

the wonderful colour poured itself over her face. Brown, at the sight, bent his head upon her hand, and she put her other hand upon his heavy hair and gently caressed it. When he lifted his head his eyes were wet.

“Oh, but I don't deserve that,” he murmured brokenly, and put up his arms and drew her down to him. Soon he spoke with solemnity.

“Darling, you are not making this great sacrifice wholly for me? You love—the One I try to serve? You will be glad to serve Him, too, with me?”

“Yes, Donald. But I love Him, I think, through you. I hope to reach your heights some day, but you will have to lead me there.”

They remembered Mrs. Brainard at last, and they remembered that Helena, also, had had nothing at all to eat since the hour for afternoon tea. Brown flung open the door into his living-room, his face aglow, and stood laughing at the sight of Mrs. Brainard's posture in his red rock-