

put on the simple white cross the one word
"VALENTINE."

"And beneath it the verse which I think you have lived up to.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."

Mrs. Trent gave a pathetic half-smothered cry.

But just then there came a cheery sound in the air—the sound of wheels, the gay tone of men's voices. Elizabeth felt herself turning deadly white. Mrs. Trent in her deep black struggled to get into the house, but Elizabeth held her firmly.

"Let us turn and meet the conqueror and the hero."

By this time her own cheeks were slightly flushed. Two men hurried across the dewy lawn. One was the governor of Hartleypool—the other Adrian Trent.

"Mother! mother!" he said, to the bowed down woman, and she allowed him to clasp her in his arms, and she felt the strength of his brave young presence and a surprised sense of rejoicing came over her for she knew that at long last she *loved him*. She loved him deeply, she loved him in that sort of way which no woman could ever forget or undo, which must remain with her and comfort her to the end of her days.

The white-haired governor stood a little