

## CHAPTER XXXI

### JOY COMES TO CHAPEL

SHE caught the reflection of herself in one of the long, old-fashioned mirrors, and for the moment she resented her superabundant health and beauty.

His weakness, his helplessness, after all, were of service at this moment. If he had been stronger, more self-sufficing, and he had put barriers between them, what could she have done?

He opened his eyes and saw her standing there, and a sudden colour came to his thin cheeks. Before he could speak she had knelt down beside him and drawn his head to her breast.

"Godfrey!" she said. "Godfrey! Oh! my Godfrey! how pale you are. But you have come home to me; and it is enough to have you safe."

His eyes flamed as he drew her to him with the uninjured arm, and held her for a few minutes in a close embrace, his lips upon hers. Then he put her away from him gently.

"You took me by surprise," he said, looking away from her. "I did not know you were here. My mother should have told me. Maeve, Maeve, don't you know that all must be at an end between us?"

She only came closer to him, looking up in his face with no shyness, but eyes as passionate as his own."

"You cannot put me away from you now," she said,