

dream, in which, for the time, he was not conscious of those troubles which, yesterday, had clenched his hands and knotted his forehead. He had come a step higher in the way of life, and into his spirit had flowed a new and sobered power. His heart was sore, but his mind was lifted up. The fatal wrangle of the pumas there below, the sound of it, would be in his ears for ever, but he had come above it; the searching vigour of the sun entered into his bones.

He knew that he was going back to England—to ample work and strong days, but he did not know that he was going—alone. He did not know that Andréé was gone! that she had found her true place: in his undying memory.

So intent was he, that he did not see a boat making into the bay towards him.

THE END.