

heart. But the skin beauty is not the firmest hold she has on Temple's affections; this was not the beauty that had attracted her lover and held him enchained in her service for seven years of waiting and suspense; this was not the only light leading him through dark days of doubt, almost of despair, constant, unwavering in his troth to her. Other beauty not outward, of which we, too, may have seen something, mirrored darkly in these letters; which we, too, as well as Temple, may know existed in Dorothy. For it is not beauty of face and form, but of what men call the soul, that made Dorothy to Temple, in fact as she was in name,—the gift of God.