

she loved. She could even sacrifice herself for them, she thought. She would do this, if need be, for father and Faith. Aye, even for Aunt Miriam! And such self-sacrifice would be happiness, for they would love her, and lean on her, and look to her for everything.

Aunt Miriam was very glad to welcome the three. She appeared little changed, and she was greatly pleased by the zeal and energy with which Hope and her father applied themselves to the business of the shop. Jonas was to fetch all the supplies from Conway, Hope to be head shopwoman, Faith to be housekeeper. The old lady took infinite pains to instruct the trio in their business.

'Yet she looks as if she was good for many years still,' said Jonas privately to his girls.

But Miriam Pryor was allowed more truly to anticipate the future.

A very few weeks after the new family had settled down in charge of 'the English shop' at Abermawr, its old mistress slept herself away into the long rest that awaits all workers.

She left a simple will which made all smooth. Everything she possessed was to belong to Jonas Halliwell, and after his death to his daughters—a larger portion being allotted to one if the other married within three years of the testator's death.

This last clause was Aunt Miriam's own idea. Three years would doubtless endear the house and business so much to the girl (Hope, she thought, or rather desired, to be the one who would not marry early) that she would not be able to bring herself to leave it at all. The place, you see, was dear to Miriam Pryor, and though she could calmly resign it herself in hopes of a better inheritance, she did not quite like to think of it passing into the hands of strangers.

Perhaps the three years following Miriam Pryor's death were as cheerful years as any Hope could remember. Jonas Halliwell's nature was very elastic; he had the simple joy of a child in a bright day, in the stir of work, in the comings and goings of the little world of Abermawr. He did not miss the busy streets of London when he was

jogging on Aunt Miriam's old pony round the headlands into Conway, with the blue Irish Channel below him, nor when he was chatting across the counter to some one from 'over the mountain,' come for a half-pound of tea for the Missis, and worsted to knit stockings for his own use.

Jonas rather enjoyed being the best-informed man on general subjects in the village, while he delighted in the discovery that pretty pink-and-white Faith, and straight, wellgrown Hope were certainly the bonniest girls.

Then, on Sundays, who prouder than he walking between his girls to the distant little church, where his wife and baby Charity slept? There was no church actually in Abermawr village, nothing but a tiny barn-like chapel, visited once on the Sunday by a preacher from Conway. Long years of sleepiness on the part of the Church had lost her many of her flock in Abermawr. All the elder folk frequented the chapel because it was so handy, though they had been baptized and many of them married in old Abermawr Church, four miles distant.

In vain, however, his Welsh neighbours recommended Jonas to worship in the chapel. He shook his head. The church might be distant and in want of repair, and with his English ears it was hard to understand the Welsh tongue, but still it was *his* church, where the same psalms were sung and the same prayers lifted up as in the mother Church of the land—his own S. Paul's Cathedral. *He had no desire to forsake it.* It would be mean to do so, he felt—aye, and wrong too, deserting his colours.

So the 'English family' passed the chapel every Sunday, smiling greetings to the folk standing at the door, and toiled cheerfully up the stony, slippery mountain road towards old Abermawr and its sloping churchyard, the sheep roaming quietly out of the gaps in the broken wall as they approached. Jonas had fenced in *his* graves, but the world was not awake enough in this far corner to give reverent care to the whole plot of God's acre.

Sometimes Faith rode the old pony, and