

bids me bring her to you here and now. We are glad you came down to-day.'

His voice trembles in spite of himself. He cannot look on that sorrow-lined face without emotion. He can never forget the love that was. There has been no final parting; he has paid regular visits to the desolate woman abiding alone in London, and he has never gone but with his mother's blessing and approval.

The worn, hollow eyes are fixed with wistful earnestness on the sweet face of the young bride, and an unutterable satisfaction gathers in their depths.

'If I may be allowed, let me touch your hand,' she says, in a low voice. 'May God bless you. You have the smile and the eyes of the Lady Adelaide.'

Ella Westray puts aside the offered hand, and, laying her own on the drooping shoulders, kisses the face of Rosamond Vane.

THE END.

