

"There's where we have both been foolish," she answered; "we resented everything that bored us—everything that annoyed us. When we wanted sympathy, we went to—to friends—not to each other. We were stilted with each other: we were natural with friends."

"Yes, that is true."

"Well, unless we change all that, there'll be a shipwreck! I know that you are fond of Sophy. Now I trust you and I trust Sophy—although I never cared for her. But do you know that I find Lessard so—pleasant that I have to-day resolved never to see him willingly again?"

"You are very candid!"

"Our one hope is in candour."

"I will not believe that you really care for that man. You exaggerate your feelings. They are never so strong as you think. You use such words as *adore, idolise, worship, loathe, detest, abhor*, when you mean mere likes and dislikes."

She smiled at this further evidence of his misconception of her character.

"You make me out very tame!"

"Not tame. But there is an essential purity in you."

"Men have the strangest notions of purity and virtue. For my part, I don't recognise any purity or virtue which is based on feeble likes and dislikes only!"

Marlesford still shook his head.

"My dear child!" he exclaimed—just as Father