

As I analyse my motives, I know I am not going because I want to go — I am not moved to this step by lofty love of my neighbour as you would be. But if men have made such experiments in the interests of social science, how much easier it ought to be for me to do so for the sake of the wife who at this moment is so dear to me that I do not know how to bear another day of my life without her. Oh Aylmer, Aylmer, it has been so hard.

But what will happen, beloved, if I come back and tell you that I have made the trial and that my ideas remain unchanged by it? Will you be able to believe then, that I too, have a conscience in spite of appearances, and that my honour is as dear to me as yours is to you?

Yet perhaps, even then, you will see that these weary months of unhappiness and alienation have taught me something — that I, because I am husband, may not assume to be conscience for you. I should like to do that always, I know, but my darling, I will not, and you must not let me.

What a coward I am — how I dread the coming of to-morrow, and the new life that is before me. I shall be such a clumsy workman, and how shall I get work? That fear unnerves me already. I have never had to go out and earn a dollar unaided in my life. I am afraid.

Oh Aylmer, Aylmer, what are you doing away there in the stillness? Have you thought of me once to-day?

My darling, I draw you near to me, and I whisper: Because I love you, I do this thing that I *bate*."

Forty-eight hours later, after a journey rendered cruel by every species of delay and missed connection, Aylmer waited, in the common parlour of a dejected-looking frame hotel, for word from the sick-room. She was faint with fear.

A woman in nurse's garb hurried into the room; she had a kindly, peaceful face.

"Ah, you're here at last. I have been counting the minutes, for this afternoon we thought it best to tell