

e than human
when he sang

south
all;
g time

the Scriptures.
slowly, his eyes
he prayed, he
er was the way

e and I went to
and hours, and
ours. Just be-
denly turned to
en I saw it first.
in—so he won't

er Harold's age,
d Gordon and I
n, one on either
d knew or not,
d once again—
turned a little

XXX

EDEN IN THE ATTIC

I SOMETIMES wonder what the other guests thought of our behaviour at breakfast the next morning. Uncle was simply ridiculously happy, even boisterously so. And he wouldn't hear to any dissent from the project that possessed his mind. We must all go South with him, and that was the end of it. He and Aunt Agnes had never had a difference in all their married life, he said, but the trouble would begin right there if he went back without us! And he settled the whole thing an hour later by suddenly appearing, after a very mysterious absence, and flaunting in our faces the tickets for the entire party. They were taken via the Old Dominion Line; and the little sea voyage would be the very thing for all of us,—and Harold had assured him that a release from his company could be easily arranged. So Gordon left it to me again—and I left it to Harold, and Harold elected to see his mother's old Virginia home. Dorothy lent loud approval.

Thirty-six hours later we were in the dear old Southern town, driving from the old familiar station