

She slowly withdrew her arm. He knew not whether to be fully pleased or slightly vexed by her calm satisfaction. He had judged her character rightly. He was slightly vexed.

He went after her, folded her in his arms, and repeatedly kissed her. "Dearest," he said, "you have always been, through all these desolate years—you will always be in the future—the light of my eyes, and the joy of my heart. My own dear daughter—mother's daughter! My comfort, my hope!" He turned hastily, then pausing. "Yes," he said, "her petition is answered. You are happy and good."

And he left her.

She sat on the seat staring far into the darkness towards the sea that lay distant, a dull mass of gloom. A little breeze cast shadows of black foliage across the twinkling stars above her. From behind the silent water, heavy clouds were creeping up.