

was such freedom, such lightness, in the world. It has even got into my painting — Candy will tell you. I have put my burden on you; but you will carry it happily and use it well, and make another thing of our lives. Come home and be the head of your house. It is all done. You are absolute master of everything and I am only your wife, who loves you.

At first Dana could see only his own pained protest. The thing was impossible, monstrous; the red of pure shame rushed to his face. He started up to tell her so, then, remembering her imploring, "Don't fight me!" he conceded to her a second reading of the letter. A slow third reading followed. Its living truth caught and held him. "I have put my burden on you": there was the change in her made clear — the change that had showed in every movement of her body and spirit. She had broken from her inheritance. She was right: he would carry the burden better.

"But how can I?" burst from him.

Very slowly, with many turnings back, the letter lifted him up to where Lucy had risen, and he saw with new vision the case of Dana and Lucy. He had failed to keep his marriage sweet and whole, and this was his punishment. Instead of meeting evil strongly with love and truth, he had suffered it in helpless passivity, as though the outcome were no affair of his. He had been a sensitive boy, brooding over a grievance, where life had called for