

with her this relic of a happy married life.

'Can you spare me this?' she asked when Angus returned.

'Aye, and welcome,' he answered, 'but that's such a trifle. Take the apron, too. I'd like my dead lass to have warmed and comforted you. We'd often talked of wishing to do that to folks in trouble. This year we were to have put a lean-to to this very place. A sort of prophet's chamber, my Katie said. Folks are often glad of a night's rest in the Bush, and it's a goodish step to the nearest clearing. I've got no heart to build the place yet though. There are the logs.' He pointed to a heap of logs lying near.

'Yes, you have had a great loss,' said Hope slowly; 'death robs us of a great deal, but it does not kill love,' she added. Her own bitter grief had come to the surface again.

Angus took her words simply as they touched his grief. 'You speak truth,' he answered; 'I love my Katie and she loves me still. He's a God of love up above, you see. He don't lend one a piece of His love for a year or two and then snatch it back for ever. I've thought that out. But I'm lonely all the same till the meeting day.'

It did Hope good to be called upon to witness another grief than her own. When Angus went out to meet the evening train, she, too, stepped outside, dressed as he desired, in the dead wife's shawl and apron, and looked up into the star-spangled sky. Was Katie there, safe above, the lonely man's dead wife? She could almost have envied her the one short year of married bliss, the home in the solitary shed shared with the husband to whom she was all in all. Oh, she could have been so happy in the like circumstances!

Next morning she rose very early that Angus might take her a mile on her way. She was stronger now and able to walk, but her heart was roused, too, to painful alarm; perhaps it was a good thing that she was called away from anxious surmisings when Angus Blair left her, by the necessity of paying great attention to the path, which

was so little trodden that every now and then it seemed to have to come to an end.

Angus had warned her, however, of these difficulties, and given her sundry landmarks by which to find her way. He had come a short distance with her, indeed, but the exigencies of a luggage train had taken him back again. Hope's idea was to make her way towards the southern extremity of the Bay of Plenty. She fancied Harold would possibly direct his steps there; a piece of land had once been strongly recommended to him in that district, and he would most likely go and see it, if, as probably was the case, he had become ashamed of his conduct and wishful to put the best colour on it.

Hope knew him now well enough to feel sure that he would not return to her in hot haste like the Prodigal, confessing his sin, but he might show himself later on, with a plausible tale of having been to select a piece of land to settle on.

Oh to get him back anyhow! Yes, Hope's loving, forgiving heart had come to say that already. Harold loved her, she said to herself—weak, foolish, sinning as he might be—and she asked no more.

She plodded on, hardly heeding fatigue, supported, indeed, by the feeling that any day she might find her husband.

She was tired enough when she came in sight of the settler's dwelling where the station-master had assured her she would be taken in for the night. It was rather a relief to her to find only a deaf old woman at home, the family were away for a couple of nights. Hospitality in the Bush, however, is exercised by all, and Hope was made welcome to her tea and shown to a comfortable bed in the best room.

The deaf woman simply pushed her out of the door next day when she attempted to pay for her accommodation. 'That's not our way,' she reiterated, and Hope had to give in. She was not sorry to husband her money, for she felt as if nothing would tempt her to touch those ten glittering coins put into the mouth of her purse by Harold. She would live to put them back into his hand; that was her desire.

Very rarely had she to pay for her night's