

remembered as being like the story she had heard that day. The Bible had been her mother's, and had scarcely been opened since that mother died.

"I can't find it, uncle," the girl said at last. "There's a bit marked here in red ink, but it isn't about the King."

"Read it, child, anyway," Heston said as he relit his pipe.

So Annie read from the sixth chapter of Romans: "'Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness? . . . For when ye were the servants of sin . . . What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death. But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

As Annie read the lines old Heston looked over her shoulder. When the child had gone to bed the Bible was lifted down again, and his withered finger traced the words as he spelt them through laboriously.

"On which side has Heston been?" he muttered. "A servant of God? or a servant of sin? It's the death-wages I've been earning, I fear me—the wages, the wages of sin."

Long he sat there, pondering over the past, thinking of what the young stranger had said, and turning again and again to the verses which a dead hand had underlined.

The ashes grew white and cold upon the hearth-stone, the stars stole out through the peaceful sky, and still he sat there. "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" he prayed at length.

And God heard, and was merciful.

Not many days passed before the visitor came again. Old Heston welcomed him with a sort of wistful earnestness; and Annie smiled shyly as she responded to his greeting.

Quite naturally he brought the conversation round to the