

been waiting here for the last five years knowing I would come along and make a delighted spring at you?"

"Ha! Ha! child, so you're glad to see me! And how's your mother?"

"Well, thank you, Mr. Moore, quite well; but she wonders what has become of you. Tell me, how came you here?"

"I just came in with a farmer for the drive; I'll be going out again in a few minutes."

"But, you'll surely go down to see mother before long; or have you given up your long walks?"

"No, dear, not at all,—not at all; what other way have I to get about, child? Oh, yes, if I'm spared,—if I'm spared, I'll be spending part of the winter in the city."

A note of sadness crept into his voice. The woman's eyes were swimming. She knew what it would mean to his proud Irish spirit to be forced to live on public charity in an "Old Men's Home." But not a trace of the thought was in her voice as she said laughingly, "There's where you'll get full room to argue to your heart's content, Mr. Moore. Don't down them all. Give them a little loop-hole."

This brought the smiles back, and fearing lest Miss White would be impatient with her, she slipped a bank note and card into the old man's hand and hurried off, crying:

"We'll look for you to spend Christmas with us. I'll tell mother you're coming to see our new home. The address is on the card. Good-bye till then."

"Good-bye, child; God bless you."

This was the first "kent" face she had looked on in Tedford; it had warmed her heart to come so unexpectedly on this friend of her childhood. As she hurried forward, loath to lose sight of him, she glanced back for a moment and saw the noble figure still standing there, lifting his strong, calm face to smile with seeing eyes into the face of the Eternal.

At the end of the street by the bay, she found Miss White. The sun was setting. Her soul responded to the beauty about her. She seemed lifted out of herself, above the world of blindness and misery. Her eyes were full of light and her face alive with expression. Flinging out her arms dramatically towards the sunlit bay, she began quoting half-laughingly, half-seriously:

"Glory about thee, without thee: and thou fulfillst thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom."

Then drawing a great deep breath, she went on in a voice low and exquisitely tender, as if communing with her soul:

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

Miss White saw she was in one of her flights and gave her a few moments to herself before she asked:

"Who's the grand old lion-friend? Blind! How dreadful!"

"Blind? I wish one-tenth of the men of this world could see as well as that man does, and there would be something doing, lady."

"He has a splendid face."