

died on the 8th. I was unable to write to you at the time, being too heart-broken. I fear, from what we have heard of his last days, that he did not come to a knowledge of his sin." (Evidently religiosity was going to be her succour in age as had respectability been in youth. Ted had a sudden vision of the pious barber.) "Mabel and I talked it over, and we thought it better, at any rate, that you should not be wired for to come all that way. You have hardly settled down to your new work, and as you never saved money it seemed a pity for you to have the expense of blacks and of the journey. My sister's husband" (she did not write "your Uncle Jack,"; it was "my sister's husband") "and Mr. Taylor, who had so often helped him and had kept in touch with him, made all arrangements. I thought it better not to send for you from every point of view. You used never to speak affectionately of your father, but, after all, he was your father, and I think it would be nice of you to write and thank Mr. Burnett" (queer, the air of distance even in that "Mr. Burnett" instead of "your Uncle Jack") "and Mr. Taylor for their sympathy in making the arrangements."

He wrote neither to Jack Burnett nor to Mr. Taylor. He realised the irony of the absent son, the son who was not at the grave, who had, like the father, no "sense of responsibilities," the more than irony—the effrontery—that would lie between the lines of such thanks. Doubtless his mother had thanked. That would suffice. He saw that at this stage the story of the Murrays as "a united family" had a possible terminus. A satisfactory conclusion offered here in the interment of a scapegrace parent, and the non-appearance of the scapegrace son. Remembrance of the pious horror in their clan over the fact that his father's mother had not been lowered to rest by her son's hand helped toward the decision to make an end. The whole scene, if only he did not again intrude,