

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

Just a span of Fate's hand from these two happy mortals, and twice the sand had sifted through the hour glass, sat a man all alone in his chamber. On his table was the dust of solitariness; and with his finger he wrote in it "Forever." But he looked fearlessly across the board, for there sat no grinning demon of temptation, nor remorse, nor fear. But a fragrance as of lilacs and of sweet clover coming through an open window was in his nostrils; and in his memory was the picture of a face he loved, made like unto an angel's with gratitude, and on his forehead still burned, like a purifying fire, a kiss that reached down into his soul and filled him with the joy of thankfulness.

THE END.