

GREATER LOVE, ETC.--CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 9

"I have retired, Jim. I've no more to do."

"But what are your friends about to let you come here? Why didn't they write to me?"

"Friends?" He echoed the word as if it had an unaccustomed sound to him.

"There were hosts of 'em when I was at home," said James. "There was old Shillito, the minister; you were hand and glove with him, you know. Why didn't he write? If I'd known for a moment that you were in need of anything, do you think I wouldn't have sent a big cheque?"

"I know you care for your old father, Jim." There was a wonderful pathos in the old man's tone.

"I should rather think so. It's a reflection on me not to

"So I was, Jim, so I was. But it was some time ago. Don't talk about it, unless you want to distress me, boy. I am too old now—too old—for any work."

It was a subterfuge, and he knew it. But how could he tell his son that he had been deposed in disgrace from the offices that he used to hold? Jim stared for a moment, and sat silent. He was much overwhelmed at the present state of things, and very angry to think that he had been kept in ignorance. And he was puzzled by the change in his father, and the absence of all his former friends.

In the days when James Hornblower was an idle, shiftless lad, his father had been a stern man, rigid in discipline, and strict beyond measure in his religious views. Behind the iron exterior, however, there lay a warmth of affection which the scapegrace had had the wit to discover and the heart to

appreciate. He had behaved badly enough before he broke the bonds that held him to his home and flown to Australia, but in the bush he had repented him of his misdeeds, and remembered the love that had been silently lavished upon him. He came to return it now.

He laid his father back upon the pillow, and put his mouth close to the old man's ear.

"Father," he said, in a softer voice, and with some hesitation, "you—you go, the money all right?"

The old man smiled a little; a singular brightness came into his eyes.

"Yes, Jim, yes. I got the money all right. Don't trouble yourself about that."

"It was £50, and the interest. I never spoke of it in a letter. I couldn't, somehow, although I sent it back; but I often thought—out there—that I'd like to hear you say, dad, that you forgive me."

"Yes, Jim, my boy. And God bless you."

"That's all right, then. I'm glad to have said it—after all these years. Father, I quite thought you could afford it. I hope it wasn't that loss which helped to cripple you?"

"It was all right, Jim; you paid it back."

Jim drew a long breath. Something in his father's manner had made him more ashamed than he had ever thought to be.

The nurse interposed. Mr. Hornblower must not be disturbed or excited any more, she said. So Jim went forth to find the authorities of the place, and to arrange in his imperious way for his father's immediate removal to the best inn of the place. He passed Driffield's office, and longed to go in and "speak his mind" to the man who could not save an old friend from the workhouse; but he put the visit off to another day, because he was too busy. And it was fortunate that he did.

He came back to the workhouse later in the evening. He was informed that Mr. Hornblower had sent for the minister. Jim wondered why. He supposed that it was to tell him that his son had at last returned.

His face relaxed into a grim smile, as he stole into the ward. A screen had been placed at the foot of the bed, out of



MADE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

"I was terribly shocked this noon. Little Willie came in and said it was cold. What did his father do?"
"Warned him."

have let me know how things were going. It's a disgrace to me. I shall tell old Shillito my mind when I see him."

"No, lad, no. Don't speak to Mr. Shillito about it. He did not know your address."

"He could have asked you for it. And there was Driffield, the other deacon; what was he about?" Matthew Hornblower seemed to have some difficulty in replying; and it was in a reluctant voice that he forced out the words:

"I ain't friends with him now, Jim. I've changed. I'm not even a church member."

"Eh, that's a queer start," said Jim. "It's recent, isn't it? You wrote me only two months ago that you had charge of the Sunday-school, and were head deacon, and I don't know what."