

she loved could marry another woman. John came in to-night to sacrifice himself and give us both happiness. The three of you have done terrible and splendid things. I am the only one of us four who has done nothing."

Herold rose, took a nervous pace or two. What she said needed more than a lover's sophistical reassurance. He could speak a thousand words of comfort; but he knew that her soul required a supreme answer, a clue to the dark labyrinth through which she had worked. What could he say? He looked through the window, and suddenly saw that which to him was an inspiration. He threw the folding-doors wide. It had stopped raining long ago, though neither had noticed.

"Come out on the terrace," said he.

She followed him into the gusty air. The sea still roared resentfully at the late disturbance of its quiet. The southwest wind that had brought up the storm had driven the great rack of black cloud above the horizon, and there below the rack was a band of dark but cloudless sky, and in it one star hung serene. Herold pointed to it.

"What have you done, dear?" His voice broke in a catch of exultation, and his usually nimble wit failed to grasp the lunatic falsity of the analogy. "You have done what that has done—come through the storm pure and steadfast."

"Not I, dear," she said, "but my faith in the God we breathe."

"No; you yourself." He put his arm around her, and all his love spoke. "You. The living mystery of beauty that is you." He whispered into her lips. "You—Stellamaris—Star of the Sea."

THE END