

thankfulness. "It is the souls and bodies that Christ came to save, and wants you to give Him. I will tell the Vicar about it, and ask him to arrange. There is to be a Confirmation before long, and I expect he will wish you to be confirmed also—if he thinks you understand enough about it."

"Yow've bin reet good to oos," remarked Stacey, shamefacedly. Thanks were not the sort of talk to which his lips were best accustomed. "Will yow tak' this? I made it for yow mysel'."

It was a small penknife that she found hastily thrust into her hand as an offering of gratitude and affection. The handle was tortoiseshell and the workmanship as careful as it was skilful. Her eyes filled with tears.

"But you should not have wasted your time and money on me," she said. "Of course I like to know you value what I can do; but you must not think I want such things to show it."

"Yow're good to oos and oos ull be good to yow," the young man answered, characteristically. Not in Yorkshire nature was it to depreciate his own gift. "Then yow'll tell oos o' Sunday about t' Baptism?"

"And you lads will be trying to keep these bodies of yours as God would have them kept when they are so soon to be offered to Him and to receive His mark, will you? No bad words to pass the lips, no clouding of the brain with drink. Ah! what terrible sounds those are downstairs!" shuddering, and secretly dreading the moment when she must again pass through the bar. "Yes, I'll be very sure not to forget. I'll tell you on Sunday."

But, though she promised, that was an undertaking which Mary was not able to perform. For before Sunday a telegram reached Thetfield containing a summons which could by no means be disregarded:—

*"Pray come at once. Mother very ill. I want you."*

The trio, Mary, Walter, and Mrs.

Jaxon, had just risen from their early dinner when the maid brought the message in. Walter read it aloud over Mary's shoulder, even Granny for once oblivious of the merry children who had run into the apartment after Sarah.

"What can have happened? You must go at once," the elder lady was the first to exclaim. "Oh! Run away, Ivy, my precious. Wait a minute, dear."

"You will see after the house and my bairnies? What a comfort that you are here!" And so for a few moments they stood discussing arrangements. It was a tiny stifled sob from Ivy that finally made Mary look round.

There stood the child, tears pouring down her cheeks, making no attempt to cover the small, convulsed face, but just given up to woe. Her mother was kneeling on the floor in a moment, pressing the shaking little form to her heart.

"What is it, my darling? And Movvy has to go away and leave her pets. Oh, Ivy, don't sob so!"

"It's all injured feeling," pronounced the father, with a little laugh, surveying the group. "Granny told her to run away, and she's hurt. See, Granny, the effects of your snub. Also, Mary, behold your youngest daughter."

May, indeed, was extremely busy, too much engrossed even to observe Ivy's tears. She had taken hold of the heavy crape widow's bonnet which Mrs. Jaxon always wore, and which she had put down upon a side table before dinner, to await the arrangement therein of a new cap. With this adornment perched on her fair head, the small child had clambered upon a couch, and was surveying herself with delight in the chimney glass. And all the time the rosy lips were muttering, "Handsome May! Handsome May! Movvy's handsome 'ittle dirlie!"

In spite of pressing anxieties, all who saw her burst into a laugh, in