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He was coming along the road under the budding elms—hatless, carrying a knapsack. His tweeds were splashed with mud from the spring roads, his face was thin, his hair was almost grey. Yet he came on like a conqueror and there was nothing old or tired in the bound wherewith he leaped the gate he would not pause to open.

"Esther!"

She looked up into his eyes and found them shadowless. Her own eyes veiled themselves.

Neither found anything to say.

But overhead a robin burst into heavenly song.

—THE END—