

trial, the day of tribulation, did he hold up his head? Had he heart for his own precepts? In fancy he heard the fiends mocking. All well, indeed! all well, with *that* spectacle before him? The old Satanic gibe rang in his ears with curdling irony: "He saved others; himself he cannot save."

A long time he stood, with bowed head, gazing at, but scarcely seeing, the unconscious figure in bed. He was in revolt against his own reason. What it told him was incredible, simply incredible; it could not be true. He was in a world of dreams and spectres, not of solid realities. He would arise, shake himself like Samson of old, and dispel the horrid visions. Then all at once in the midst of this self-wrestling he shuddered as with a mortal pang. Next minute he was on his knees, his face hidden in the counterpane. No sound came from him; but the convulsive shoulders had a direr eloquence than any speech.

At a movement in the bed he raised his head quickly, and as quickly got to his feet. His wife was regarding him with the dazed look of one half roused from a stupor and dimly trying to lay hold on events.

"What is it?" she asked confusedly. "Where am I?"

He answered tenderly that she was in her own room and must lie still.

Her eyes were fastened on him with curious intentness. He fancied that some consciousness of the truth was dawning on her disordered mind, and that she was considering what to say. But in another minute the heavy eyelids began to droop; in a minute more they had fallen over the dull eyes. Assuring himself that she was again asleep, he turned, and silently as he had entered it, left the room.

When she awoke once more, late at night, he was by