

of broken vows and purposes. I shall not, must write it down. It was all holy to me, and should be; for the breath of spring was in it, and then that God had brought him back, all broken heart sick of the sin and shame that he hated and deplored. My son was alive and knew in that moment; lost had he been indeed. God had kept aglow his memory of the Home that never had gone out.

"I couldn't tell this to anybody else," the father's voice said as his face was hidden on my breast—"not even to father—what I'm going to tell you now. But I'm going to ——"

"Tell it to God, my son," and I kissed the father's lips.

Gordon came back just after that. I think he must have known our souls had come close together and to Him. For a great peace was on his face—and yet it shone with a kind of happiness that I thought was truly spiritual. I simply didn't seem to think there was anything that needed reproach, or explanation, or forgiveness. He talked with Harold about his old friends and games, his old pursuits; and about what we were to do, and see, before we returned to Hertfordshire. pretty soon he said it was time we were all home, and, in the most natural way, that we would