

The night was clear and bright, and Nellie urged that if it was not too tiring for her companion she would much rather walk. "I know every step of the way, and—and—well you are the only one I want with me just now."

In the moonlight of that early October night two young women might have been seen walking along the fifth concession.

At a turn of the road Nellie pointed to a little building: "There is the school-house I attended." When a church spire stood out clear against the sky, there was a sob in the voice, "I used to teach in that Sunday School and sing in the choir."

The gate of the old homestead was reached at last. The wanderer's hand clung for a moment to the top rail and the head rested on her forearm.

"I wonder—I wonder if Father will let me in; I don't deserve it, but I believe he will." And she was not mistaken.

At the side of the old roughcast dwelling, two bedroom windows had been raised a few inches. Beneath these the only daughter of the home called out in a