

den radiance showed them the Christ-like figure of their Friend with the arms again upraised in blessing with love shining from his eyes. The sound of the wind growing louder and louder and louder, a rushing, mighty wind, a wind which enveloped them with wild, tempestuous force, which blew the ghostly mists away—away and far away, until the sun shone upon the tall, long tomb of Lluellyn Lys, and there was no more any man there.

THE END