

ciliation. Joan's feet were to carry the good tidings to the Island; Amsey Wisdom was to be asked to come to him in the little wood; while soon as a temporary bridge could be thrown across the creek, Lisbeth was to be brought to him without delay, for now, while the fervour of the doing made warm his heart, now had come the fitting time to acknowledge her and to relinquish Halfway. Before he should sleep upon his bed this night the old troubles should all be cast aside and he be free to meet the new days ahead, whose span might yet yield him joy, since the allotted labour and sorrow had so filled those behind.

It seemed to Joan that her feet fairly dragged over the old pathway, for her heart outran her footsteps. But the water outsped them both, as if eager and glad to be rushing again through the old tree trunks, sparkling out once more in the stone basin, splashing over upon the brick paved yard, and o'erflowing to the moss covered trough beyond.

They heard it at the Island, through the opened doors of the house, as they sat within, and were already standing about the basin as if looking upon a miracle, when the feet of her that had wrought the earthly doing of it sped through the garden paths and out in their midst with her glad tidings.

"And an highway shall be there!" exclaimed Orin Wisdom in the oracular utterance that had so lifted Joan to her on that first day of their meeting. "It was my 'verse' this morning, and I had been thinking upon it, wondering what it held for me—'An highway shall be there, and a way' once more, between the two old homes! O, blessings upon you, little Joan!" And she was clasped close to the strong loving heart of the woman who had read too many books of life in the long years behind her not to know, even though Joan told no tale of her own doings, that it was through her the highway had been thus opened up.

As for Amsey Wisdom being asked to step up to the