A FURNACE OF EARTH

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649376803

A furnace of earth by Hallie Erminie Rives

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

A FURNACE OF EARTH



A FURNACE OF EARTH

A FURNACE OF EARTH

BY

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

Author of "Smoking Flax," etc.

As silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.

—DAVID.



INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY THE CAMELOT COMPANY, NEW YORK. TO R. W. Their first estate of joy they leave,
So pure, impassioned and elate,
And learn from Picty to grieve
Because their hearts are passionate.

—The Revelation of St. Love the Divine.



THE ELEMENTS.

EARTH, AIR AND WATER.

Along the wavering path which followed the twisting summit of the cliffs toiled a little figure. His face was tanned, and from under a brown tangle of hair looked eyes blue and fearless.

He had walked a mile, and home lay a mile further, where white-painted cottages glowed against the close green velvet of the hills. The way ran staggeringly, and the boy was tired.

A group of ragged children tossed up their caps and shouted from the cluster of fishermen's huts set further back from the sea; he did not heed them, but seated himself on the tufted panicgrass and turned his eyes seaward. The hot sun slanted silver-bright flashes from the moody