

"True heart, I am sad because I must go into the great darkness without you. With you, hand in hand, how gladly would I go!"

Helpless, agonized, broken all at once, she murmured:

"Love, take me with you. I cannot live on — without you."

But he, to comfort her, grew strong and smiled, laying frail hands in benediction on her sorrowful head:

"Sweetheart, tired heart, you will live on and be brave and glad. The time will come. And gladness helps the world."

Often, prostrate on the sands, she stretched herself in agony, in tenderness greater than her pain and implored all unknown powers, all good, all strength, cried in passionate prayer: "For him at any cost — whatever you may be — for him — whatever is good for him — life or death — even death if best for him."

So through the nights the danger wore along, while great winds blew and waves broke throbbing on the beach and sometimes rain-drops pattered on the roof in sweet insistent fall, and Monica still knelt by the narrow bed on which her love lay stricken, yet slowly, miraculously gaining strength, against the man-