

returned to his room. He looked about it as one looks on a half-remembered spot visited long ago. The place seemed smaller; the toys trivial. A deep gulf had been passed since he had left the room a half-hour before. To his eyes had opened a new vision. Little Boyhood had fallen away from him as a garment. A touch had loosed. All experience and observation had led the way; but it was only in expectation of the supreme test of self-sacrifice. Character changes radically only under that test. Bobby had borne it well; and now stood at the threshold of his Youth.

He picked up the Flobert rifle and looked it over.

"It'll always be handy to fool with," said he to Johnny.

That youngster looked up with sardonic humour.

"Gee, you're gettin' swelled head with your new gun," said he.

THE END