

'Of course he couldn't be moved; it would kill him outright,' said the lad.

'But you encouraged him this evening, and said you would speak to Dr. Morris,' said Hope. 'Why did you do that?'

'Oh, it cheers him up. One must keep him from bemoaning himself at any cost.'

Harold whistled, and yawned, and stretched himself. He was tired of his long bout in the sick room.

'I shall take a turn outside,' he said. 'Come too, Hope.'

'Oh no, I can't, I can't!' she cried sharply. And yet something made her go to the little garden gate and look sorrowfully after the careless young fellow.

He might go out into the sunshine, but her heart was all but broken, she felt—Jonas craving so sorely in his pain and weakness a good she could not procure for him. There was no time, no opportunity for shedding the tears that burnt her eyes; she must take her sewing into the sick chamber, and keep a placid countenance.

'Can I bear this?' she asked herself that night, as she knelt, but said no prayers, for her heart seemed bound in iron. And she answered herself that she could not, she had been tried to the extreme limit of what she had been able to bear.

Should she accuse God of cruelty, and give all up? She thought at one moment she must, then a flood of tears eased her, and with hands clasped she cried, 'My God, have pity on me! Comfort the soul of Thy servant.' She was thinking of her father in that last petition.

Then she hurriedly crept downstairs to the old sofa in the little room adjoining her father's, where she slept now, since he had become more helpless.

He was asleep, and she fell asleep too, to wake frightened at the length of her sleep.

But Jonas was lying peacefully smiling, only just awake, too. He didn't know when he had passed such a good night. Hope must thank God for him.

The poor fellow, though he knew it not, had crept like a little child very close to the great Father in his weakness—aye, in his

murmurings—moaning to Him for pity in pain, thanking Him for all relief.

Hope read the morning prayer less mechanically than usual, and then dressed and set about her day's work.

A visitor came in, one of the largest proprietors in Abermawr. There was talk of restoring the old church, walling in the churchyard. The work was to be begun immediately, and, while the church was shut up, Mr. Allison was going to take the duty, and give a Sunday service down here in Abermawr in the large room at Ty Mawr. Ty Mawr was a farmhouse, not a stone's throw from the shop.

Hope and her father were both interested.

'You can go to church then, my girl,' said the old man.

'I don't think I shall want to go,' said Hope, thinking of two things—her father, and the curate's plain words to herself on his last visit.

'I can sit with Mr. Halliwell while you are in church,' declared Harold.

'Yes, Harold looks after me famously,' Jonas affirmed. It was a good day with him; he spoke brightly on all topics.

Jonas kept to his intention of sending Hope to the service, and, to please him, she went.

Mr. Allison saw her, and sent her word he should visit her father that afternoon. She was not sure if she was glad or sorry to hear of his intention.

Jonas was glad; he liked the young curate.

Hope meant to be vexed with Mr. Allison, if she found that he tired or excited the sick man, but she was quite unprepared for the rapt peaceful look on her father's face that evening, and the quiet tones in which he said—'Sit down, my girl, sit down, Harold; I've news for you, I shall soon be well, I'm going to the city up above. Mr. Allison says so. I wonder I didn't see it before. I shan't fret after old London now. The golden streets will content me.'

Yes, Mr. Allison had listened patiently to the sick man's tales of his sufferings and longings, and then simply, gently, led him to this conclusion.