

because I have known that from the first, I have done for you what I have never done for another woman yet—namely, got hold of the head of the beast within, turned it round sharply and laughed at it.”

I hid the letter again and lay very still in my bed. . . . That then was the end of it. . . . Tired and reluctantly my thoughts pilgrimaged back. I saw myself again as I was—poor, lonesome, waiting until the moment when the fairest miracle which life has ever held came to me, and every thought within me stretched forth arms, as it were, in order to receive it. I felt once more how every word, every look of his, pressed itself into my soul like a red-hot seal, and I suffered anew all the tortures and all the happiness. And all at once I thought again of the story of “Morgan” and of his young wife. . . . How truly different an ending, and yet how similar a victory! For which was more glorious for a girl—that a man should make her his wife, or make her his most beautiful dream, and his lasting desire? And all that I vainly tried to comprehend before, I comprehended