

train. Even her father thought it probable that she would marry some one in particular, if she married at all. The proposal that she should marry Jack was, on the whole, pleasing; but in his heart he thought she would marry a professor, perhaps an oldish member of the Royal Society. She knew a good deal of mathematics, and said that the calculus was more interesting than county conversation.

It seems probable that neither the old men, nor the old ladies, nor the young men knew anything whatever about her. The only people who really liked her were the young girls who were in love with Dick and Tom and Harry. It was only with them that she was at all youthful. When she had driven Dick into the arms of Amelia, Tom into the embraces of Selina, and Harry into church with Amy, she said the nicest things about them. The girls said she would never marry. It seems probable that they knew as much about her as the others, even when they hugged her and told her all about it.

The simple truth is, of course, tolerably simple. She had a character of her own. It is the most complex thing on earth.

"My dear Cecilia," said Sir John Bexley. He held both her hands and looked into her beautifully