

Miss Kendal paused in the midst of gathering her little folk around her, as he said that, raised his hat, and turned to leave the cottage.

"Stop an instant! Tell me," she said, in a low, but emphatic tone, "when shall I come to see Caroline?"

"When you will; I care nothing," he said, recklessly.

"But, understand! she must be told, and at once. Before to-night either you or I must tell her—which shall it be?" Her uncompromising eyes fixed him—held him fast. "It ought to be done—it *must* be done," she further pronounced. "If you are afraid," with a touch of the old irresistible sarcasm, "I'm not. Doing wrong is worse even than giving pain. She *must* be told."

"She *shall*," he rejoined. Be satisfied,—let it be as you wish."

And he was gone, and had plunged into the dark shadow of the pine wood, while Miss Kendal marshaled the children back into the house—"In with you—quick—and to lessons! To the study at once! I'll be with you in two minutes."

And for the two minutes she looked out on the misty hills and bare-branched trees, thinking to herself, "I am a female Brutus—nothing less. I know that I have expedited the very stroke that is to wound her; for he is right—he is right. To think that it should be so, and such as *he* have the power to make my girl wretched. If I were not a Christian woman, how I could hate that man!"

She seemed to find some not altogether Christian satisfaction in deliberately and distinctly uttering these words, and at the same time tying a small end of packthread, which she had been twirling in her fingers, into about a dozen very hard and very tight knots. And having so solaced herself, but still with an aspect of unredeemed gloom and disturbance, she sought her pupils, and prepared to enter on the business of the day.

CHAPTER XIII.

Caroline, informed that Miss Kendal awaited her in the study, entered to her there.

It was dim twilight, and half the room was in shadow. Only near the windows lingered a pale light, and about the hearth, where the fire burned and threw a sullen red glow around it. By the window stood the visitor. She drew Caroline towards her, kissed her forehead, and then abruptly asked for the invalid.

"He is asleep; he has slept much to-day."

"And you have watched much, poor child."

A pause. Miss Kendal's face grew stern and stony in the grey half-