

and Christina, who was lingering that Gavin might come to her, saw that he was trying vainly to open it with one hand, his stick held under what remained of his poor left arm. She forgot all her shyness and hesitancy at the sight, forgot everything but that Gavin needed help, and ran swiftly to him, down the green woodland way.

She took the heavy gate in her strong, brown hands and pushed it back.

"Oh, Gavin," she cried radiantly, "I will help you with your other hand, won't I?"

Even Gavin's unready tongue could not miss this great opportunity, "Yes, you will be everything to me for the whole life, Christine," he murmured.

The heavy gate between them was open at last. It had been a long, hard climb, up their separate hills of suffering and self-sacrifice, but they had come up steadily and bravely. And now they met, and stood hand in hand on the rosy hill-top.

THE END