

for me to make you happy, Octavia, and—my love for you—if ever—”

A final quaver ended his speech. His tongue failed. This little breakdown called for no reply, and no reply was spoken. But in Octavia's face there was an answer—in her eyes, in the warmer color that came into her cheeks, and on the lips that murmured something—something nobody heard. However, to make the answer clearer still, she stepped forward into his arms.

As they closed around her, the chaffinch at the window began to sing, and rose upon his wings. He sailed away over the old garden, proclaiming to the world, in a melody of mirth, that all was going well.