

contrast, his mother's abiding love and trust. How could he have been so heartless, he asked himself over and over again, and his one prayer was that he might still be in time to repair some of his past negligence.

At last Honylea was reached, and jumping into the one waiting carriage, he was being driven home for the first time in long years.

When he alighted at the little cottage, he could not help contrasting it bitterly with his own splendid home, and then, trembling with mingled hope and fear, he lifted the latch and entered.

Ah God ! too late ; for there, calm and peaceful she lay, with her poor tired hands folded and a smile of heavenly peace on her lips. Too late to earn a word of love or forgiveness, or for a look of recognition. He groaned aloud in his agony.

\* \* \* \*

"And sir, I told her that you weren't on no account to be disturbed ; but she said she must see you, sir."

Joseph Lloyd found himself starting out of his easy chair, by the fire, which was still burning brightly, while his butler stood in the doorway.