

toward her. They wished to carry her away, but he gently reproved them.

"Wait!" he murmured. "In a short time you will carry away another also. Wait."

They waited.

An hour before midnight all was over. They had passed—those pure spirits, from a world which was uncongenial to a fairer world and a purer clime.

They were buried side by side in the Brandon vaults. Frank then returned to London. Mrs. Thornton went back to Holby. The new rector was surprised at the request of the lady of Thornton Grange to be allowed to become organist in Trinity Church. She offered to pension off the old man who now presided there. Her request was gladly acceded to. Her zeal was remarkable. Every day she visited the church to practice at the organ. This became the purpose of her life. Yet of all the pieces two were per-

formed most frequently in her daily practice, the one being the Agnus Dei; the other, the *ῥελευταῖον ἀσπασμον* of St. John Damascene. Peace! Peace! Peace!

Was that cry of hers unavailing? Of Despard nothing was known for some time. Mr. Thornton once mentioned to his wife that the Rev. Courtenay Despard had joined the Eleventh Regiment, and had gone to South Africa. He mentioned this because he had seen a paragraph stating that a Captain Despard had been killed in the Kaffir war, and wondered whether it could by any possibility be their old friend or not.

At Brandon Hall, the one who had been so long a prisoner and a slave soon became mistress.

The gloom which had rested over the house was dispelled, and Brandon and his wife were soon able to look back, even to the darkest period of their lives, without fear of marring their perfect happiness.

THE END.