

it and in what a quiet way. There the two boys and the sister grew up. Another child there had been ; but—well, the mother's prayer in her prison of circumstance was: "Lord, if this child I am about to bear be not such as will lead a noble and clean life, may the child, I pray thee, O God, in Thy mercy, be born still, and its soul never leave thy sanctuary."

So there were but the three.

Tom, sullen, morose, answering his father in monosyllables, contrived to work away from home as much as possible. Of what service could he be at home when his mother counselled, ever and ever, the bearing of the yoke?

The girl was the mother's right hand. You could not say that she was a pretty child. A late greater beauty came to her with years, just when people had come to think she was to be a plain, sadly sweet reminder to them of how Upcott had ruined more lives than his own. But that is by the way ; as a child—no, I think you could not call her pretty, though you would be drawn to her more than to prettiness. She had a wide wonder in her eyes, great brown eyes of the father's hue but of the melting fashion of the mother's grey. The sordid things she saw, the gross things she heard, were never taken for granted, never accepted as being things that are even in merely normal conditions. Not from words of her mother's, but from her mother's manner she understood that this condition of things was accidental. So, when she came to the age of long frocks she saw what she had thus the eye to see in mortals ; and while

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