

"I was thinking that if people have forgotten that Master Bartlemy gave the Thankful Heart, they would forget that dear daddy endowed it again, and I was sorry; but when I look at Master Bartlemy, I feel," said Miss Nancy, — "I feel as if it would not matter."

"No, it will not," said the rector, "for the tablet that I think of will keep forever the memory of this John Throgmorton, who by the blessing of God, and the light of a bright example, endowed again the house of the Thankful Heart, for the service of God's poor forever."

"Who by the blessing of God, and the light of a bright example," repeated Miss Nancy, lovingly. "It means dear Master Bartlemy doesn't it?"

"Not Master Bartlemy alone, my little maid," said the rector, — "not Master Bartlemy alone."

"The light of all the good people who ever lived?" asked Miss Nancy, wistfully. "Do they all leave a light?"

"There never yet was such a light lost," said the rector. "After so many years — Lord, how wonderful."

"The sun shines so beautifully about Master Bartlemy now," whispered Miss Nancy. "Dont you think it might be like his light shining before men?"

"I think it might, my little maid," said the rector, "shining before men to the glory of God. And if so clearly here upon this earth, how much more, O God, in thy heaven."

And Miss Nancy looked out beyond the churchyard trees, at the blue of the spring sky, and the soft gray of the rolling uplands that had once been Morton Forest, and, beneath the green of the hanging birchwood, the gables of the Thankful Heart, where, in the courtyard, the pigeons came down, and fluttered and stutted for the very joy of life, and the water rippled, "Give thanks, give thanks, give thanks!" And God's poor sat on in the sunlight, waiting awhile, until friend Death should come to ease them of the burden of dulling poverty and long years, in the quiet harbor of the Thankful Heart.

And Miss Nancy looked within again, upon Master Bartlemy, where he lay upon his tomb, and smiled, as one might smile whose name has passed into a better keeping than this of ours. Oh, thou gentle, God-fearing, old craftsman, surely not forgotten, seeing thou wert gone to the place where good men go when they die, to the place where the memory of them abides, and there is no forgetting. Oh Master Bartlemy' lying