

All this he thought, but never a word he said. Then the church clock struck and the clashing bells began. They shook the air, the earth, the ancient stones, the very nests upon the trees, and sent the rooks flying black as ink against the yellow buttercups in the meadow.

"We must go, in a few minutes," said Robinette. "Oh, will you pull me some of those white roses up there?"

Lavendar swung himself up and drawing down a bunch he pulled off two white buds.

"Will you take them?" he asked, holding them out to her. Then suddenly he said, very low and very humbly, "Oh, take me too; take me, Robinette, though no man was ever so unworthy!"

Robinette laid the roses on the wall beside her.

"For my part," she said, turning to Lavendar with a little laugh that was half a sob; "for my part, I like giving better than taking!" She put both her hands in his and