

for Miss Wyndham. He appeared to be expected, and was at once admitted to the drawing-room, where he was left waiting a few minutes. He glanced round the beautiful room with a keen, almost painful interest, and his brief inspection did not tend to raise his spirits. For how could one who had been reared amid such luxurious surroundings ever suffer the simple and bare existence which was all he had, or would ever have, in his power to give her? He was not more miserable at the moment than the shame-faced and hesitating girl who came reluctantly downstairs to see him for the last time. She entered softly, and he turned to her with a look of grave tenderness which was touched already by renunciation. He knew all was over before he came; he knew now that it would have been better for both had he accepted the inevitable, and remained away.

"I am very much obliged to you for allowing me to see you again, Joyce," he said, trying to speak in a calm and matter-of-fact manner. "But perhaps it was a mistake. I felt that I should like at least to bid you good-bye face to face."

Joyce came forward and stood before him in silence for a moment. She was very pale, and there was a look on her face he could not