

my breast. They were not just fancies. His spirit really came to me—kind, immortal spirit of my child.

*March 7.*—I leave in a week now. I am coming to you, and I am very well—surprisingly well. My heart, dear one, is not broken for my child. It is with you. I come to you with joy.

I was putting away the babe's clothes in a camphor chest when Ann came to help me. I was sitting on the floor, fingering one of his little flannel shirts.

"You're not taking them with you, Bobbie, are you?" she asked.

"No, dear." Her blue, blue eyes filled.

"You know, Ann," I said, sitting on the floor among his little things—"you know, you said once long ago, when I was wild and such a trial to you, that I had had none of the experiences of life, and must wait to understand some things." She nodded, and I went on, not meaning to hurt her, poor brave woman-soul: "Well, I've had them all now, except——" And then I stopped. She knew what I meant, and she said it through agonied lips as I rose to my feet:

"Except widowhood." I've never seen her face so exposed to the instant ravaging of her sorrow. I just looked, helpless.

"May you never know that, Bobbie, Bobbie dear!" she cried, her features all one quivering flame of love; and we rocked together, sobbing.