

THE RULING PASSION

deep water between the island and the point, lay the supply-boat, rocking quietly on the waves.

It flashed upon her in a moment what it meant—the end of her fight, relief for the village, victory! And the light that had guided the little ship safe through the stormy night into the harbour was hers.

She turned and looked up at the lamp, still burning.

“I kept you!” she cried.

Then she turned to Marcel; the colour rose quickly in her cheeks, the light sparkled in her eyes; she smiled, and held out both her hands, whispering, “Now you shall keep me!”

There was a fine wedding on the last day of April, and from that time the island took its new name,—the Isle of the Wise Virgin.

THE END