

with a touch of the big city back there in his soul."

"Yes."

"And don't you see if you were happy, there could not be that in me to be dismayed?"

"That's what wretched. . . Oh, I love you, Mary Romany—"

We sat down on the floor by the window—with an unbribable guard holding the gates of laughter, so that attenuated ripples only were allowed to pass. And the lamp-light on the ingrain carpet showed us rose-baskets, big as sun-bonnets.

"Men who have come so far, and been so ill on boats—must have their way."

I lifted the curtains where we were—four windows facing the north and the east. The wind came through and we heard the sweeping of the big waves as they sank away from the stones; and the moon crossed the floor from the east window to the north—but not where Mary Romany chose to sit.

"Don't you see it would spoil everything if I were afraid? We could not be masters—if I were afraid of you or of myself. . . We could not make this thing beautiful—as the dream is—if I were afraid. . . Who in the wide world would I be at peace with—if I were afraid of my lover? . . . My mother would say I might as well be afraid of my baby, as of my lover."

I listened raptly.

"The world would trust us out on the cliffs," she added after a moment. "Out on the cliffs, with the wind and the stars and the moon and the sea—in the very passion of the earth and the night—and yet, if the world knew this poor silly old world—it could not look at us, at me, quite the same. . . It cannot stay so silly much longer, Ryerson Boy. It must see soon that if we are not safe together—here—we are not there, nor anywhere—and that no offices of another—no pronouncement of a third—can make us safe together."

And thus I perceived truly the great heartedness of Mary Romany.

"And when," I whispered at last, "will you tell me what the dream is—how we can make this thing more beautiful?"

"There is time. How much we have already said. It is not going to be hard. I'm so happy."

Afterward, our sitting together in the darkness, reminded me of another night.

"The little temple in the Chinese Garden," she said at once, "but that's too close to the river for me to be happy thinking of it—"

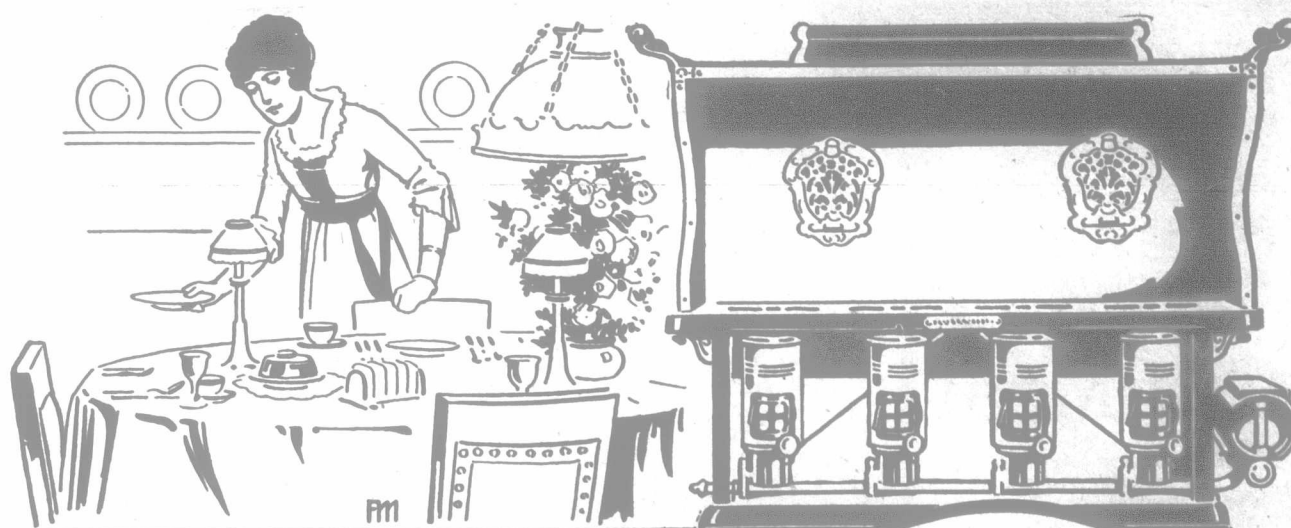
"I found my yellow rose in that garden—my flower of happiness. Afterward down the river—you came to the Crossing to meet me—the yellow rose in your breast. I saw you that morning with my soul. I wonder if I shall ever see again the deck of *La Samaritaine*? That's my road to Damascus—my great light fell there. . . Here in the dark with you, Mary Romany, I can see it clearly—that Death is only another little Crossing—and not the last."

She drew my head to her breast, and I told her again. . . After that I went to the next room.

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