

have a way of returning. Those I did it for would not profit by it. They would not wait to profit. Except Cecile. What can money do for Cecile?—a delicate girl who has in her the seeds of the disease that killed her mother. My dear niece, I assure you I have not profited by my sin. If I had perhaps I might not have repented.”

The speech was jerked out from thin lips that had a strange look of bitterness upon them. There was unalterable pride in the speech and the manner; not the faintest suggestion of remorse, nor plea for forgiveness. Yet Freda felt the old resentment dying in her heart. All the griefs and the wrongs of her childhood seemed far away and done with. They counted little now against the joy that had come to her girlhood. One had only to look into the man's face to see that he had had no profit of his sin.

“I am not troubled with remorse,” he said again. “If it had only profited those for whom it was done I should think little of my own shame, my own dishonour, nor even of the trust I broke with the dead brother who loved me and whom I loved. But, as it is I have had nothing of it. Even Cecile—I can do nothing for Cecile but keep her with me a little while. Cecile will not mind very much that you take her place.”

Freda stood up impetuously and confronted Lord Grandison face to face.

“Do you think I want to hurt Cecile?” she asked. “Why I would not hurt Cecile for worlds. I love her