

"Then he shall come here and stay till he is well. I am going at once to fetch him." And he did. By slow and easy stages, lifted backward and forward in Jonathan's strong arms, Mark at last reached Mary and Yeadon. This was not the union they had hoped for, but Mark was quite content and happy. Already he breathed the sweet air of futurity. The sick-room was but the land of Beulah, and in it Jonathan went fully back to the love of his first espousals. What hours the three friends spent almost within sight of the Celestial City—until that supreme moment came when Mark "fell on sleep,"

"As sweetly as a child,
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
Tired with long play at close of summer day
Lies down and slumbers."

The change in Jonathan was soon seen and felt. If we would have men trust us, we must trust them. He had cast all care of that mysterious wrong away. Guisely was only too ready to acknowledge again the kindly, bustling control; and the chapel prospered, even as the mill prospered.

So time slipped away. It was the summer of 1848, nearly twenty years after that June night when Mark Aslin asked Mary Yeadon to be his wife and Jonathan Yeadon's desk was robbed. Jonathan had outlived the scorn and the trouble; he was now a hale, rich man, in the prime of life, from whose hands a whole village took their work and wage. He was a good man, too—all the better for his past sorrows.

It was in this year that my acquaintance began with Mary Yeadon. Lydia Thoresby—old Timothy's granddaughter—and I had been for some time the only Yorkshire girls in a London boarding-school. She had spent the first year's vacation with me among the dales of Calder and Ripponden; the second I spent with her at Thoresby. Almost our first call was upon Mary Yeadon, and we soon got into the habit of riding over to Guiseley every day.

We were not insensible to Mary's delicious sweetmeats and Jonathan's brusque but hearty hospitality. We liked the enthusiasm of the hale old bachelor, whether it was in his gardening, or his manufacturing, or his religion. It was something to hear him lead his five hundred men in one of Charles Wesley's grand hymns; it was almost as good to hear their honest, hearty "Amens" to his prayer.

We were leaving Yeadon House one Saturday evening, when Jonathan came out of the mill. There was a shadow on his face