

Heather's Mistress

They walked on. The evening sun was setting across the meadows in front of them, and presently they stood still and watched it slowly fade away. Heather's face was soft and wistful as she watched its glowing rays. Then her eyes met her husband's, and she smiled in perfect trust.

'I suppose all earthly joys fade sooner or later,' she said.

'And then we shall be gathered into the land where our sun shall rise to set no more.'

THE END