

round so well. Miss Mary getting strong—forgetting and forgiving everything you have done to her—and her young man coming back to make her heart light for ever and ever. Why, this is capital.”

“And all this your doing,” said Ellen gratefully, and her hands were extended towards him again, “it is from your sacrifice that the happiness will spring. What have we done to deserve it?”

“You were kind to me in the old days,” he stammered forth, “I can’t forget it.”

“And, John, we will never forget you.”

“Thank’ee, thank’ee,” he said twice.

“Our only friend—our best friend ; God bless you,” she said, gratefully ; then she released his hands and let him go away, standing and watching his thoughtful progress down the street, and whispering her blessing after him again.

He was not deserving of it ; he had not acted as she thought he had. Mary had not left him the chance of being worthy of one poor woman’s gratitude. Of these three shadowy characters of Gibbon Street, not one fairly understood the other to the end of time.