

"And as He Love He Bears Singing"

enough if I let him love me—but I never knew it was better to love than to be loved, to serve than to be served." She looked into his face with piteous eyes, and said, in a low, frightened voice, "Thurston, take my two hands—hold them fast—while I step down from my throne—and then, when we stand together, side by side, I can whisper in your ear—I never could up there—that I love you."

"Indiana, for God's sake, don't play with me again!" he cried, passionately.

She drew his head down to her and kissed him. "Thurston, husband," she murmured, in a low, wondering voice, "I love you better than myself."

"Indiana!" He pressed her to his heart, with the feeling that they were on holy ground, then standing at the altar, and the sacred seal had just been set to their union.

Indiana raised her head, the tears