

him too deeply for that. He took any situation that turned up, and once, as an omnibus conductor, assisted the unconscious Joan to mount the vehicle and alight.

Deeper and deeper he sank socially, while his wife spent her time partly in nursing but more in drinking. John kept his integrity, but almost lost his faith in Providence. Like the Psalmist of old he cried, God has forgotten me. Then May fell sick, and as she was recovering, he and she had a conversation, part of which furnishes the title of the book.

"I trust He will be good to you, my darling—Oh, I trust He will, but I'm an outcast."

"An outcast, daddy? I reckon I don't know what that is very well; but you must be God's all the same."

The drunken Martha and her little guide May were run over in the streets and killed. May did not die outright, so that he was with her in the hospital till the end, after which he did not know what he did. He was found apparently dead in the river, and, when restored to life, he had lost all knowledge of the past. They put him in Dr. Grandson's private asylum in Northport, or rather Mrs. Slocum, a wealthy and charitable old lady, who had found him after much searching in the infirmary of a London workhouse, did. The shock caused to his nervous system by the news of her death, a year or so after he had come to the asylum, made, so he said, something crack in his brain, and memory returned. She had left him money, which he resolved, after a brief visit to London, to spend in Northport. There he took up private mission work in a squalid quarter, won the people's hearts, became widely known as his labours were brought to light, and told the wants of his district to a great congregation in his old church. After a trip to the Mediterranean, with restored health, he returned to learn that Joan Bounty was dying in the Fever Hospital of sickness caught in visiting the poor. At her supposed deathbed side and on it they told their mutual love, and she promised to be his when they should meet in the sunshine, meaning heaven. But, like Joseph Hocking's Constance, Joan fought a battle with death and overcame. She returned to her stately home at Ravenscourt, and thither not