

'When those words came to me like a message, I just said to myself, 'What's good for a man is as good for a woman. I'll just try and think how God has blessed me and cared for me all through my life, and I'll trust Him.' So I went to sleep just like one of the children when I've put it safe and comfortable in bed.

"The little un knows he's all right so long as mother's about, and I felt safe 'trusting in the Lord.' When morning came you were tired, and not fit for work through lying awake, waiting for bad news, and I felt as fresh as a lark, and as full of song almost, for my heart was glad at the good news that came."

Andrew well knew that he had made many such mistakes, but his disposition was to look at the dark side. As on the morning when we first see him, he always sought for clouds, and refused to think there was a chance of sunshine.

Point out that his neighbour on the right was worse off than himself, because where Andrew had known one "put off day" he had known two, he would refuse to look in that direction. He turned to him on the left instead, and reminded Susan that his neighbour had nothing to complain of, having had full work all the year round. Thus Andrew's daily life was rendered less bright and happy than it would otherwise have been.

"It takes me all my time to keep my master from fretting," Susan would say. "He's soon down. But then, what a good thing it is that my natur' is just the other way about, and I can't help looking on the bright side, and making the best o' things. Not that I've any call to expect praise for that. It's just of God's goodness I was born so, and I'm more thankful to Him for a cheerful spirit than words can tell. It has been better than either food or physic many a time."

In one sense, Susan Fowler felt trouble as keenly as Andrew did. Her disposition was too tender and affectionate for her to do otherwise. But she had the simple faith which enabled her to see God's Hand and His love manifested alike in those gifts which all account to be blessings, and in those other dealings which many would regard as the opposite.

Andrew, on the contrary, could never imagine that to be meant for his good

which brought trial or anxiety at the outset.

Susan was "not much of a scholar," as she expressed it; and as for Andrew, "Well, we're much of a muchness," she would add, "and can't make game of one another for dullards. My hands are good for any sort of house work, and Andrew won't turn his back on anybody out of doors. But we could neither of us shape a letter to save our lives. We hadn't the chances when we were young that the children have now. Anyway, they can write our letters for us when we want to send any, which isn't often. But I do wish I was a real good reader, and didn't stop and stumble at big words in my Bible."

Susan, however, made the best of her opportunities. The fact of being a poor reader made her a more eager listener, and her memory was a well-filled storehouse, in which she treasured precious seed, as it fell, grain by grain, from the preacher's lips. Texts thus carefully stored would be sure to come to mind when most wanted, and prove sources of help, strength, and comfort to the simple-minded Christian woman.

Susan's affection for Andrew was unselfish and whole hearted; and, to do him justice, he set a proper value on his faithful helpmeet. He might envy his neighbours' luck in some respects, but not in the matter of wives, and he never hesitated to say that in all Swallowdale—ay, and for many a mile round—there wasn't a woman fit to hold a candle to his missus.

Many people admire in others the qualities in which they are themselves deficient. So it was with Andrew. He liked to mark the smile on his wife's face, and to listen to her hopeful words. He felt their effect on himself, and knew that he was happier for them. Almost in spite of himself the knitted brow would become smoother, and if the frown did not quite turn into a smile, at any rate the frown had to go when Andrew saw the kindly light in his wife's face. He did not get to the length of deciding that if her cheery ways made him more comfortable he might as well return like for like.

It is the way of too many of us to admire without thinking it our duty to imitate that which we feel to be good.

As soon as Andrew was out of sight on the morning alluded to, Susan went indoors, and began to prepare for her weekly household washing. She had