

334 My Brave and Gallant Gentleman

and home:—home to the pretty bungalow that was already well on the way toward completion, out there on the promontory just below their grand-dad's place.

A warning toot from the *Cloochman* awoke me from my reveries. I ran to my small boat and pulled out as she came speeding into the Bay.

There was little cargo, and less mail—one single letter. But what a wonder of wonders that letter was! It was for me, and, oh! how my heart beat! It was in the handwriting I had seen only a few months before but had learned to know so well.

I tore the envelope into pieces in my haste to be at the content

Dear George, it ran,

Eta and Joe (Mr. & Mrs. Clark) called to see me. If you only could see the happiness of them, how you would rejoice! knowing that you had brought it all about.

Every day from now, look for me at the little cottage across the rustic bridge; for, some day, I shall be there. Golden Crescent is ever in my thoughts.

Good-bye for the present, my brave and very gallant gentleman.

Mary.

In my little rowing boat, out there in the Bay, I cried to God in thankfulness for all his goodness.

Every day I looked across to Mary's bungalow, wondering if this would be the day.