

"Yes, that's my home, but tell me what you know about it," he cried in agitated tones.

"Oh, we called there one day, Barney and I; we'd run away from home and we were hungry. Your mother gave us bread and milk and chicken."

"Yes, and she made us take some away with us. Gee, but we were hungry," supplemented Barney.

"I was lame and she got some liniment and bound up my ankle; and say, she wants you back awfully," continued Sandy.

Donald was whiter than ever. Leaning forward in an agitated manner, he drank in every word. "Ah! that was my mother!" he breathed. "What—what did she say, and how did she look?"

"She looked kind of sorry," said Sandy softly, "and she told us to go home to our mothers, because it was weary work for the mothers, waiting for the boys who never came home."

Donald put his face in his hands and choked down something like a sob, while the tears stood frankly in Griswold's eyes. For a time no one spoke. The boys swallowed hard and looked attentively out over the river, and then Griswold said earnestly:

"Do you need any further proof than this that you are under divine care?"

Donald lifted his head, a new life and determination written in his face.

"I am going home," he said simply.

They made a grave for poor erring Jack among the wild flowers, under a spreading maple, and there the next evening the country people came from far