

He had tasted many sorrows; some of them to the bitter dregs. What was this cup she held out to him? Joy? Was there to be an end to suffering and disappointment? He starved for her. But no, what she offered was so much less than he craved for. He moistened his parched lips.

"I fear that is not possible," he said, and his voice was charged with anguish. "I cannot ask you to stay with me — I could not bear to see you resume your old place in my house — just because pity prompts you to give me the — affection of a daughter. I love you as a man loves a woman. That is what I told you in the letter you burnt."

It was said in a broken, hopeless voice and with averted face. He did not see her swaying towards him, like a flower asking to be plucked.

"*Make me — a woman!*" she whispered.

Rose pulled up the blinds. The room was flooded with the glory of the evening sun. Its radiance shone in their eyes. A song was in their hearts — the same song: *After suffering — solace! After sorrow — joy!*

Rose looked up at the iridescent sky.

"How beautiful it is," she murmured. "Denis is there, somewhere; part of the Light and Life streaming down on us. Don't you feel it? Are you not certain he is happy? I am!"

Together, in love and silence, in rapture made solemn by grief that would pass away, drawn together by the same mighty force that spins the world in space and regulates the destiny of those upon it, they watched the splendour of the setting sun.

To-morrow it would rise on a new day.