

enough; and when I turned it out this morning, I was frightened—I thought there would be no end to it. See here, sir, I've tied it all up in my handkerchief; and I thank you, sir, most humbly for your good advice.

'Thank God, my friend,' said Mr. Linton, 'and say, "I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel."'

'Aye, aye, sir; and I will say too, "The Lord bless thee."'

'Do Adam,' responded the good clergyman: 'no one needs the prayers of his people more.'

Adam Clare went out, and a tidy little old woman took his place.

'Please, sir,' she said, 'my old man and I have been talking together—if so be as we could spare a penny a week from our little 'lowance, and we don't know just what to decide on; so I be come to ask you, sir, what you think we had better do.'

'Well, Sally,' said Mr. Linton, 'I think you are taxing my powers rather too far, as I don't know what your little means are, nor all the calls on them.'

'You see, sir, my poor old man is now so crippled with the rheumatiz, he can't do no more than nothing at all; so the parish allows us—'

'I fear, Sally,' said Mr. Linton, gently, 'I shall not have time to-day to enter so very minutely into your affairs; so you must just see if you think you could in any way manage to do without some little penny trifle in the week, because then at the end of the year you would get 4s. 4d. to buy you both some nice warm clothing for the winter.'

'Well, sir, a penny in the week is not much, and, as you say, 4s. 4d. would be a nice lot to have all at once, so please, sir, here's my penny; and I thank you very much.'

The next visitor was a sweet little fair-haired girl of five or six years of age.

'Papa! may I come in?'

'Not now, my darling; only persons who come on business can talk to me now.'

'Oh! but papa, I am come on business,' said the little body, drawing herself up with all the importance of a Prime Minister of England.

'Oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Alice Linton, pray walk in and state the important cause of your present visit.'

'Now, papa, dear, do not talk so grandly; but you know you are making a bank.'

Mr. Linton smiled at his little daughter's way of putting the case, but only said, 'Well, Alice, what then?'

'Why, then, papa, I wanted poor old blind Betty to be a banker; but she says she cannot afford even a penny a week. So Mr. H-dred says if I really want the poor old woman to get the money to buy a blanket at Christmas, I must help her. And what do you think Mrs. Bray, at the farm told me? That if I would select—no, I think she said collect—all her new-laid eggs every morning, she would give me a penny every Monday, that I might give you to make poor blind Betty a banker, and get her a warm blanket for the winter.'

The child's cheeks glowed, and her eyes beamed with delight as she unfolded her little plan, and, forgetting she had entered as an important woman of business, she ran to her father and jumped upon his knee. Mr. Linton parted the fair curls from the open brow, and while he imprinted a kiss on it, lifted up his heart in silent thanksgiving to that God who had shed the Spirit of love and mercy on his little one.

When he could speak, he said, 'That is a capital plan, my Alice; bring me every Monday your penny, and at Christmas you shall have the pleasure of taking poor old blind Betty her blanket yourself.'

As Alice tripped out, a young woman, looking wan and careworn, with a baby in her arms, entered.

'Ah! Mr. Linton, your savings bank!—my poor Maurice!' She burst into tears.

'Sit down Lucy Dale; sit down, my poor girl, and compose yourself, and tell me what you want.'

The kind words and the manner of the clergyman reassured her, and, after wiping her eyes, she said,—

'If you please, sir, I should like to be a member; but my poor husband drinks more than ever. Every farthing he earns is spent at the Blue Boar; and when he comes home he is always tipsy; and what can the wife of a drunkard do, sir?' My poor little cripple child and this baby take up all my time, and I am wearing myself out with frettings.'

'That must not be, Lucy. Yours is a sad case, it is true, but you must not despair; remember he who afflicts is able also to comfort. Put, therefore, your trust in him who has promised, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." But, Lucy, don't be bitter against him; keep your cottage and children as neat as you can; try to show your husband that the comforts of his own home are greater than those of the Blue Boar. Above all, pray earnestly and constantly for him, believing your prayers will be answered in God's own time. I see, Lucy, you cannot at present become a member of the savings-bank; but I do not fear but that one day you will be.'

But our limits will not permit us to speak of all the business that was done that day in that little study. Enough has been said to show the nature of the work which so deeply engaged the Rev. Eustace Linton, and also the feelings of respect and love felt for him by his people. Many were the hearts which blessed him that night.

