

He was hard upon eighty by that time, and the most withered skeleton of an atomy you could have found in all our country!

"Why, dear sir," I cried, "you'll catch your death of cold, sitting without a fire a day like this! Whatever has Rebecca let the fire out for?"

He turned to me; his face was ghastly with purple lips and watery eyes. I could hardly believe that so much misery could look out from a human creature's face—one of God's creatures, whom He loved, and for whom Christ died. Yet I had seen misery in my time, God knows.

"I've lost all my money," he said, in a weak, complaining voice; "every penny is gone, and there's nothing before me but the workhouse."

He spoke so solemnly, that just at first I was quite taken aback. It all flashed across me how he had turned us out of our old home, and so forced us into the workhouse, and I thought, maybe, the Lord's words were coming true, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." But do not think that I was glad. Nay, I felt grieved for the old man, who looked so desolate and forlorn, and I prayed silently in my inmost heart, that he might not fall so low in his old age.

"How have you lost your money, sir?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, with a trembling, sobbing voice, "only it's all gone, and I must go to the workhouse to-morrow."

But just then I caught sight of Rebecca at the door, which stood ajar. She was tapping her forehead, and nodding at her master, as much as to say his head was not quite sound. So then I understood that it was only a notion that had taken possession of his brain, and troubled and distressed him, as if it had been real.

"Ay, to the workhouse!" he went on, "where you and Transome went once; but nobody will come to take me out, as Philip Champion took you. No, no; I shall die there, and be buried in a pauper's coffin and a pauper's grave."

Then I thought of Transome being buried in a pauper's coffin and a pauper's grave all through our landlord's hardheartedness and greed. But I knew well that through that gloomy door he had entered into God's house, where he was at home now, like a child gone home for his holidays. All the while my landlord kept on groaning and shivering, and lamenting that he, too, must die in the workhouse.

Now, when I came to ponder over it, it seemed a more dreadful thing for this rich man to lose the sense of being rich, and to suffer all the terror of poverty, than for us who were actually poor, and could feel that poverty was only a trial and a lesson sent us from our heavenly Father. For we were but like His Son, who for our sake became poor, that we through His poverty might be made