

whispers, for *Her* sorrow is so great.

“Sometimes,” said Cæsar, wrinkling his forehead, “I think *She* does—not everything, perhaps, but a great, great deal. There *must* be Some One somewhere, Who knows and understands everything, and I am sure He has told *Her* and explained. But *She* can’t tell me, although *She’s* tried. I wonder, oh, I wonder, if some day I *shall* understand. I’d so gladly die to-morrow if only I could understand.”