

Felicity

wouldn't do, I guess, for us to have so much happiness, such perfect companionship, and mock the lonely world. It is a lonely world! Nearly everybody in it has an intolerable heart-hunger and I suppose it's good to be hungry with them, sometimes—they won't have our ministry unless we are. I think I can see, dear, why—why things are as they are with you and me—one keeps one's fellowship with the world, so—and one must do that! Love dies when we deny other claims than its own; we'll deserve better for our love, we'll be true to our work. Oh, give me courage to believe this, darling—courage to go on!"

The little clock, inevitable belonging of her dressing-case, chimed seven and startled them from their firelight communion.

"You haven't had your dinner!" said Morton, self-reproachfully.

"But I've had the most beautiful honeymoon that ever was in all the world," she murmured, standing up and reaching up her arms to wind them 'round his neck, "and now, I'll try to make other folks a little richer for my happiness."

THE END