

wavelets could be seen—oh, parable of Time ! And the bridge was there ; repaired and strengthened some, yet the same bridge it was on which I had seen the love-lorn pair seek the shelter of the dark. And I felt a shudder thrill my frame as I descried the very pier that had been the scene of the tragedy but for which Gordon had never made his noble protest ; but for which, our long years of exile had never been. I looked away.

Aunt Agnes was at the door as we climbed the steps of stone. She led me in and closed it tight before she told me, with love's speech of silentness, all the joy of welcome that was in her heart. She was thinking, and I was thinking, of the absent one—oh ! why these ever-absent ones?—whose face was now withdrawn forever. I roamed the hall ; I wandered about the broad porch ; I drank my fill of the library, dearest of them all—my mother's face met me at every turn. And I wondered, with passionate hope that it might be so, if she knew that her child had returned to the scene of girlhood days once more ; if she knew how laden with the spoils of time I came, rich in the harvest that love and sorrow give, anointed by the holy hand of suffering, by life's fleeting vanities beguiled no more.

"Show Harold through the house, Helen," uncle said. When supper was over and the first tumult