

than that, Jerry," she remarked to me as we went into the vestry to sign the register and pay queer fees for the outrage on our feelings.

"Borrow would have been the man to do it," I answered. "He'd have put some mystery and some fresh air into it."

"Do you think so?" asked Ursula. "I don't know much about Borrow. Say some."

*"There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"*

"How beautiful!" cried Ursula. "Did Borrow write that? Then, of course, he would have been the man."

"The man for what?" enquired the parson.

"The man to write a marriage service," said Ursula. "It has not been satisfactorily accomplished yet."

The parson pursed his lips. Of course he pursed his lips. How was it possible that he should understand the likes of us?

"All the same you *ought* to understand," remarked Ursula. "You understand Brahms and lots of subtle things."

He looked at her with a narrow eye. Up to a point he followed her but beyond that point she was remote.