

"It is impossible for me to think of you under any condition in life in which I should not respect you."

"With that assurance I think I can manage to be content." Her voice trembled a little.

"It is useless giving ourselves this unnecessary pain; my father will be glad to come here; his whole heart is in your work. His letters have contained little else than descriptions of you and your work; even if I had been fickle enough to forget you, his letters would have kept your memory green. Angela, you can never understand how I have longed for this hour — dreamed of it, dreaded lest it might never come. I trusted a great deal to a young girl's fancy."

"If you had only told me, so that I could really have been sure. I made up my mind at last that it was all a mistake; but I kept my heart empty for you."

"Have I not made plain my reason for not speaking? I could not ask you to link your fortune to an obscure, penniless youth. Have you been reading the papers lately?" he asked, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Very little; I have been too busy," she said, looking mystified.

"My father did not tell you, then? but no,