

THE LIFTED VEIL

enough and strong enough and true enough. If you yourself can supply that—"

"But if I can't? If my love is just—just of the ordinary kind?"

"Then you'll have to make it of the extraordinary kind or pay the penalty."

The Canadian glared at the speaker of these words as a big dog in a rage glares at a little one who dares to withstand him. There was rejection of counsel in the manner in which he turned away and strode toward the hall.

Bainbridge, who had followed his guest to the front door, stood with his hand on the knob. "Unfortunately I can say no more than I've said already," he observed then. "You're in a place in which a man must act entirely for himself. I would only beg you not to forget the redeeming quality that belongs to the higher kind of love—"

The other man had by this time resumed the manner of conventional intercourse. "I'm afraid I can't go in for the fine points," he said, with a wistful smile. "If I'm in love, it's in the way that other men are. All the same, I'll try to think of what you've said." He held out his hand. "Good-by—and thank you. If we ever meet again, and you should find me married, I should trust to your discretion."

"You forget," the clergyman corrected, in opening the door, "that if I should find you married I shouldn't know whether it was to this particular lady or to some one else."

"Quite so," the banker assented, as he began to descend the steps. "I *had* forgotten that."