

"Yes," she answered; but there was more than affirmation in her reply. He hesitated.

"But I have had plenty of time to think about it all," she continued, "and I think I have got a little more sensible, father. I feel that I have been rather foolish and—and distrustful of God's help. I have been waiting to say this to you till you came. I couldn't write it. I am going to be your own brave daughter, and make your home happy for you, and comfortable, as far as I can. I am going to do my duty, to follow the example you have set me, dear father, through all these years." Very quietly she unclasped her hands, threw one arm round his neck, and kissed him.

"I can never repay all you have done for me," she said, "but I'll try to do all I can."

In the silence, the heavy, living silence, she stood patiently waiting, with her arm round his neck.

"Are we going to live part of the year in