

## EPILOGUE

heart of the hill-country—conquers. They have given her of their best—they have loved her for herself. Life can never be quite the same again since she knows that her real parents sleep down there by the river. There will always be an ache—an ache that will never quite be gone. But life can still be a very beautiful and wonderful thing. A new resolve to be more to those who have taken the vacant place leaps up in her girlish heart.

The night wind whistles through the tree-tops. The pony bends over, rubs his soft nose against her cheek. In the town below the lights flicker—not so many now—for the ring is broken—the wild days are over, and the Crossing has fallen into quiet times. A tired feeling comes over her and she thinks of the home on the ridge above where love and good cheer await her. It comes to her suddenly, like a great shaft of light appearing, that she is one of the favoured of the world.

She mounts and once more surveys the landscape, her eyes bright and her heart full. She expresses herself in a single sentence.

“ Oh, I love it—I love it all ! ” she whispers.

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