

man took off his hat, and stood with bowed head. Perhaps it was a miracle, part of the miracle of that had recreated his old home about him. why not? For was there anything too wonderful to happen to one who knew that his Father was and was a Being whose very name was Love? Perhaps the hermit thrush had been sent to him, a special messenger to remind him that He was with him and would be to the end—that One who had spoken him out of the dawn mists of the Drowned Land, the One who would walk with him through the long years till he joined Mary in the Home above, One from whose tender care he could never be separated, either by sorrow or death.

A long, clear call from the hilltop behind, Tim's little figure came scrambling over the fence. The man did not move, for once more the song arose and poured forth a strain of purest melody:

*"O hear all! O hear all! O holy, holy!"*

It died lingeringly away. The woods were cold and silent. John McIntyre turned and went up the hill, smiling, his face to the Light.

THE END