

‘Yes.’

‘Then we are both going the same way,’ said Denis lightly. ‘Winifred has not said me nay, Gilbert.’

‘I did not think she would. God bless you both!’

They had reached the Rectory Lane, and a little way along its leafy shade they paused, and, leaning on the low wall, looked over into the churchyard.

‘We have been strangely led since we were so familiar with this place, Gilbert,’ said Denis, looking round. ‘Many a time have I come down this lane with an awful bitterness in my heart. I am overwhelmed when I think of the mercy the Lord has vouchsafed to me. At this moment I cannot honestly say I have a single care.’

‘You have not been without them in the past. What a future is before you and your sweet wife! She will be a true helpmeet to you, Denis.’

‘She will; but, Gilbert, she has given up a great deal for me. When she becomes my wife not only Scaris Dene, but her late husband’s means, will pass from her. I am glad that it is so. I could not bear that she should spend anything of his; but it is a sacrifice few women would make without the slightest hesitation, as she has done. It but makes my debt the greater.’

‘Don’t brood upon it. Love is nothing without sacrifice; it is its crown. And what is she giving up in comparison with what she is gaining? The mere things of this world will never satisfy the need of a human heart. And, besides, some day you will be able to give her a great position.