

with ill-defined limits and rolling in all directions into dim uncertainty.

"Very pretty, Brent—but, ah, *cheerless*. Turn the pony's head—let's go back. I like the street and the shops best. Always gaiety in a street—more life in a street!

"What were we talking of, before we turned? Oh, yes. I was telling you, Brent, of the Paris Exposition of '79. . . . Well, the 'ope of all was to get the central space. . . . One thing leads to another. There was a little 'anky-panky in this, you know." . . .

Alas—as Brent knew,—with or without the h, there had been too much 'anky-panky in Copland's long, and now closing, career.

Best of all things, highest boon brought to him by his new fortune—time for the love of his wife. Day after day, throughout the years, she sustained and gladdened him, gave him strength and peace.

She was in her right place now—among the realities, far from the shadow dance in which she seemed to trip and fall. She never failed him now: in public as in private, he was satisfied with her. She knew what to say and what to do when distributing prizes at the village school, although she had been shy and inefficient when opening bazaars for strangers in aid of fashionable unknown charities. And this was because she felt herself safe here, on firm ground, in the midst of her own people, who found no fault with her.

There, she had been called upon to act a part in a meaningless pageant, among actors and actresses who perhaps thought there was no meaning in life itself.

His love was very great. In every waking hour, whatever he might be doing, he was conscious of a deep steadfast joy in her, as companion, wife, and mother of his children. His love blended her and them together—she was the source of the light itself, and they were its lesser rays. When he sat alone at his desk and she appeared, the dark old room brightened as if really and truly the sunshine had burst in upon him, or the flame of the lamps had burned higher and clearer. When he went about her work to the ends of her land, he carried with him, if not the light, at least some of its warming radiance. Her spirit was with him, wherever he went.

He could admire her still, as well as love her. She was