

his burning eyes, aglow with the passion that was rending him, leaped to where I still pointed with outstretched hand. Then I straightened myself too, as one might gather his soul for the Judgment Day, and joined my gaze with his. The eyes of all in the house were upon us, I suppose—but I shall never know. We stood together, oblivious to all except the destiny of weal or woe that waited us, looking, both looking, as the eye of the Eternal itself might look. We could not—we dared not—be sure, lest we might court the bitterness of death. The light was not bright enough, or true enough—for us to stake our souls. We feared exceedingly; and for each other; wherefore neither spoke any word.

The scene was the great Broadway scene, where the anguished father finds his son at last. And the tattered youth upon whom that father—that acting father—gazed, on him our eyes were set in dreadful silence, in questioning that involved our souls. We could not—we dared not—know; but suddenly the old man on the stage—oh! the perjured wastery of simulated love like that—broke forth with a wild outcry of love and rapture as he leaped towards the soiled and wasted prodigal before him.

And then—and then—mingling with the father's chant, there came from the bowed and broken wanderer one single note; a little cry, a muffled plaint of