

look at thee, so I sat me down outside the Chime of Bells Inn, to watch for thee going to chapel. I saw thee take another way, and I wondered at it, and so I followed thee. Mary! Mary! I was watching through the window when thou washed them two skeletons of childer, and put them in one coffin; and I saw how thy tears fell all the time, and how thou fed the poor mother and wiped her face with thy handkerchief. I saw it all, and I went into the churchyard and laid me down in the long grass behind a big headstone, and I cried as I have not cried since I was a little lad; and I said, 'I will give old Moxham's money, every penny bit of it, to buy food for women and childer; and Mary Denby—God bless her!—will know who needs it most.' And when I had said that, I felt nearer heaven and nearer thee than I had felt for twenty years, and I kept still and listened to the trees whispering above me, and to the organ, and the people singing in the church, and I would have prayed if I had dared to take His name into my sinful lips."

"Oh, Luke! oh, Luke! my dear, dear lad!"

"Don't thee say that. Oh, don't thee say that!" and he drew his coat sleeve across his eyes.

"It is wonderful, Luke! Wonderful that God should pick thee out to help His perishing children. And thou hast done it without grudging and without delay—done it at once. *He* has been seeking thee, Luke. Go now and seek Him. Why, thou might have drunk this money!"

"I should have drunk every penny of it if I had not brought it to thee."

"Still the old sin, Luke."

"Still the old sin. I make a pound a week, and I drink ten shillings of it."

"While the famine lasts, bring that ten shillings to me. Bring it every Saturday; wilt thou, Luke?"

"I don't know as I can promise that."

"Try—for one week; just for one week, try, Luke."

He shook his head doubtfully, and went away without another word.

Mary Denby was neither a weak nor a sentimental woman; but she was much affected by Luke Bradley's unexpected visit. She was also a little frightened. It was possible some of Moxham's late companions had kept the hoard in view, and not impossible that it might be taken by violence from her before morning. Without leaving her house, she called to a neighbour, and asked him to take a note to her brother. John was walking anxiously about his parlour when he received it. Salome was busy on one of those endless pieces of crotching, whose monotony and uselessness were a constant irritation to John. The complacent satisfaction with which she counted the stitches, or spread the work out on her knee to examine,