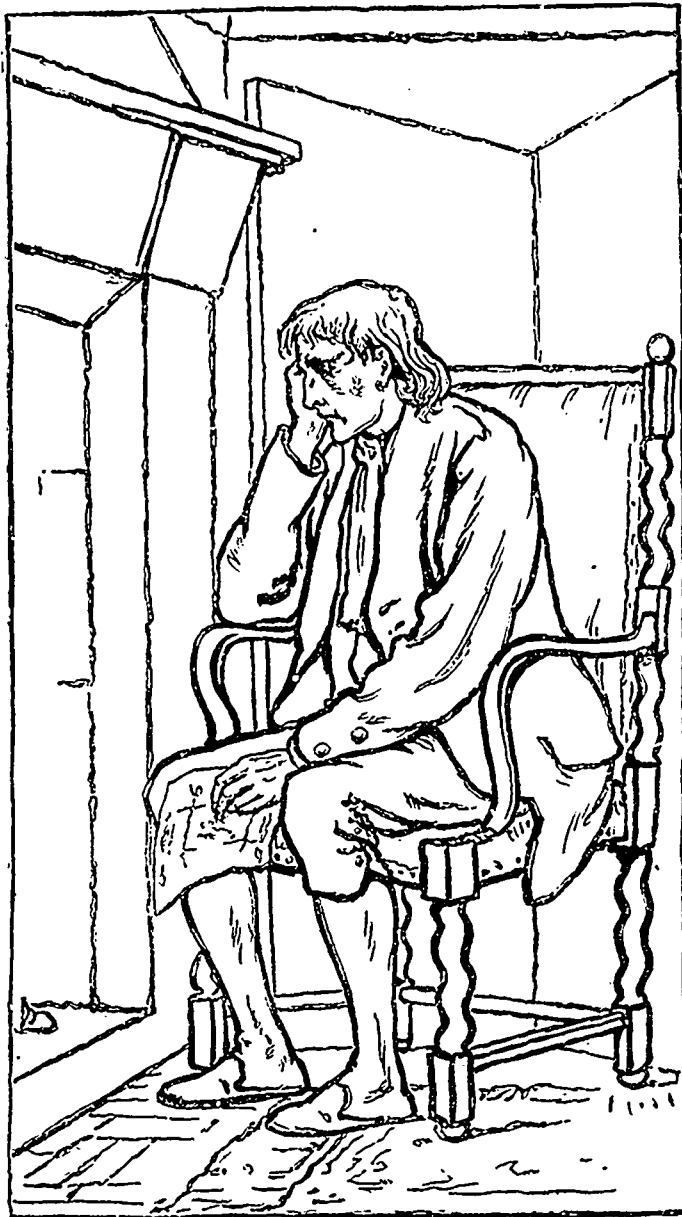


lain there unheeded since—well, he didn't know how long—since the day a lady came round, when they were all on that big house of the banker's, and begged the men each to accept of a little Testament. 'So

and he had not thought of it since. But now how glad he was, this last day of his life, to have God's Word at hand. Perhaps it might tell him how best to spend that last day. For he was tired of praying, poor



small, it will take up no room in your pockets,' she had said, 'and be always at hand.'

John had felt rather as if he was conferring a favour on her by accepting the gift,

earthbound John; he owned it with shame and contrition.

'But mayhap a good text or two may start me again, and then——'

And then John paused, struck by a new