

sympathetic air ; I knew not, nor yet do know, what strain it was—but it fell on my reviving heart with the sweetness of such music as angels make—and my eyes flew after Gordon as he was swallowed up of the shadowy passageway that led back to that mysterious region where actors are men and women, players now no more. I think somebody, some hireling who knew not what he did, tried to turn Gordon from his course—as well have tried to stop Niagara. I fancy I caught a glimpse of him as he swept the intruder by—his eye was flashing, fearful in its purpose of love and power, as though he were asserting his claim to life itself.

He never stopped—this was described to me afterwards—till he stood beside the pair of actors, the old man and the young, already repairing to the dressing-room behind. And the old man's face, so they told me, was a study to behold as he was swiftly brushed aside, dispossessed, the unreality swallowed up of Life as Gordon took the tattered form into the arms that long emptiness had clothed with almost savage strength.

"Oh, my son! Oh, Harold, my son, my son!" was Gordon's low cry that all about could hear; for the stillness of the grave was on every heart. "Come, come, we'll go to mother," came a moment later as he turned and tried to lead Harold gently away.