

in their lives. You see them sometimes, then, Miss Inman?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. and Mrs. Bygrave came to tea with me last Sunday in my own house, Estelle. Think of it!" said Eliza with a thrill in her voice. "Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and lie still in a sort of fright lest I have only dreamed it all! It has happened, Estelle! I've got my sweet home and a hundred pounds a year as long as I live! I've let off a part now that will bring me another hundred to an artist and his wife, who often came in Mrs. Dyners time. They are lovely people, and they are so glad to come to 'Ambrosia' because of the garden, you know, and all its associations. Don't you think it quite wonderful, Estelle?"

"I do indeed," said Estelle, and her voice was very full and sweet.

"I didn't use to believe in God, Estelle. Do you remember that awful, horrible day when you fetched me from my den above the dairy shop, and when I hadn't even washed my face or done my hair? That was my worst day. But that's how the submerged tenth begins. I was just on the verge! Then you came, and afterwards there was Mrs. Dyners. But, of course, God was at the back of it all!"

"Yes, dear," said Estelle pitifully. "We must be quiet now, I think, because, you see, the notice is strict—'No talking allowed.'"

Eliza restrained her tongue with an effort, but presently she was keenly absorbed in watching the proceedings below, though in a state of inward revolt against the Grille.

Estelle had often before been behind the Grille. In the last year she had taken much interest in social questions and followed with ever-deepening intelligence the efforts of Parliament to deal with them. And she knew that when Dick Bygrave got his chance he, possessing