

"Let us go in," he said presently, and when they entered the house Squire Donnithorne met them.

The two men stood grasping each other's hands, and each tried in vain to speak.

"My word, my dear lad, you look better than I thought you would! And I'm glad to see you." And that was all. There was no suggestion of anger—no word of reproach.

*"And I will put thy sins behind my back."*

Again those words came to Endellion, and they were indeed the words of God.

"I tried to do right. I tried to atone!" was all he said.

They talked far into the night. A thousand things were said which I will not record here, for they were not spoken for the ears of the world. But the dark places shone with light, the rough places were made plain, and the sorrow which had endured for the night had ended with the joy of the morning.

"But what about you, squire?" said Endellion at length. "Even if Miriam will make this a home, it is not home to you."

"Ah, but you must come back to Devonshire sometimes," said the squire.

"I dare not. For your sake, I dare not."

"No one would connect Ralph Endellion, the Australian statesman, with Bob Dulverton," said the squire.

"You've changed so that no one would recognise you."

"If I only could!" he said, after a long silence.

When at length he returned to his room Endellion fell upon his knees, and poured out his heart in passionate thanksgiving.

"God has put my sin behind His back," he said, as he rose from his knees.