

"Some day they will bloom, Gwen dear; He will find them, and we too shall see them."

Then he said good-bye and took me away. He had done his work that day.

We rode through the big gate, down the sloping hill, past the smiling, twinkling little lake, and down again out of the broad sunshine into the shadows and soft lights of the canyon. As we followed the trail that wound among the elms and cedars, the very air was full of gentle stillness and as we moved we seemed to feel the touch of loving hands that lingered while they left us, and every flower and tree and vine and shrub and the soft mosses and deep bedded ferns whispered, as we passed, of love and peace and joy.

To the Duke it was all a wonder, for as the days shortened outside they brightened inside, and every day and more and more Gwen's room became the brightest spot in all the house, and when he asked the Pilot :

"What did you do to the little Princess, and what's all this about the canyon and its flowers?"

The Pilot said, looking wistfully into the Duke's eyes :

"The fruits of the Spirit are love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control; and some of these are found only in the canyon."

And the Duke, standing up straight, handsome and strong, looked back at the Pilot and said, putting out his hand :

"Do you know, I believe you're right."

"Yes, I'm quite sure," answered the Pilot simply. Then holding the Duke's hand as long as one man dare hold another's, he added, "When you come to your canyon, remember."

"When I come?" said the Duke, and a quick spasm of pain passed over his hand-