

"And his name?" cried Standish, imperiously seizing her cold, trembling hands.

"Is Paul," whispered Dorothy, as she gave her soft mouth to his and leant unresistingly against his breast, locked in a tender, loving embrace.

It is well that in this brief, troubled life of ours, moments of pure and unalloyed delight are given once or twice in its chequered course. They may be but short, yet they remain a blessed memory, in heart and mind, like a strain of heavenly music.

"Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break—you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

After a delightful interval spent in a rather disconnected and interjectional review of past experiences, doubts, fears, and mistakes, the lovers came partly down to earth. The influence of their old free happy companionship enabled them to speak with complete frankness.

To think of being always with you, never to be alone and adrift any more! It is wonderful!" murmured Dorothy.

"Wonderful and heavenly, Dorothy! Then, my darling, you will come with me at once? In this deep mourning our wedding needs no parade, no preparation, and we know each other so well."

"Yes; that is best of all. I will do whatever you think best. But Paul, dear Paul—what about the poor dear children? I must not part with them."

"Why should you? We will take them with us. C— may be very cold, but the climate is dry and healthy. We will take all possible care of them, and they will develop into energetic, vigorous young Scandinavians."

"Ah, had our dear Mabel and Herbert lived! How glad they would have been to see us united. If that cruel, dread—Randal Egerton—"

"Hush, dear Dorothy; do not think of him to-day. Put him out of your mind altogether. There is a Judge who knows the measure of his guilt, and can mete out punishment more just, more subtle, than any we could devise."

[THE END.]