

and the wider her shining eyes. Her head became feverishly hot. Now at last she was able to realize the meaning of Allan's doings during the last few years, his experiments and models, and piles of plans. Now she grasped why he must start off from New York at once—there wasn't a minute to spare. And why the letters must be dispatched by to-morrow's boat. It was all so marvelous that she asked herself whether she was still dreaming. . . .

When Allan had finished, she continued to sit silent, her wide-open eyes all amazement. "And so now you know, little Maud," he added smilingly, and bade her go off to bed. Maud put her arms round him and pressed him to her breast with all her strength. Then, kissing him on the lips, she said, "Mac, oh, my Mac!"

On Allan's bidding her once more to go to bed, and to sleep, she left him. The thought came to her now that Allan's projected work was in its way—its very different way—as great as the symphony to which she had listened that evening.

To Allan's astonishment she returned after a few minutes. She had brought a wrap, and whispering to him, "Work on! Work on!" she lay down on the sofa, resting her head against him, and fell asleep.

Allan paused and looked down at her. And he thought how beautiful and touching she looked, this little Maud of his, and how willingly he would give his life a thousand times over for her.

Then he set to work again.