

has almost made a son, henceforth my place is at the gate without. Must I be a "past" to Ean Fabos, dear to his memory, one of his household but voiceless as the night, unhonoured, unremembered, unsung? The gods forbid, I say. The book that I am writing upon our adventures in the South Seas—shortly to be published in one volume at six shillings—that book shall be my monument more lasting than brass. You will find many things in it, reader, much for the improvement of your mind, and the elevation of your intellect—but above all you shall find a love and devotion to Dr. Fabos which is the truest instinct of my eventful life.

And he is married and is gone to the West, and I am alone and in sorrow, and the doors of the Club are open to me. Many men and cities have I seen, but London—ah! blessed art thou, London, for the desolate shall make their home with thee, and the children that are orphans shall nestle at thy bosom. In the Metropolis of the British Empire, then, let this sorrow of mine be buried.

For hither shall my friend Ean return when the days of summer have waned, and his little wife begins to speak of home and of those who love him and have not forgotten.