

But we know the end of that matter. Hope was left to take care of her father, and the mother and Faith carried away the cherished baby, never again to be seen within the shadow of the old City dwelling.

Hope felt that same passionate wave of feeling surge up in her heart again when she saw her father shedding tears over the letter which brought the news of little Charity's death.

It was his first deep grief. His parents he had lost in infancy.

Oh, how Hope longed to comfort him! At the moment she did not feel like his daughter, but more like a mother who yearns to keep trouble away from her beloved. And she was powerless to do it.

'If I only was good, like Faith, perhaps I could,' she said to herself.

And then she tried to think of some little comforting speech to make of Charity's being happy in heaven, but it fell flat. She felt it was hollow as she spoke.

'Yes, my girl, but I miss my baby, I do, and I've nothing but a grave instead of her,' the father answered dejectedly.

Little Charity had gone out of the sun, where Jonas Halliwell loved to be. Kind, good fellow that he was, he had hardly begun to lift his eyes above this earth, where he had found work and joy and love for over threescore years, seldom openly recognising God as the Giver of all good things.

And naturally enough Hope's ideas mounted no higher either, though she guessed that Faith and her mother were *different*, as she expressed it.

Faith had always been 'religious.' She didn't know how or why; it went with her name, Hope used to say to herself; 'and mother—oh, mother was always good.'

On Sunday she stood closer to her father in the great Cathedral, and her heart throbbed for him when the service seemed to touch on their loss. Hope had not noticed before how much death and heaven came into the prayers and hymns and preaching. She was half vexed at it, for fear father should be distressed.

He sighed heavily when he got home, but he said, 'My girl, we oughtn't to fret over-

much for our little one. She can't ever grieve her Father in Heaven by sinning now, and I doubt none of us can say the same. God grant——'

Then his lips moved silently.

Hope knew he was sending up a prayer. She felt unhappy again; she couldn't say why. She was glad to call her father to dinner; cold meat and roast potatoes she had taken out of the oven, for the Halliwells kept no shabby little servant, but did everything themselves.

Jonas and Hope did not go to the funeral. Abermawr was a long way off, and the journey would have been an inconvenience as well as an expense. Aunt Miriam had been very kind, Mrs. Halliwell wrote, and the little one had wanted for nothing.

So by-and-by Faith and her mother came home, and things went on pretty much as usual.

The father tramped the streets in the day and patrolled the house by night, and his cheery laugh came back, and Hope tried to think all was as it had been before.

But now the mother flagged. She felt her baby's loss deeply. The doctor feared decline, and country air was again declared to be necessary the next spring.

Nothing would content Mrs. Halliwell now but to return to Abermawr. Hope opposed the plan; it would bring back old griefs, but the mother would go nowhere else, and Aunt Miriam sent a general invitation to the family—particularly she wanted to see Hope.

So Hope went too, this time, and a respectable widow woman kept house for Jonas the while. He promised to fetch them all back before Christmas. They were to stay the whole summer by the sea. But he never brought his wife home; she died, as little Charity had done, just as the last leaf was shed from the old tree in the court.

Aunt Miriam's lodgers had all gone by that time, and Jonas, called hastily from his city life, lingered on in that quiet village, daily climbing the mountain to visit the grave, talking over his dear ones with the sympathising old aunt, apparently unwilling