

how to be really happy, and yet they laugh a great deal. All the time I have longed so for this sweet place. It has seemed the only safe place in all the earth, and now, when I have come back to it, you —" she stopped speaking, and leaned toward him a long moment, with parted lips and heightened color, still gazing in his eyes, which glowed on hers through tears. Suddenly she placed her two hands on his breast and her face drew nearer his.

"Mr. Thorn," she said in a low voice, "I do not believe it, I cannot. You are true, you are good. You could not sit here and look at me like that, with such wickedness in your heart — I know it — I feel it here — in your heart I feel it, and in mine."

Then he caught her to his breast, and she rested there, sobbing. It was over — the sorrow and the fear. The delicious moment came to him for which he could have given his life, the reward of his waiting love. She clung to him. She would not lift her head nor look in his eyes again, and when he tried to tell her all and explain away her doubts, she would not listen to him.

"I can't have you tell me. I would rather trust you without being told. It is sweet to be able to trust in this way, just as we trust God. He does n't tell us everything, only leads us, and we find things come right."

"Joyful," Mark said in wonder, "why did you change so suddenly, before I had a chance to make even one little explanation?"

She tossed back the hair he had disheveled and looked at him through tear-dimmed lashes. "Because all at once it seemed as if your soul was crying out to mine and telling me the truth. All at once, Mark, as if we were both made