

and take her share of the work? Why can't she look after your grandmother? I don't see why your life only is to be sacrificed."

"I might ask her," Pamela answered, thoughtfully, "but I hardly like to. She is in service, and very happy. She sends home always the greater part of her wages, and that is her way of helping. She is not fitted for this quiet life. Rosamond is gay and bright and sweet, but"—she hesitated, as if afraid of seeming to run down her sister—"she is not very patient. I don't think she and granny would suit each other. It is very trying, you know, to be always waiting on a quite helpless person," she added, with unconscious pathos.

Martin shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly.

"I don't believe you really care for me," he said. "If you loved me you would marry me in spite of everything."

"I love you," the girl answered, wearily; "but I will not sacrifice my duty even for you."

"Then you don't know what love is," he said, impatiently.

That was only this afternoon, and now she stood alone, and knew that he would not come to her across the fields this evening or for many evenings, and that her heart must be heavy and her life dreary for want of him.

A voice called her, an old, feeble voice. "Pamela." She went in.

In an arm-chair by the fire, which, though it was summer, burned in the kitchen grate, sat an old woman. She had a very worn face, lined and wrinkled, and the eyes were deep set and sad, for her life had been a hard one, and all her children had gone home before her, and but for the two daughters of her only son, her old age would have been altogether desolate. Now, too, she was crippled by rheumatism, and the least

movement caused her pain, but her mind was active as ever. As she sat there, a great part of the time in enforced loneliness, her thoughts were busy. She talked little, but she was keenly observant, and she had meditated frequently on the visits of Martin Crewe, their probable significance, and the results to herself.

Necessarily a burden, it was her cross to be so, for she was naturally independent. She was, too, thoroughly unselfish, and it was she who had instilled into Pamela's mind the notions that guided her now. Not for worlds would she have had the girl's future ruined for her sake.

That very afternoon she had been pondering what she could do if Pamela married. She could ask Rosamond to come, and the girl would do so willingly, but she could ill spare her wages; and, moreover, Pamela had been right in saying that Rosamond was not suited to such work. Outwardly, the girls were wonderfully alike, but their expressions were different—the one gay, the other serious; the one girl turned always as by instinct to the sunlight, the other loved twilight, the one was made for social life, the other developed in solitude, and took her graver joys as from the hand of God. But she was

