" He shakes them off—rises, holding the newspaper in his trembling hand, clutches his hat, pulls it on with a grip, and looking round with a wondering, unsettled glance, as if in search of some one, he stalked out into the street saying, "Thank you, I'm quite well now," and feebly pursued his way.

"There he goes—and a good riddance," says the landlord. "I wish he'd come back no more. He's been a matter of three weeks lodging here, and he's sythed enough to blow a vessel from Dover to Calais. I don't like sick grim coves—not I. I likes jolly dogs."

"Who is he?" said a customer.

"Blamed! if I know."

"Plenty of the ready rhino?" inquired another.

"Why I should say he hadn't, and he had. When he came here first, I think he was hard up. Precious seedy you see he is. But to see that fellow drink and never the merrier—not a touch. It's spirit and water for breakfast. That's his breakfast, gentlemen!" pointing to the fragments of a biscuit beside the nearly empty glass. Then a walk, then bitter beer, then his dinner beer—I wouldn't give a brass farde for what he eats—then his afternoon glass, then out again till near nightfall, then two hours' good hooing and not elevated; as sober and grave as a judge, but shaky like, and sad as you see. Them sort, friends, ain't to my taste; they it is that goes and makes a hole in the river, or brings a landlord into trouble by dyin' somehow in his house. But as I was a-saying, he soon had money if he didn't bring much, for he plays a hand of cards at times, though luck's

been agen him. Howsumever, I'm not much of a loser, whatever's up. But it's my belief summud in that paper troubled him."

"Was it to-day's?"

"No, sure," said Boniface, looking over the paper. "It's a Advertiser, four days old. He never was very keen on the papers—too sad to notice anything."

The reader need not be told this stranger was Mrs. Burnish's brother, and that his eyes had fallen on the paragraph containing a name he knew full well could belong only to the child, whom, in the midst of the wreck of fortune, position, principles, he yet was constrained by the pangs of conscience, or the agonies of affection to seek—Adele Marquise. Yes; well he knew the second name was given as a surname, because the child was born at the quiet little town, so called, a few miles from Boulogne, and because also she had no right to the name her father bore.

This wretched man had been so long used to humiliations arising from his habits, that all moral strength was gone. Yet he had visions of a future, that somehow was to redeem the past. He would seek the woman he had ruined, the child he had so deeply loved; he would marry, and try to retrieve. They would help him. Powerless as an infant, he leaned on the imaginary aid of his victims. This one idea was present in the ghastly dreams of night, the sad realities of day. He yielded to it—left the Channel Islands, thereby risking his rich brother-in-law's anger, threw himself on his sister's charity; but instead of advertising, or going to Boulogne, where he left her, or making any rational inquiries, he walked the dreary labyrinth of London streets, looking sadly in the face of childhood, and returned to drink his daily potion of destruction, and to add the excitement of play to the draught which had lost the power of stimulating him. His last money was rapidly going. His sister had deeply wounded him by refusing to see him. Her letter had not been balm. She entreated him, as her last request, as the only thing he could do to oblige her, to return to Guernsey instantly, and promised to add to his income there if he complied.

And now, lashed as by scorpions, he hastened to the hospital indicated. The inquest had been held, the verdict—accidental death—given, the child buried, the mother gone; the bed was supporting another sufferer, the room echoing a newer groan, and the nurse, a kind body in the main, but seasoned to her business, could give no information but that she "believed the Burnish family had made the kindest offers to Mrs. Marquise, or whatever her name was, for every one knew that Mr. Burnish was a good Samaritan if there was not another left,"—an opinion which a bright golden sovereign transferred from Mr. Delamere Burnish's purse to her pocket had perhaps purchased.

Mr. Boon turned away from the hospital steps, gazing vacantly around, like one in a dream, and repeating vaguely with a sigh the words, "good Samaritan!" Gradually, it seemed, the words brought back the days of childhood, for, though unread for years, it might be that the sacred narrative, in disjointed parts, swept through his brain. He shivered in the sunshine, and sat down on a low wall, where some boys were playing at marbles. They looked at him, and ran away as he asked them if they knew where he could find the "good Samaritan?" Gradually they gathered courage and returned, and a butcher boy passing, said as he heard the inquiry, "It's a public house, I know it well, over Boston fields."

"Is it?" said the stranger quietly, as he rose up and walked in the way the hand of the boy had indicated. On he went, still shivering in the sunshine, and muttering to himself, "good Samaritan!" People looked after him as he passed them, shook their heads, but it was no affair of theirs whether the man was drunk or mad. And so he went shuddering on, seeking what we all would like to find in our time of sorrow—the good Samaritan!

(To be continued.)

For Girls and Boys.

A DROP OF OIL.

The sewing machine went hard. Brother Will came and looked over Amy's shoulder and knit his brow, as was his custom when in a puzzle. At last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works, and said:

"Did you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no, I never thought of that."

A drop of oil was supplied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. It was easy now to turn the wheel. That drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. For cold mornings, when tempers are apt to get frosted as well as toes and finger tips, there is no magic like a few sweet, cheery words. So when one is angry and ready to do or say rash things, just give him a "soft answer," and you can see how it will cheer and brighten the way for yourself and all about you.—*Selected.*