

THE LOVE OF AZALEA

"Yaes," she said in the lowest, the faintest of voices, "I am convert—Chlistian!"

He seized both her hands, and held them warmly in his own.

"Come into my house, my child," he said. "Let us talk it over."

Her hands fluttered in his, then she suddenly withdrew them. They slipped back into her sleeves. She stood uncertainly before him, hesitating to pass through the gate he had opened for her.

"Come!" he urged gently.