

## THE COMING

was not a sound in the room, nor any light. He stood alone.

He stood alone and without any kind of power; he could neither hear nor see; he was in a void in which time was awfully revealed in a new notation. Broken with fear, he began slowly to lose apperception.

How long he remained solitary there was no means of knowing, but at last he heard a voice in the room. It was hardly more than a sigh, yet so strangely familiar and expected was the sound that the vicar knew it at once for the voice of One.

"You did as your light directed. Faithful servant, kiss me."

Transfigured with a wild emotion, like music and wine in his heart, the vicar moved to the bed. He fell on his knees, and flung his arms round the form which lay there. He pressed wild kisses upon the luminous face. At the contact of his lips, the image of the spectrum altered and Truth itself was translated to a higher value. Then he seemed to realize that he was holding in his arms a heroic son——.

"My darling boy!" he whispered. "My darling boy!"

Again he rained kisses on the upturned face.

He suddenly perceived that a third presence was by his side. He knew it for the happy mother and be-