

breath in her lungs curdled thick to suffocation—he came out of his sleep, and his eyes opened incomprehendingly upon her . . . and she, drawn back in apprehension, with her hands clasped up to her lip . . . met his gaze, and knew not how to respond to it.

And then that glorious burst of certainty when recognition woke in him wanly and illuminated him like pale glad sunlight, and he struggled to free his arms of their coverings, and held them out to her . . . and she had gone into them like a dove descending . . . and put her own red, moist lips to his dry ones . . . and kissed his lingering soul back to life and happiness.

Ah! To have lived that one brief moment, as Pam lived it, was to have lived a lifetime abundantly. Now indeed that she knew he loved her for certain, and had had the true sign and seal of it, she was ready to die forthwith, if need were. It was enough to have held his love once in her own soul's keeping; as a child treasures the moment's confidence of some precious breakable vase. Pam was not greedy. She would have been quite content with no more.

But Heaven was kinder to this dear terrestrial angel than that, and filled every moment of her days henceforth with gladnesses as great, and greater. At times she wanted to get right away from everywhere and everybody; Heaven seemed to keep her plate replenished with celestial meats quicker than her soul could consume them. She wanted to dally with the taste of them, and extract their last nutritive juices of virtue. With the doubting hand of earthly experience, she sought at times to retard and press back this abundant helping of her heavenly Servitor, fearing lest His present generosity might bring her to penury one day. But He, never heeding, piled the good things on her platter, and she . . . well, she was only human, after all, and said grace, and ate what was set before her.

In a way, Pam's prayer was almost of gratitude and rejoicing that her love had been given to her in this hour of his weakness. While he lay there, helpless upon his bed, following her mutely with his eyes, the fact of his belonging to her seemed set forth and glorified to an extent almost apocalyptic. In image he was a little child, dependent upon her breasts for subsistence. Every moment furnished her with opportunities for feeding him with the living love that flowed in her own body. With love, as it were warm milk, she suckled him. Oh, truly, truly, he seemed hers when she nourished him thus