

He only kisses her for reply, and they look out over the flat-roofed city in the moonlight. Peace! peace! sweet peace! "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." And the stars are shining down upon them in their love. And so, dear Beth, farewell!

The evening shadows lengthen as I write, but there is another to whom we must bid farewell. It is Clarence. Father and mother are both dead, and in one of the quiet parts of Toronto he lives, unmarried, in his comfortable rooms. The years have brought him a greater measure of success than once he had hoped. The sorrow he has so bravely hidden has perhaps enabled him to touch some chord in the human hearts of his readers. At any rate, he has a good round income now. Edith's children come often to twine their arms about his neck; but there are other children who love him, too. Down in the dark, narrow streets of the city there is many a bare, desolate home that he has cheered with warmth and comfort, many a humble fireside where the little ones listen for his step, many little hands and feet protected from the cold by his benefactions. But no matter how lowly the house, he always leaves behind some trace of his artistic nature—a picture or a bunch of flowers, something sug-