

"I may come home to her some day; who knows?"

Lady Blatherwake looked at him sharply. She wasn't sure but what that wife was to be greatly envied. "Will Violet ever learn to love like that?"

"Like what?"

"As your wife might."

He laughed. "She will learn to accept beautifully, and that, after all, is what Dick wants. It's his nature to give. It's her chance now."

Dick lay asleep upstairs and Violet knelt by his bed. She was afraid to look at him. She had to get accustomed to suffering; she had so seldom met it. It frightened her just as the other great things in life frightened her.

At last she found courage to look—for a second only.

Then by degrees she looked longer; and when she found she could look longer she found she was no longer afraid.

It was her chance; she would take it.

As she knelt, her heart seemed to stir as if about to awaken; then it burst the bonds that held it—and she thanked God for the chance.

She stayed kneeling until the nurse stole in quietly and gently led her away.

"It's only weakness now," she whispered. "Now that he's seen you he'll get all right. The doctors said so. I was puzzled when I saw you at first. I felt sure he wasn't a Roman Catholic."