

it did my heart good when his teacher used to tell me as how I had such a clever son.

"Then he went away to the city. At first he came every month to see me—so I was quite content, but then he got so busy that he could only come, maybe, once in six months, and later on not so often.

"He would write me and say: 'Mother, I'm too busy, I can't get away now.' But every month he'd send me a present, and sometimes a newspaper, with a piece in it saying as how he was one of the greatest lawyers alive. But I wanted to see my boy, so I kept writing him asking if I couldn't go to him—and he always wrote back telling me not to.

"He said as how I'd feel strange and lonely in the city and among his friends, and that I'd better not come. It was just like him to be so thoughtful, knowing how I always hated noise and crowds—but when the winter came round again, the longing in me to see my boy was too great, and so I made the pies and got ready and came; and now, for the first time in five years, we are going to pass the Blessed Day together."

Her voice trembled on the last words—and her eyes were full of happy tears which