

So you're happier than you've been for a long time?"

"Yes, I am, but I was jolly glad to see her to-night, dad, you can't think; for, of course, if it hadn't been for her——"

"That's it, lad, that's it, and you'll never forget it, Stephen. You'll remember it to the last day of your life, who it was that made you, and saved your father, and lifted him up from the place where he was—the place of no hope."

"I won't forget it," said the lad soberly, but his eyes were troubled by the pathos of his father's words.

"That's all I want to say. I can leave her with you, I know. Now say good-night, boy. Sound sleep. We haven't been one family under one roof for a long time, have we?"

"No, we haven't, and isn't it jolly?" said Stephen, with something of boyish wistfulness in his tone once more. "It was ever so jolly downstairs, and she's so glad about it. It's just lovely."

"Stephen, we don't know one another very well, but we're going to, please God. Say this after me, 'Good-night, father, I forgive you.'"

"But I don't want to say that, dad; there isn't anything to forgive, don't you know?" said Stephen in distress.

"Say, 'Good-night, father, I love you,' instead then," and the lad's eyes suddenly overflowed.

"That's easier," he made answer, with the gay heaven-born smile of youth that bears no malice. "Good-night, father, I love you, and thank you very much for letting me stop at Milan and have such a ripping time. Now we're all going to be happy ever after, just like the story books."

His shy, boyish laugh rang out and with its echo in his ears, and at his heart the purest joy he had known in all his troubled life, Edmund Crewe fell on the sleep which knows no earthly waking.

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