



SOONER or later all things come to an end, including wars and histories, — a God's mercy! — and even the lives of such lucky men as I. All things, did I say?

Well, what wonder, for am I not writing of youth and far delights with a hand trembling of infirmity? All things save one, I meant to say, and that is love, the immortal vine, with its root in the green earth, that weathers every storm, and "groweth not old," and climbs to paradise; and who eats of its fruit has in him ever a thought of heaven — a hope immortal as itself.

This book of my life ends on a bright morning in the summer of '17, at the new home of James Donatianus Le Ray, Comte de Chaumont, the château having burned the year before.