

I could not force myself to speak out brutally any fear that when he said farewell to the sweet-faced little lady he still loved better than all else in the world it would be to see her face no more. He read me quickly enough.

'Don't, old chap,' he said, with a shake in his voice. 'I know what you mean, and I have gone over all that, but my work is out there and I must not shirk it. She will say go you'll see.'

And so she did. After a week of hard work getting his outfit together and learning something of his duties as Confidential Secretary to the Superintendent of Construction, Graeme carried me off with him to his home to say goodbye. He had written fully of his plans, so that when his mother greeted him at the little garden gate, I saw by the way she held her arms about him, looking long into his face, that no word of entreaty would be spoken by her and that she had given him up.

Those three last days were days of tender sacrament. Graeme talked fully of all his plans and his hopes in regard to the work he meant to do for the men in the mountains.

'Poor chaps,' he would say, 'they mostly go down for lack of a hand to steady them at a critical time or to give them a lift when they have stumbled. And they have most of them mothers at home and some of them wives.'