

hope—but—then—I do not really know—for—I am not yet engaged—I have had no opportunity as yet of telling her, but I shall tell her very soon—and if she should refuse the offering of my heart——!" And then he uttered an involuntary sigh.

"What is her name?" exclaimed Jean, adding, "but this I should not ask."

"Oh, yes, indeed, it is your privilege," answered Muir. "Her name—is—Jean St. Claire!" And then this strong man broke passionately forth in all the agony of his love.

"Jean, Jean, it is yourself I love, and have loved for long. I've hoped against hope and to-day I thought that I might have seen in your face, in your eyes, the lovelight which I had come so far to find. But I did not see it. Oh, Jean, you must love me, like a sailor at sea without a compass, like a traveler lost on the desert and dying of thirst have I been all the hours of this day and for many days. Once I had thought to satisfy my heart with the rewards of my calling, and in this indeed I succeeded until I saw you. And then, at the first, I vowed that I would crush down my love for you, but my love would not surrender; then I thought with deepest anguish that my love for you was hopeless because you