

So Faith ran out to the Fulton's, said good-bye to them, and Francis Raleigh at the same time, and started for home that day.

She had written home, telling of her coming, and when she reached Conrad, there were father and mother and the boys at the station, and a little back of that eager group a stalwart, manly figure, Malcom Stanley, who had come in quite suddenly the day before from New Mexico. It is not exactly certain how he knew that Faith was coming home, or, indeed, if he knew anything about it, but it is very certain that he was there at that time, and that Malcom and Dorothy had given him a hearty welcome.

"You're just in time to help our church celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary," Malcom had said to him. His church was planning, in a quiet way, for such an anniversary, and it pleased him much to think that Faith was to be at home in time, and also that Stanley could be with them.

That was a wonderful home-coming for Faith. The experiences she had were rehearsed in the family circle, and there never had been so much hearty, pure laughter in the parsonage since it was built. In the frosty evenings they sat around the one open fire in the parlor, and even Malcom shut up his study and joined the group early, talking over matters with Faith, and entering into all her new plans with the enthusiasm of a boy. Dorothy smiled often through her happy tears, as she looked at her children and saw them growing up into sturdy, useful lives, and in her heart she thanked the Great Father continually for such treasures, worth more to her and her husband than all the gold and silver in the world.

"I want the boys to go to Phillips Academy next fall," Faith said with an air of one possessed of untold riches. "That's where father graduated, and it will be a fine thing for them to follow him there."