

forgot the tender mercy shown to her by the people whose hearts she had wrung.

In her family life sorrow followed hard upon sorrow. It is across stormy seas that some souls are driven to port. She probed at once the joy and deep pain of motherhood, and understood to the uttermost the story which Amory's mother had told her that night in Great Cumberland Place. But she never reached such perfect self-surrender as that saintly woman—she will fight more or less to the end. Some success she has achieved in the literary life, but, as she possesses none of the popular gifts her writing must always be for the few. Her chief aim—sometimes obscured by the foam and the wind-drift—is to be a helpmeet to her husband in the higher sphere to which his gifts have called and entitled him.

They two have achieved a certain happiness together, but there are many who declare that they do not understand the wife of Professor Grier. The one person who understands—because she loves to the uttermost—is a very old woman whom the children call granny, and who is no longer able to leave the big sunny room that has been set apart for her in her son's house. There Christine finds sanctuary, and the prayer of her passionate heart is that that room may be long occupied.

Of the other persons who in their own time and way influenced the one who came after, we need perhaps, mention only two. Effie is to be found a leader of society in that mysterious city of the East which is the cradle of a great race and in which her husband, Sir John Amory, pursues his honourable and distinguished career, fully trusted by his own Government and also by the Power to whom he is accredited. No problems disturb her happy heart; she is frankly devoted to the man who has given her not only a great position but a singularly happy life. Childless herself, she dedicates her time and