

always"; and at the sight of her tears his voice for a moment is broken. "All my gratitude—all my love—always."

She has sunk upon her knees and is kneeling before him.

"I want to tell you."

"No. Tell me nothing."

He is smoothing the coarse grey hair as he used to smooth the soft dark tresses, and she looks up at him through tears.

"There is nothing to tell me," and he lays his finger on her forehead. "The thoughts were there—the bad thoughts—but they are gone. The good thoughts are there now—they have been there for over two years."

It is true. She understands—and it is true. She has nothing now in her thought of him but love and reverence. Her old self has been long dead. She has been born again.

And dimly she understands the deeper meaning of his ambiguous phrase. He speaks of thoughts, but he means actions also. It is the old mystery. To him the thought and the action are all one—for him subjective and objective phenomena are one. It is this that makes him greater than all other men. He has gone a little farther than the rest and he stands beckoning, seeming to say: "Down this widening avenue all human minds must progress."

Only he could have forgiven. Only he could have understood. He has made this incredible proof of magnanimous power. He has shown in his noble life, so that she can comprehend it, all that he has shadowed forth—all that lies beyond her comprehension in his noble books.

She leans her forehead on his knee and weeps.