

As he was entering Close Street, the bishop encountered Arthur. The latter raised his hat and was passing onwards, but the bishop arrested him.

“Channing, I have just heard some news from your father. You are at length cleared from that charge. You have been innocent all this while.”

Arthur's lips parted with a smile. “Your lordship may be sure that I am thankful to be cleared at last. Though I am sorry that it should be at the expense of my friend Yorke.”

“Knowing yourself innocent, you might have proclaimed it more decisively. What could have been your motive for not doing so?”

The ingenuous flush flew into Arthur's cheek. “The truth is, my lord, I suspected some one else. Not Roland Yorke,” he pointedly added. “But—it was one against whom I should have been sorry to bring a charge. And so—and so—I went on bearing the blame.”

“Well, Channing, I must say, and I shall say to others, that you have behaved admirably, showing a true Christian spirit. Mr. Channing may well be happy in his children. What will you give me,” added the bishop, releasing Arthur's hand, which he had taken, and relapsing into his free, pleasant manner, “for some news that I can impart to you?”

Arthur wondered much. What news could the bishop have to impart which concerned him?

“The little lost wanderer has come home.”

“Not Charles!” uttered Arthur, startled to emotion. “Charles! and not dead?”

“Not dead, certainly,” smiled the bishop, “considering that he can talk and walk. He will want some nursing, though. Good-bye, Channing. This, take it for all in all, must be a day of congratulation for you and yours.”

To leap into Mr. Galloway's with the tidings, to make but a few bounds thence home, did not take many minutes for Arthur. He found Charles in danger of being kissed to death—Mrs. Channing, Lady Augusta, Constance, and Judith, each taking her turn. I fear Arthur only made another.

“Why, Charley, you have grown out of your