

She smiled at him. It seemed quite natural and right that he should take that place without asking permission.

They leaned over the railing, the brightness of sunset reflected in their faces and talked of many things, of the first time he had seen her here on *Inverness*, of his hopes and ambitions for a career of greatness, as he had counted greatness, of his chasing the shifting rainbow gold, until a Voice had said, "Thus far shalt thou go." He even hinted at the vision that had come to him when he went down into the Valley named of the Shadow, and of how he knew now the value of that real gold at the end of life's rainbow. And she told him how she too had found her rainbow gold. Its gleam had led her through storms and lonely journeyings, but she had followed, and she had found it at last, found it in the new light of hope that had awakened in many dull eyes in Willow Lane.

They were silent then, there was no more to be said. For the story of each had been the story of the journey that ended in their meeting. Henceforth, for them, there would be one gleam, and they would follow it together.

They had been slipping past the shadow of Wanders Island and now came out once more into the gold of the sunlight. Algonquin lay before them buried in the purpling woods. Away above the little town, beyond the circling forest, and beyond the hills shone the last gleam of the day. The *Inverness* was going straight up the track of the Sun.