

the rest of them. There was not much change in her outwardly, in his eyes. She was more beautiful than she had ever been; but what did it matter if she was not "fair for him"?

"I have been vainly seeking for you, Sara, since I returned to England," he said, with quiet constraint. "And of all places in the world, I least expected to find you here."

"It is strange how people meet," she said confusedly. "I did not expect to meet you here, or—anywhere."

"Why? Have you forgotten what passed between us the night before I left for Jamaica?"

Had she forgotten? No need to ask Sara Kenyon that question. She had not so many happy memories in her heart that the sweetest of all should be forgotten so soon.

Robert Liddel went close to her again, and bent his blue eyes on her downcast face, thinking how sweet it was, and yet so sorely changed!

"Sara, the hope of this meeting has been with me, I believe, night and day since I left you at The Holt that night," he said in his frank, true voice. "It is twelve years ago now, I think. I knew many changes might take place in that time; but that you would be so sadly changed to me I did not dream. What is its cause?"

The sweet hazel eyes were raised at length to his face, and the quiet voice trembled in its utterance?

"I am not changed—at least, not as you think, though I am growing to be an old woman now," she said hurriedly. "It is the suddenness. I so little expected it; and happiness has so long been strange to me, that I can scarcely realise it. O Robert, I—I——"

Her voice broke, but the tears which followed were