

Again he ceased, and looked round, and listened. For once more this strange wailing sound arose.

But as it declined, he resumed his reading.

"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

He was constrained to cease.

Then at a signal, two deacons went in the direction of the sound. And the whole congregation was hushed. But Glyceria, on her bed, lifted her hands and her eyes shone with expectation.

Presently the deacons returned:—"A woman—a weeping woman in a dark room."

Then Luke descended from the *bema*, and attended by them went in the direction of the voice, and came, where crouching, concealed, Domitia lay on the ground, sobbing as if her heart would break—they could not stay her—they did not try—they waited.

And presently she raised her face, streaming with tears, and said—"The light! the glorious light!"

And the sun rose over the roof, and shone down into the atrium, on the face of Glyceria.

Then Flavia Domitilla stooped over her, laid her hand on her eyes and said:—"In the Joy of thy Lord, Face to Face!"