

her hand with a quick little gesture to her husband, 'Isn't it just lovely, Jack?'

'Ripping,' was Jack's answer; and then they sat down together on the old oak settle. No one had heard them, and for the moment they were absolutely alone. A soft sigh rose to Christian's lips as she looked round her at the wide staircase and old grandfather's clock and the deers' antlers over the high, carved mantelpiece. What a dear place! How was she ever to tear herself away when their marching orders came?

Then Jack, who could read her face like a book, put his hand on her shoulder. 'It is hard lines, isn't it, Chriss? That comes of marrying a soldier; but we shan't have to leave it for a year.'

'No, Jack; of course I know that,' and Christian coloured as though she were ashamed of her momentary regret. 'A year is such a long time; and then we shall always have a dear home ready for us on our return.'

'You are sure you don't mind going to India?' and Jack looked at her a little anxiously. Then Christian's beaming smile was a sufficient answer.

'Mind, with you!' she whispered; and then she turned and kissed the hand that still rested on her shoulder. 'Oh, Jack, I am so thankful and happy! We have had our Passage Perilous; but I have you safe now—and dear Chesterton shall be our Port Pleasant when our work is finished and we come home to rest.'

And Jack's amen echoed his wife's words.

THE END