

But since that night, dear girl, the night in the garden, my soul has lain in the shadow. Is the shadow to be lifted, dear? For I love you, have loved you from the beginning! And you—your answer. What shall it be, Renee? Now and irrevocably."

Her head was turned from me; she stood with downcast eyes, silent. I grasped her hands, drawing her close. Slowly her face, lovely as a flower, radiantly pure and sweet in the moonlight, was raised to mine. A divine world unfolded in her shadowed eyes, a world of promise and of peace, of love and the life of the field of life. Then—

"The end," she whispered, it was all. But it merged the white grace of land and sea with the glory of the stars; it attuned a rolling world to the world's exultant strain that can sound but once; it bound us, heart and soul, through the day of life and under the inspiring glow of the setting sun and the ever-watching face of the thrilling portent that the world was God's eternity, stretching illimitably beyond the world! So, heart to heart, we faced the future that smiled like a garden gemmed with beaded dew, radiant with bloom. The moment than which there is nothing like again in the round old world was ours; the moment, which, though so soon gone, was to leave behind it enough of the grace of its fleeting exaltation to sweeten all the after years. The after years! To whom do they not bring the memories of such a moment, with the wistful swelling of the heart that throbs more quickly, as with a remembered strain of sweetest music, and dim the eyes with tears!

After a little I asked her low, "But how came you to care for me, Renee? I had not dreamed of it."

"I have cared long, Gilbert," she answered, "but