

she knew the shortcomings of this mortal man before her. Even as she had in her mirror looked into her own soul, so now she saw deep into his heart as he lay there, helpless, making no further plea for himself, urging no claim, making no explanations nor denials, no asseverations, no promises. Did she indeed see and recognize again, as sometimes gloriously happens in this poor life of ours, that other and inner man, the only one fit to touch a woman's hand—the man who might have been? Did she see this, and greet again the friend of long ago? God, who hath given mercy, remedy alone sufficing for the ill that men may do, He alone may know these things.

Could John Law failing be John Law succeeding, and in his most sublime success? Upon the wreck and ruin of the old nature could there grow another and a better man? Mayhap the answer to this was what the eye of woman saw. How else could there have come into this great room, so late the scene of turbulent activities, this vast and soothing calm? How else could this man's breath come now so deep and regular and content? The angels of God may know, they who drop down the gentle dew of heaven.

An hour passed by. A soft tread came to the door, but Henri heard no sound and saw only the prone figure of the sleeper, and beside it the form