

penitence and hope. It was such a little sound, subdued and faltering as became a broken heart, was almost lost in the father's louder strain. I heard it, and my soul laid hold of God. A stifled cry—but it was the same I had heard when he first came out of the valley and my new-born brother lay helpless at my breast; the same I had heard a thousand times when he was hurt or wronged; the same he toddled in to me with the boyish story of his fall; the same I had heard when he came home to me and told me of his sin; the same I had heard when he bent above his sleeping sister and kissed her good long farewell.

"Oh, Gordon," I said, fainting, "it's Harold!—our Harold!"

He knew it too. And he left me when I was half conscious in uncle's arms. I see it all as if mantled though I was, as in a dream. The curtain dropped just as uncle's arm received me, and I glided towards the narrow half-hidden passage leading to the stage. Slowly it fell, right down to the floor, shutting out the last fragment of the vision that had flooded our hearts with heavenly peace! no one there—not even uncle—knew that the life's curtain had really risen, the play, the play of life, only just begun.

The orchestra had softly started some su-