

bring a larger share of the rewards and joys of civilization into the homes of the workers for wages."

"Listen!" interrupted Aunt Letitia, with a nod toward the larger room.

The voices outside had grown louder, and it wasn't exactly eavesdropping that the group at the table sat hushed and overhearing every word. It was sympathy! Even Rachel stopped her munching and listened, also with sympathy. Victor was pleading more and more insistently.

"But I tell you, Sylvy," he burst out at last, "that love is bigger than religion—bigger than race—bigger even than G—— no, I won't say anything blasphemous—but it's the biggest thing I know. Oh, Sylvy, Sylvy! Come to me!"

There was no denying the plea in that tone, no resisting it. The little group about the table could not see what was happening outside, but they knew—they knew that Victor stood with arms outstretched pleading, and that Sylvy stood a little way off with heaven-bosom, with welling eyes, resisting, resisting, and yet yielding—for no one who loved could have resisted that voice long. Abruptly there was a change, the creak of a hasty step, followed by a sound of sobbing, and they knew as well as if they saw that Sylvy had thrown herself into Victor's arms. And knowing this, they sat motionless, Jerry and Aunt Letitia turning instinctively to the face of Rachel Aurentsky. Lifting her eyes as if in prayer, her large features stricken with a deadly pallor, the mother arose and started for the door, but Sylvy's voice, washed clearer than usual by tears, met her on the way.

"Oh, I cannot go away from you, Victor," she was saying. "God! dear God! Show us the way out and we will go, but let us go together." The humility, the tender pathos of that plea, if made to a human God, must have been irresistible. But the speech was followed by a gasp of dismay that was in itself a note of pain and indicated that Sylvy had been confronted by