

How nervous I felt, how I trembled with joy as we passed along the Bridge Street; and just before reaching the bridge which spans the beautiful river Avon we turned aside and saw standing in the old honeysuckle porch a group of faces and forms, my father and mother, brothers, sister, and brothers' wives. But as I looked upon my parents, and saw the awful change that five years had wrought, and seeing their snow-white hair, with lines of bitter agony stamped upon their faces, I understood it was my sin which had caused it; I tasted then something of the wages of sin. But my father stepped forward, and, with arms opened wide to receive me, pressed me to his heart, and with the kiss of reconciliation on my lips, passed me on to my dear old mother. Yes, the prodigal's welcome home was complete; how kind they all were, and how we rejoiced together. I had fondly hoped that when they saw the change in me, and heard of the wonderful power which had set me