

Standing thus, looking thus, reflecting thus, John heard a soft step upon the pulpit stair. It was Bessie, who had lingered in appreciative silence, the faithful, indulgent companion of her lover's mood. As she approached, the rapt man swung out his arm to enfold her, and they stood together, both leaning upon the pulpit.

"To-night one ministry has ended," John said presently; "to-morrow another shall begin."

"And it will be a better ministry," breathed Bessie softly, "because there are two of us."

*"And they twain shall become one flesh."*

THE END