

and their eyes rested for a moment upon the doorway of the little chapel, about which the purple bougainvillea clustered. There, in that chapel, they had been made man and wife; and the thought, somehow, was more sweet, more thrilling to them now even than it had been before. A hundred birds were singing in the trees, and high up in the deep-hued sky above them the desert lark trilled out his morning hymn to the sun. In the scented air the bees hummed as they passed from flower to flower; and the touch of the cool north wind made music in the rustling palm leaves.

"Do you know," said Robin to his uncle, when they were alone together, "I have the feeling that Madeline and I belong to the desert. She was always a child of the sun. Oh, why did I ever take her to England?"

Father Gregory looked at him gravely. "I don't think you can be said to have taken her there," he answered. "I think the Master called her."

It was cool in the airy white-walled chamber which Father Gregory had assigned to them, and through the open windows the breeze passed into the room, bringing to their ears the drowsy creaking of the waterwheel at a well among the distant palm groves, and the piping of the goatherd who sat lazily under the trees. Here all was peace and sweet contentment, and the slums of England seemed but the vision of a nightmare from which they had awakened. Here the everlasting vigilance and stress and agitation of Western life was hushed into the quiet drone of the East, and the mighty sun poured down its wondrous gift of peace upon all things. Here to-morrow was as good as to-day, and for all men's business there was time and to spare. That which was amiss would in its due season be righted, and that which was ill-seeming to the mind would presently be shaped anew.