

HER MEMORY.

CHAPTER I.

SHE lay dying, in the silent summer evening—in the sunlit summer silence that seems alive with sound. The long shadows deepened round her, through the depths of tranquil sunset. The soft shadows, all around her, closing in upon the sunlight of her life.

He knew it. He sat beside the bed, his arms fallen between his knees, his face flung forward, intense with straining, as if to draw her back before she slipped away! During ten short years—a moment—she had filled his life with summer: she had been—she was—his sunrise: his day was young yet, young as hers—God, the day is brief enough, at best: