

Her eyes and throat had ached with unshed tears all the morning, but at this moment a look that thrilled the most frivolous girl who saw it, had come into her face,—not of simple happiness, rather of wonder and fearless trust, to which love had lifted the nature above the level of mere experience. Old people whispered that she was like all her race just then, for glints of ancestral expression and feature came and went amid the young outlines of her face, or seemed to come and go, as they often do to the eyes of the beholders at vivid moments in another's life. Perhaps thus kind ghosts come back and mingle with our friends. All held their breath to see her,—all but one, who feeling ashes round his heart, shut his eyes close, and seemed to be alone there amidst the throng.

Onward Barbara went, lifting her head once to look at father, mother, brother, sister, about her like a guard. Then Alden took her hand, and they stood together before the old clergyman who had known them all their lives.