

“Came Those Who Saw and Loved Her”

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

CAME those who saw and loved her,
She was so fair to see!
No whit their homage moved her,
So proud she was, so free;
But, ah, her soul was turning
With strange and mystic yearning,
With some divine discerning,
Beyond them all—to me.

As light to lids that quiver
Throughout a night forlorn,
She came—a royal giver—
My temple to adorn;
And my soul rose to meet her,
To welcome her, to greet her,
To name, proclaim, her sweeter
And dearer than the morn.

For her most rare devising
Was mixed no common clay,
Nor earthly form, disguising
Its frailty for a day;
But sun and shadow blended,
And fire and love descended
In one creation splendid
Nor less superb than they.

You, of the finer molding—
You, of the clearer light—
Whose spirit life, unfolding,
Illumed my spirit's night,
Stoop not to end my dreaming,
To stain the vision gleaming,
Or mar that glory, seeming
Too high for touch or sight.

Dear as the viewless portal
Of dream-embroidered sleep,
Lift me to dreams immortal,
Till, purified, I leap
To hear the distant thunder
Of dark veils rent asunder,
And lose myself in wonder
At mysteries so deep.

Till, past the somber meadows,
Tearless and unafraid,
Linked even in the shadows,
Our deathless souls have strayed;
And you, my soul's defender,
O valiant one and tender,
Cry out to God's own splendor,
“Behold the man I made!”



The Street Called Straight

A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

CHAPTER XVI

ASHLEY wanted to be alone. He needed solitude in order to face the stupendous bit of information Mrs. Fane had given him. Everything else he had heard during the past twenty-four hours he had felt himself more or less competent to meet. True, his meeting it would be at a sacrifice and the probable loss of some of the best things he had hoped and worked for; but he would have the satisfaction that comes to every man of honor when he has done a brave thing well. There would be something, too, in giving the lie to people who accused him of having no thought but for his own advancement. He had been sensitive to that charge, because of the strain of truth in it, and yet had seen no means of counteracting it. Very well; he should counteract it now.

Since there was no way out of the situation he had found in America—that is, no way consistent with self-respect—it was characteristic of him, both as diplomatist and master of tactics, to review what was still in his favor. He called himself to witness that he had wasted no time in repining. He had risen to the circumstances as fast as nature would permit, and adapted himself right on the spur of the moment to an entirely new outlook on the future. Moreover, he had been able to detach Olivia herself from the degrading facts surrounding her, seeing her as he had seen her from the first, holy and stainless, untouched by conditions through which few women could pass without some personal deterioration. In his admiration and loyalty he had not wavered for a second. On the contrary, he was sure that he should love her the more intensely in spite of, and perhaps because of, her misfortunes.

He felt free, therefore, to resent this

new revelation so fantastically out of proportion to the harmony of life. It was the most staggering thing he had ever heard of. An act such as that with which Drusilla credited Davenant brought into daily existence a feature too prodigious to find room there. Or, rather, having found the room through sheer force of its own bulk, it dwarfed everything else into insignificance. It hid all objects and blocked all ways. You could get neither round it nor over it nor through it. You could not even turn back and ignore it. You could only stand and stare at it helplessly, giving it the full tribute of awe.

Ashley gave it. He gave it while lighting mechanically a cigar which he did not smoke, and standing motionless in the middle of the lawn, heedless of the glances—furtive, discreet, sympathetic, admiring—cast at him from the windows and balconies of the surrounding houses. His quick eye, trained to notice everything within its ken, saw them plainly enough. The houses were not so distant nor the foliage so dense but that kindly, neighborly interest could follow the whole drama taking place at Tory Hill. Ashley could guess with tolerable accuracy that the ladies whom he saw ostensibly reading or sewing on verandas had been invited to the wedding, and were consequently now in the position of spectators at a play. The mere detail of this American way of living, with unvalued properties merging into one another, and doors and windows flung wide to every passing glance, gave him an odd sense of conducting his affairs in the market-place or on the stage. If he did not object to it, it was because of the incitement to keep up to the level of his best which he always drew from the knowledge that other people's eyes were upon him.

He felt this stimulus when Olivia came