

back with power that mastered every vagrant thought.

Had she seen it? — had Christian? And were they, together, ready to be obedient unto it?

Her heart made high answer. Ay, life for them was to be along no rose-leaf path — they were not to take it less than nobly — together, they were to suffer — to know the agony of doubt, of self-distrust — to feel at times the hopeless misery which sees ahead no righting of the world's great wrongs.

But she heard again the low, intensely-uttered words: "To the wheel, beloved, to the wheel."

Her white face glowed. Ah, how magnificently the man, her husband, had set his shoulder to it. She bent down and kissed with brooding lips the hand that lay helpless on the coverlet — the hand, it seemed to her, maimed and scarred as the Christ's with the bitter wounds of humanity.

"Soul of man, wouldst thou see Paradise with me when the night of life is past?"

"Ay, Lord, ay. But how — but how?"

This was the question to which their lives were to make answer, through what blindness of mistake, what passion of prejudice, what tragedy of weakness, of cowardice, of self-deceiving.

But also, through what persistence of righteousness, what trembling but triumphant faith in the majesty of that Ideal which seeks victory in sacrifice,