

*The Feast of St. John Baptist*

ly. "Yet haven't I wooed you already — as well in my quarrel as in my homage, in our strife as in the end of it?"

"I think so, yes. Yet suffer me a little still."

"If you doubt —" he cried.

"I don't think I doubt. I linger." She gave her hand into his. "It's strange, but I cannot doubt."

Lynborough sank again upon his knee and paid his homage. As he rose, she bent ever so slightly toward him; delicately he kissed her cheek.

"I pray you," she whispered, "use gently what you took with that."

"Here's a heart to my heart, and a spirit to my spirit — and a glad venture to us both!"

"Come on to the lawn now, but tell them nothing."