

## The Finding of Michael O'Doone

darkness, and then again in the full fire-glow. After a time she grew tired and nestled down beside him, spreading her hair over his breast and about his face in the way she knew he loved, and for an hour after that they talked in whispering voices that trembled with their happiness. When at last she went to bed, and fell asleep, he walked a little way out into the clear moonlight and sat down to smoke and listen to the murmur of the valley, his heart too full for sleep. And out of that murmur there came to him, suddenly and softly, the marvellous sound of a voice.

"David!"

He sprang up. Out of the shadow of a dwarf spruce half a dozen paces from him had stepped the figure of a man. He stood with bared head, the light of the moon streaming down upon him, and out of David's breast rose a strange cry, as though he saw a spirit of the dead.

"David!"

"My God!—Father Roland!"

They sprang across the little space between them, and their hands clasped. David could not speak. Before he found his voice the missionary was saying:

"I saw the fire, David, and I stole up quietly to see who it was. We are camped down there, not more than a quarter of a mile. Come! I want you to see——"

He stopped. He was excited. And to David his face seemed many years younger there in the moonlight, and he walked with the spring of youth as he caught David's arm and started down the valley. A strange force held David silent, an indefinable feeling that something tremendous and unexpected was impending. He heard the other's quick breath, caught the