

His tears fell—on the baby's grave. He leaned over, as if he saw—first above the one, turning again to the other—and God was busy meantime with the wound, the long bleeding, unstaunched wound.

Harvey touched him on the shoulder. He looked a moment into his son's face, almost as if surprised to see him there. Then his eyes turned again to the lowly mounds, and he sank on his knees between them. Reverently, the yearning of the years finding now a voice, he stooped low till his lips touched the sod above the mother's face. Then his own was upturned to the distant sky, the lips moving.

Harvey knew the broken vow was for God alone. He turned away. The moon stole gently forth from the passing cloud; and, as he turned, his eye fell on the new-illuminated verse graven on the simple stone:

“UNTIL THE DAY BREAK AND THE SHADOWS
FLEE AWAY”

THE END