

their grandeur. Something more than ecstasy throbbed through his voice when the verse :

“As streams of water in the south  
Our bondage, Lord, recall;  
Who sow in tears, a reaping time  
Of joy enjoy they shall.”

Then he read some selection from the Song of Solomon. It was very short; and he read it slowly, never lifted from the page. When he prayed he talked with God—all I can remember was he said “Our Father.”

It was long after midnight when he and I went to our rest—we sat talking for hours and he fell asleep. Harold was asleep in the room next to ours. Before we put out our light Gordon suddenly turned to me, and his face was as youthful as when I saw him last.

“Helen, let us go and tuck Harold in—so he won't get cold.”

I smiled, for I couldn't but remember Harold's face, but I threw a wrapper about me and Gordon and we went in together. We tucked him in, one on each side; I don't know whether Harold knew we were there, but he played the part of childhood once more. When we kissed him good-night he turned his face to me in his sleep and smiled.