

Early next morning Nell waited long at the stable-door and kicked her hoofs impatiently into the snow. She tossed her head from side to side and cried pitifully, but there was no stir in the sleigh behind this time. Her master did not hear her pleading voice. His eyes were closed in peaceful sleep, and on his face the smile lingered that came when all suffering was over.

He had gone to meet his Madeline at the parting of the ways.