

"To read, sir!" I said, shakin' my head, as much as to say—that'll never be.

He told us all about the raised type, and how the finger-tips felt the words.

"Father, that will be nice," whispered little Mary; and then turning to the gentleman, she asked him, "But, please, sir, will there be *all* the Bible? will there be Revelation? Because father loves Revelation—he says there be so much music in it."

"I will get him Revelation," and the parson laughed. "Likes music, does he?" he went on. "Can you play, my friend?"

"Please, sir, father have sold his fiddle," said the little maid, a-takin' hold of my hand.

"Likes music, and sold his fiddle—that's strange!" and I could tell that he sat himself down alongside of us, and waited for us to tell how it happened. Well, I thought, it was part of my punishment, when the little maid gave me a kiss, and says she, "We never want it at all, sir; we can sing prettier now than we could then."

So without a word more about it, he turns round to the little maid, "Now, if I do this for your father, what will you do for me? Will you come and sing in my choir?"

"Please, sir, we do sing up to our chapel," says little Mary.

"She do mean the Primitives, sir," says I, wonderin' what he'd think of that.

"Ah, Methodists again—all Methodists," and he spoke so pleasant as ever. "But are you there all day?"

"Well, there be Sunday-school first of all," the little maid told him, "then preachin' in the mornin' sometimes, or else in the afternoon—then always preachin' in the evening, and a prayer-meetin' after."

The parson laughed again, "Not much time left for me then—that's clear. But if you understand music, we shall manage it." And he wished us good mornin'.

"He *be* a nice man," says the little maid when he was gone. And so he be still, sir, bless him—the same as ever.

That was our first meetin'—I've minded him of it scores