

"You must give me chance and right to serve him. What else have you or I to look forward to? The honours of this world concern us little. The brightest joys are not for us. We have work before us, no rainbow ambitions. But the boy—think for him——" he paused.

After a little, she held out her hand towards him. "Goodbye!" she said softly.

"Goodbye—you say goodbye to me!" he exclaimed in dismay.

"Till—till to-morrow!" she answered, and she smiled. The smile had a little touch of the old archness which was hers as a child, yet, too, a little of the sadness belonging to the woman. But her hand-clasp was firm and strong; and her touch thrilled him. Power was there, power with infinite gentleness. And he understood her; which was more than all.

He turned at the door. She was standing very still, the parchment with the great seals still in her hand. Without speaking, she held it out to him, as though uncertain what to do with it.

As he passed through the doorway he smiled, and said:

"To-morrow—to-morrow!"