

song as they mingled their waters together in front of that wilderness home. The lovers stood a moment at their point of junction, as Pepeeta said, "It is a symbol of our lives." They listened to the low murmur, watched the crystal stream as it sparkled in the moonlight, stole away into the distance, chanting its own melodious lay of love. It led them out of the clearing and into the depths of the forest. They moved like spirits passing through a land of dreams. The palpable world seemed stripped of its reality. The creatures that stole across their path or started up as they passed, the crickets that chirped their little idyls at the roots of the great trees, the fireflies that kindled their evanescent fires among the bushes, the night owls that hooted solemnly in the tree tops, the rustle of the leaves in the evening breeze, the gurgle of the waters over the stones in the bed of the brook, their own muffled footfalls, the patches of moonlight that lay like silver mats on the brown carpet of the woods, the flickering shadows, the ghostly trunks of the trees, the slowly swaying, plume-like branches, sounded only like faint echoes or gleamed only like soft reflections of a fairy world!

"It was here," Pepeeta said, pausing at the roots of a great beech tree, "that I came the day after we had first seen each other, to inquire of the gypsy goddess the secrets of the future. I have learned many lessons since!"

"It was here," said David, as they emerged from