

what you say to him Euphan, but make it strong, and as eloquent as you can.'

So I left her to finish her letter. She did not show it to me, nor did I ask to see it. But years after, on the verandah of an Indian bungalow, Alec Rutherford took that letter from his pocket-book and gave it to me to read, handling it tenderly and reverently as if it had been a sacred thing.

That was in the month of August, just after we had come back from our holiday in the North.

One night in October, as we sat together by our happy hearth, I reading to Euphan from the pages of the first book Wãrdrop had given to the world, there came a great loud ringing at the bell. We both looked at each other, expecting we knew not what, and somehow neither of us felt in the least surprised when Alec Rutherford walked in. I rose up and gripped him by the hand silently, but he turned from me to Euphan, and I shall never forget the look upon his face.

'May God bless you!' he said in that blunt, direct way which I remembered so well, and