

As they came to the foot of the hill, on the top of which his old home had stood, he heard the rumbling of a farm-wagon behind him. He turned and saw a man with two little boys, sitting in a wagon, piled with empty bags. The younger boy had the reins in his hands—he was a little fellow and was evidently taking his first lesson in holding the reins. The father's face and that of the older brother, showed that they shared in the pride of the younger one. All at once the three faces were illuminated with that look of joy that no one mistakes, and which is so refreshing, and the boy voices exclaimed in tones of delight, "Here come mamma and little sister to meet us."

Running down the hill came a sweet faced woman, leading a fluffy, golden haired little girl by the hand. They, too, had the joyful look of happy expectancy.

The farm horses were stopped; the boys jumped out over the wheel and clasped the mother and then the little sister, with those love clasps which are so true and so uniting. Kisses were given and received and then the mother and the little girl were helped into the wagon. The father put his arm about the mother as she took her seat beside him, and the little fluffy haired girl climbed in his lap and took the reins to the manifest delight of all concerned. Then the boys' voices were heard in enthusiastic tones, telling of all their journeys and the sights they had seen on the journey. It was a long hill and a steep hill, and very slowly the ascent was made.

Our traveller had bidden the driver halt in front of the old home place. While he sat looking at the big trees his father had planted, the farm wagon with the happy faces drove into the yard. That new house was their home—love still influenced the old familiar haunts, and abided there.

The stranger thought he would like to tell those boys what a wealth of such love means, and to warn them against letting it be lost sight of in a strife for silver and gold, which perisheth in the using, and which none may take with them when life on this earth is over.

The driver thought he had never driven so silent a passenger before. But as he drove on, the traveller broke the stillness, asking: "Have those people been far? The man and his boys in the farm wagon?"

"No, just over to West Village with a load of potatoes," he replied with a loud laugh. "That woman always acts jest so when her man and boys go anywhere: she

makes the foolish sort of a fuss over 'em going down that long hill to meet 'em, jest as if they were coming home from the Klondike. She sets a sight too much store by 'em, I think."

"There are some things in this world, one cannot set too much store by," the passenger quietly replied.

The out going train must be caught, and the carriage was turned around and driven quickly to the station, and the incoming passenger of a few hours before went out as he came in, unrecognized and unknown.

As he boarded the train he bought the evening paper to see if there had been any changes in the money markets since he had been away from his desk, but his eye saw not the printed page, for it was blotted out by the beautiful picture of that love scene. It was then that he wished he was an artist that he might put it on canvas and hang it up in his library with the love-light falling over it.

But he remembered that his own home had been closed and boarded up for two years. His wife and children were in foreign countries—the children being educated there.

How he longed for such a welcome or his home-coming as he had just seen in the old haunts of his boyhood! But with the coming of wealth, social life had taken his wife's first thoughts, and she had drifted away from him.

He hardly knew his children, for he had never given them companionship—his time was so taken up with his business. He had never been demonstrative of affection toward his family. He had missed the greatest thing in the world out of his life—love.

The clerk of the hotel, the waiters, servants and porters, smiled a welcome when he returned. They were ready to do his bidding, but it was a paid service.

After his day's absence however, the clerks in the office saw a softer look on his face. His voice had a pleasanter tone when he spoke to them. He gave a word of sympathy to his employee who had lost a child that week. He smiled on the young wife who waited in the door way for her husband when his work in the warehouse was over for the day.

They spoke to each other of the change but they did not see the beautiful picture of the pastoral love scene, which hung on the walls of their employer's memory and was ever in his sight.—Susan Teall Perry.