

laden with flowers, past the end of the cottage; and presently they stopped again where, beneath the maples' shade, rises the pure white stone — and beyond it is the sweep of the eternal sea.

Madison, his hair streaking just a little gray at the temples now, removed his hat — and his face softened, saddened, as he read the simple inscription:

THE PATRIARCH

The boy glanced at his father a little wonderingly — and then spelt out the words. He shook his head.

"I don't know what that means," he said. "What does that word mean?"

Madison patted his head.

"You tell him, Helena," he said — and came and stood beside her.

And so Helena told the boy in simple language as much of the Patriarch's story as she thought he could understand — and when she had finished the boy's face was aglow.

"And!" he said breathlessly, "and — and did he ever do a really, truly-truly miracle?"

There was silence for an instant — then a tender smile came trembling to Helena's lips, and into the brown eyes crept the love-light, as she reached out to Madison and her hand found his and held it very tightly.

And Madison bent and kissed her; and drew the little lad between them and laid his hand on the boy's head, and answered for Helena.