

then Hope and her father followed more slowly, yet always keeping her in sight.

Once Hope made the remark that it was convenient the Morrises living so near the bad bit of the hill, for now instead of Faith getting out of her saddle and making her way on foot for a tiring half mile, James Morris, who stuck to his church through all inconveniences, would come out and lead the pony.

'But James won't always be at hand,' said Jonas. 'Faith had best learn to stick to her saddle like a country-born mountain

Faith was nineteen now—still fair and delicate-looking, but strengthened by sea breezes and country life. She had the making of a capital young house mistress in her.

Jonas felt her loss very much; for she went away to the Carnarvon farm immediately on the marriage, and there was little chance of meeting for some time. Hope, too, carried awhile a sense of loss about with her, but she had her father, and he soon became all in all to her—nay, she even hugged to her heart the idea that now she



woman; Morris tells me he has all but settled to let James have his mother's little farm for his own.'

'The Carnarvon farm?' said Hope, who knew the affairs of the country side as well as her father. 'Oh! I'm sorry! He's a pleasant fellow is James.'

And Faith thought the same. It was not such a surprise to her, though, as to her father and sister, when James Morris dropped in late one evening, ostensibly to buy—well, he had forgotten what—but ended in asking for a gift—that of an English wife.

should be everything to him, and that with no one else should she share the dear task of caring for him. *She* should never wish to marry and leave him, she said, with a flood of passionate love swelling in her heart.

Never had the shop had such a good year as that preceding Faith's marriage. Jonas was popular, and he was clever too in all he undertook; selected goods of excellent quality at Conway, and ordered others from London, asking only a fair price for them all. Then he was sociable and generous, always ready to do a kind act.