

and, please God, through His eternity. The white world, is it not radiant in the moonlight? It seems as if it would be so always, a white way of peace to the end!"

"Ah, no, Gilbert," she answered, moving back a step, her white hands upon my shoulders, sweet eyes seeking my own, her voice laden with the sad intuition of woman that is the heritage of ages of women's tears. "There will be often the gray, often the storm and rain. But the sun shines," with a brave smile, "behind it all and presently the clouds roll away and show the blue— and the rain is over and gone."

THE END