

back to life with her ceaseless attentions ; with caresses with sudden fondlings—such as only his helplessness could have made possible ; with a thousand ministrations thoughtful and divine. Her thoughts were always of him ; her every movement showed him plainly as the motive power. All the love of him that had been gathering in the stillness of her soul flowed out towards him now in a great psychic stream—as warm and broad as a beam of sunlight. From her fingers when they touched him ; from her lips when they rested on him ; from her attitude when she turned towards him—flowed this constant current of love, love, love. Like a very plain was the life of Maurice Ethelbert Wynne in these days—a luminous orb swimming in pure ether of love. The love of a true, good woman is great and wonderful, but the love of this girl was so great and so wonderful that in the strong tide of it the Spawer lay half incredulous on his bed and blinked. It was no love of laughter ; no love of jingling words ; no love of triflings or pretty affectations. It was a strong, tense, electric current of unselfish feminine devotion that set the very atmosphere a-quiver. When she came near him he could almost hear it humming æolian music, as though he had laid his flat cheek to a telegraph post.

And in a way, too, he was glad to be thus helpless on his back, for the glory of being cradled in such a love, and learning his love all over again, like an infant its alphabet, from the lips and looks and actions ; the dear, large-hearted A B C Primer of Pam. Her very love of him, issuing towards him from every pore of her body, fertilised the girl's own beauty, like the sap in the lush hedgerows at spring. Her soft, velvet eyes that had been dark enough and deep enough before, darkened and deepened for the accommodation of this love till they were beyond all plumb of mortal gaze. Her lips, that had been red enough and tender, coloured now to a deep clearer carmine, with little pools of love visible lurking in the corners of them ; love that stirred and eddied when she spoke and settled down again into their ruby hollows when she lay reposed. Her lashes, that had been black enough, and long enough, and thick enough, lengthened almost under sight of the man ; grew black as ebony and so thick that when she looked upon him from above, they lay in unbroken flatness upon her cheek. And her freckles too—those dear little golden minstrels on the bridge of her nose and brow—grew more purely golden, till at times almost they gleamed like minute bright insets of the precious metal itself, and saw