

the air in lieu of bells, and the vicar in Christ smiled his benediction upon two children of the world made one by his good offices. And the vicar concealed somewhere in the folds of his cassock, and somewhat furtively, an old shoe.

"I have no fear for you dear people," he said. "Your union, I feel sure, will be blessed of God, and my prayers will be made for your peace. You must come and see me sometimes. Will you?"

We gave him our promises as we shook hands with him and Ursula thanked him affectionately for all he had done.

"You will always be a splendid memory," she said.

Then the wheels slid along the road, and the vicar's old shoe plopped well aimed and securely into the car with its last little message of friendly intent as we took the long hill.

Ursula leaned against me with a contented little sigh. "Stop when we reach that big tree," she said, pointing to the horizon. "The view from there will be beautiful."

The daylight blazed in our eyes. The gradient led us East, due East towards the sun. From the summit of the hill we saw the valley below us shimmering through the haze, its secrets as yet unknown. Hand in hand we stood together