

as he fixed his gaze upon the robber a look of heavenly joy overspread his face, and his soul seemed to come back into his very eyes.

Flinging his arms around the tall man's neck, he drew him down towards him.

"O villain! villain!" he cried, "you have come at last; and now the excellent widow will be no more sad, and you will always live with my honoured father—and with me. Father, I shall be well soon. And the villain will play with me. We shall have catch-the-ball in the meadow; and we shall go bird's-nesting with Rahab Gidley; and I shall let the villain have a turn with my bow and arrow. O, good villain, how happy we shall be!"

Thus my child was saved. And now he is near come to man's estate, and is a good son to me. The villain and his mother, that pious widow, have long been reconciled. And I, Thomas Treadwell, am waiting only for my summons home, when I hope to lie side by side with my dear wife, that excellent creature, in our family burying place at Stratton Audley; lying near my honoured father, and Mistress Dorothy Treadwell, my dear and honoured mother.