

discipline sent him hither and thither. He had no abiding place. Yet love ventures to show himself where he dare not speak for himself, and so it happened that Mary Yeadon and Mark Aslin knew each other's heart, though they had not told each other they did so.

When they sat down to supper Jonathan said, anxiously, "Mary, my lass, where is Ben?" And when informed that Ben had not come home, his face grew dark and troubled.

Mark Aslin suggested that it was only Friday night, and that wool-staplers did not like their apprentices idle all day Saturday.

"But this was a special arrangement with James Ackroyd. I told him that at quarterly meetings Ben was to be here for all services."

"I saw Ben Yeadon going over t' garden wall well-nigh an hour sin'; he's mebbe laking wi' t' lads on t' green," said the servant-girl, with the freedom of speech Yorkshire customs permit.

"Thou saw naught o' t' kind, Jane Sykes. Ben Yeadon laking when t' chapel were in! A likely story, wench!"

"I nobbut said what I saw."

"It's been thine own lad, Jane; I've caught him in t' strawberry bed afore to-night, thou knows."

"Don't be vexed, brother; if it were Ben, why then he'll be here soon; and he'll have a good reason for not being here before."

But Jonathan was vexed, and when Mark Aslin tried to renew a pending argument, piling text upon text for his own side, Jonathan querulously declined the combat, saying: "Mark, thou speaks as if the Bible were a new book, just come out; I've known them texts, my lad, afore thou wast born." Moreover, he took his way into the garden, and paced up and down the dark alleys between the thick privet hedges, afterwards sauntering up the green near enough to the boys playing cricket to be quite sure Ben Yeadon was not among them.

Mary was anxious because her brother was, and Mark undertook to comfort her. He began talking about the anxieties of others, he ended by telling Mary his own; and as his anxieties were all blended with his love for her, Mary was quite able to comfort him. For one hour Mark and Mary were perfectly happy. In love's land the future is so distant and so bright, it sufficed for Mary to be Mark's promised wife, it sufficed for Mark to know that Mary loved him. Something good would happen and clear their way; at any rate he would hope, and speak to Jonathan.

The next day was Saturday, and Jonathan Yeadon had always plenty to do on Saturday. Early in the morning he was surrounded by men in heavy wooden clogs and long blue linen