

these years, only to find her dead. I actually prayed in the train that she might be alive. Tibby says you were with her to the last and that she was very happy. She looks so." Jamie bade her be silent. There was yet life in the body and he thought that Margaret might still be aware of them though she could give no sign. The doctor had said she might live for hours in that coma. If that was living, what was death? And what died? Margaret had never been so living to him. He seemed to possess all her life, to be absolved from the divisions that had separated them. Death might have the still white body. That which had stirred in it, the desire and the will, remained. He felt wonderfully happy and not at all sad. Grief he had none. Death also was a fulfilment. Nothing in him was shocked, nothing repelled.—"Would it be different," he suddenly asked himself, "if it were I who was dying? How could it be different? She was better than I, a stronger and a nobler spirit. There is nothing in my life that I value more than her. There is nothing that I value for its own sake. If it were I it could not be different."—"What are you thinking, Jamie?" asked Mary. He told her, and she pursed up her lips.—"I am afraid," she said, "because I know that it must some day be I."—"It is nothing," he muttered.—"That," replied Mary, "is what is so terrible."—"I mean, it ends nothing. It is only a moment in being, which has no end."—"Is that what you believe?"—"Yes."—"I couldn't. I want some compensation."—"Compensation for the wonder of living?"—"No, for failure in it."—"Surely then, death is compensation enough."—"I wish she would speak or make some sign."—"She is dead," said Jamie, for even as his sister spoke he knew that it was so.

Mary knelt by the bedside and Jamie stood towering above her. Suddenly Mary broke into sobs and he caught her up in his arms and carried her away. On the stairs he met the old woman who had been called in to make all decent for the dead.

Downstairs Mary controlled herself and she clung to Jamie and said: "What I mind so fearfully is that something has gone with her that I never knew."—"And I," he said, "never knew it till last night. All those years it was denied and crushed, sacrificed wickedly to unworthy things. That—that is why I hate the world as we have made it. The true loveliness of every one of us is denied."—Mary's tears rained down. She clung to her brother and implored him never to let her go, never to keep his love from her.

There came a sharp rat-tat at the door. It was Tom. Tibby admitted him and showed him into the room.—"I

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