

Pauline.

details of arrangement. Everything, even the bit of yellowed muslin in the work basket with the needle thrust into it, and the gold thing waiting for its new owner's hand, were there. So also was his mother's Bible, opened to the remembered verse : —

“As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord.”

Constance had heard all about it from her husband. How he had planned and arranged and perfected everything on that day three years before, and had knelt at his mother's chair and repeated solemnly the Bible words, and consecrated the home anew to his mother's God, and how he had turned back to look at his mother's pictured face with the glory of the sunset light overspreading it, and had said aloud, “When I come again, I will bring Constance,” and how impossible it had been for him to come again without her. As they stood there at last, together, is it any wonder that they saw all things through a mist of tears? Yet they were grateful tears. The first words that Mr. Curtiss spoke were an echo of inspiration realized once more in human experience, “He hath showed me his marvellous loving kindness.”

And then they knelt together beside his mother's chair, with his mother's kind eyes smiling down upon them.

When Gordon Curtiss had knelt there before