

place, and it gives my tale a roundness and completeness which it would otherwise lack.

I am finishing my story the evening of the ninth day of February, 1890. It is a wild snowy night. As I look out into Sherbrooke street I see the blustering snow driven in blinding clouds everywhere by the wind. There are but few people in the streets. The electric lights flash amid the darkness, and the flurries of snow glitter like showers of tiny stars. Here and there a solitary figure gropes along through the drifting snow.

I listen to the howling of the wind. It rises and falls. Then a long low moan succeeds and dies away. Then, like a trumpet, it rings through the air and down the chimney, loud and shrill. I dream. I see no longer the drifting snow; I watch the tiny dust no longer, glittering in the electric light. A face comes between me and the snow, a face at the window, looking in amid the silence. Two bright blue eyes look into mine with a sad and wistful yearning. Ah me!

I lay aside my pen. The storm is dying without. I draw the curtain and wheel my chair to the fire. The wood crackles and burns brightly; the sparks