

She tried to release her hands, but the grip of his thin fingers resisted her efforts.

"Katherine, you know you are as far from me as the stars in the heavens. You know what I am."

He gave a little shudder, almost of physical repulsion, at his imperfection of form.

She interrupted him. "I know only that you are of all men, to me, the most wonderful. I know the jewel of your heart, of your character, of your life."

"You are not playing with me?" he asked.

"Playing? Do you think I could?"

"No, but it means so much to me. I have striven to put it from me all these years. I had planned to give you up to some one else worthier than I, worthy almost of you."

"Hush!" She released her hands, and instead laid one on his arm, and so led him to the parapet, on which she had been leaning when he came.

"Let us not think of the past," she suggested.

"We have the present and the future."

"Together?" he whispered, bending his head close to hers, so that he might read her thoughts in her soul.

"Yes, together, if you will it so, my love," and as she said it he knew that this was