

in his greater sorrow. With gentle words he persuaded him to relinquish his clasp of the dear form; and, gently laying it back upon the pillow, he closed the dim eyes and drew his father away out of the room.

Nothing could hush the passionate grief of the boy, who, but a few hours since had been the proud and happy hero of the wedding-feast. He kept saying between his great, choking sobs:

"Oh, it's hard for us all; but I'm the only one of the lot who ever cost her an anxious hour. I helped to kill her."

At length Angus, leaving his father with mine, out in the cool, fresh air of the morning, came back just in time to hear the last bitter sentence. With tears choking his utterance, he bent over his brother, and putting an arm about his shoulders, said gently:

"You know she had that heart trouble long before you—gave her any anxiety, Norman. You know she often said that the change in her wayward boy had lengthened her days. I believe it did; certainly it has cheered her and helped her during the last months of her life, and comforted her in dying."

Elsie, the bride of a few hours, now weeping with her husband, coaxed him from the room. Then Angus went and lifted Jean from the floor, where she sat with her head buried in the bed-clothes, heeding nothing that we could say to her.

"Jean, you mustn't," he said, firmly. "If ever you needed to be strong and brave, the time is now. Don't give way like this. Mother wouldn't