

wanted to look down before it was too late to see his old friends at the 'Boot and Shoe.' He was glad to find Cicely alone in the kitchen; Sutton, tired with his day's work, had gone early to bed. Cicely was putting past the mugs and tankards which had been used by those who drank their evening ale as regularly in the old corner as they took their other meals at home.

'Coom in, coom in, Doctor 'Ow'git,' she said most heartily. 'I heerd yo'd coom; indeed I saw tha ower th' marshes wi' Mrs. Bar'am. An' art tha weel, doctor? Eh, but it's a rare pleasur' to see thee agen. Thou'rt not furgetten i' th' Haven, noan more'n th' parson, bless 'im! But sit doon, sit doon. Nivver moind ma lang tongue, but coom tell me a' about thysen.'

'There is not very much to tell, Cicely. I am a very busy and a very happy man,' he answered readily.

She looked at him keenly with her kind, clear eyes.

'I wadna seek to be impident, doctor; it's because I loove tha I'd loike to hear summat more,' she said, with her pleasant smile. 'When I seed yo an' her sittin' bi tha owd boat, I says to mysen, that's a' reet. We a' loove her here i' th' Haven. Th' owd lady an't a bad sort either; but Mrs. Bar'am, she's an angel. Is she to be thy angel, doctor?

'Yes.'

Then Cicely had to shake him by the hand, and bid God bless them both, in her hearty, loving fashion.