

they travelled so closely together, but I thank God for the joy—the joy that has come through the love that is mine. May I ever be worthy of it—and I pray that as the morning sun lifts the shadows from the hills—so may joy drive all pain from this house forever.”

Paul had not looked up as Robin spoke. His chair faced the open window, and his eyes looked into the gathering dusk.

“See,” he said, “the morning may come—but the night gathers first. Let us be merry—and joyful.” His voice had taken on a new note, like the note the bugler sounds when, with fear clutching at his heart, he marches on. “We are to be gay—I want music—come, Betty,” and he led her across the hall to the library.

At Paul’s command the room had been laden with flowers. The air was heavy with them. Huge bouquets filled the rose-bowls and vases, while pure white blooms formed a mound in the centre of the old-fashioned table in the middle of the room. The piano had been returned to its place, and Paul walked briskly over to it and opened the case. “This is the night for love songs—and Robin will make his violin sing as it never dared sing before—away, boy, and get it.” The colour was slowly mounting to his face, and his eyes were as though they had been dilated. He looked at Betty but did not see her. “Now come, let good cheer abound.” He led her to the piano with an old-time gallantry and