

man lay. It was the possible future baronet, Sir Thomas Philpotts, who lay dead drunk, while the possible Lady Philpotts cursed him in inelegant terms, from the door of his primitive cabin. Such, thought Etherington, was the irony of aristocratic fate, in its struggle with the idiosyncracies of pioneer conditions, and he made a wide detour, so as to avoid this social tragedy in its adolescence.

But he had little thought for such matters. He soon came to the shore, and so went on under "leafy miracles of glorious May." Birds sang on the branches about him, and in him the lover sang an exquisite lyric of joy. After a while, having followed Monmouth's directions, he struck the path which ascended from the shore, and proceeding up it, ere he could realize the great happiness that fate had given into his hands, he came face to face, as Diana Philpotts had done, with the girl he was seeking. And there those two stood, he surprised and ardent, hopeful and doubting; and she, exquisitely beautiful, but filled with conflicting emotions. Each looked into the other's eyes; and each read there that old, eternal, yet ever new dream, which youth and love inherit by a sort of innate magic on a Spring morning.

She also had not been free from ponderings and misgivings, and maidenly sighs and grievings, all those months. Life had been very bountiful to her during that eventful year, and Lydia Bradford had learned much; and among those lessons, a great charity had grown up in her heart. But the final fillip given to her distrustful pride was administered by Diana Philpotts, ere she left for the Old World.