

rising within. No doubt she had dismissed the hidden worry that hung between them like a veil; and he was glad.

But, Lilamani apart, his natural serenity was clouded by much talk with Carlo Martino of the dead Andrea, who, in spite of mortal frailty, had seemed always too vividly, too passionately alive to go down into the Great Silence, even for a space.

Though caring little for money, and rarely speaking of it, he had, it seemed, left more behind him than a distinguished name. But no form of will had transpired, beyond a half-sheet of foolscap, folded and sealed, bequeathing two incomparable sea-pieces "to Sir Nevil and Lady Sinclair (Lilamani) for grateful remembrance of one summer, not-to-be-forgotten, on Lake Como." Nevil Sinclair had felt no shame of the tears that ached behind his eyeballs when he looked upon that half-sheet of paper, henceforth to be counted among his most priceless possessions.

To-night the voices of the living were lost in the clarion call of that dead friend who had bidden him cease from making glow-worms with his eternal cigarette, and from choking with earth that "spark from the fire of God," which had since leapt up triumphantly in flame. To-night his art, and all it stood for, shone full in his eyes as when one looks toward the rising sun; while against the radiance of it men and women moved as silhouetted shadows. But for this, he had surely lifted before now the veil, woven of worshipful, fanciful tremors, that had shut him out of late from the inmost sanctuary of his wife's heart.

Thus it befell that the thoughts of all were more active than their tongues; and soon after coffee had been served, Lilamani rose to go. She was tired, not having recaptured that lost sleep, she explained vaguely to whom it might concern. Then she kissed her father with a heart so full of her husband that she missed the meaning pressure of his hand.