

CHAPTER II

TO this incident there was no sequel in Bainbridge's life for nearly a year and a half.

What the occurrence did for him first of all was to show him that even in New York there were people yearning and searching for some sort of spiritual rescue. It gave him, therefore, a zest in his work which was lacking before and a sense of being useful. When his heart was heavy it renewed his courage to think that he might be helping those for whom there was no one else to point the way. When his preaching tended to be lifeless, it added fire to his words to remember that the unknown woman might be listening. Where there was work to be done he easily found himself at home, and so ceased to pine, except at long-separated intervals, for Boston.

That he should think of his veiled visitor was natural. During the weeks immediately following their conversation he often fancied he saw her—in the street, in shops, in hotels, in church. He associated with her any face that caught his attention, any tall, gliding form. Of her voice he had hardly a recollection. Her speech had been, perhaps purposely, kept so low that his ear retained no more than the audible utterance of words.

And yet as time went on his imagination dwelt on her less and less. The impossibility of recognition was an element in this detachment, while new experiences of