

given up all right and title to the farm with the sole condition that a portion of the old homestead be reserved for his mother's use and comfort during the balance of her life. But he had no desire for wealth and little need for it. He had no one to sustain but himself. His mother was happy and contented. She rejoiced in Crombie's reformation and in his happy marriage. Katie Fenwick was a most satisfactory daughter-in-law.

Sarah, in her own little cottage, was beyond the reach of want and was as contented as her past would allow.

Bergen's own wants were few, and, even though his earnings at the shop were small, he always had a shilling for any good cause. His poverty diminished the scope of his usefulness, but then his principal tasks appeared to be accomplished. His mission among the Bretts and Walshes had been fulfilled; the estrangement between himself and Mr Silk had been turned into a lasting friendship, and the White Church was progressive and prosperous. A new foundry down the line, with its improved machinery for the manufacture and repair of implements, was gradually reducing the extent of his business.

But he had learned to bow to the inevitable and was content to be pushed aside if only he could remain to cheer his mother's last days. After that he looked forward to a new career in the Far West.

His greatest grief and most carefully-guarded secret was the increasing weakness of his right arm—disfigured by the effects of the Clarridge fire. It grew weary very easily and appeared to be losing its cunning. To-day it failed him completely. It refused to do an ordinary piece of work which once would have been but child's play. At first he was determined not to recognise its weakness. He persisted and persevered till the cold sweat stood out in