

THE PRIMROSE PATH

STANDING on the bank in the simple navy blue dress she had worn the day she and Garvie parted, her hair hanging down in a long, thick braid, her wet eyes wistfully following her father, the magnificent Julia looked like the most delightful of penitent school-girls.

"Julia! I've come back to make friends! Aren't you going to give me any welcome?"

Her mouth still drooped at the corners as she murmured, "I'm ashamed to. I was so horrid."

A tender laugh greeted this, and then the gates of Eden swung open for yet another pair entering in to the blessed heritage of their youth.

Meanwhile Thorpe had caught sight of a certain slim, grey figure hovering in the shelter of the pigeon-house, and forgetting his baffled vengeance, had reached its side, receiving pardon for all his weaknesses in the glory that transfigured the delicate, worn face.

"At last," was all he could stammer as he held the thin hands in his.

But words came later in plenty, and his tale was told to a love that, like the God who created it, understood all and forgave all.