

it doesn't end at noon! There are clouds enough at best, and mists across the morning—but, oh God, the sun must run his little course before he sinks into the sea!—she lay dying, in her early prime of womanhood: the stealthy shadows blackened on the whiteness of the room.

She opened her eyes, and looked at him. "Anthony," she said, in a voice like that of a stranger, speaking very low and calm, "I want you to fetch her, please."

He rose hastily and walked to the window, gazing out, seeing nothing. He rebelled against this inevitable desire of hers, the leave-taking from their only child. And he crept away, with laggard step, to the farther side of the house, and took the child's hand from her toys, and brought her.

In the grey death-chamber, by the bedside, the child stood solemn, accustomed of late to sickness, her little face accepting the sadness all around.