

very last desire he had satisfied in this life and now, my children, I will leave you, I am tired and worn out, and would like to rest. Will you each lend me an arm, as though no estrangement had ever come between us? Come, forgive the old man. Come, Honor! come, Guy! 'tis the last time I will ask you to assist me up these stairs."

"Do not say such ugly, ominous words, dear Mr. Rayne," Honor pleaded, sliding her arm in a fond way into his, and with Guy on the other side of him, the old man, smiling happily, was assisted back to his pillows, whence, it may as well be said, he never rose again.

The excitement of Vivian Standish's capture and arrest, with the unexpected circumstances of Guy's return, and Honor's great sacrifice, had only served to hasten the slow progress of a fatal illness. For days after, he weakened gradually, but hopelessly, yet filled with such a holy resignation and peaceful endurance, as could not help softening the terrible grief that would have been resistless, had he suffered without fortitude or hope.

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