

tured it. But I never thought of those tears! **Forgive** me, my darling, for making them come. If you'll let me love you all your life, they shall be the last I'll ever cause."

I laughed, and cried a little more, at the same time. "What a word from you to me—'Forgive'!"

"Well, it's more suitable than from you to me, because there's nothing you could do that I wouldn't forgive before you did it, or even be sure it was just the one right thing to do. My Girl—my lost, found love—do you suppose it was of your own accord you came to my people and said you belonged to me? No. It was the Great Power that's in us all, which made you do what you did—the Power they call Providence. You understand now what I meant, when I said that one question from me and an answer from you, would smooth away all my difficulties at once? Bless that O'Farrell fellow!"

I'd never thought to bless Julian O'Farrell, but now I willingly agreed. Sometimes, dimly, I had divined latent goodness in him, as one divines vague, lovely shapes floating under dark depths of water. And he had said once that love for me was bringing out qualities he hadn't credited himself with possessing. I had taken that as one of Puck's pleasantries! But I knew the true inwardness of him now, as I had learned to know the true inwardness of Dierdre. Julian had had his chance to hurt me with his rival. He had used it instead to do me good. He had laughed the other day, "Well, I'll always be *something* to you anyhow, if only a brother-in-law." But now, he would be more than that, even if he went out of my life, and I never saw him again.

"Bless O'Farrell. Bless Providence. Bless you. Bless