

dark brown hair, and when Lucy Whitley married him, she was envied by all her sex, who wondered what he, such a noble-looking man could see in her baby face ; but he knew that he had gained a true, faithful help-mate, and loved her with all his heart.

There was no handsomer cottage in all the street than theirs ; it was a perfect little gem, for when William first furnished it, he chose everything good and in keeping with his means and station in life. He was a carpenter by trade and earned good wages all the time ; and every week when he brought home his earnings to his wife, they always laid a certain sum away which Mrs. Berryman carried to the Bank for a rainy day. They also gave their weekly offering to the church of which they were members, and from which Mr. Berryman never was missed in rain or shine. He was a good, God-fearing man who could spare every day a half hour to ask God's blessing for himself and his wife and little one. He never spent his evenings from home, and the money which some of his fellow-workmen spent in taverns, he spent to decorate his home, and to buy good books out of which he read to his wife while she sat sewing or knitting for him and their boy. So his not coming home this evening was so unusual that she became quite alarmed at last, and was just thinking of asking one of the neighbors to stay with her baby that she might go and look for him, when she heard his step. She ran to open the door for him, delighted to see him. He came in very joyously, kissing her, but as he did so, she noticed by his breath that he had been drinking, a thing he never had