

housekeeping, and Valentine practises—ah, Stanton, that first Sunday he sang in church, when he stood beside the organ and raised his calm face to sing 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,' I could not keep back the tears. How glad he will be to have us home again."

"How long do you wish to stay away, Vivienne?" asked Armour.

"Until you are happy in returning."

"I could go back to-morrow."

"Stanton!" and she looked up at his face which was illumined by the gaslight from the room behind.

"Yes," he said firmly. "I see now that there is no place to retrieve a lost reputation like one's own home. If acquaintances of long standing are more curious and critical than strangers they are also more compassionate. The people of Halifax are my people. My father has sinned among them and among them will I endeavor, God helping me, to make what amendment I can for his sins, and for my own sins of pride and obstinacy, and begin my new life where I lived the old."

Vivienne surveyed him in passionate affection. "I thank heaven every day of my life that I have married a man who is strong enough to acknowledge his weakness, and who knows where to look for aid. Ah, the Divine guidance, Stanton, what should we do without it?" And standing with her hand in