

and came again—until at last it was Cassandra who spoke first.

"I want you to see him, David."

"Yes, yes, my wife," was all he said, his eyes on hers, but he did not move.

"I want you to see our little son, David." A strange pang shot through his heart. Still he stood, holding her and marvelling at himself. What! Was it that this young usurper had stolen into his place?

"Love is selfish, dear. Let me recover from one joy before you overwhelm me with another. First, I must have my own, and know that it is all mine."

"I don't understand, David. I can't wait. Oh! David—David!"

"You turn my name to music with your tones lingering over it. I had forgotten how sweet it was."

"But I don't understand, David. Come and see him." And as she drew him forward, they moved as one being, not two.

"No, you don't understand, thank God. But I will teach you something you never knew. Love is not only blind, dearest; he is a greedy, selfish little god."

Then she laughed happily, holding him at arm's-length and looking in his eyes. "I know it. I know it. I found it out all by myself. Didn't I tell you in my letter? Oh, David, so was I!" She drew him to her again and nestled her face in his bosom. "I was jealous of our little son. I wanted you, David— Oh! I wanted you." At last came the tears, the blessed human tears which she had held back so long. But now they did no harm except to drench her husband's gray tie, and they brought a lovely flush to her face. "I can't stop, David; I can't stop. I haven't cried for so long, and now I can't stop."

"Sweetheart, don't try to stop. Cry it all out. Wash the stains from me of the cruel old world where I have been; cleanse me so that I may see as clearly as you see; but you would have to cry forever to do that, wouldn't you, sweet? And soon you must laugh again."

He clasped and comforted her as she was used to comfort her baby, soothing her and drying her eyes with his own handkerchief. "Yours isn't large enough for such a flood, is it, sweet?"