

In the the morning they found everything quiet and orderly. The man who had just passed into the great unknown had not been an agreeable person to get along with; and while his widow mourned for him, from an innate sense of loyalty, yet there was a vague suggestion of relief in the atmosphere, which even the boys felt.

Somewhere in the small hours of the morning, when Donald and his mother were alone with their dead, he told her everything—enough, at least, to make her understand something of the depth of his fall, and the greatness of his redemption.

This morning he looked better and stronger than the boys had yet seen him; and this, notwithstanding the fact that he had been awake all night under the most sorrowful circumstances. It was evident that very quietly and seriously, he was accepting the responsibilities which naturally belonged to him.

After breakfast he insisted on seeing personally to the hitching of the horse which was to take the boys to the station. His mother's eyes melted with a great joy as they followed him, and turning impulsively to the boys, she laid a hand on the shoulder of each.

"Oh, my lads!" she cried, "it's a mother's blessing will follow you wherever you go. I want you to come sometime soon, and spend a week with us; I'll never be content now till I know you better."

Sandy promised for them both, for she would not be denied; then she continued:

"And you must tell yon two laddies from me; yon