

broke up, and the mother would not trust so many of them to go over in the ferry-boat. Sophy waited at the garden-gate, with the baby in her arms, and her mother sat on the doorstep, pale and trembling, till the voices drew near and they all came in sight.

"Clothed, and in his right mind," she murmured, as her husband came with Will on his shoulder and little Harry in his arms,—oh! so different from him, whose going away she had watched with such misgivings! It was the husband of her youth come back to her again; and she had much ado to keep back a great flood of joyful tears as she welcomed him home. As for Sophy, she never thought of keeping back her tears—she could not if she had tried ever so much—but clung sobbing to her father's neck in a way that startled him not a little.

"What is it, Sophy? Are you not glad to see me?" he asked, after a time, when she grew quiet.

"Oh yes; she's glad," said Johnny. "That is her way of showing that she's glad. Don't you mind, mother, how she cried that day when Mr. Grattan brought the things, just after father went away?"

"She cried then because she was hungry," said the matter-of-fact Eddy.

Sophy laughed, and kissed her father over and over again. Morely looked at his wife. There was something to be told, but not now. That must wait.

Nor can all the pleasure of that day be told. The little log-house was like a palace in the eyes of Morely. Indeed, it would have been very nice