

taking Vera in his arms, he kissed her tenderly, saying,

“The words which you and your husband have spoken form one of those memories which grow dearer to the last hour of life.”

One quiet summer evening, Arthur and Guy Wellingly issued from the door of the rustic hunting-lodge into which the mountain cabin had been developed, and, following a path, they came to a lovely and secluded spot, embowered in the primeval trees of the forest. From a pedestal arose a light shaft of white marble, around which was entwined the clinging ivy. It bore no name. That was engraved on the hearts of the brothers.

Was she a weak woman who had thus enchained two such men? Is not that faith rational which affirms that love so faithful must have a spiritual and eternal fruition?

THE END.

