

"I saw you were not happy in the church," he said, as he took off his surplice and kissed the cross on his stole. "I thought you were aloof and untouched."

"I was," said Ursula frankly. "But I'm afraid you——"

"Ah, I am no psychologist," he remarked with a glance at me. "We black-coated gentry get into grooves, I daresay, and we don't see far beyond our noses."

"I'm not quarrelling with *you*," said Ursula gently. "You've been much too kind and I'm far too grateful for that."

"But I have my limitations," he said, with a little smile. "Have I not? But someone does understand you," he continued with another glance at me.

"He was created for that purpose," remarked Ursula.

I saw the parson lift his eyebrows. "That is not in the marriage service," he observed.

"No," said Ursula. "I wish it was."

He took the little thrust like a gentleman. He felt the prick, though he was not quite equal to such rapier play. He bowed, as if to say, "I bow myself back into my limitations."

A few moments later the throb of the car announced that the first chapter of our partnership had opened; the stored-up energy of petrol beat