



"The days have been very lonely," he said; but not sadly. In the glorified present it was as though they had never been. He had already forgotten their long bitterness.

He drew her into his arms, and looked at her hungrily for a moment; and then reverently he kissed her, for this was a holy place, and all around was holy ground. But their love was holy, too. They knew this in that moment's glorious foretaste, as they stood, heart-close, together.

All around the vestry walls hung pictures of wise-eyed prelates who had gone to their reward; but in the gathering dusk the stern eyes of bishops and of priests grew soft as they looked down, not unkindly, upon the two bent heads.

And again Marjorie returned his kiss—this time, with interest. She had known the longing of one who had waited to be sure.

But presently she drew away from him, searching his face anxiously.

"Tell me, Owen—" she said—

His name was so sweet to him that she had hard work to hold him off.

"Tell me," she repeated sternly, "what was the matter with you last Sunday morning. There was something."

He said wonderingly, after a pause, "How did you know about it?"

"I felt it. I felt your unhappiness—and it made me wretched. At first I did not understand, but each day since, I have grown more and more anxious, until," she laughed, "I ran away to you to find out. Tell me!"

Her hands came up to his, to emphasize her claim to know all that concerned him.

"Dear, I wanted you so much," he said then. "I was not well—I could hardly get through the service. Your face seemed before me all the time, yet you yourself were slipping farther from me than ever before. I was wretchedly unhappy—and alone."

