

and near, bringing with them a minister who was seeking health in that region.

They laid him to rest, the distant sound of the rapids in their ears, and a strange sense of the awfulness of sin in their hearts.

Donald MacMillan was there, straight and tense and silent, only the deathly pallor of his face showing the grief and repentance he felt. The minister's words were few, but they were all of the mercy and the loving kindness of God.

When he had finished speaking, the boys noticed that the light from the setting sun broke through the trees, and fell over the new-made grave with a beam of hope.

It fell in a golden sheen over Donald as he stood beside Griswold, and as it did so he quickly raised his head, and looked up.

All the doubt and trouble seemingly vanished in a moment, and in its place came the light of a great resolve, and a great joy.