

The mention of his mother, as it she were still living and able to receive "the Glory" from Grandad's hand, was too much for the boy. He laid his head face downward on Roger's bed, and wept silently.

Miss Fielden whispered comforting words, told Dick of her father's kindly intentions towards him, and the determination of both to let Roger want for nothing.

Then the coming of the doctor made a welcome interruption.

The nurse was asleep, for she had been on night duty before coming to Glinderses at the call of Miss Fielden. Though scarcely fit to undertake the immediate care of Roger, she happened to be the only one on the spot when Norah applied for help at the Nurses' Home. She was kind, competent, and well known to Miss Fielden.

At four in the morning Dick had insisted on his right to watch by Grandad, and, as the old man dozed most of the time, and only needed to have nourishment given by spoonfuls when he was wakeful enough to take it, the nurse yielded and lay down to rest.

Miss Fielden had a whispered conference with the doctor, during which Dick kept looking at the pair with wistful eyes. He longed to hear what was said, but was compelled to wait as patiently as he might until the talk came to an end. He heard Miss Fielden say, "I shall stay until the nurse is awake, and pass on your instructions to her. She can have assistance if needful."

"With the boy on the spot, I think she will manage. I will look in again this evening," said the doctor, and hurried away.

"Will Grandad get well?" asked Dick, after the door had closed behind him.

"No one can tell yet. It is too soon for the doctor to speak with certainty. We must hope for the best, Dick, and ask God to bless what is being done for the dear Grandad. I daresay you have been praying for him already. Your Grandad has told me about your mother. I am sure from what he has said that you cannot remember when you first knelt beside her to say your childish prayers." Dick bent his head in assent; his heart was too full for words.

"I can feel for you, dear boy. My own dear, sweet mother died a few years since. I think she must have been very much like yours," said Miss Fielden.

What a comfort it was for the sorrowing boy to hear such words from such lips! And he smiled through his tears.

"It was through my mother's teaching that I learned to love Jesus. How fortunate you and I have been! First, in having good mothers; for though they have been taken from us for a while, we do not forget what they taught us. I still have one of the best of fathers, and you have this dear old man, whom you call 'Grandad,' and who has been like a second father to you."

"I do not think Grandad could have lived without praying," said Dick. "No one can think or know what a real, good man he is, though he is so poor."

"Yes, God knows. He has seen Grandad's daily life and work, his upright dealing, his loving nature, his unselfishness—all the things that are so beautiful in your eyes and even in mine, though I have only known him a very little while. I call Grandad very rich in all that is best."

Dick's face brightened more and more.

"Grandad never thought much of himself. He often said how little he could do, and how much God was always doing for him. Nobody could be more thankful than Grandad, I think," said Dick earnestly. "He never grumbled about having to work so hard and earn so little. He just went on, trusting in God and doing his very best. Now he is ill I feel as if I had been wicked in not getting work of some kind. I wanted to do, but—"

"You must not trouble about this. He knew your willingness and that it cost you more to obey him than to do the roughest work. All you have to do now, Dick, is to be patient and to leave Grandad in God's hands. Helpful I know you will be, and I fancy you and the nurse will manage without any one else. *Nothing shall be lacking that my father and I can provide*, so put away all anxiety about ways and means.

"It will please you, I know, to have a little book and to keep an account of