

Griswold and the other, who pulled Donald out of the water——”

“Dad,” supplied Sandy.

“Aye; tell them both that there’s a thanfu’ mother that’s wantin’ to see them, and that the door will always stand open wide for them.”

The carriage was ready, and the boys took their places; Donald’s last words were spoken after they were in:

“Tell him that he’ll find me here on the farm, and that I’ve found my work,” he said, and waved his hand after the departing vehicle.

At the foot of the lane, Sandy looked back and saw the mother and son returning to the house hand in hand; and there came to him like a flash, a vision of the tremendous seriousness of life, and of the sometimes far reaching consequence of little acts. He had never thought of it before.

In the rush and roar of the city once more, and in the whirl of greetings from friends and relatives, camp and its experiences seemed suddenly very far away. The dip of the paddle, the roar of the rapids, the smoke of the campfire, and the whisperings of the wind through the forest was more than memory, however. It had entered their blood, and in their hearts they said: “We are going again, and the next time we are going farther.”

Sandy was glad to be home, too, and the stories of adventure crowded on each other so fast, in his mind, that he could not tell them fast enough.

Even his mother found herself laughing merrily