

of the woman, who still held his hand in her own. Still the hours wore on, and still the watch continued, there under the mysteries of Life and of Love, of Mercy and of Forgiveness. And so at last the gray dawn broke again. The panes of the high mullioned windows were tinged with splashes of color. The pale light crept into the room, slowly revealing and lighting up its splendors.

With the dawn there came into the heart of Catharine Knollys a flood of light and joy. Why, she knew not; how, she cared not; yet she knew that the shadows were gone. The same tide of peace and calm might have swept into the bosom of the man before her. He stirred, moved. His eyes opened wide, in their gaze wonder and disbelief, yet hope and longing.

"Catharine," he murmured, "Catharine! Is it you? Catharine! Dear Kate!"

She bent over and softly kissed his face. "Dear heart," she whispered, "I have loved you always. Awake. The day has come. There is another world before us. See, I have come to you, dear heart, for Faith, and for Love, and for Hope!"

THE END