

working in the old way. He spoke some very plain words to them. They grew insolent and threatening.

In all these dreadful days Mary Yeadon suffered keenly. If she had not known that her brother spent many hours in solitary prayer, she would have feared for his better nature, or his reason. But she was sure, however long the night-wrestling, the day would surely break at some hour. Mark frankly told Jonathan that he would have no peace until he resumed his place in the chapel and class-meeting and consented to worship again with his fellow-creatures though they had wronged him.

At last, more than a year after his trouble, when it was Mark's farewell Sunday with them, Jonathan went once with his sister to the little chapel on the Green, and put his name down as a member of the class which she had never left. By a singular and comforting coincidence the class ticket was the text I quoted at the beginning of my story. Jonathan read it with a strange thrill of assurance; Mary, kneeling on her knees, pinned hers in her Bible, and turned down the leaf at the thirty-seventh Psalm, as a sign between God and her soul that she waited on His time to fulfil the promise given them that day.

Things did not mend at once, even after Jonathan's submission to Heaven. They were better in the respect that he himself was more cheerful, but in other matters all remained very dark. Mary and Mark had been compelled to part without any definite hope of reunion. No tidings, good or bad, had come from Ben, and straits and pinching poverty cast doleful shadows across the threshold of the once pleasant old house.

But if men can be patient, God will be profitable. One cold, bleak evening the following winter, as Jonathan was walking home from Bradford—for he no longer kept a nag—Timothy Thoresby overtook him in his gig.

"Take a lift, Yeadon," he said.

It was an unusual courtesy for the rich Timothy to show to any one. Jonathan was tired and cold, and he answered, "Thank you, Thoresby, I will."

"You've acted like a fool, Yeadon, for nigh on six years; I hope you have found it out by this time."

"Was it to tell me this you stopped me, Thoresby?"

"Partly so, but not altogether. I want to know if you are any wiser for your folly?"

The rough, red face was so full of kindness and sympathy that, in spite of the frank address, Jonathan's heart thawed as it had not done in the long months of its winter of discontent.

"I don't know, Thoresby," he said, sadly; "I hope so, but I have no proof of it."