

No, a woman of her age, gifted with such a vivid imagination, is beyond the reach of moral law; she dwells in the rarefied atmosphere where genius reigns supreme, and anything I might say would be as effective as firing at a balloon with a pea-shooter. And, of course, if there is truth in the old-fashioned idea that our lapses are faithfully recorded in realms beyond, she must ultimately be called to account, and be given an opportunity to once more cheerfully plead that she meant nothink whatever.

So with the dear woman I can afford to be just, even generous. I must consider that she cannot help it, and refrain from dwelling upon the possibility that she would not if she could. I must remember that none of us can be quite faultless, except those disagreeable people who always say precisely what they think, and mean just what they say; and therefore her weakness is one which is common to humanity, but growing luxuriantly like a picturesque weed in the fertile garden of her good intentions.

Aunt Anne said Olivia would return at six o'clock, and I felt tempted to go up to the train to meet her, but the thought of passing the