

mally addressing them, as visitors to schools are expected to do. She refused imperatively; but to one of the girls with whom she found herself in sympathy, she opened her heart and told her own story.

"And oh!" she said at the end, "do learn to do something that people have *need* of, and learn to do it well and humbly, and just as if you had been working for your living all your life. Try to notice how men do things, and when you're at work, to forget that you're a woman, and, above all, a young lady."

After she came away, she said there was one more thing she wished to say to that girl.

"What was that?" asked Fenton.

"Not to omit the first decent opportunity of marrying any one she happened to be in love with."

"Perhaps it wasn't necessary to say that," suggested her husband.

"No," sighed Helen; "and that's what undoes all the rest."

When the Butlers heard of this visit of hers to her old home, it seemed to them but another instance of that extraordinary fortitude of spirit which they had often reason to admire in her. Marian Ray could not suffer it to pass, however, without some expression of surprise, that Fenton should have allowed her to go: she was a little his rival on behalf of Lord Rainford still, and she seized what occasions she could for an unfavourable comparison of their characters. In fact, now that he had really come back, she had not wholly forgiven him for doing so; but the younger sisters rejoiced in him as a thoroughly satisfactory equivalent for the romance they had lost in the nobleman. If Helen was not to be Lady Rainford, it was consoling to have her the wife of a man who had been cast away on a desert island, and had been mourned for dead a whole year and more. They were disappointed, however, that he should not be always telling the story of his adventures, but should only now and then drop bits of it in a scrappy