

pelled these pilgrims of the night. They paused but once, these two ; before a weather-beaten little house, empty now, its grimy shop-window staring out into the dark. But the older man seemed as if he could not look enough ; like cathedral to reverent saint this squalid building was to him. Once the younger man pointed to an upper window—no light gleamed from it now—but the other's eyes, even when they had left it far behind, turned to caress it with lingering tenderness.

They passed together through the gate that guarded the little city of the dead. The moon was hidden ; and no word passed between them as they made their way to the holy of holies where lay their precious dead. But Harvey's hand went out to his father's ; and thus they went on together, hand in hand through the darkness, as children go beneath life's morning sun.

They stopped beside two grassy graves. Nearest to them, at their dewy feet, lay the larger mound ; the baby's nestled close beside it. The older man's head, uncovered, was bowed in reverence ; even in the dark Harvey could see the stamp of eternity upon his face. The son's love, unspeaking, went out in silent passion to his father ; so near he seemed, so dear, so much his own in that holy hour. Yet the broken heart beside him carried a load of anguish of which the son knew nothing ; it was torn by a tragedy and rended by a memory no other heart could share—and the weary eyes looked covetously at the quiet resting-place beside the waiting dead.