

Graeme suddenly sprang down from the seat and ran to her.

'Oh, mother! mother!' he cried, in a choking voice, gathering her to him, 'I can't do it, I can't do it.'

'Oh, yes we can, my boy,' she answered, smiling while her tears flowed down her pale cheeks. 'For His sake we can.'

And while we drove up the hill the smile never faded from the face that seemed alight with a glory not of the rising sun. And that last look of the face he loved best of all on earth, Graeme carried with him for many days.