

place doing nothing. If anything happened to me before he is started in life there would be nothing for him but to take to the sea. I am laying by a little money every month, and if I live for another year there will be enough to buy him a fishing-boat and nets. I trust that it may not come to that, but I see nothing derogatory in his earning an honest living with his own hands; he will always be something better than a common fisherman. The education I have striven to give him, and his knowledge that he was born a gentleman will nerve him to try and rise. As to what you say about mischief, so far as I know all boys are mischievous. I know that my own brothers were always getting into scrapes, and I have no doubt, Mr. Allanby, that when you look back upon your own boyhood you will see that you were not an exception to the general rule."

Mr. Allanby smiled. He had come rather against his own inclinations; but his wife had urged him to speak to Mrs. Walsham, her temper being ruffled by the disappearance of two favorite pigeons, whose loss she, without a shadow of evidence, most unjustly put down to James Walsham.

The parson was by no means strict with his flock. He was a tall man, inclined to be portly, a good shot and an ardent fisherman, and although he did not hunt he was frequently seen on his brown cob at the "meet" whenever it took place within a reasonable distance of Sidmouth, and without exactly following the hounds his knowledge of the country often enabled him to see more of the hunt than those who did. As Mrs. Walsham spoke, the memory of his old school and college days came across him.

"That is the *argumentum ad hominem*, Mrs. Walsham, and when a lady takes to that we can say no more. You know I like your boy, there is much that is good in him; but it struck me that you were letting him run a little too wild. However, there is much in what you say, and I don't