

AT THE TIME APPOINTED

seriousness, "what will always remain to me the noblest, most heroic act of your life?"

"Most assuredly I do," he answered, her own gravity checking the laughing reply which rose to his lips.

"The fight you made and won alone in the mountains the day that you renounced our love for honor's sake. I can see now that the stand you took and maintained so nobly formed the turning-point in both our lives. I did not look at it then as you did. I would have married you then and there and gone with you to the ends of the earth rather than sacrifice your love, but you upheld my honor with your own. You fought against heavy odds, and won, and to me no other victory will compare with it, since—

"greater they who on life's battle-field
With unseen foes and fierce temptations fight."

Darrell silently drew her nearer himself, feeling that even in this foretaste of joy he had received ample compensation for the past.

A few days later there was a quiet wedding at the Springs. The beautiful church on the mountain-side had been decorated for the occasion, and at an early hour, while yet the robins were singing their matins, the little wedding-party gathered about the altar where John Darrell Britton and Kate Underwood plighted their troth for life. Above the jubilant bird-songs, above the low, subdued tones of the organ, the words of the grand old marriage service rang out with impressiveness.

Besides the rector and his wife, there were present only Mr. Underwood, Mrs. Dean, and Mr. Britton. It had been Kate's wish, with which Darrell had gladly coincided, thus to be quietly married, surrounded only by their immediate relatives.