

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SEVENTH HEAVEN

THEY were married in the early morning at the little old church that had nestled for centuries among its trees in the village on the cliff. The absolute simplicity of the service deprived it of all terrors for Dinah. Standing with Scott in the glow of sunlight that smote full upon them through the mellow east window, she could not feel afraid. The whole world was so bright, so full of joy.

"Do you think Isabel can see us now?" she whispered to him, as they rose together from kneeling before the altar.

He did not answer her in words, but his pale eyes were shining with that steadfast light of the spirit which she had come to know. She wished she could have knelt there by his side a little longer. They seemed to be so near to the Gates of Heaven.

But they were not alone, and they could not linger. Sir Eustace, who had given her away, Bidy, who had tenderly supported her, the nurse, who carried the fragrant bouquet of honeysuckle—the bond of love—which she had herself gathered for the bride, all were waiting to draw them back to earth again; and with Scott's hand clasping hers she turned regretfully and left the holy place.

Later, when Sir Eustace kissed her with the careless observation that he always kissed a bride, she had a moment of burning shyness, and she would gladly have hidden her face. But Scott did not kiss her. He had not offered to do so since that wonderful moment when he had first held her against his heart. He had not attempted to make love to her, and she had not felt the need of it. Grave and practical, he had laid his plans before her, and with the supreme confidence that he had always inspired in her she had agreed to all.

At his desire she had refrained from entering Isabel's