

grandson, Zeb, whose natural gift for eavesdropping and noising had been much sharpened by judicious training.

The last struggle almost overcame even Roxy's constancy. What right had a son to tear himself away from an old father? It was a hard law that a man must hate father and mother for the Lord's sake. It was to her like performing an amputation. All her strength was gone, and there was yet the awful parting from her own father, and the farewell forever to Bobo and to Twonnet, in store for her. She hesitated. Mark was not so much affected; he was accustomed to suspect an ulterior aim in all that his father did, and he doubted the reality of his anger. It was but for a moment that the heart of Roxy faltered; then the duty of leaving all for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the Macedonian cry of lost souls in the wilderness, the loyalty to her Christ-service, all came back to fortify her resolution. Meantime Colonel Bonamy, having given rein to his passion, could not or would not restrain himself but raved like a man demented.

"Tell me good-bye, won't you?" pleaded Roxy, going up to him at the very last moment, with the assurance of one who was born to exert an influence on people.

"I will not! Out with you!" cried Colonel Bonamy in a hoarse staccato.

Bidding Amanda and Janet farewell, Roxy turned to Mark, who had become calmer as his father grew more stormy. Mark's intellect always grew clearer and his will more direct in a time of trial. With perfect quietness he took leave of his sisters and started out the door, never so much as looking at his father. The carriage had been ordered back to the stable by the wrathful colonel, and there was nothing now for the young people but to walk to the landing.

"Good-bye, father Bonamy," said Roxy, turning her head regretfully toward him as she reached the door.

The old man turned. Whether he meant to speak kindly or fiercely Roxy could not tell. He only said "Roxy!" and came toward her. Mark, knowing his father's pertinacity, trembled inwardly, with a fear of some new form of attack. Would the old man say more about that Kirtley matter? But as he held out his hand to Roxy, he reeled. Mark ran toward him too late. He fell at full length upon the floor, unconscious. Mark lifted him to the bed, and Roxy stood over him, with a remorseful feeling that she had somehow struck him down herself.

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