

from the first. Believe me, I do not blame you, nor shall I in my thoughts of you bear malice or reproach. Now we may leave this subject, painful to us both. May I say before I go how glad I am that everything is right with you here? You believe now, I think, that this is your proper sphere, which you ought never to have left."

"Yes, I do believe it," was all she could say.

"Your father said something about your going abroad. Do you go soon?"

"Next week, I believe. Hannah is going, too, and she and Tom are to be married when we return in the spring."

"I am glad to hear that. Life seems fair and happy to you all now, Joyce; and I earnestly hope your future will be bright and glad and soul-satisfying. Good-bye." He held out his hand to her, and Joyce laid hers in it a moment.

"Don't think too hardly of me, nor forget me quite, Philip," she cried brokenly, moved beyond endurance or control.

"That is a promise easily given, Joyce. It might be a happier thing for me were forgetfulness possible," and, before she could say a word in reply, he had passed out of the room. As he went through the hall, the front door was open, and Ada