

slight Ben was to offend and wound Johathan in his most sensitive part. He associated him with all his own business and personal plans, and the affection of the brothers is to this day a local proverb.

One morning, about three weeks after Ben's return, I went to bid Mary Yeadon "Good-bye." She was sitting in the morning sunshine, reading a little Bible that was never very far away from her. It had been Mark's gift, and was full of lined passages. She laid it down as I came in, and in the movement a little square of paper fell out. It was the class-ticket of 1830. She showed me where it had been pinned for nineteen years, and how for all that time she had kept the leaf folded over the promise, as a sign between God and her.

"It was a long time to wait, Mary, dear," I said, for nineteen years looks to youth a lifetime.

"But what is nineteen years in 'for ever and ever?' We may well be patient, dear, when we remember that we are eternal."

I looked very reverently at the leaf that had waited nineteen years for the finger of God to turn; and then at the placid, happy face of the woman who had watched with unfaltering faith for "His hour."

"Mary, will you give me the little ticket, now the promise is redeemed?"

"You may have it, child; it will say to you all your life, 'God is not slack concerning His promise,' and assure you that 'None who put their trust in Him shall ever be ashamed!'"

"But, Mary, I am selfish; perhaps you will miss your verse."

"I have another now."

"What is it?"

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

I did not see Yeadon again for twenty-five years; and when I did see it I hardly knew it. There is a large manufacturing town all around it now. The "Thoresby and Yeadon" mills are now Yeadon Brothers' Mills. Jonathan is a noble old man, Benjamin is his right hand and the apple of his eye. Long ago Ben married my old companion, Lydia Thoresby, and there is another Mary Yeadon flitting about the sweet, trim old garden and the splendid rooms of Yeadon House.

But my Mary Yeadon "went home" ten years ago; passed so gently and happily from one life into the other that none durst mourn for her. They showed me the grave, covered with daisied turf under the rustling poplars. At the head was a slight marble shaft bearing the words, "Mary Yeadon, aged 68 years. She hath attained to look upon the beginning of peace."