

she might have looked sorrowfully out of the window in the great room.

But no—there had been no such mischance as that. The vivid sense of completeness filled her heart and raised the beating of it for a few moments, as the hope of a dying priest is raised by the presentation of his beloved cross.

And this is the philosophy, the stoicism of women, who will face the fearsome emptiness of a whole desert of life, so be it that their heart is full and satisfied.

Who, passing below on the black strip of water and seeing her pale, white face looking out from that high window into the night, could have conceived of such wonderful reconciliation as this? Who could have imagined the whole moment as it was? An old gentleman lying in a tiny room, the lamp still burning on the altar at his side, his hands crossed upon his breast in an unbreaking sleep; away out upon the water of the Lagoon, two lovers, young, alight with life, exalted in a sudden realization of happiness, and this little old white-haired lady, alone in that great, high-ceilinged room, with its heavy, deep-coloured curtains, and its massive pictures hanging on the wall, and in the heart of her, a great uplifting thankfulness in the midst of such absolute desolation as this, a thankfulness that her life was a great, an all-comprehending fulfilment, that her greatest work was done, her highest desire reached—who, in the first inspiration of their imagination, seeing that frail, white face pressed close against