

Pauline.

so like his dear mother's that it brings the tears to my own eyes. I believe he is like her, too, in true nobility of character. Depend upon it, she will be a fortunate woman who wins that young man's heart; it is pure gold, I believe, as his mother's was before him."

Mrs. Ellis having no daughters who might be supposed to be ready to win Gordon Curtiss's heart, could speak her opinion plainly.

And she spoke truly; Mr. Curtiss was like his mother, sweet Cecil Gordon. He had loved her through all the beautiful years that she had spent with him, with a passion that was almost more like that of a lover than a son; and when she had faded and gone away, it had seemed to the boy as though this life could have nothing more in the way of happiness for him. That was when he was barely twenty. At twenty-eight it was his mother's pictured face that he still wore next his heart, and his mother's tender voice and caressing fingers were what he longed for when he was weary, or out of accord with his world. Mrs. Ellis undoubtedly understood him better than did any other of his acquaintances; she had been his mother's friend.

The young man clung reverently to that mother's high ideals of manhood and duty and privilege; he might almost have been said to have made them his gods and to have fallen down and worshipped them because they were