

along the old familiar street. My heart was burdened with partly sadness, altogether song.

"Stop here," Gordon suddenly said to them as we turned on to a street neither of us wanted to forget. "Come, Helen," as he held out his hand to help me from my seat.

I knew. It was under that very elm, just before the church, I had first come face to face with him, even if I did have a pitcher in my hand, *giving* the cream.

"Drive on," said Gordon; "we'll join you later." and the carriage rolled away.

We followed, slowly; sometimes looking up at the deep shade of the bending elms, sometimes at each other's faces; with much of speech we were met by much of silence, sweeter silence, more.

Soon a turn in the road brought us in full view of my uncle's house. There it stood, ivy-clad, tall and stately, frowning structure, looking forth calmly as though we had gone away but yet with a sense of presence. There was the magnolia tree beside the stone, not now in bloom but still spreading its umbrageous beauty. And there, just beyond the still, its copious stream unfailing, rolled the running river; rolling on, as time rolls on, unharmed and resting, bearing all its burdens in silence to the sea. The years had passed and fled, yet the