

understand, because he had never before seen it there.

"I am very much ashamed, Philip," she said at length. "Every day seems to bring home to me more proof of my own selfish folly."

"Hush; it is no use to blame yourself too much," he answered, touched by her words, but still more by her look. "It was a mistake, that was all; and it was foolish of me to think such a thing might ever be."

"Did my father give you my message?" she asked, speaking with difficulty. "I am not fit to be wife to any man, much less one so good as you; but I would still keep my promise. I—"

He interrupted her by a slight uplifting of the hand, and a faint smile, which was at once bitter and sad.

"That would be the greatest mistake of all, Joyce," he said, with a great gentleness, yet decisively. "I have only come to say good-bye, and to tell you that, though we now pass out of your life for ever, Bobbie and I will never forget you."

"Oh, I feel so small, and mean, and wretched," she cried, in a great burst of self-reproach. "I have made so many suffer, I deserve untold punishment.