

And the memory of his love? Love is transient, but frozen lips and closed eyes can speak with a power unknown to the living, and the power abides to a longer day than the living voice had controlled. And so the night of his mourning was long, but the longest night has a dawn, and it seems to me that the saddest thing I can say in ending my tale is that the morning dawned and grief was forgotten. It is sad that we forget joys; it is sadder to forget sorrows.

And so this story of religion that called itself heavenly, and love that was most mortal, is over. Atmâ had had of earth's most beautiful things,

“O Love, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth,”—

but no—Love and Religion are not left.

THE END.