

For an hour after dinner was over they sat and talked about the old professors, and about the students, where they were now and what they were doing in life, and about many other matters of interest mainly to themselves.

When they adjourned to the study again the bells in Mr. Morgan's church near by were ringing. There was a service there that evening at eight, although he did not have to be present until nine.

Their conversation was quieter now as they recounted the pleasant scenes of boyhood. Then gradually all gaiety passed away, and the faces of both men became thoughtful, almost serious, as they spoke of their early youth and the changes that had taken place since that happy time. It seemed as if Leonard knew what his companion wished to speak of.

Both were silent.

At length Harold spoke.

"Leonard," he said, "do you—do you remember Ethel?"

No answer.

Leonard's eyes were closed. All the past was passing through his mind: the early part of his college days when in Philadelphia, where they both lived, he met Ethel and learned to love her, then that starry night when he saw in her deep blue eyes her unvoiced thoughts of him—and his heart-warm lips gave and felt love's first sweet kiss, and he made and heard the vows that seemed and were so sacred. And then he thought of the story he had written at that time, making her the model for a heroine who was at once noble and beautiful, both in countenance and character. But how brief was his dream! One year of happiness—and all was ended.

Misunderstanding, pride and independence—these tell the story.

Lovers' quarrels are usually childish, and often causeless: Leonard Morgan's was no exception.

For years his faith in Ethel had led him on, telling him that all might yet come right—even as she had said when skating that bright New Year's morning: "All is for the best." But though he hoped this, he also doubted it sometimes.

And so the years went by. How dreary they must have been!