

Harold, then, know of her fancies and fears? She waited impatiently, almost angrily, for a reply.

But Harold was not going to engage in a wrangle.

'Oh, I'm so good-for-nothing,' he said; 'didn't the doctor declare I shouldn't be fit for hard work for a long time? Of course Mrs. Morris would be right to advise you to get rid of me.'

'How foolishly you talk,' said Hope, recovering herself. 'You know we are not people to do that; and besides, the shop is not hard work; the doctor said you would be behind the counter again next week. And if it was not so,' she added, with youthful warmth, 'that would be no reason for turning you out of doors. For father's sake'—her voice trembled—'you will always be welcome here.'

'Always, Hope?' questioned Harold, lifting those irresistible eyes; larger and deeper than ever now they looked, in contrast with his pale face.

What followed need not be told in detail. Suffice it to say that Abermawr very soon knew that Hope Halliwell and Harold Westall were engaged to be married.

Old Jonas had settled the matter long before his death, and desired it might take place soon. Such was the report that got about. Hope never could quite fathom by whom it was spread, nor how much truth there was in it. Jonas had never expressed such a desire to her, but it was quite possible he might have done so to others. And as the idea pleased her, she allowed

herself to be persuaded into the belief that she was fulfilling her father's wish in contemplating a marriage with Harold.

She began to realise that she loved him dearly—deeply. If only he had been a little more—well—religious! But, then, he was a man, and young; perhaps when he grew older he would be steadier, go to church regularly, and so forth. Men's ways are different to women's.

So Hope deliberately pushed all fears away, and felt comforted and satisfied for the time. The warm, living, active love for which her sore heart had yearned since her father's death was now lavished generously on Harold.

And Harold, feeling languidly comfortable in Jonas's armchair, said to himself that it was all for the best. A man can't have everything, and it was a better match than he had any right to expect. Hope had an air with her quite different to those Dutch-doll Welsh girls.

Of course it was dull at times in this bit of a coast village; but then, as master, he should be able to get away now and then, perhaps visit Liverpool or even London. Oh, it wasn't a bad turn affairs had taken at all! So meditating, the dark lashes fell on the smooth cheek, and the invalid sank into a delightful slumber, from which he woke to find both Mari and Hope in attendance with a tray of invalid delicacies, and on Hope's part a delighted congratulation on his good nap. 'It is all right,' thought Harold, once more.

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

V.—S. ATHANASIUS.

IN the north-west of Asia Minor, where it approaches nearest to Europe, lay the little town of Nicæa. It was so small that its quiet monotony was undisturbed from year's end to year's end. And there was little in

its history to interest the outside world. But in the year of which I write (325 A.D.), there was no small stir and commotion. Nicæa was to be the scene of a great gathering which would cause its name to live on into after times.