

It was impossible for her to abase herself or to make any scene. Her pride was too strong. But Lyndon could read her like an open book; he saw the conflict of feeling in her heart, and it filled him with hope for the future. She was to be pitied indeed, and he had pitied her, else he could not have been in her presence on such an errand.

When he left her presently to join Terry, whom he knew was waiting for him outside, he offered her his hand, which he had not done on his entrance. She took it, and, flashing a strange deep glance at him, touched it with her lips. What it cost her to do that even he did not guess. It was her mute prayer for forgiveness, which was granted before she uttered it. He took Terry by the arm, and they walked in silence across the magnificent Square of Westminster, and turned down in silence, too, upon the quieter stretch of the Embankment.

"You'll come, Terry, I think," said Lyndon. "Just think what an easy mind I should have here knowing you are at Ballymore taking care of everything. And how the people love you. I shall never have that place in their hearts, Terry; you ought to be Squire of Ballymore, and will be some day, if I can manage it."

"Why are you so good to us?" cried Terry, impetuously, "You ought to hate us. What does it all mean?"

"We are brothers, lad, sons of the same father," said Lyndon, simply. "There is something in the tie of blood. I think I felt it the first time I saw you. We can help and encourage each other. Let me hear you say you'll go back, at least until something better turns up?"