

future. Thank God, I know enough of the technical part, to write the scores of your compositions. And, Garth, — fancy going together to noble cathedrals, and hearing your anthems sung; and to concerts where the most perfect voices in the world will be doing their utmost adequately to render your songs. Fancy thrilling hearts with pure harmony, stirring souls with tone-pictures; just as before you used to awaken in us all, by your wonderful paintings, an appreciation and comprehension of beauty."

Garth raised his head. "Is it really as good as that, Jane?" he said.

"Dear," answered Jane, earnestly, "I can only tell you, that when you sang it first, and I had not the faintest idea it was yours, I said to myself: 'It is the most beautiful thing I ever heard.'"

"I am glad," said Garth, simply. "And now, let's talk of something else. Oh, I say, Jane! The present is too wonderful, to leave any possible room for thoughts about the future. Do talk about the present."

Jane smiled; and it was the smile of "The Wife" — mysterious; compassionate; tender; self-surrendering. She leaned over him, and rested her cheek upon his head.

"Yes, darling. We will talk of this very moment, if you wish. You begin."

"Look at the house, and describe it to me, as you see it in the moonlight."

"Very grey, and calm, and restful-looking. And so home-like, Garthie."

"Are there lights in the windows?"

"Yes. The library lights are just as we left them. The French window is standing wide open. The pedestal lamp, under a crimson silk shade, looks very