

wished it, only that I could not get rid of one evil feeling.

Although I got on so well on the whole, I'd been balked in one thing that I had set my heart on, and I couldn't get over it.

There was but one girl in our village that had ever taken my fancy in the way of a wife. I did not know much of her, but she pleased me any way, and I made up my mind to have her. But she wouldn't have me, wouldn't even walk with me; and she took up with Fred Morris, a soft, idle, easy-going fellow that I could have beaten, any way he liked, every day in the week.

It went hard with me, as you may guess, to be checkmated that way by a girl's fancy, and for a fellow like that, too. I bore no grudge against *her*, she acted fair and square with me from the first. But I chose to think that *he* hadn't done altogether right by me; though now I am sure that he had no thought of me in the matter from first to last, and had no occasion to think of me.

So I hated him then, and nothing that he did ever pleased me. Both before they were married and after, I kept watching him, always finding out what he was doing and how he got on; and whatever he did, or didn't do, I blamed him for.

I'd never seen any girl yet that would suit me after Mary Furniss—Mary Morris that was now; and I was always thinking how much better off she'd have been as my wife than she was as Fred's. He certainly did not get on very well, and I hated him all the more for that, thinking how he'd taken her from me to drag her down in the world with his thriftless ways.

That was all very well as long as I didn't care about doing right; but when there was talk of my coming to the sacrament it was different. I did try then to get rid of the feeling, but I'd nursed it too long. It was like part of myself then, and I *could* not feel in charity with Fred Morris, nor wish him well.

I tried at first, and then I gave up, and made up my mind that it was my nature, and I couldn't help it.

I don't know how long I might have gone

on like that, but for a sermon I heard Mr. Harrington preach.

It wakened my heart and frightened me all at once, and I said to myself that I must and would get the better of my bad feelings, that I might come to the holy table after all. All the week after I was thinking of it, and checking myself when I found myself asking and spying after Fred and his doings, and thinking ill of him and of them. It was hard work, and I fairly lost patience with myself many a time. But off and on, pretty near all the time, I was saying in my heart, 'Lord, help me! Lord, find me a way to get the better of this.'

I didn't see then how He was going to find a way—there was no way that I could see; but He found one, and quickly too.

At that time I was earning a little extra money by keeping a railway crossing—that is to say, by tending the two gates where a branch line crossed the village street. There were only three trains passed that way between six in the morning and ten at night, and after that no more till next morning. So the man who tended the gates all day left at six, when my day's work was over, and I sat in his box till after ten.

I don't know why I did it, for I'd nothing in particular to work and to save for; but it had come to be a habit with me to get all I could.

So many a night just then I sat there, almost in the dark, and thought about my own affairs and Fred Morris. I had no chance to forget him if I had wished, for every evening he crossed the road between nine and ten, coming back from the town.

He was driving a milk cart at that time, taking it into town twice a day for one of the farmers; and every night as I watched him pass the crossing on his way home it brought back thoughts that would have been better away. I thought of Mary all alone in the long evenings, and of how much longer Fred was away than I should have been, in his place, and of many things beside.

And then I would catch myself up, finding that I was thinking evil again, and wonder how I was ever to get the better of this.

One night Fred was very late getting