

of glass and could see each other's truth through the windows of our eyes. I felt my distrust of you was a shame in me, and yet, how could I do otherwise, when — when — there was so much —" again she hid her face from his, where he loved to have it hidden — where he had so longed to hold her — where he felt she belonged.

"Tell me all about it, Joyful, from the very beginning."

So she told him all the story of those two years, beginning with the hour when he had found her, and she had poured out her heart to him in her terrible need.

"And why did you leave my aunt? Why did n't you give me a chance there to speak for myself?"

"Because of something in myself. I could not hate you — I had tried. I did not dream you really loved me; how could I? And even if I had, I would still have feared you, for something within me kept drawing me to think of you; and when I was alone, or in the dark, I seemed to feel you near me, as you were that time you found me and helped me. I thought I was wicked not to be able to hate you — but I could not."

"I thank God for it," he said. Ah, the sweet confession! What more could he ask for his two years of anxious waiting? He lifted her face to his. "Don't say any more, sweet — all the terrible past is ended, and heaven is opened for you and me."