

Garthie.' It was very touching, because it was meant to be so comforting and tactful. But it destroyed the illusion! Since then the door has been kept closed."

Another long sweet silence. Two nightingales, in distant trees, sang alternately; answering one another in liquid streams of melody.

Again Garth turned the wedding-ring; then spoke, with his lips against it.

"You said Margery had 'gone through.' Is it open to-night?" he asked.

Jane clasped both hands behind his head, — strong, capable hands, though now they trembled a little — and pressed his face against her, as she had done on the terrace at Shenstone, three years before.

"Yes, my own boy," she said; "it is."

"Jane! Oh, Jane —" He released himself from the pressure of those restraining hands, and lifted his adoring face to hers.

Then, suddenly, Jane broke down. "Ah, darling," she said, "take me away from this horrible white moonlight! I cannot bear it. It reminds me of Shenstone. It reminds me of the wrong I did you. It seems a separating thing between you and me — this cruel brightness which you cannot share."

Her tears fell on his upturned face.

Then Garth sprang to his feet. The sense of manhood and mastery; the right of control, the joy of possession, arose within him. Even in his blindness, he was the stronger. Even in his helplessness, — for the great essentials, Jane must lean on him. He raised her gently, put his arms about her, and stood there, glorified by his great love.

"Hush, sweetest wife," he said. "Neither light