

"My daughter has the disposal of my tickets. I should think they are all given away by this time. Sorry not to oblige you."

"I know Miss Brereton still has one. I hardly think you will find a more deserving object for your charity; will you allow me to speak to your daughter about the child? She is in her district."

"Miss Brereton has a headache this evening. I cannot have her worried about such a trifle," replied her father. "If I can remember I will speak to her about it myself."

"If you will permit me to do so, I will remind you, when we rejoin Miss Brereton; and perhaps you will allow me to leave the ticket, as I pass Mr. Carlton's door on my way home," said Sir William, blandly.

"Thank you! thank you! you are really too kind," cried Mr. Brereton, his whole face beaming with satisfaction. "That will be the best way."

Mr. Carlton bowed, and instantly rose to take leave. As he approached the drawing-room he perceived Maud sitting on the window seat in the full light of the moon. A bright fire was burning in the grate, and showed her leaning her head on her hand, gazing out into the night. She saw Mr. Carlton at the same instant, and felt, too, that he had seen her. But he turned away and gave no second glance in her direction. "She was well enough to appear at dinner with the wealthy baronet," he muttered, clenching his fist so that the nails ran into the palm of his hand, till it almost bled, "and yet she was too ill to give five minutes to the poor curate." He never reflected for one moment that she had had no choice in the matter.

When he had passed out of sight, Maud covered her face, and shed some bitter tears. If he had known it, what seas of sorrow she might have been spared!

After Mr. Carlton's departure, Sir William and his host retired into comfortable arm-chairs by the fire-side, and began the converse.

"You are fortunate to have a clergyman so earnest in his work," observed the former, sipping his wine and then holding up his glass towards the lamp, and looking at it through one eye.

"Delicious sherry this, Mr. Brereton."

"All I can say is, I wish we were well rid of him. He makes Maud more mopish than it is even her nature to be," was the querulous reply.

"I am surprised. I could hardly have thought that they met frequently enough for him to be able to exercise so much influence over her."

"When you are my age, Sir William, you will know that a few words spoken by a handsome young clergyman, when a girl is in distress, go a great way towards forming her opinion of him through life.....Moreover, Maud does not see enough society to satisfy me. I dare say, if the truth

were k
but I
Sir
not th
Forgiv
"P
"Y
.....Y
though
"To
propos
to thin
"Re
have th
There
The
Mr. B
compan
such pe
"Th
suit yo
had fro
ious to
"Th
The
She is s
"Ex
Sir V
Murray
the neig
is not tw
sister an
And
who the
Anoth
mistake
to the h
ever you
ing that
"Carl
"There