

"A man does not need happiness. He can make his own conditions, if he's big enough. And I'm big enough. A fellow has to fail to understand. Yes, I'm big enough, I tell you."

Grace had turned to watch out the balcony window the transfiguration of the night. She stepped past the girl's form to the cool air. It was, presently, as if she stood alone on the top of the earth, and a new day was born; as though this peace were a fresh page, on which, in another hour, would be written the drama of the world. Huge, real, exquisite with issues; but through these common lives of men were beaten ways divine, mystic as her own. Yes, there was divinity, human-rough and stained, as there was a Christ who had lived the world's life, and who had died with the weak, on His lips a cry, unfortified by the complacency of the Infinite.

She looked now on the girl at her feet, on the man beyond. She had come an untroubled traverse, calmly awaiting all the good of life, of all lives and phases and transmutations; for to the soul awakened, nothing was withheld. And her mystical faith held to him—he had risen, he was affined her own.

But she watched them. They had always doubted, and she had doubted nothing; their ways had stumbled, while hers was secure; they had struggled at desperate costs to pitiful gains, while she had lacked nothing. But out of her tideless soul the storm was beating, a passionate certitude claiming him. She saw herself alone as she had always been in the lands and cities and seas of her journeyings, her spiritual adventure—alone and with empty hands. Yes, until now, she had