

"That's all right, ma'am, me own fault—to be sent on a fool's errand."

"I am very sorry."

Then, stirred by the note of kindness in her voice, looking at her with wet eyes, he told her in a burst of confidence of how he was "quite new to this job." He was a skilled photographer by profession, fond of his art—"for I call it an art, in a way, when you do the thing properly." But *The Orb* people, who paid him meanly for such prints as they bought, had told him to go down and do the Lighthouse thoroughly, and they would give him twenty guineas. "I might a' known it was a fool's errand when they said that. But I don't pretend to be a rich man—and I *wanted* the money. It's all me own fault. Fourteen shillings for me ticket. Three shillings for the fly—but I've bought me lesson," and again he tried to laugh. "Good-morning, ma'am."

"Wait, please," said Mrs Burgoyne.

The wave of pity had risen to her brain: that sense of the sadness of all life, something of the comprehending sympathy for every form of suffering, which comes to all who spend their days with thinkers, now moved her strongly. Unseen, behind this shabby little man, there stood perhaps a waiting wife and anxious, wondering children. And he had somewhat of the Stoic in his pain.

"Poor fellow," said Mr Burgoyne. "Let him do it, then."

"Dickon! How good you are," and she squeezed his hand in hers. In a moment he had understood. And in her thought of him now there ran the echoing words that sounded always in her thoughts of him: *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*. Only a word and he had understood. It was her wish.

Thus the unbroken rule was broken. In these forty-five minutes before the luncheon hour he should have been lying on a sofa, resting after the walk. That was the unchanging law of the days. But to-day, instead of resting, he did the honours of his house, aided the skilled photographer at his work: first the hall ("upon me word I call this a very 'andsome apartment," said the happy visitor,); the shallow stairs with the