

"Far be it from me to compromise you, sir," he said. "You will allow me to resign my curacy upon the spot."

It was done in anger, for which he afterwards heartily repented, assuring himself that the Rev. Godolphin Dwight had, certainly, every excuse. But it was, nevertheless, perhaps the best arrangement that could have been made under the circumstances. The best and yet the saddest. For in the consequent leisure, unfilled by any occupation, Guy Ryder found ample time and excuse for indulging his own sad thoughts.

"It makes me wretched to see him," Wynne confided to Stella one day during the ensuing week, when she had run in to see her friend. Attired, as always in Shingleby, in the nurse's dark costume, she looked very subdued and white, as though Guy's troubles weighed almost as heavily upon her as upon him. "I went in yesterday, and there he was with all his dry old books and things strewn about, doing nothing. I, like a duffer, asked him what text he had chosen, and you should have seen his poor eyes glance up at me! 'No more need of sermons until I am cleared from this,' he said. And then—I wouldn't tell anybody but you, Stella, but he positively broke down, and cried."

The tears rose sympathetically to Stella's eyes, and rolled slowly down her pale cheeks, whilst Wynne, too bitterly rebellious for such relief, sat and watched her weep. "I wish Jack were here," she remarked at last.

"So do I," from Jack's sister. "I wrote and told him all about it yesterday. The *Jupiter* is cruising though, so there's no telling when he may get the letter.

But why do you want him so particularly?"

"I don't know. I think he might do Guy good," she answered. "It was just a silly fancy, like most of mine."

"Miss Ryder, you must indeed be changed!" cried a voice from the conservatory. "Your fancies silly! And confessed to be so! Never!"

The vivid blush with which Wynne



"I'VE MY ORDERS, SIR."

turned to meet Dr. Jaxon's greeting was possibly another confession of a different kind, and one which the physician was not likely to overlook, even if he made no remark. But it would have taken a greater surprise than this sudden arrival to render Wynne speechless, especially when the choice lay between chattering and an ignominious breakdown.

"Oh, how nice to see a cheerful face!" she cried. "Have you heard of our