

him down with heavenly patience and utmost fortitude, awaiting the end; and how he passed away meekly and humbly in the full assurance of the love of God. Tears, happy tears, were in the eyes of all—tears of rejoicing over the truly triumphant home-going of one so dear to them all. And they thanked God for that they had ever known him.

So they all retired happily to rest, but not before Martin had taken Grace into the little garden for a space to himself. There, amid much lovers' talk, they discussed practical details of their marriage, the date of which Grace left entirely to Martin, sweetly saying that all her desires were towards him, and she would gladly accept his rule—nay, rejoiced to be ruled by him. So it was agreed that they should be married in a month, please God, as by that time Martin doubted not that the Brow farm could be got ready for their removal thither. And I doubt whether all Britain could have shown a happier family than that slumbering in that modest dwelling of Lyme that night.

Martin's ordeal in the morning was a severe one. He had to face practically the welcomes and congratulations of the whole town. Men, women, and children alike pressed around him to overwhelm him with kindly words and blessings. In vain did he deprecate so much fuss, as he said; in vain did he allude to himself as merely a tool in the master's hands without any right to the praise due entirely to that master. At last he blurted out the news of his approaching wedding, and it ran through the town like flame. One would have thought that