

“Herbie!” and he laid his hand on the little boy’s shoulder. He turned quickly and flung his arms round Arthur’s neck with a joyful cry.

“Arthur, my own dear Arthur, oh, I’m so glad,” and Herbie clung to him as if he would never let him go again.

“So am I, Herbie, but hold up your head, and let me look at you.”

Herbie raised his head—his face was pale, except for a burning red spot on each cheek, his large brown eyes were very bright, his features all looked as if they were cut in marble, and his hair had a golden light over it, which made him look like a picture, Arthur thought.

“How are you, Herbie?” he whispered.

“Quite happy now that you are come; but how cold you are, poor Arthur, come and warm yourself,” and the little boy drew him to the fire, and began to chafe his hands, and Arthur noticed how thin he had grown, and how poorly he was clad; but