

ing another gorgeous sunset bathe the hills and river in its exquisite dyes. And as these once more faded into the greyness of twilight, and the stars gleamed out, and the white sails of a large vessel that had caught the last glow of day, became dimly spectral in the distance, Hugh whispered to May, as they turned downwards, and away from the beautiful scene they had been contemplating:

“And now, dearest, what can we desire better, than the hope of the long voyage together down the great river to the silent sea?”

THE END.