

very strong hand, sought to sway the rod of destiny with more success than is usually the result of such efforts. But the most memorable of her achievements was the way she had controlled the very nature of her husband, holding him in custody to the essentially practical, sensible side of life, so that it was not till her able personality faded from his sight that he awoke to find he had given into her keeping something he should have withheld, something with which she had been entirely unfitted to deal, or even comprehend to wit, his own soul. It had been Marion Kempburn and not her husband, though at the time he had not recognised it, who had decreed once for all, that having accepted authority and tradition as embodied in the Church he served, and having taken to himself a wife, and given hostages to the world in the shape of two children, and having obvious gifts for the difficult position of a country parson, it behoved him steadily to close his eyes and deaden his ears to any voice whatsoever that should whisper of possible mistake, a wider horizon, a more robust spiritual growth, that might disturb the established order of things.

Such voices and visions had come to George Kempburn, the doors and winows of whose soul had ever been open to the divine light; but his wife knew nothing of the divine, and closed doors and windows with a kind strong hand, honestly believing she was saving him from great risks and unnecessary mental trouble. But once Marion kept watch no more, his soul awoke to find the divine messenger had come and gone. He lived through some bitter years, but in the end he accepted the life his wife had chosen for him with never a hard thought towards her, but a deep belief in a penalty incurred by himself ever present in his heart. The only outward sign, however, of his lost possibility was his wide gentle tolerance and a sensitive disinclination to influence or advise others. Such neighbours as did