

'Not if I know it,' put in Mrs. Denham quickly; 'ye'll come down and have a bit of dinner with us and a rest all afternoon; then, after a cup of tea, you can go at five. Am I not right, Mr. Gray? Lizzie needs a rest after all this.'

'Yes, yes; dae what you think best. She needs rest.'

The man was so stricken, he had hardly control of his thoughts. Two words were searing themselves into his brain and heart to the exclusion of all else. Six months! In six months he would be alone, wifeless and childless in the place she had consecrated by the benediction of her presence.

'The cab is at the door yet, Mary,' said the minister, gently. 'If you are ready we had better go.'

They drove slowly down to the comfortable, cheery house, and Lisbeth Gray made no demur when they made her lie down on the sofa. The long struggle was over; she had laid down her arms, and it was sweet to rest. But it discomposed her greatly to look at her husband's face, and to read there that his struggle was but commencing. For his sake she wished they were at home: in the months to come there would be