

praying over the last of him, whom they had learned to cherish and idolize

Suddenly the dim eyes grow somewhat bright, a sweet smile hovers around the mouth of the dying man, he makes a feeble effort to take the hand of his little girl in his. Honor sees it, and quietly lays her cold hand in his, she is conscious of a weak pressure, which almost breaks the bounds of her heroic endurance. then the dying glance is turned on Guy, and the same effort repeated, he too lays his trembling hand in that of the dying man, beside Honor's, with its last feeble effort they feel the hand of the man they had each loved as a parent attempt to link their's together, when that is done he tries to move his lips, bending low over him, Honor can catch the words, "Love—one—another," and then the voice fails, after that, she hears stray, broken syllables, "happy," "memory," and "at last."

Guy, taking Honor's hands in both his, across the death-bed, pledges his love for life in a tone so clear and loud that the dying man can hear it, for he smiles, and looks at each, and with the half-stifled words of his blessing, he closes his weary, languid eyes, and his spirit passes away.

All the toil and worry of life have perished with that last long sigh, no more work awaits those weary hands, so Honor crosses them reverentially on the still breast. His dying smile lingered on his dear kind face, even in death, and people as they came and went wiped away a tear and said, "it was easily seen the old man had died with an unburdened conscience." Every one regretted the demise of such an estimable man, the daily papers came out next morning and evening with lengthy obituaries and tributes to the memory of one who was known to be such a valued citizen. The funeral was one of, if not the longest, that was ever seen in the streets of Ottawa, and every man who joined the solemn procession was a genuine mourner for the kind-hearted deceased.

People stared and wondered at seeing Guy returned, but they were also very glad, for he was a universal favorite with those who had known him before.

Through all her bitter grief Honor had shed no tear, though every tinge of color had faded out of her face, and her eyes grew wild and vacant in their gaze. When the