

ceeded to tell how he had; as he put it, induced Reggie to return with him to Kamloops. "You see, he was just the sort of man I wanted—educated, able to keep accounts, and that sort of thing. Besides, he was a companion to me, all the other fellows on the ranche being rough and ignorant."

Frank Parkinson dwelt on this view of the matter with enthusiasm; but he could not conceal the fact that Reginald Jessop had been from the first a helpless invalid. "He didn't pick up as quick as he had expected," was the way he put it. He hurried over the period that followed, said absolutely nothing of the weeks during which he had sat by the sufferer, tending him with a woman's care, and merely supplied a sufficient thread with which to unite the sad ending of the narrative with its commencement. He told with faltering voice of the last days and hours, of the final words of assurance and messages of love, of the comfort derived from the ministrations of a Church of England clergyman who had spent several days at the ranche in the course of a progress through his three-hundred-mile-long parish. Then there was a pause. No one spoke, but all were thinking of the poor mother close by, and of how the sad intelligence was to be broken to her.

"He said his poor mother would be awfully cut up, and that I had better come and tell you all about it first."

"Quite right; I am glad you did. We must think how to break it to her, poor soul. She has been in such spirits lately," said Mrs Playfair.

Then for the first time Susan spoke, raising her serious eyes, and looking full in Frank Parkinson's face.

"You have not surely come to England on purpose just to break this news to us—just to tell us about poor Reggie with your own lips?"

The full blood flushed deep beneath the tan on his honest cheek. He stammered, for he was no adept at speaking ought but simple truth.

"Well, yes. No—that is, not ex-

actly. I had intended giving myself a holiday home some time. There were things I wanted to buy, people I wanted to see. So I thought it might as well be now as later on."

"You were very kind; and to think that we were all complete strangers to you," said Susan simply. Then she dropped her eyes.

The subject of discussion now was how the news of her bereavement was to be communicated to Mrs. Jessop. It was decided that Mrs. Playfair should tell her in the course of the evening, and that Mr. Parkinson should call the next morning bringing with him the last letters that Reggie had written, and some small keepsakes with which he had charged his friend.

The pian answered the end in view. At first the poor woman was absolutely incredulous. She would scarce listen to what Mrs. Playfair had to say, and was sure the whole thing was a mistake. She was only fully convinced when Frank Parkinson came in the morning, and told her the whole story simply and tenderly, told her of Reggie's last words and prayers, told her of how he had himself closed his eyes, and laid him in his mountain grave.

Reggie's letters, written in the consciousness that the sand was almost spent in life's hour-glass, were a great comfort. There was one full of tenderness and consideration to his mother. The poor lad told with modest simplicity the story of the great change that had come over him. He spoke in glowing terms of the good work done by Mr. Turner on board the *Peruvian*, and sent a message to the clergyman, assuring him that the bread cast by him on the waters would be found in more than one direction, after many days. Though careful to avoid anything like preaching, it was evidently the young man's earnest desire and prayer that his mother should be brought to know the secret of that inward peace that possessed his own soul. Poor Mrs. Jessop wept copiously as she read; and from that day