

SANCTUARY OF HOME 501

"I know he is," acknowledged Cynthia with a laugh; "only where did you learn about a stainless gentleman?"

"Don't you know, there is a stainless gentleman in Tennyson? Father William read to me about him."

"I had forgotten."

"You should come home with us when you grow well. You would love it round our fire-side at night when the wind is blowing and the red curtains are drawn and the rain is beating on the window, when Father William reads to Shamus and me."

"Yes, I would love it."

"I will ask Father William to invite you."

"Don't," cried Cynthia suddenly. "You are not tired of living there?"

"Tired!" cried the child. "I love it! I was writing to Shamus when you opened your eyes. You remember Hermes, don't you, and Isis and Manlius?"

"Yes, are they well?"

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am."

"And you are as happy as you were that day when I found you on your knees beside the fish pool?"

"Just as happy," answered the child with a contented sigh. "No, I am happier."

"Where is Father William?"

"Downstairs, waiting till you are well enough to see him."