

rich. But this rich man, with his hoards of money, how was he like the Son of God ?

Still it was not in my nature to stand quiet, and see sorrow, without trying to comfort it. So I went up to my poor landlord, and put my rent in his numbed hand, which closed tightly over the money, as Transome's fingers closed over mine, when he lay dying.

"There," I said, "that is ten shillings ; and it will keep you nearly a week at least. Let Rebecca light a fire and get you some food, and you'll forget the workhouse."

"You're a good woman," he said : "you'd be sorry to see me go to the workhouse?"

"That should I," I answered ; "but don't be afraid, sir. Turn your thoughts to God Almighty who loves us all——"

"Ah !" he said interrupting me with a long, long sigh, most pitiful to hear in one so old, "it's God who is taking away my money—no one else. Who can keep it, if He takes it away ? I'm a poor man, Mrs. Transome,—a friendless, penniless man."

"But how is God taking it from you ?" I asked.

"I cannot tell how," he answered ; "but it is melting away, melting away ; and I cannot keep it. Every night and every morning I know it is going ; but I cannot see or hear anybody taking it. It is God I tell you ; and who can help me, if He begins to take away my treasure ?"

"But tell me," I urged, "how you know it is going ?"

"I do not know," he said, "only I feel it. The moth and the rust have got at it and I shall die in the workhouse."

It was all in vain to argue with him or try to comfort him. He hid the money I had brought him in the breast of his ragged coat, and clasped both hands over it when Rebecca came to the door. I bade him good day and went out into the kitchen, grieved to the very core of my heart.

"A maundering old fool !" said Rebecca, "he's been going on like that the last week or more, and nothing 'll put it out of his head. I sent on the sly for Mr. Saunders, the lawyer ; but, thank you ! master was too 'cute to say a word of it to him, and Saunders was quite naggy with me, though he'll take care to be paid for his trouble in coming. I don't know how to carry on, for I can't get a penny out of him scarcely."

"It's hard for you," I answered, "but you've been a good servant to him many years, and you must bear on to the end now ;"

"Ay," she said with a long breath, "twenty good years, the best of my life. I should have been wedded long ago but for him. If he don't leave me the thousand pounds he's promised me over and over again, I've made a bad bargain. But he's left it to me in his will ; he's told me so scores of times."

This was more than Rebecca had ever said to me ; and I went