

of other days and other loves, and across the stream the violin was singing softly of joy or sorrow as the mood of the player changed. The yearning notes predominated as they are wont to do when the violin is played by one who understands, by one who has searched in the world vainly for that which the world could not give, and as they listened in vague sympathy the two who had found their treasure nestled closer together and spoke in whispers — or not at all.

“What change has marriage made in you?” asked Jean after a long silence.

For a space, the new man gave no answer as he examined himself frankly. He found himself possessed of a new calmness and a new strength, and it seemed to him that some great mystery had wrought upon and modified his nature; but it was no mystery, it was merely the working of an ancient law, a very ancient law: love is not all in the giving; much of the ecstasy of love lies in the pressure of control against desire. Where desire is not, love is an arid desert; where control is not, love is a flood of foul water; but where desire rushes between the strong banks of control, love is as the mountain brook, sweet to the taste, melodious to the ear, entrancing to the eye, brimming with life, changing ever with laughter and song and quiet pools of deep tenderness; but ceaseless in the constancy of its strong flowing.

“It has taken away all restlessness,” he replied after a time, striving to express in words that which he was as yet only able to feel. “It has given me strength and patience. I could bear separation, now, without being consumed by fire. I think of all the future which is waiting for us and a day or an hour seems but a little matter.”

She sighed blissfully. “That was what I wanted,” she whispered, her cheek against his, “and that is what I knew you would give me. Oh, I would not have him stay, I would not have him stay! But he has been all I have had

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