

Lucy read it, and as soon as she began, he said, with infinite tenderness,—

"God bless yo', mah dear; ah've heeard yer pratty voice ivver sin yo' had yan, an' it's sweeter noo then ivver. Oh, Maister Philip! bud you *are* rich! Some fooaks get a treasure *wiv* a wife, bud you've gotten a treasure *iv* a wife. Bless 'em, Lord, ten thoosandfoad wi' Thi' luv an' fayvour."

When the Psalm was ended he turned to the old squire.

"Gi'e ma' hod o' yer 'and," said he; "the Lord's dealt boontifully wi' yo', Maister Fuller, an' noo, prayse the Lord! that psalm belongs te you as weel as me. 'He that dwells i' t' secacret pleeace o' the Meeast High,' that's iv His luv i' Jesus Christ, 'sall abide under t' shado' ov t' Almighty.' *Abide!* hey, for ivver an' ivver an' ivver! 'He sall cuver thee wiv 'is feathers.' Halleluia! Warm agecan His 'art, an' oot o' t' reeach o' 'arm. Ah's there! nestlin' an' cuddlin' an' seeafe. 'Thoo sall nut be aflaid for t' terror be neet.' Flaid! No: what is there te be frettened on? Jesus ez killed all that, because He's slayn t' enmaty, an' God an' uz iz yan. He sall give His aingels chayge ower tha'. Glory be te God! they're here! Ah can 'ear t' rustlin' o' th'ir wings. They're waitin' fo' ma'!

'Aingels beckons ma' away,
An' Jesus bids ma' cum.'

Bud that last vess caps ivverything! 'Ah'll show 'im me' salvaytion!' Ah've seen a good deal, an' felt a good deal mair, bud it's nowt cumpared te what's cumin'. Ah've seen it through a glass darkly, an' ah've felt it through a gluv. Noo ah sall see Him feeace te feeace, an' tutch Him as Thomas did, till me' sowl is ravished wi' glory an' delight. Moses saw t' Promised Land, bud he was a lang way off, and t' river rowlled atween. Ah sall be on t' spot, an' be a citizen o' that cuntry. St. John saw it i' Patmos, bud it was a vision an' a dreeam. Ah sall see t' real thing an' be