

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

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

He knew it too. And he left me when half conscious in uncle's arms. I see it all mantled though I was, as in a dream. The dropped just as uncle's arm received me, and 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 vision that had flooded our hearts with heaven! me! no one there—not even uncle—knew the life's curtain had really risen, the play, the play of life, only just begun.

The orchestra had softly started some su