

had crept to her side, his strong imperious manhood melted into tenderness, spiritualized by her agony. She lay there — still, white, ethereal — eternal type of the Madonna mystically adored, but to him, in that high moment, a greater than sinless Virgin, enthroned above the passion and the pain through which alone Love becomes Life.

Ah more! — beneath the mystery, the miracle of Motherhood, he claimed the wife, the sweetheart, the one-with-him, sharer supreme of deepest, subtlest of his soul's secrets. The babe upon her breast was his, but far more, was its mother *of him*.

It grew late; the housekeeper, Sincerity Dawson, came in, and took a seat in silence, as she had done every night for nearly twenty years when her master was at home.

"Aylmer, you will read the 27th Psalm," said Forsythe.

The girl seated herself at the little table, upon which the great Bible rested. The light fell clear upon her young face.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation
Whom shall I fear?"

The sweet voice quivered. It was her mother's psalm, read in the house only upon high, commemorative occasion.

"Wait on the Lord;
Be strong, and let thine heart take courage."