

corners of the mouth, the eye-lashes fluttered and a delicate tint showed upon the cheek, disappeared, came again, and went away again; but with each appearance lingered longer. The lips moved too as if a breath were passing through them; almost indistinguishably and yet surely, the bosom of her dress stirred, collapsed, and stirred again. The young man had rather unconsciously seized both wilted hands, forcing the minister somewhat away in order to do so. It was his mother. He had struck her defenseless head this blow. Unmindful of the sudden awe of silence about him, followed by murmurings, ejaculations, and then a universal stir of feet, the blank looks, the questionings, the staring wonder with which neighbor looked to neighbor, the young man watched intently that stirring of the mother breast until it became regular and rhythmical.

The lips were moving now again; but this time as if in the formation of words. Rollie bent low, until his ear was close.

"Let me think, let me think," the lips murmured wearily. "My son — was a defaulter and a thief — John Hampstead knew. John Hampstead showed him the better way." She turned her head weakly and eased her body in the chair, as if to make even this slight effort at conversation less laborious, and then began to speak once more:

"But he was not strong enough to walk that better way, so John Hampstead took the burden upon his own shoulders and carried it until my boy was strong enough to bear it for himself."

Sufficient strength had returned for one of her hands to exert a pressure on the hand that held it.

"Yes, mother," Rollie breathed fervently into her ear.

"But now," and the voice gained more volume, "but now he is strong enough. He has done a brave and noble