

need of a lonely man. He hoped, too, that he could make her happier with him than she could ever be in the loneliness which would certainly be hers, and into his love for his old friend no doubt the sincerity of his human pity entered, for there is no questioning the validity of their kinship, and he desired not only to enjoy but, if he could, to console. That was all he had to offer her, but he kept nothing back : he was eager to give without reservation, and, if he was accepted, to take with a thankfulness into which no shadow of regret entered. His dream of the impossible had vanished in the pleasant quiet daylight. . . .

He found on arrival that Marion expected him, and he went up straight to her room without seeing Daisy to speak to, catching a glimpse of her outside under the May-tree. Marion had been made very smart for this unique occasion, with a red shawl round her shoulders, and a very bright blue coverlet on her bed.

" Well, this is an adventure," she said. " Fancy me receiving a gentleman in my bedroom. But I like it. I'm not shy."

Teddy instantly caught her note.

" Good gracious, it would be a miserable thing if you were shy of me after all these years," he said.

" Not such a fool. I wanted to see you. Last time, you know. Shan't see you again. Don't