

nearest her throne-like chair stood four books, which she took one by one into her hand and then put back. All had been completed as Dr. Scott had planned, all had been brought out in perfection to the delight of the discerning. She did not open them, did not need to open them to read.

"The admirers of Basil Everman are grateful to his friend Thomasina Davis, of Waitonville, to whom he wrote constantly during the last years of his life his aspirations and his plans. Miss Davis has allowed his biographer to make extracts from his correspondence."

Here was fame — the only fame for which Thomasina cared!

When she sat down before the garden door, tears were in her eyes. Her flowers offered their incense to the sky; the sound of Richard's music was carried softly to her by the evening breeze. The hour was enchanted. She was too wise not to know that it was a space set apart, that unhappiness, discontent, a fierce resistance to life as it was, would have their hours also. But this was reality — to that she held with a divine stubbornness — this hour in which Basil, young, radiant, immortal, stood beside her. For such hours as this, infrequent though they were, she had declined other loves, refused to sit at warmer hearths.

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer yes!"

remembered Thomasina.

"I, Sergius, live!" said she, aloud.

Then, folding her hands, she sat quietly.