

The relationship, at its best, is the perfection of human comradeship ; with all life's earliest memories to sanctify it, and every hope and ambition for the future to lend it an interest which can only increase with years.

Jeanne loved and blamed and pitied Louis all in one—but, like lightning, her resentment flashed upon the image of Anne-Marie.

It seemed to her that she had always known of this woman's existence ; she felt as though a long-dreaded enemy had arisen at last, and snatched her brother from her ; so that he was no longer her own, even in death.

Ah, but what were his words—his words that he had written with such careless certainty that, blame him who would, his sister would be on his side ?

*“ So if you ever read this . . . I shan't be here to know whether you forgive me or not, which makes me all the more certain that you will do it.”*

“ Oh, with all my heart and soul I forgive you, Louis,” cried Jeanne, weeping.

*“ And that you will remember that my wife is part of me and the best part . . . and you will take her to your heart, and never never be jealous, nor sick, nor sorry concerning my love for her ; for love is love, and we cannot help its mastery even if we would . . . ”*

There came to Jeanne, suddenly, a memory of halcyon days, scarcely past ; of a radiance she could not deny to those bright April hours ; of her bitter self-reproach for the happiness she had dared indulge whilst Louis was in danger ; nay, whilst death had already claimed him for its own. Death which he feared so little ; for it was not possible for any one knowing Louis to think of him as fearing death, apart from his own words penned in the fulness of life and young love.

He had always thrown himself eagerly into his varied