

MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART. *

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

Copyright by E. P. DUTTON & Co., NEW-YORK.

(Continued.)

And so Miss Nancy suddenly and inexplicably burst into bitter tears.

"What, Nancy?" said the astonished rector. "Have you hurt yourself? Are you tired? What is the matter?"

"I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" cried Miss Nancy. "I had meant so hard to be good, but I cannot bear it any more!"

"Bear what, my dear little maid?" said the rector, much concerned.

"I love it so much, and I wanted to come to it more than anything. Oh, I did, I did!"

"And now you are disappointed in it?" said the rector, after a pause.

"I don't know," was all Miss Nancy could reply between the sobs.

"But I thought you understood that it was only an empty old house, Nancy?"

"I don't know. I didn't think it would be like that," sobbed Miss Nancy. "And there is nobody there at all, and yet it says over the door that it was given to God's poor. — it says *for ever*."

"Yes, my little maid," said the rector, slowly. "It *was* given to God's poor forever, — to the poor of Forest Morton parish. But that is the sad part that I told you of. The endow-

* By kind permission of E. P. DUTTON & Co.