

AT THE TIME APPOINTED

sound caused the singer to turn, facing him, and their eyes met. That was enough; in that one glance the memory of his love returned to him like an overwhelming flood. She was no longer his Dream-Love, but a splendid, living reality, only more beautiful than his dreams or his imagination had portrayed her.

He stretched out his arms towards her with the one word, "Kathie!"

She had already risen, a great, unspeakable joy illuminating her face, but at the sound of that name, vibrating with the pent-up emotion, the concentrated love of all the years of their separation, she came swiftly forward, her bosom palpitating, her eyes shining with the love called forth by his cry. He stepped through the low window, within the room. In an instant his arms were clasped about her, and, holding her close to his breast, his dark eyes told her more eloquently than words of his heart's hunger for her, while in her eyes and in the blushes running riot in her cheeks he read his welcome.

He kissed her hair and brow, with a sort of reverence; then, hearing voices in the corridor and rooms adjoining, he seized a light wrap from a chair near by and threw it about her shoulders.

"Come outside, sweetheart," he whispered, and drawing her arm within his own led her out onto the veranda and down the path along which he had just come. In the first transport of their joy they were silent, each almost fearing to break the spell which seemed laid upon them. The moon had risen, transforming the sombre scene to one of beauty, but to them Love's radiance had suddenly made the world inexpressibly fair; the very flowers as they passed breathed perfume like incense in their path, and the trees whispered benedictions upon them.