

there when there was no spark of affection and the matter-of-fact liking had changed to disrespect and aversion.

Nancy had her way. In two hours all three were speeding over a muddy road. Eight miles from Jonathan's comfortable farm-house was a new one, bare, plain, small, without shutters and only half-painted.

The carriage wheels ground on bits of lath and plaster, and stopped before a door from which fluttered a bit of white cashmere tied with a white ribbon. Jonathan pushed every one aside and strode in. His pride was gone. He was all tenderness. Harry came towards him, his face working piteously as his father laid a hand on his shoulder, and said something unintelligible to ears, but easily understood in heart language.

No one spoke. Hand in hand the two men went over to the tiny casket. The young wife was kneeling on the floor. She rose wonderingly, and when Jonathan opened his arms she sobbed out her great grief on his shoulder.

This old man, who had been lonely and disappointed and peevish, stood taller now. His face beamed with sorrow and tenderness. He had found some one to help, something to do. He need not now sit grumblingly waiting for death.

The neighbour-women huddled in the kitchen, fearing to intrude. Nancy

went out to them. They were talking in low, pleased tones of the reconciliation.

"I never went much on Easters, being a Methodist," said one, "but this is one to remember."

"He'd trimmed his own house with flowers, and then remembered the blossom here had been broken off with a short stem," sighed another.

"It's the death that done it," muttered Granny Crane.

"It's the resurrection, friends," cried Nancy, her clear voice rising above the murmur.

"It—is—the—resurrection," repeated Jonathan solemnly. "I was dead in sin, and it has left me. I am free to live."

Susan stood apart. Joy might come to them all in due time. Time heals with scarce a scar sometimes. To her the days would be always gray, for it is upon the woman the horror of an unhappy marriage presses most heavily. Harry rejoiced in his father's new-found affection. Other children came to comfort him and his wife. Jonathan planned and gave, and grew old happily. Nancy thought of the little graveyard, and brushed away a tear, and was cheery again, but always to Susan there was the bond which never united, and her face grew set and old, and she looked out on life with dulled eyes.

*Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).*

