

proved of it; but her mind had been changed in spite of her resistance. She had no fault to find with master, work, or wages, but the absence of the very thing that made her leave Brook Street became a source of grief to her. She felt that "no man cared for her soul;" she took to reading her Bible, to see if she could find there what Mr. Burns had told her; she listened to the sermons on the Sabbath, and tried to pray, but she was restless, and ill at ease.

One day the housemaid, who had been out for a holiday, told her that Mr. Burns was very much troubled about a housekeeper; his new one had left.

That evening Mrs. Teague went to her new master, and gave him notice.

"Why, are you dissatisfied, Mrs.—Teague?"

No, she had nothing to complain of.

"Why, then, would she go?"

She had a reason, which at first she kept to herself; but being urged, she said, "I've heard Mr. Burns has parted with his housekeeper, and I want to see if he'll take me back again."

"Very dishonourable," said her master, to entice you away, I think!"

"Mr. Burns dishonourable! He knows nothing about it, sir. No, sir; he couldn't be dishonourable," replied Hannah, with almost indignation.

She had a mingled feeling of shame and fear when she knocked at the door in Brook Street, and almost started when Bessie, who had come in for the day opened it.

"Mrs. Teague!" exclaimed Bessie, equally surprised.

"Well," said the merchant, when she was ushered into his presence, "it's very kind of you to come and see us. How are you getting on?—well, I hope."

"I heard you wanted a housekeeper, sir, and if you'll take me back, I'll come and glad," said Hannah, without any circumlocution.

"Not more glad than I should be to have you," answered Mr. Burns, much surprised and pleased. "But how is this? I heard you were most highly approved of."

"Yes, sir, I believe I gave satisfaction; but I'd rather live with you."

"But I cannot take you away from a place, you know," said Mr. Burns.

"I know you wouldn't, sir, so I gave warning before I came," said the housekeeper, coolly.

Mr. Burns was convinced that something stronger than mere natural liking had wrought this change; but he allowed her to tell her own tale in her own time and way, and by degrees it came out that all he had said had been made good to her. She had found it in the Bible. She had been forced to confess it by the power of conscience, enlightened by the Spirit of truth. She knew now that she was corrupt by nature, and that her pride of heart was as hateful to God as Bessie's dishonesty.

Very thankful was the merchant for this result of his plain speaking; he reaped a rich reward from it in every way. As to Hannah Teague, she was happy as she had never been before; and if there had been a service she could render beyond what she was able, she would have tried to go beyond possibility to do it.

"Suppose I had gone on in my pride till the day of my death," she said, "and turned my back on the Lord Jesus till it was too late, and he turned his back on me!"

To the end of her life she always dated all events from the day on which Mr. Burns told her the truth so plainly.—"While I was saying I wanted no mercy, God was showing me mercy," she would say. "That was a day when the angels rejoiced over me, for they saw that the good work was begun. Blessings on the head of him that was chosen to do it!"—*Sunday at Home.*

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Self-seeking blinds the soul, that it can not see a beauty in Christ nor an excellency in holiness; it distempers the palate that a man can not taste sweetness in the Word of God, nor in the ways of God, nor in the society of the people of God; it shuts the hand against all the soul-enriching offers of Christ; it hardens the heart against all the knocks and entreaties of Christ; it makes the soul as an empty vine and as a barren wilderness; in a word, there is nothing that bespeaks a man to be more empty and void of God, Christ and grace, than self-seeking.—*Brooks.*