

It was long after, how long may not be told, for God would let no angel mark the time; but the dark still was brooding, and the trees whispering still, when he said: "To-morrow, Janet—all the years have made us ready—yet not to-morrow, for it is to-day—to-day, please God."

She came closer, closer to him still, for hers had been an unsheltered life, and the warmth was strangely sweet.

"Let us go to the spring, dear heart. Let us be children again." Together they went on, these pilgrims of the night. While they were going the day began to break. "The night is far spent," he heard her whisper joyously.

They knelt together, nor thought it strange—for the youthful heart of love was theirs again; and they drank from the unsleeping spring, smiling back at them as their lips kissed its face together. The same spring, the same lips—but purer both!

And as they stooped, two faces from the bosom of the water rose again to meet them. Each of the lovers saw but one, for each saw the other's face. And lo! each was the face of happy youth, the light of love within its eyes, unchanged by years, except for a graver innocence. But each saw the face that had looked up and smiled in the years so long gone by.

The scientist and the philosopher and the deeply learned in Nature's laws will read of this with