

what she had to say that once the end had come there would be nothing for her but to go. He stood up with her, honestly puzzled, saying that he had hoped there were still many things —

"It's not," said Anne, "that you would n't do them if I asked you, but as things are I shan't be asking."

"As things are —"

"As they are with me. You see . . . I love you."

"Anne! Anne . . ." Some delicate instinct in him, or was it fright, leaped to prevent her.

"I don't know," she said quietly, "when I have n't loved you. It is n't anything you have done. . . . I think sometimes it isn't anything you are. . . . There are times I don't approve of you. It's just something that is, and I don't want you to think of me as sorry about it . . . or be sorry for me . . ."

"Oh, Anne!" he could only say, "if I had known . . ." He was distressed beyond measure, he was ready, she could see, to go any length, take any step . . .

She made haste in the tenderness of her heart to release him.

"But I could n't let you know," she said, "until I was sure that you had found something for yourself that would help you to understand me."

"You know?" He looked at her in grateful wonder.

"What is there about you that I have n't always known?"

They looked at each other as if for the first time, and in a clear sincerity which made him for the moment more wholly hers than if their glance had been warmed by any more personal passion, such as in men like Frank Rickart must have always a taint of their baser natures.