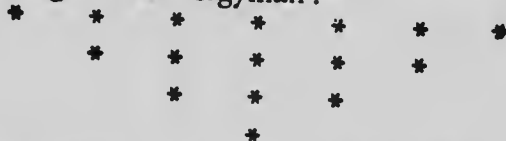


the garden,—and with the pretty blue-eyed little creature clinging to her hand, she came back again sedately, with all her own winsome and fairy-like stateliness to thank them for their good wishes.

"They mean it so well, John!" she said afterwards, when the youngsters, still laughing and cheering, had gone away with their crowned symbol of the dawning spring—"and they love you so much! I never knew of any man that was loved so much by so many people in one little place as you are, John! And to be loved by all the children is a great thing;—I think—of course I cannot be quite sure—but I think it is an exceptional thing—for a clergyman!"



With rose-crowned June, the rose-window in the church of St. Rest was filled in and completed. Maryllia had found all the remaining ancient stained glass that had been needed to give the finishing touch to its beauty, and the loveliest deep gem-like hues shone through the carven apertures like rare jewels in a perfect setting. The rays of light filtering through them were wonderful and mystical,—such as might fall from the pausing wings of some great ministering angel,—and under the blaze of splendid colour, the white sarcophagus with its unknown 'Saint' asleep, lay steeped in soft folds of crimson and azure, gold and amethyst, while even the hollow notches in the sculptured word 'Resurget' seemed filled with delicate tints like those painted by old-world monks on treasured missals. And presently one morning came,—warm with the breath of summer, sunny and beautiful,—when the window was solemnly re-consecrated by Bishop Brent at ten o'clock,—a consecration followed by the loud and joyous ringing of the bells, and a further sacred ceremony,—the solemnisation of matrimony between John Walden and Maryllia Vancourt. All the village swarmed out like a hive of bees from their honey-cells to see their 'Passon' married. Hundreds of