

had fresh cause for them, for two of her lads and her only little lass had died of the fever, and she herself had barely escaped.

At length the time came for John and Sam to say farewell. They parted in the little parlour which had been such a gate of heaven to one poor soul. A prayer, a blessing, a momentary clasp of a little white hand, and the memory of a pure calm face were all now left him of the preacher and his daughter. But even such intangible things are often mighty powers, and Sam's nature was not one that readily forgot.

Indeed, after a time, it pained him that he remembered so well, for it was hardly possible John should continue to meet his enthusiastic friendship with one equally demonstrative. He had been compelled to give to his new interests and cares all his active sympathies, and to leave the past with the past. But Sam was too earnest to consider these things, and when John gradually began to write at longer intervals it grieved him sorely.

However, he was inventing his own sorrow. John's interest in him had not diminished, but his life was full of present duties, which every year had made graver and wider, until at length he had been selected to superintend a theological school for the preparation of young men for the ministry. In this position he was frequently reminded, either by likeness or contrast, of that one who still warmly cherished his memory at Picardy Green.

This remembrance seemed to press him with a peculiar strength one day, for at night, as Mary sat in the twilight sewing, he said, after a long silence: "I have been thinking all day of Mr. Naylor, Mary. I hardly knew I was doing it until I found myself writing his name over and over, while I talked with young Otley. It must have been Otley's appearance—such a big, manly fellow; but then Otley is a gentleman, and poor Sam was—"

"A gentleman, I am sure, father."

"So he was, Mary—so he was. A modest, brave man as ever lived. He ought to be here to-day—indeed he ought."

Singularly enough, Mr. Naylor's name was the first thing he saw in his morning paper. Mary, with a happy face pointed out the paragraph. It was an account of a terrible colliery accident near Picardy, and it was Sam who had organized relief parties, and worked night and day himself, until the poor imprisoned souls had been delivered.

"No wonder I was thinking so persistently of him all yesterday, Mary! What a noble soul! He is a born helper of men. He ought to be a preacher."

"If he has a call, father, he will hear it in God's time. Saving men's lives is a very good theological school, I think."

Still, after that, John could not dismiss the idea. He looked at