

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Come to me, Gabrielle!"

Only four words, but full of grave importance to Gabrielle, for it is the morning after the consultation that she receives these words of loving command. She starts with a brave heart, but when she stands before that door all is so silent and deathlike that her heart fails her. She is trembling violently now. She cannot even turn the handle of the door. Someone opens the door for her, then leads her gently to the bed. "God bless you both," he murmurs, as he leaves her kneeling there, and goes out of the room.

"Look up, darling, there is hope—hope—far away, they say, but still precious hope for me. O, Gabrielle, I could think only of how *you* would feel, my darling, if you had to learn that there was no hope. But God is good. When I think of all He has given me in you then I know and feel His goodness in every part of me."

"And you will soon be able to get up and walk?"

"Not soon," he answers, smiling into her troubled face, "not soon. Now, you are unreasonable. My dearest, what is that to me when I have you? I have hope and I have you. I will not think of more. I will go no further. Has He not said, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be'? Do not be afraid of me. I think I can be very patient now." There is a gentle calm in his voice that reassures Gabrielle as nothing