

such happiness as that is wrong or selfish. She knows better."

"I suppose I do," answered Damaris, drawing a long breath. "I will take it as God's best gift to me, and thank Him for it. I think He will help us to use it as all His gifts should be used—to His honour and glory."

Giles was silent for a moment, and then he said softly and gravely:

"I think He will, my precious one—nay, I am sure He will. The cloud has lifted from your life, my brave sweet wife. And you need not be afraid of the happiness which has taken its place. Had you not borne the time of trial so bravely, this present sunshine would hardly have shone so brightly."

She looked up quickly, smilingly, at him.

"I like to be praised by *you*, Giles—it is very sweet; but I do not think I deserve it. I did not do anything to be praised for. It was natural to all of us to do what we could because we loved each other."

"Exactly. Love was the motive power which ruled your home. And I trust that love will be the motive power of all our lives, Damaris—love to God and love to man. We are going back presently to the old home, and we will rule it after the old fashion. It shall be a happy home for