

## ONE YEAR LATER — AN EPILOGUE

"O, Jim, not the most beautiful!" said Frank, suddenly, thrilled and shaken with some wayward passion of gratitude, as acute as it was unheralded. He looked down at her, puzzled.

"Oh, I'm glad, Jim; glad!" she cried, irrelevantly.

"Glad for what?"

"For this — for you — for everything!"

His face clouded a little, for a moment, with the shadow of the past that could and would not be altogether past.

"I thought we'd decided to let that — stay closed?" he said. There was a note of reproof in his voice.

"Do you know what *I* think is the most beautiful thing in all the world, Jim?" she went on, as irrelevantly as before, but holding his arm still more tightly entangled in hers. "I think it's Redemption!"

"Redemption?"

"Yes — I think there's nothing ever done, or made, or written of, or sung of by poets, more beautiful than a soul, a poor, unhappy human soul, coming into its own once more! Oh, I don't believe I can ever make you feel it as I feel it — but I don't believe there's an adventure or a movement in all life more beautiful than the rehabilitation — that's the only word I can use! — of a man's heart, or a woman's! Think of it, Jim! — what can be lovelier