

with this coming to me! *O God—but You are good to me—good!* How I will work—how we will work—*we——*”

He got up, presently, and as he stood on the hearth-rug, about to leave it for his bed, a whimsical, wonderful thought struck him.

“I’ll never have to borrow little Norah Kelcey any more, for the want of something to get my arms about. Instead—some day—perhaps—*O God, but You are good!*”

THE END