

*appealed to you—you have loved many women," she said sadly.*

*He turned from her and looked into the darkness. There were faces of those women he had loved, each robbed of its little hour of illusion. He knew the ache of the world then, that every sin must be paid for.*

*"My body is fainting with anguish, but my heart is strong now." Her voice had the low break in it, the wistful thrushlike quality that always charmed him. "You will live in my heart forever, Irishman, and I shall live in yours. While I have faith in myself and faith in you, my heart will be strong. It will be the spar that will keep me up in whatever shipwreck life brings. Love denied its earthly paradise does not break hearts. It is sin and disillusion that hurts them. When I look to the rim of the sea off there in Gloucester, dreaming of you . . . hoping, dear . . . I shall still be smiling . . . always think of me smiling . . ."*

*He no longer called her poor little thing;*