

your feet and will face again the danger and the sacrifice that may still wait for us at home? Think, think—oh brave little heart, think, and give me strength, for I am like a sponge that drinks in all that your great love gives me. How can I take what every sign tells me is perilous—yes, how can I turn away from what my whole body and soul are crying out to have—every fibre in me demanding?

She laughed softly. "'Are you afraid to trust love now that it is our own at last?'" she reminded him. "You may as well surrender, because you know that if you refuse I shall yet find a way to recross the channel and to walk barefoot, if need be, to stand with you. What other home in all the world does a man's wife have, save her place in his heart?"

His voice was like a cry of triumph as it rang through the little vessel, and at the summons men came running. He told them in simple words what he proposed to do, and after that second of incredulity, their shout went up to the very stars.

Then, silently, quietly, they waited, and stood bareheaded, that little knot of rough men, with Louis and Susanne, while the *curé* read the short service.

When it was over the *curé* turned a shining face backward across the waters. "God is so good," he said. "Who can understand the way of the Most High?"

In the east the dawn unfolded its colors, tenderly glowing as love itself, and quietly they dispersed, each to his task, until only the two were left alone with that shining light growing above the rim of the waters. The woman looked up with a great trustfulness into the face of the man, and in the silence and the great calm a new day was born.