

it. Teresa, would you believe me if I told you that I was going to take that chance—from now on?"

The dark eyes opened now.

"I don't think God ever meant that you would do anything else, Dave," she said. "If He had, you would never have been caught and put in prison, and been through everything else that has happened to you, because it's just those things, Dave, that have made you say what you have just said. If you had succeeded in getting away with that money five years ago, you would have been living as a thief to-day, and—and you would have stolen more, perhaps, and—and at last you wouldn't even have been a man." She turned her face away on the pillow, and fumbled for his hand. "But it isn't just you, Dave. I didn't say that last night. I said God offered us both a chance. It's not only you, Dave—both of us are going to take that chance."

He leaned forward—his face tense, white almost as the white face on the bed.

"Together, Teresa?"

She did not answer—only her hand closed in a tighter clasp on his.

"Teresa!" He was bending over her now, smoothing back the hair from her forehead. The blood pounded in a mighty tide through his veins. "Teresa!"

She spoke then, as the wet lashes lifted for an instant and fell again.

"It's wonderful," she whispered. "God's chance, Dave—together—from now on."

Into his face came a great new light. Self-questioning and self-debate were gone. Teresa trusted him. He knew himself before God and his fellows henceforth an honest man. And he was rich—rich with a boundless, priceless love that would endure while life endured. Teresa! His lips pressed the white fore-