

his neck and a resounding kiss on his cheek. When he could disengage himself he was looking into the laughing face of Alice Goode.

"That's a horse to me," she exclaimed, gleefully. "I knew it was now or never. In fifteen minutes you'll be tagged and labelled, and I never trespass on other people's property. But until the 'Keep off' sign is up I don't mind stamping around on the lawn a little."

"There'll always be a corner in the lawn for you, Alice," he said earnestly.

"More likely in the root garden," she sallied. "But hist——"—this with her finger to her lips—"the great moment is at hand." She led him softly to the parlour door, and as it swung open to her touch his eyes fell on that wonderful face which he had seen in every dawn and every sunset, every shadow and every sunbeam, since that glorious day, ages ago, when their mirrored images had blended in the glassy water at their feet. With a spirit flooded with humility and tenderness he stepped into the presence that to him was nothing less than sacred.

And Alice Goode gently closed the door and tip-toed down the hall.