

At first I did not feel like undertaking such a responsibility. But your father was so insistent I at last consented. I need hardly tell you the rest, for you know it already. I could not, in justice to your father's express wish, divulge the secret until I was sure that you had taken a firm grip of life. You needed to be tested, to pass through the fire. Now I know you can be depended upon, and so I give you back this money. Keep it; it is yours, and may God bless you. Part of the balance which remained in the bank we used on Nora with such splendid results. The rest shall be handed over to your mother, and I shall thus be relieved of all responsibility. Will that be satisfactory to you?"

Mr. Westmore ceased, and held forth the envelope. Stephen had risen now and was standing erect. His hands remained clasped before him.

"Take it," said the parson.

"No," was the reply, "I cannot."

"You cannot? It is yours!"

"Yes, I know that. But remember, I have undertaken to pay back that four thousand dollars. Through my recklessness I made it necessary to use my dear father's hard-earned money. Not a cent will I touch until the full amount is restored, and if I have my health it shall be done. Do not urge me any more. Put that money where it belongs. It may take me some time to pay all, but not until it is accomplished shall I feel satisfied."

"Stephen, Stephen!" cried the parson, "give me