

bush as He did to Moses of olden time, that of all things pure and holy under the great blue heavens nothing is more holy than the first kiss of a man and maid who know that each have been given to the other by the great God.

All the years of fighting and carnage, all the long days of weary wandering were forgotten. Nothing else was needed. I had tried to follow the gleam of God in the darkness, and yet she loved me. All misunderstandings, all hatred and bitterness, were cast behind us. Nay, they did not exist at all, for Rosiland knelt by my side, and her lips were pressed to mine.

The wonder of it all! Long years have passed since then, but even yet it remains. Who was I to deserve such happiness? What had I done that God should so smile on me? In what way was I worthy that Rosiland should come all the way from Cornwall to that lonely cottage near the Naseby battlefield and with one look drive away all the clouds that hung in the sky of my life? I could not answer then, neither can I answer it now. But I did not dream of what she would tell me presently, or how in spite of what she said about her own unworthiness I learnt that she loved me all the time—ay, even although from a sense of duty she fought against

It came out little by little, and every revelation was only to increase my happiness.

"Tell me," I asked presently, "how you found me

"Oh, I have been near you for more than a year nearer than you think. Oh, you have been blind, Roderick, blind!"

This she said banteringly, even as she had often spoken to me in the old days.