

toes and a pair of grass shears fell unheeded to the ground. . . .

"Let's go and look at the garden; shall we?" asked Marty, hastily rising.

They passed through the gateway.

"Of course it isn't like the Pillars," she said; "but I love old-fashioned flowers."

"So do I," said Eric in the same low, almost tremulous voice; "better than any other flowers that grow."

They looked at each other, and something seemed to tell them both that they had come to an hour which would stay in their memories as long as they had breath of life.

"Marty," he whispered.

"Yes?"

"Do you know—dear child—that I love you?"

"Eric!"

He held out his arms and she found her place within them, knowing full well that