

doubts and fears, the hope deferred, the renunciation, the long separation that they had endured. All, all, were coined into this single golden moment. In the overhanging branches of the elms did not the quiring birds trill out a new note of ecstasy?

The sorrow that Stephen and Judith had known they had no wish to forget. They could think of it tenderly and without tears, for themselves even without regret—as the dark root from which sprang the rose of their joy.

In Judith, Stephen beheld more than an ideal. An ideal, springing from self, has self's limitations. One day to the growing self it seems suddenly shrunken and narrow. It would not be thus with Judith. A nature like hers that unfolded slowly, flower-like, would afford ever a new graciousness, a fresh revelation.

There, in the tall tangled garden all gleaming with dew, he kissed her.

THE END