

CHAPTER XXXII.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

'A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles!'

THE sun sinks royally to his rest, and the burning crimson of his mantle fades slowly out of sight behind a pile of gorgeous cloud, which will be all aflame with vermilion and purple and gold a little later on.

A warm, voluptuous breeze floats softly past, ust stirring, and no more, by its laggard touch, the emerald leaves, and bearing on its balmy wings sweet breaths of clover from the meadow hard by. A little black bat whirls its course blindly through the amber glitter of the sunset, and a solitary butterfly, a king of his species, with huge jewelled wings, lingers over his last good-night on the blushing face of a pink wild rose.

'Was I not a true prophet, love, when I saw in the future someone called *Ernestine Trevelyon*?' Guy asks, pressing a fervent kiss on Nest's red lips.

'Thank God!' she murmurs, and she creeps closer into his arms.

These arms are her world.

It is fully a year and ten months since that fatal fall at Ringmer Races, and when Lord Elmsdale's widow thinks of that day, she prays Heaven to pardon her sin of unloving wifehood, and rejoices that the man did not go to his terrible death without laying a last kiss on her lips.

A cold kiss, a mere outward symbol of affection, yet better a thousand times than frowns and bitter words to look back upon.

And sometimes Nest believes that she has no right to be happy now, when her hot, restless heart refused to obey the dictates of duty, and clung to its one passionate love in spite of everything.

She and Guy had been married just one calendar month, but it has seemed to them that to perfect their honeymoon they must revisit the dear old trysting-place—the green ridge by Ravenshill Church.

Silent with infinite love and happiness, they are content to