



She drew a quick breath.

"I can't bear it that you have suffered!" she cried passionately. "Owen, that was the day that told me. I was finding you then."

The beautiful light deepened in his eyes.

"You are God's Christmas gift to me, Marjorie," he answered her, very low. "And 'God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.'"

He drew her back a moment to see the radiant star above the chancel window, and then they passed out together into the evening light.

"You will come home with me?" she asked as she stood on the step outside, watching the snowflakes sift down on his broad shoulders while he locked the door.

He turned quickly—there was no one in sight—and caught her hand to his lips.

"Yes. But some day soon, you will come Home with me."

The earth and all the inhabitants thereof were forgotten as they went up the street together to Mrs. Fitzgerald's. It was a heaven for two to-night. And so they did not see a sharp little face pressed to the window of a white cottage which they passed on their way, nor dream that two shining blue eyes watched them disappear into the snowy dusk.

"I couldn't believe Ma when she said someone who looked awfully like Miss Hunt had gone by a while ago—but it is she—it is she!" exultantly. "It will be a Merry Christmas, after all, tomorrow."

And then, reflectively, "I guess she knew in her heart he needed a Christmas Robin, and that I wasn't good enough to be one—so she came."

And as Jane would have liked the last word, suppose we let her have it?

THE END.