But other important events of a very different character were being enacted in the quiet little village of Levington. Even in that secluded place the passions of men were working as busily as in the crowded city. We shall be able to throw some light on the darker picture if we enter one other home, and report the conversation there.

It is the home of Mr. Page. The good man is seated at a table at tea. Opposite to him sits Mrs. Page. Her whole aspect and manner tells of having seen better days. Her dress is perfectly plain—perhaps some might say poor, but it is arranged with scrupulous neatness. The whole room also in its furniture is equally plain, but as neat as could possibly be imagined. Even the little tin tea-kettle might have served for a looking-glass, had any accident happened to the very small one hanging by the side of the window, of which the mistress of the house was wont to observe with great truth, 'Though large enough for dear William to shave by, and me to put my cap straight, it would look mean and ridiculous over the chimney-piece.'

Mrs. Page poured out another cup of tea, and as she gave it to her husband said, 'Has anything gone amiss at the office to-day, dear? You seem more than usually thoughtful.'

'I fear something will be amiss soon,' replied Mr. Page, 'if Mr. Briscoe persists in his cold and severe manner towards his son. That young man is not too high-principled; but what makes me uneasy is the influence he is getting over Howard Latimer.'

'Surely you don't think Joe Briscoe will lead Howard astray?' said Mrs. Page.

'It is impossible to say.'

'Can't anything be done, William?'

'I have done as much as I dare,' returned her husband: 'I have even spoken to Mr. Briscoe himself, as well as his son.'

'And with what result?' asked his wife.

'Mr. Joseph Briscoe told me to mind my own business; that I was not his governor; and that he certainly would not consult me when he wanted a new boot-lace or a fresh cigar. And Mr. Briscoe said that when he wanted another sermon he would send for me.'

The husband and wife sat silent for a few minutes, and then Mr. Page exclaimed, 'All Mr. Briscoe thinks of is how he can make money.'

(To be Continued.)

## The Charm of Good Breeding.

More and more as one observes life and manners, the charm of good breeding asserts its sway over the experiences of everyday communion with our comrades on life's pilgrim path. In my recent visit to Tennessee and Kentucky, I was re-impressed with the dignity, the leisure, the grace and the flavor of ceremony in the people whom I had the honor and pleasure of meeting. Especially was I delighted with the children in the several households where I was entertained. Their intercourse with their elders was characterized by confidence and freedom, yet they were perfectly and pleasantly obedient, and one had not the feeling that the child was the foremost personage to be considered. A pretty group of children in the background was rather the impression which remained in one's mind after leaving one of those stately Southern homes.

One finds many of these beautiful homes possessed of a rarely attractive individuality. For one thing, they stand, even in town, apart from one another with ground about them, gardens and trees, and turf. The latter is rather burned up at present, owing to a very prolonged drought; but when it is green it must be like the velvet sod of England. But as I drove up the long avenues and through the park-like spaces of some of those ample and sumptuous homes a few miles out of Nashville, and as I met and talked with the soft-voiced, sweet and gracious women to whom life is more than a pastime, though they are surrounded with luxury and elegance, I found myself inclined to leave a bit of my heart with those dear and gentle friends, whose courtesy I will not soon forget.

One notes that the Southerner of tradition is a person who has time to read and think, and that he still reads the masters of English literature. Everybody there reads Dr. Johnson, and Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Pope. A little girl came into the library of a certain house one morning while I was there, saying, 'Aunt, I cannot find the "Vicar of Wakefield." ' Jane Austen is in great vogue, everyone being familiar with 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Sense and Sensibility,' and the rest of Miss Austen's beautiful works, and in conversation one hears quotations from Shakespeare and Milton, Emerson and Irving, quite as a matter of course.

At a public function, a gentleman seated on the platform was suddenly called upon, without preparation, to return thanks for his city, to the speakers who had graced the occasion. He did so, with a felicity of diction, an aptness of quotation, and a ceremonious courtesy which made the little impromptu a thing to remember.

The old-fashioned Sabbath-keeping sentiment which against all protests and appeal from those who ignore the Lord's Day, kept closed the gates of the Nashville Centennial Exposition, is a favorable and conservative sign of the times in an important part of the country. When, as a nation, we shall trample under foot the Fourth Commandment, our period of decadence will have