

book, a familiar gesture of her small hand or a familiar poise of her small head thrilled him like a stab of delicious pain. She was so beautiful, so brave, with an air of such heavenly serenity! For a long time he stood, hardly breathing, his every fibre quick with yearning tenderness. Then, because he could not help himself, he stepped across the threshold, standing with bared head.

"Dorothy, Dorothy!" he cried.

With a startled, inarticulate cry she half arose from her chair, then sank back again white as death, her hands pressed to her breast, her lips parted, waiting while he came slowly up the aisle and stood before her, his passionate, hot eyes holding hers, that were full of wonder and fright.

"I have come," he said simply. She did not answer or move; she seemed hardly to live, save in the dark depths of her eyes. Slowly he drew nearer, standing at her side, towering above her.

"I have come," he said again. "I