

garden, and the sky was flushed with the warm opalescence of the dawn.

For a while he walked slowly to and fro in the coolness of the morning, breathing the fragrance of the flowers and listening to the gentle miscellany of the birds; and as the languor of the night passed from his limbs, his heart began to expand to the coming delight of the day. Presently he heard a footstep upon the path behind him, and turning round, he was greeted by his uncle.

"You're up early, Uncle Francis," said Robin.

"I was up before you, my boy," Father Gregory replied. "I have been in the chapel."

Together they strolled through the archway into the outer courtyard and sat themselves down beside the well, under the spreading foliage of the tamarisks. Their conversation turned at once to the subject that was uppermost in Father Gregory's mind; and, as they sat watching the increasing brilliance of the day, they talked freely of Madeline and of the cause to which she had dedicated herself during those months in London.

"She is always so full of the power of enjoyment," said Robin, "so full of the ability to laugh and be happy. I can never quite understand why she took things so seriously. It's like a dream from which she has awakened."

"Perhaps," Father Gregory answered, "she was a sort of messenger, and her letters had to be delivered."

"I can't think that, exactly," said Robin. "One can hardly imagine Almighty God, to whom all ways are open, intervening in that way."

"He chooses many instruments," his uncle replied. "His ways are inscrutable."

"I can imagine some great convulsion being the instrument of God's purpose; but . . ." He paused.