

"She is not true to trust," said Dick Cables. "Aye, 'tis the bitter truth; I've fought against it long, but I can fight against it no more. She knows that the little Nell may come in at any time now; she knows that when the nights are dark, the light in the cottage window means life; she knows she is depended upon to put it there, and see that it is kept burning; and now, though her own father's life may be at stake, she is off with a stranger. And how can I depend on her being home in time to put up the light; and, even if she does, with her turned head, how can I make sure of her keeping it in? Yes;" said the young man, as his own prospects also passed before him "and what lies before me? How can I depend on her? perhaps at the moment I am doing so, she'll fail me;" and he wiped the big drops off his forehead. "Of all things," continued Dick, "a woman must be dependable.—true to trust. She cannot be handsome of herself, nor clever, but she can be true to trust; and the woman who is true to trust will give her husband no heartaches; his heart trusteth in her," says the Scriptures.—and I fear mine never can in Sally. What good is her beautiful face, and what her clever ways, if I can't be sure of her in everything?"—then Dick Cables clenched both his fists together and, after a great struggle with himself, said, "I fear she'll make no wife for me. I can't chance happiness.—life is too long for chancing all that makes it happy; days and days, and weeks and weeks and months and months, and never to be sure; never to be able to come together, after all. And now about to-night: the little Nell may be in,—something tells me she will be, and I must make sure about the light."

The thought of Granny for a moment flashed across Dick Cables' mind; only, however, to be dismissed at once. No reliance could be put on her: she was too old to watch a whole night.

There was one of whom Dick knew—but he felt as though he could scarce apply to her. This was Mary Randall, Sally's cousin. Mary was plainer than Sally: she did not say so much, and Dick felt that he had not made as much of her as she deserved. He had always considered

her as almost nothing when her cousin was by, and now he felt ashamed to apply to her in his hour of need, and this more especially when he could only do so by casting a slur on Sally.

Moreover, she was now away. The Rectory was three miles off, and she had been there the last three months, and this long time's absence made Dick feel still more loth to apply to her. But life was precious, and gales will not rise and fall as we wish them; and one thing he knew about Mary—and that was that—she could be depended upon.

"If I could get her," said Dick Cables, "the light is sure to burn all night. If she will undertake the trust, she will be true to it. I'll go for her. If Sally comes home, she'll be none the worse for such a companion through a wild night."

Now, it was simply because she was true to her trust and could be depended upon unreservedly that Mary Randall had been at the Rectory for the last three months.

The Rector's only child was ill,—very ill, and needed continual and careful watching; and seeking for some one with whom she could share her labour of nursing, and upon whom she could implicitly rely. Mrs. Jordan pitched upon Mary, whose character she knew well.

Upon the fact of Mary Randall's being true to her trust hung Emily Jordan's little life. Let her be neglected one night,—allowed to take one small chill,—have the temperature of her room lowered by neglect of the fire, and the life, now feebly struggling to remain in the delicate frame, must perish. But day by day and night by night Mrs. Jordan and Mary were found true to their task, and in another month's time it was hoped that Emily would be safe.

Great was Mrs. Jordan's consternation, therefore, when Dick Cables, having arrived in a light cart, told that lady that he wanted Mary away for that night.

"How can I let her go?" said Mrs. Jordan, "I put such entire dependence upon her; and upon the trustworthiness of those around her my only child's life depends."

"'Tis for the very dependence I want her," said Dick Cables. "There's life at stake in another quarter too to-night, if I'm not deceived. Her uncle's boat is coming