

## Epilogue

Jean Jacques, if you have a better cook. What do you like best for supper?" And Jean Jacques laughed much at that. Years ago he would have made a speech at it!"

"Then he is no more a philosopher?"

"Oh always, always, but in his heart, and not with his tongue. I cried, and so did he, when we met and when we parted. I think I am getting old, for indeed I could not help it: yet there was peace in his eyes—peace."

"His eyes used to rustle so."

"Rustle—that is the word. Now, that is what he has learned in life—the way to peace. When I left him, it was with Virginie close beside him, and when I said to him, 'Will you come back to us one day, Jean Jacques?' he said, 'But no, Fille, my friend; it is too far. I see it—it is a million miles away—too great a journey to go with the feet, but with the soul I will visit it. The soul is a great traveller. I see it always—the clouds and the burnings and the pitfalls gone—out of sight—in memory as it was when I was a child. Well, there it is, everything has changed, except the childhood-memory. I have had, and I have had not; and there it is. I am not the same man—but yes, in my love just the same, with all the rest——' He did not go on, so I said, 'If not the same, then what are you, Jean Jacques?'"

"Ah, Fille, in the old days he would have said that he was a philosopher——" said his sister interrupting.

"Yes, yes, one knows—he said it often enough