

to another. Did I not suffer myself? Did not my mother suffer cruelly? Then Alys? Her happiness now makes her forget all that went before; but it well-nigh drove her to madness and death. Mercy, that must never happen again."

She understood him. In the depths of her being she agreed. The mysteries of life are very many; some of them are very terrible. But there are compensations too!

With shining eyes she held out her hands. With shining eyes he took them in his.

As they had stood in childhood many a time with the young dog between them, so they stood now—the grave of the old dog alone dividing them.

"And whatever else betides, I have the friendship of Mercy."

Almost solemnly she took up his word and repeated it:

"And whatever else betides—you have always and always—the friendship of Mercy."

THE END