

He felt her give a little start, but could not see her face.

"What shall I say to him?"

"Tell him," said Joyce, after a long silence, "tell him that both he and I must wait."

"How long?" Wyndham asked.

"Until I have proved myself. I am not fit to be any man's wife. Besides, there is you and mother. My life's devotion would be too little."

"Hush, child. We do not ask that. To see you Jack Ferrars' wife would take the sting completely from all that has been."

Joyce rose slowly to her feet.

"I thought he had forgotten—at least, that he thought no more of me in that way."

"Men of Jack's stamp do not put off and on their love so easily," said Wyndham, with a slight smile which was reflected on Joyce's lips as she stooped to bid him good-night.

"I am not worthy," she said, under her breath, as she slipped away. Kneeling by her window, looking out upon the trees shimmering in the sweet spring moonlight, that sense of unworthiness weighed heavily upon her soul. Folding her hands on the sill, she bowed her head upon them, and prayed in broken words, which a child might have used :