

if 'E calls o' me ageean, same road . . . 'at 'E 'asn't seumm else 'E's wantin' doin? Eh noo?"

"Perhaps . . ." Pam suggested pleadingly, ". . . perhaps it wasn't God that called you, Mr. Barclay . . . but was God that sent you back. Don't you think it might be that?"

"Noo, ah sewdn't wonder," Barclay decided, with obvious admiration for the girl's ingenuity. "Bud it'll be a rum u for me to know which way 'E wants me to gan . . . or which end 'E's at."

". . . And you'll promise me, won't you?" Pam besought him, and took hold of his watch-chain. "You'll promise me to fight your very best . . . for my sake."

"Ay," said Barclay, after a pause. "Ah can bud try."

"You'll try hard, though?" Pam adjured him—finding too much fatalism in the tone of his promise for her satisfaction.

"Noo . . . when ah say ah'll try, ah mean ah'll try!" Barclay reassured her. "Ah s'll try my very best for t' sake of 'oo asked me."

And Father Mostyn and the Doctor are constant attendants upon the Spawer's recovery too, and stay for meals whenever they want them; and tell him when the whisky flask is running low.

So that the little lovable, old-world, moss-rose papered parlour seems to be the very focus point of the world's bliss. At times—to Pam's sensitive soul, at least—the concentrated gladness glows to burning, like sun-rays through a lens. There are talks and arguments, and exhortations and laughter, and tears, and kisses, and castle-buildings, and music, and whisky, and toddy, and French, and reading, and writing, and whisperings, and confidences, and love-making, all collected and passed through the eye of that little low room, till mere to think of it hereafter is to draw tears of happiness from his heart.

In this little low room it comes to be decided that the marriage shall not take place for a year. And meanwhile the Spawer is going to stay where he is; and Pam is to push on with her music, and her French, and with her English, and fill her dear little head with the intellectual fare for which she has always hungered. And she is to do no more letter-carrying. Father Mostyn has inhibited her from that with a *ex cathedra* usage of the great signet. To remain at the Post Office in an official capacity in face of present circumstances would be an act of rebellion towards the Church, and