

There was such a frightful, sneering look on the old man's withered face, that I could not bear to see it. I turned away my eyes to the dusty window, through which the sun was trying to shine even into that gloomy room; like God's grace into his gloomy heart, if he would but let it in.

"Ah!" he said, "I could have trusted Transome with untold gold, and you are like him. Come and live here, and keep your eye on Rebecca."

"Oh, no, no!" I cried hastily, thinking of my peaceful little cottage on the brow of the hill, with the flowers that would soon be blooming in the garden, and the birds chirping of a morning under the eaves, and my scholars trooping up merrily from the town. It made his large house seem a doleful prison.

"I'll make it worth your while," he began; but there I stopped him at once.

"You couldn't make it worth my while, sir," I said, "Please God, I'm not long for this world, and my old home is better to me than any spot in the world; and your nephew, Philip Champion, has promised I shall have all I want when I cannot win it for myself."

The old man sank down in his chair, almost in a heap, for he had very little strength left in him. But still I saw his sharp, glittering eye fixed upon me.

"Mrs. Transome," he said, after a while, "if you'll come and take care of me till I die, I'll leave all I have to Philip Champion."

That was different; I could not say no to that hastily. If I consented, Philip Champion—my little scholar Pippin, whom I loved more than any one else in the world—would become a wealthy man. And I knew what Philip would do with riches—lay them where he had laid himself, at the feet of Christ. Rather than see him grow like his uncle I would have joyfully followed his coffin to the grave. But I had no fear of that. If Philip came into his uncle's money—and no one had a better claim to it—he would take it as a loan from God to be laid out in His service.

"You must give me time to think of it," I said to my landlord.

And I did think of it, turning it over and over till my poor head was fairly weary. Philip was gone away on a voyage with his father, and I could not write and ask him for counsel. Besides if I did it, I should do it for his sake; and you cannot ask any one you love how much you must give up for their sake. I had never thought I should be called upon to leave my old home again. But even my home spoke for Philip, who had taken me out of the workhouse, and bought everything that was in it, and promised to take care of me when I was past work. It was but a little thing I could do in return; and it seemed as if I heard Transome's voice saying, "Ally, lass! 'Faithful in little; faithful in much!'" After that I made up my mind to go, and quit my home a second time.