

Ivy chimed in there, her silvery little tone of explanation not untinged by contempt.

"Yes! Isn't *that* May a goose, Granny?" she remarked from her post upon the grandmother's knee. "She thought that Auntie Wynne was here as well as Auntie Stella. And she *wouldn't* believe when I told her that she was entirely mistaken," pronouncing the big words with a delicious air of satisfaction.

"And I do *want* my Godmovvy!" from May, with whom Wynne was an immense favourite.

"So do I!" echoed Stella. "You wouldn't believe, Mary, how little we do see of each other at Shingleby. I *wish* you could ask her. Her holidays begin to-day, and as Guy can't get away they are not going anywhere. By the way, we could put off the Lazenby expedition until she was here, couldn't we?"

"But I haven't a spare corner. This house is as full as it will stick already, isn't it, Walter?"

"Nonsense! She shall sleep with me," declared Stella.

"And me, and dollie!" added May.

But though that fir' amendment was not carried, a letter was written, conveying the pressing invitation of all concerned; much to Stella's gratification.

"I'm so delighted that I'll actually be kind enough to come and take that Miss Radnor's place at the night-school this very evening, though I don't know in the least how I shall manage your ruffians, Mary. There, just as if I had not stated at breakfast that nothing should induce me!" the girl remarked, as soon as the note had been despatched.

"Oh, I was sure you'd not hold out," said Mary, with a comfortable confidence in her own powers of persuasion. "Where are you going now, Walter?"

"It's my day for the hospital, dear. Don't wait dinner if I'm late." And with a parting glance at his wife, "Be sure that May says grace in my absence."

Mary looked up with a warning "Hush!" However, finding that May was far too much occupied with "shoc'lets" to be disturbed by anything short of an earthquake, she added explainingly to Stella, "It is brief if not satisfactory. Just 'Amen.' I'm afraid she can't be a very good child, for she does so object to more."

Walter was late, just as he had expected to be, in returning from his visits to those bedsides of suffering, and he looked tired and worn by the time that

he re-entered his home. Mary, as usual, met him upon the doorstep, and, having hung up his hat for him, slipped her arm through his in silent sympathy, to lead him to the dining-room where food awaited him. She understood a little of the hopeless, helpless feeling engendered by the sight of pain, for which there is no present alleviation, and was accustomed to the task of cheering her husband upon such occasions as the present, by talking upon any and every subject that came uppermost. But to-day, after she had attended to his wants, and filled his plate, words seemed to come less readily than was their custom.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" Walter asked at last, leaning back in his chair, and looking at her grave face. He himself was already beginning to feel revived and refreshed by the food and rest.

"Am I too sedate?" with a little start and a laugh. "Well, to tell the truth, I have my lesson for to-night, my 'talk' to the boys, you understand, running in my head. Don't you think, Walter, that it is strange how little people think about Our Lord having died to save body and brain, as well as soul? One hardly ever hears a sermon about it; and I don't fancy that most folks even believe that it is true."

He nodded rather thoughtfully.

"I began to tell the lads something of it on Monday, and promised to explain more to-night. I wonder if I shall ever make it clear to them."

"At any rate, there is a tangible basis," returned the clergyman. "The body is distinctly visible, whilst as to the soul, I imagine that most of your lambs would only have the vaguest ideas concerning it. By the way, haven't I heard you mention a Tom Beresford—a young fellow of eighteen or thereabouts—who attends the class?"

"Yes, and quite one of the nicest members. He is always attentive, though not half so clever as Stacey or Furniss. Why?"

"He's had an accident this week, poor fellow," said her husband. And Mary, who comprehended a little of what that might mean, sighed and shuddered.

"What is it? Serious?"

"I'm afraid so. He was splashed with the Bessemer steel, and burnt a good deal besides. The doctors don't give much hope of him."

"Shall I go and see him this afternoon?" she asked eagerly. "I'm sure he'd like it, if he is strong enough."