

lation and ultimate disaster"—one may imagine the sort of thing.—"But It has been reserved for this nobleman to exhibit such a lofty and chivalrous sense of duty, etc. etc. . . . Lord Brentwood has illustrated in the grandest manner the signification that he infers from those two words, Noblesse Oblige." . . . Few newspaper writers could start comfortably without using those two words; and, if started, they could not get on unless they fell back upon them. When Gladys, opening a paper, saw the two words, she knew that her husband's name was coming, with still more praise—and she never tired of seeing the name and the praise. She was the happiest proudest woman in England—"though not very strong just now."

She approved of the nobly obliging renunciation—It was the message conveyed to him by her song: she could not take it back, and say she regretted that she had heedlessly sung to him. She gloried in the renunciation, and wanted even to have her part in it. He must resume legal ownership of his Yorkshire estate. It was not hers, but his of course, now as always. But it must at once be made his again legally, so that he might do what he pleased with his own. Perhaps he felt that he should renounce this too—the river and the plain and the castle walls must go with the rest, if he felt that he should not keep them.

He might give her rags to wear and crusts to eat, and she would say he was right, not wrong; they might starve together, if he said nobility obliged them, and her love for him and her pride in him would not falter or break.

But he firmly declined to allow her this quite unnecessary and undesirable sacrificial apotheosis.

"No. That is yours, not mine. It is a trust—a sacred trust now, for another as well as for yourself. Remember what I said to you when I created the trust—You were to guard it, and hold it, and never to let it slip away from you."

"Yes, but I said I would hold it for *you*."

"You must hold it for yourself. Don't you see, it has made me strong and independent. If I hadn't known that you were at least secure, I should not have felt free to do what I wanted to do."

They would have hurried away from London, they certainly would not have lingered to eat a Christmas dinner in a dreary