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quickly in the last few years of widowhood. Perhaps the sorrow that evidently was fresh upon her heart had gone far to deepen these signs of age. The pure face, crowned with the dignity which sorrow gives beyond recall, sweet in its gentleness, strong in the patience and resignation that rested on it, was turned upon her son with a wealth of yearning, of loneliness too, that left no doubt as to who it was for whom the shabby trunk was thus prepared with its scant possessions.

The stalwart youth had his mother's face; the same brown eyes; the same wavy hair, nut brown and ruddy all; the same oval cast of countenance, mobile lips, chin of not too resolute a type—the same general look of tenderness, of amiable and kindly nature, of purity too, though untested like the other's, and unenriched, like hers, by some Power from afar. Even as he looked up at her now, the real business of the hour done, his eyes had a sort of laughing hopefulness that contrasted strangely with the brooding seriousness, almost fear, that shadowed the mother's face. They were obviously thinking of the same thing, speaking of it, indeed—but no sense of tragedy, no dark misgiving, mingled with his outlook on the pathless way to which his feet were now waiting to be turned.

The story was a sad one, even bitter in its pathos.