you know. When you get well you shall pitch into me."

He always eats for Bernard, however unwilling he felt to do so, and after he had recovered the exertion, and lain still for some while as Bernard bid him, he beckoned him to the bedside, and asked him to listen to him.

"Bernard," he said, "all the time I have lain ill here, I have had something on my mind. I feel able now to tell you about it. I know the doctor and you all think I shan't get well, and I wish you to hear it before—before——"

"Go on, Walter and tell me anything you like; but first let me tell you that I am sure that long refreshing sleep has been a great thing for you, and when the doctor comes I know he will say you're ever so much better."

Walter shook his head.

"However," continued Bernard, "go on; I'm ready to listen, only don't tire yourself."

"I haven't much to say, only to ask your forgiveness for the way I've helped the boys to