

Michael Blake stealthily followed her, his heart in wild tumult again. Her pace was swift and he found it difficult to keep the path. But again he saw the flutter of white before him, and he knew that it was Janet, none other, the same whom he had held so close in other days. He ran a little, panting as he ran, his thirst a torment now—for the chase was of the soul. He is not far from her.

"Janet," he cried.

She stopped and stood still, as a deer stops when it hears the hunter's voice.

He was closer now, and again he cried: "Janet, oh, Janet, wait for me."

Her pitcher was thrown upon the sward and she came back a little way, eye and heart and bosom calling to each other through the storm.

"Wha's callin' me?" she cried, her voice bleating like a lamb's.

"Oh, Janet, you know who's calling you—I have called you long," and holy passion burned in the voice that spoke, leaped from the face that came closer, still closer, to her own.

The white figure swayed in the darkness. Then the night glowed about her like the noon, and the strong arms held her close, and time and sorrow and God all gave her up ungrudgingly to the bliss they had planned together; for in secret had they bedecked her as a bride adorned for her husband.

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