

of stress, of a life-and-death struggle in his heart. It was a time when all other things were forgotten, became as naught beside the one issue so deep, so profound, so absorbing, that it rent him as an earthquake rends a rock, disclosing the very foundations. He turned and leant his elbows on the mantelpiece and buried his face in his hands. He was living again the past, weighing every indication that memory could suggest, deciding what he should do, or leave undone, what he should speak, or leave unspoken.