

come as its owner; but after a certain letter from England, she had changed in a peculiarly thrilling way. The letter was among the first half dozen; but in the growing packet, Denin kept it near the top. It was one of those which he re-read oftenest. In it Barbara had said to her friend, John Sanbourne, "If my dear love had lived, to make me his wife, perhaps by this time we should have had a baby with us. I think often of that little baby that might have been—so often, that I have made it seem real. It is a great comfort to me. I can almost believe that its *soul* really does exist, and that it comes to console me because its warm little body can never be held in my arms. I see the tiny face, and the great eyes. They are dark gray, like its father's. And when mine fill with tears, it lays little fingers on them, fingers cool and light as rose petals. Oh, it *must* exist, this baby soul, for it is so loving, and it has such strong individuality of its own! I could n't spare it now. Already, since it first came and said, 'I am the child who ought to be yours and his,' it seems to have grown. It is the *real*est thing!