

this day. She smiled. It was as she would have it.

She lay her cheek for a little in the nest his cheek had made in his pillow. Then close to her heart, where the sight of it might not offend her beloved's eyes, she pinned the little cross. She wrote a line across the page, in a book at her bedside, and she laid it open for him.

There was a sort of transcendent calm in Ashton Trask's face when he came into the room.

"Belovéd," he said to her, and yet again "Belovéd."

He went to her side, and even then he did not know, until he touched her. Beautiful, and calm, and smiling she faced him.

"Roberta," he whispered—then his eye fell on her sage.

"Belovéd," he read, "I am racing toward the sun-up, but this day, I shall be on time! I love you with my whole heart and soul. 'Hold thou the lamp!'"

His eye followed to the words she marked:

Peace, my heart, let the time for parting be sweet,
Let it not be a death, but completeness.