

'Oh, my laddie!—d'ye no see him, faither? my son, my son!'

So the mother and her boy met again; and he who was bereft bowed his head on the pillow and prayed that he too might be taken, since life no longer held anything worthy in his sight. They left him for a little space alone with his dead, and when they came again he was still in the same attitude, and had apparently never moved. His wife's dead hand lay upon his grey hair.

Mary Denham went to him softly and touched his shoulder. Something in the rigid stillness clutched at her heart, and she cried to Ailie to bring Mr. Denham. 'Neil, Neil, there is something wrong here. I believe his heart is broken!'

It was even so.

'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,' said Denham, when he was able to speak, 'and in death they are not divided.'