

"Oh, fie, Gerry," replied Liliás. She tried to turn away, but Carr went up to her gravely, and he kissed her brow.

"There's nothing in it," he continued, looking round at the astonished little girls. "We are going to be husband and wife in a week or two, and husbands and wives always kiss one another."

"Then I was right," said Betty. "Joan and Rosie wouldn't believe me, but I was right after all. I am glad of that."

"I believed you, Betty. I always believed you," said Violet.

"Well, perhaps you did. The others didn't. I'm glad I was right."

"How were you right, Betty?" asked Carr.

"Oh, don't ask her, Adrian. Let us come into the house," interrupted Liliás.

"Yes, we'll come into the house, of course. But I should like to know how Betty was right."

"Why you wanted to kiss her years ago. I knew it, and I said it. Didn't you, now?"

"Speak the trufe," suddenly commanded Gerry.

"Yes, I did," replied Carr.

When Adrian Carr left the rectory that evening he had to walk down the dusty road which led straight past the church and the little village school-house to the railway station. This road was full of associations to him, and he walked slowly, thinking of past scenes, thanking God for his present blessings.

"It was here, by the turnstile, I first saw Liliás," he said to himself. "She and Marjory were standing together, and she came forward and looked at me, and asked me in that sweet voice of hers if I were not Mr. Carr. She reminded me of her brother, whom I just barely knew. It was a fleeting likeness, seen more at first than afterwards."