

not-doctor, he's not—look! Martin, Martin, say you're sleeping! I'm listening close, Martin. He doesn't even whisper! Martin, do you hear, my dear? Can you not hear? Can you not hear? I'll see to it all."

Mrs. Moir tried to speak, and only made an incoherent bubble. Her bonnet had gone awry; her eyes started. Ebenezer, at that sound from her, turned and looked at her in horror. Amy turned also—and saw the mother. It was a terrible moment. Mrs. Moir, trembling, tried to come to her son, but her legs failed again. The doctor, perceiving the expression in Amy's eyes as she knelt there staring round at Martin's mother, felt that the latter must be got away.

"Take her out of the room," said he to Ebenezer. "Take her into the little ante-room."

They had not shut the outer door; they heard footsteps—and there was John looking in.

"What's wrong with her?" he asked, seeing his mother supported in Mr. Moir's arms.

"You, John!" said Mr. Moir. "It's Martin."

"Martin? Where? What's the matter?" He advanced to the studio, saw Amy kneeling beside the divan, her head now on Martin's chest, her hands on his shoulders. Martin's arm, hanging down, hand trailed on the floor, told all. Amy's back rose and fell in sobs. John backed out of the studio, giving strange cries in his chest.

The doctor plucked Mr. Moir's sleeve.

"I shall be back," he said.

"Yes, doctor. See, John, take your mother home. Do you understand? Rachel—Rachel—do you understand? John is going to take you home. You recognise him—here—this is John—he is going to take you home."

"Oh, my son—John! John is here! I have still one boy left. John—yes—John. I am to go home with John."