

'Tea ! tea !' he calls from the hollow that skirts the Vicarage grounds.

'Coming !' Guy answers.

But they loiter still.

They are inexpressibly loth to leave this charmed spot, where he first told his love, and which they have both remembered so well through the lagging unhappy years that have intervened.

This little green ridge has indeed been an oasis in the desert of their sundered lives.

The twilight is coming fast, a soft mellow flush tinges the western sky, a faint young moon hangs like a baby crescent in the azure dome above, and myriads of pale stars, clustering closely, peep at one another shyly.

The foliage rustles gently as if murmuring a welcome to the caress of the wanton wind, and other sound there is none, save from a topmost oak bough, where a cuckoo wails its plaintive note.

'Listen !' Nest whispers. 'One—two—three—four—five—six—Ah ! I cannot count them ! but they are all years and years of happiness for us, Guy, you know !' and the past, with its shadow of remorse and regret, falling away from her, she laughs her old sweet, merry child-like laugh, that peals out like silver bells on the silent night.

Guy looks up an instant at the bright spangled heavens. They seem literally to smile down upon him and her.

'God willing, my wife !'

He answers, with the gravity of deep happiness and infinite content in his voice.

The last faint glimmer of sunset falls on them as he takes her in his arms, close to his faithful heart ; and in the fragrant summer gloaming they forget all that has gone before, and living in the magic present, pass once more like happy children through the golden gate of Fancy into that fair enchanted land, where love dwells always as immortal, and where 'there's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's Young Dream !'

THE END.