

a long time there was nothing said. The anguish the disclosure of this perfidy had brought was terrible, and could not be overcome in the space of a moment. That he had been fraudulently deprived of his inheritance, sank into insignificance before the picture of his poor dying father asking continually for him, and dying at last without the last word, the last look he craved for.

'I could have forgiven everything but that, Agnes,' he groaned. 'Oh, it was cruel, cruel!'

And Agnes could only weep with him, her heart so sorely re-echoed his words.

'It will be all right with him now, John,' she whispered. 'There is clearer vision yonder.'

And again there was a long silence.

'She has suffered for it, John. Her burden is very heavy.'

'Yes,' said John. 'By and by, perhaps, Agnes, you may lead me to forgive her, but not yet.'

He rose and paced restlessly to and fro the long room, his face dark with the grief within.

They heard some one moving about upstairs, and John said suddenly,—

'Did she say she would leave Bervie to-night, Agnes?'

'She said within the hour.'

'There is no need for such haste,' he said then. 'We need not meet though we are under the same roof. Do you go to her, Agnes, and say I ask her to stay at least till to-morrow.'