

harshly desired her to go upstairs till she had done crying.

The lady, Miss Wellesley by name, looked pityingly after her, and when she had disappeared she asked what was the matter.

"The child is fretting because she has had a letter to say that her grandfather is not well," replied Miss Hunt. "She actually wants to go and see him, just as if London was only a few miles off."

"Poor child! would it be quite impossible for her to go?" asked Miss Wellesley.

"Quite," replied Miss Hunt, decidedly, and no more was said.

The next day the dress had to be taken home to Miss Wellesley's house, and Lily was desired to carry it thither. Miss Wellesley saw her standing in the hall, and made her go into her room. She was glad of the opportunity to ask her about her grandfather.

Lily was easily drawn out on the subject, for her heart was very full. She told Miss Wellesley how she had lived alone with him and her father till the death of the latter, and how he was now her only relative, and spoke of their love for each other. "And now he is ill in London," she said, "and I know how he wants me, but I may not go to him."

"Do you think Miss Hunt would not spare you to go if we begged her to?" asked Miss Wellesley.

"No," said the child; "she says she will not spend her money on such a fool's errand."

Miss Wellesley was silent for a few minutes; then she asked Lily if she knew her grandfather's address.

Lily drew his letter from her bosom, and showed it to her new friend. It was dated from 30 Little Greenway street, Ludgate Hill.

"And you think your grandfather would be glad if you went to him?" said Miss Wellesley.

"I know he would," said Lily; "and so would Mrs. Drewet;" and she showed the scrap of paper which had been enclosed in the letter.

Miss Wellesley said no more on the subject then, and Lily went home, little dreaming of Miss Wellesley's benevolent intentions on her behalf. But in the afternoon that lady called on Miss Hunt, and asked her whether she would allow Lily to go to London if her journey were paid for her.

"It so happens," she said, "that I have a maid who is going to London to-morrow, and it would be such a good opportunity for Lily to go with her. She would see her safe into her grandfather's own hands. I will gladly pay the expense of the journey."

Miss Hunt was less surprised at the offer than she would have been had she not known that Miss Wellesley spent the greater part of her income in deeds of kindness of one sort or another. She was not altogether pleased, however, at what she considered interference with one of her young people's affairs; but the lady was an old and profitable customer, and she did not care to offend her. Neither were Lily's services at present of very great value, so she consented to let her go more graciously than Miss Wellesley dared to hope would be the case.

Lily was called down, and her joy and gratitude on hearing that she was to go to London with Miss Wellesley's maid was more than sufficient payment to her kind friend for the interest she was taking in her.

Things were easily arranged. Lily was to be ready the next morning to go with Lawson, the maid, when she called for her in the fly which was to take them to the station.

Her clothes were soon packed, and by nine o'clock she was watching for the fly, which drove up at the expected time. Miss Hunt relaxed from her usual hard manner into something like cordiality at the last moment, and actually put half-a-crown into Lily's hand as she bade her good-bye, and told her to be sure and write to say how she found her grandfather, and when she should return.

"I will keep open the place for you for a little time," she said; "but a girl of your age is convenient in the house, and if you stay long I must take another instead of you."

Lily cared not about the future. To get to her beloved grandfather was all she thought of at present, and she arrived at the station with a much lighter heart than when she parted from him there some months before.

It was on a fine evening towards the end of May, that Lily and Miss Wellesley's servant drew near London. Lawson called a cab when they arrived, and according to her mistress's orders, drove with her at once to the street near Ludgate Hill where Roger was lodging. Lily's

astonishment at the crowd and bustle of the streets was very great, but her chief thought even then was that she was once more near her grandfather. The cab stopped at length at the door of a small house in an obscure street, and Lawson ascertained that an old man of the name of Roger Prynne lodged there. Then she put a little parcel into Lily's hand, which she said her lady had desired her to give her before they parted, and bidding her good-bye kindly—for the child's gentle, grateful manner had won her heart—she stepped into the cab and drove off, leaving Lily standing on the step of the door.

A motherly-looking woman, with a good-natured face, had come out to speak to Lawson, and now she turned to Lily—

"And so you are Roger Prynne's little grand-daughter," she said, "of whom he talks so much. Well, well, you haven't lost any time in coming, and won't he be glad to see you! But he's been very ill, poor old gentleman, so we mustn't give him too sudden a surprise. He doesn't expect you at all."

Then Martha Drewet (for it was she) took Lily into her little parlor, where she was having tea, and taking off her hat and tippet, she made her drink a cup of tea and eat some bread-and-butter before she would let her go upstairs. In the meantime she told her how Roger had been suffering from a rheumatic attack, which had almost amounted to a severe fever, but had begun to take a turn for the better, she hoped; and she made the tears come into Lily's eyes as she related how patient he had been, and how grateful to her for nursing him.

"It would be a pleasure to do anything for him," she said, "even if he hadn't been an old friend like. I knew him when he lived in London years ago, and he's more than once done a good turn for me in those days, so I was glad when he found me out again, and asked me about lodgings. I wouldn't let him go anywhere else, whilst I had a tidy bedroom to spare."

Seeing how impatient Lily was to see him, she at last stopped talking, and went up alone to tell him of her arrival, and almost immediately she called to her from the top of the stairs to come up.

In a very humble but perfectly clean room lay old Roger in bed. Lily sprang into his outstretched arms, and lay for a moment or

two pressed closely to his heart without a word being spoken on either side.

Martha wiped her eyes, and with intuitive delicacy left them together.

"God bless thee, Lily!" said old Roger, at length, the last words he had uttered at parting being instinctively the first that arose from his heart when he met her again; "and God be praised," he added, "for bringing us together again; but how did you get here? I can scarcely believe my little one is really come!"

Lily told him how it had all come about, and what a kind friend Miss Wellesley had been in the affair; and they talked for so long a time that at last Martha came in, and said Roger must take his gruel and be quiet for the night, or he would be getting worse instead of better, now Lily was come.

From this time Lily became her grandfather's constant attendant and nurse. The old man's funds, though greatly diminished, were still sufficient to enable him to pay Martha for Lily's board and lodging as well as his own. He got much better, but did not recover the use of his limbs altogether, rheumatism joints. This distressed him greatly, as it interfered with his walking. He had still the use of his hands, and could hold a pen and write easily, but he could no longer go about to seek for employment, nor was he likely to obtain it in so crippled a state.

Lily was his partner in anxiety, and they had many talks together as to what must be done. He wanted her to go back to Miss Hunt, but whenever this was named she implored so hard that she might stay with him that he had not courage to refuse her. In the little parcel Miss Wellesley's maid had given her from her mistress she had found two sovereigns, which that most kind and generous lady had enclosed to pay her journey back from London, and to help them in any way required. Roger would not suffer this to be touched. If their funds failed before he could get anything to do, and of this he began to have little hope, he said she must return to Stanmoor, and he must seek assistance from his parish. He said so to Lily one evening, and the distress of his countenance told her what he felt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)