

master?" I queried, "and why does he not return?"

"Look no more for him," said the old gentleman, with a sigh. "Your ears have not heard a better thing than this: he loved her who was to be your wife and it is chiefly for your sake that he is gone to return no more to you. But when you are gone to your home again I shall see him and learn of his work; and I shall say no more of our dear master."

We rose and walked slowly, thoughtfully down a mossy aisle toward the Hermitage. Thrushes were singing in the lofts of the old cathedral.

My companion added:

"There is a love greater, even, than that of a man for a woman."

My wife met us and took my arm.

"It must be very wonderful," I said, as I kissed her.

"It is the love of a man for his brothers," said Gabriel Horton. "That, I believe, is the way to love God. This love no longer passes all understanding for it grows, ever, in the heart of the world, and will bear the fruit of peace and brotherhood. I have seen great things, but you shall see greater. God be with you."