

spoke the language of Everlasting Life as they were fixed a moment on my own. Uncle gazed at him—I suppose everybody did—but he knew that question or answer had no place in an hour such as this. And the curtain rolled up again—ah, me! how different now—and my hand was once more in Gordon's; but now I could feel the strain of gratitude and gladness that his happy heart was chanting. Our eyes were fixed on Harold only; I heard his voice amid that closing revelry—and my wild heart leaped in my bosom as though my son were born to me anew.

We were home at last. In the hotel, I mean, in Gordon's room and mine—for uncle had gone to rest. Only a little tiny bit of a room it was—but it was home; for we had Harold—and Dorothy was asleep in an adjoining room.

Gordon went out for a little. He said he wanted to enquire about trains—but I knew why he left us alone together. Gordon was an eloquent minister—but I was Harold's mother. There are queens and priestesses, as well as kings and priests, unto God. Which Gordon knew.

It was while he and I were still alone with each other that Harold broke out with bitter plaint of penitence, so full of gusty sorrow, of self-reproach,