

strong in every noble purpose, and full of faith in God. Their love had received its baptism of tears; in both hearts it was a sacred thing for evermore.

Jonathan was hard to comfort. He felt dishonour like a wound, and the ready desertion of his friends had shocked him beyond expression. They had condemned him, he said, upon likelihoods, without waiting for proofs; everybody had gone against him, though his whole life had been an endeavour to win everybody's esteem and good-will.

"But, Jonathan," replied Mark, "no one can be liked by everybody. God Himself, dear brother, doth not please all; nay, as men are, I think it maystand with divinity to say He cannot."

Mark went away next day, and then gloom and anger and anxiety sat down on Yeadon hearthstone, and kept the brother and sister company many a week. Before another Saturday Jonathan got a letter from Ben, dated Liverpool, saying that he had gone to Calcutta. At this news he bowed his head and wept like a woman. Mary could not comfort him. "He were so proud, my lad were, and he could not bear their flitting and scorning at his brother! Poor little Ben, I would to God he'd told me! Yeadon is not that poor but it would have found a nest-egg for his fortune!" So he bemoaned his Benjamin, picturing him before the mast in raging storms or tormented with fever in the Indian jungle.

On one point only Mary blamed her brother—he appeared strangely remiss in his endeavours to discover the thief. With the exception of dismissing Jane Sykes, he had shown no shadow of suspicion of any of the numerous "hands" coming about the house. If he had any he kept it to himself, and for a few weeks tried, as far as his daily life was concerned, to make no changes.

But circumstances were too strong for him. He had lost his own standing, and he absolutely refused to take any steps to recover it. Mary began to say openly that he ought to mortgage Yeadon and pay the chapel's loss; he took no notice of the suggestion. He was a poor man going downhill, without money and without influence; it was scarcely worth while to be civil to him. He soon noticed that the very men he employed had lost that indefinable "something" in their manner which alone made their free speech more tolerable than impertinence.

After one exasperating Saturday he suddenly made up his mind to endure it no longer. He called in his webs and then coolly bade his hands "good-morning." The men stood in angry groups about his place for two or three days; he reminded them that four years ago he had refused a proposal which would have made him a rich man because they had asked him to go on