

"I am afraid I have wasted your time after all," she said, as she placed her hand in his; "but I shall not bother you again. We move on downstream to-morrow. Thank you for being kind to me."

"Good-bye, my child," he answered. "If you happen ever to want a friend, you may write to me."

A faint smile played round her lips, but her eyes were grave, as, without another word, she turned her donkey away.

Father Gregory watched her as she galloped off into the gathering darkness, the donkey-boy, fleet of foot, running like an apparition behind her. Then he passed his hands across his eyes with a sigh and entered the house. He felt almost as though he had been dreaming.

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