

grief. Mrs. Ballantine might resent her sympathy. The link between them was broken. Her steadfast champion could no longer impose his will. What a tower of strength had fallen! This room, the dim library beyond, all the hushed house was quick with reminders of his sheltering kindness, his great-hearted love. She wept for him as if he were already dead.

Tom came.

"You've seen him?"

"For a moment. He wants us both."

She passed to the simple room which, in sickness or in health, Roger Ballantine had found sufficient for his needs. He did not stir as she entered, but his eyes lighted and, when she bent and kissed him, he smiled.

"Don't you pull a long face, daughter," he greeted her. "I'm counting on you to break up the gloom. Draw up a chair. I want to tell you something."

"But you must rest now," she said. "The nurse told me so at the door."

"Time enough for that by and by," he replied slowly. "Sit close so I can see you and hold your hand. No — the other side. My right arm is out of commission to-day. There!" He gave her face a fond scrutiny and glanced past her at Tom. "You two have made it up?"

"Yes," she said. "Last night."

"Did it take long?"

"Not very."

"I thought it wouldn't. That's what brought him back, Sheila. All the way."

"I know."

"All the way," he repeated. "He didn't need any