

Grand Philip sat lazily reading ;
The crimson gas-light shook,
From a shade that was ruby tinted,
Its red flakes over his book.
I thought that he did not notice ;
But suddenly, sweet and low,
He said, with the voice of a dreamer,
"Don't let the woman go."

And then, with his smile so royal,
So sweet with pity and pain,
He called her to the study,
Out of the merciless rain.
"Sit down, my friend ;" and he gave her
The best chair in the place ;
And I saw a quick blush brighten
Her haggard and listless face.

And then, in tones like music,
He sounded her frozen heart,
Till the thrill of a tender question
Sundered its ice apart ;
And tears and sobs and passion
Came thick as the midnight rain ;
And she told such a pitiful story
My own heart throbbed with pain.

"You see," said Philip, softly,
"She is greater than you or I ;
She has struggled and conquered where we, love,
Would maybe sink down and die ;
She has fought in the dark with demons,
With evil on every side ;
And Satan hath tried to strip her
Even of her womanly pride.

"Love, let us be very tender ;
The lowliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasures,
That only a God can see."
So the woman left our study
With the face of an angel of light ;
And she is my noblest pattern
Who came as a beggar that night.