
Elfa

And when we parted, it was always with a keen desire for the morrow's meeting.

Added to all, and sweetest of all to me, were Elfa's loving confidences. Save for the worrying doubts I had once held, there was not a thought we did not now share in common. The great little events of the household; the children's health and ailing and growth; the myriad pleasant cares of the daily life; the infinite variety of doubtfully debated projects—with all their accompaniment of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows: every purpose and incident was penetrated and illumined by the steady, mellow, warming influence of my wife's increasing and all selfless affection.

As the rough and rugged lines of some tall mountain whose lofty peaks in the time of storm, the lightnings have threatened to overthrow while the earthquake has shaken its very base, will loom out softened and subdued in the gold-streaked purple mists of a glorious autumn sunset, so it was with me.

The peace of the afternoon of my life was sweet and calm and soothing. The more so, perhaps, for the storms in which the morning and midday had been passed, since the sunlight which bathed and warmed and brightened it was that of home and love.

THE END.