

aimless design of the song. She seemed to live over again the ages of the past, when the world was young, swiftly and yet intensely, and meanwhile the music changed, rising to stormy fullness for a moment, carried with a sweeping rush on wings of the hurricane, and then subsiding to the gentle drip of raindrops falling from the leaves after the storm had passed.

She seemed to hear the howl of wolves floating down white, silent stretches of the timber. Deeper, fuller, grew the melody, beginning to throb with the sensuous yearning of mating time. Figures flitted through the moonlight, the dark-skinned primordial savage wooing his bride by force or by strength. Always the old, new song of desire, of passion, of fulfillment. Love in which seemed concentrated, the desires of countless millions of things that had lived and died, love idolatrous, and flaming, knowing no law but one unto itself. Love a world in which time and space were forgot in the voluptuous ecstasy that smothered thought and remembrance, making all subservient to the gratification of its supreme longing. Enchantment had captured Mary and held her a willing prisoner. The last strains of the ardent music finished in a chord whose throbbing intensity found response in every fibre of her being.

The master of the music came to her and like one in a dream she wandered with him through the moonlight. He spoke of many things, his speech, like his music, clothing every thought in poetry. He conjured with a voice whose sound, like the taste of the lotus, lulled conscience into forgetfulness. Mary scarcely noticed that she was held close in the tempters arms, that his lips were approaching closer and closer to hers. She did not seem conscious that the old arbor into which they had come was familiar, but entranced, by the magic of the moment, was sinking lower into the snare when a sound clove the silken web and it seemed to slip from her. The sound, of a bell that spoke of purity, and of duty and that awoke the sturdy Scotch virtues that had lain stricken with the paralysis of despair. To many who heard the bell it meant only the call to the regular weekly prayer meeting, but to Mary it was the voice of her ancestral heritage speaking in terms of unmeasured reproach. This stern uprightness would not be conquered even by the spell of a matchless art. She had risen at the sound and it seemed to the man that she grew very tall, and still and white.

"Leave me," she commanded, and he slunk from her presence into the night.