

EPILOGUE

The place is the top of the Look-out on Mount Royal. The time is the hour of sunset on a mid-summer day. The figures that arrest our attention are those of a young couple, husband and wife. They are a pair good to look upon. There is a stalwartness about the man and a comeliness about the woman that in themselves are worthy of note. But there is something more. There is a suggestion of perfect harmony and of exalted purpose which has almost the effect of transfiguration. So striking is their appearance that sightseers, as they depart, turn to take a last look. A keen-faced Englishman, with a rosy-faced wife upon his arm, nods his head approvingly and says:

"Well, my dear, the old land has nothing to fear so long as she has descendants such as these."

A couple of German merchants who are in Canada with a view to trade extension stop for a moment, and one says to the other:

"Ach Gott! gegen diese zu fechten wäre eine schande." (Good heavens! To fight with such as these would be a shame.)

But now the crowd has gone, and Fergus and Florence have the circle of observation to themselves.

First of all they stand facing the West. The sun is but a hemisphere, for half its bulk has sunk beneath the horizon. Its parting rays cast a rosy flush upon their faces. As they gaze, an aeroplane comes rush-