

all her faults, she loved you well. People have not yet left off talking about her death. Go away, not to India, on account of your health, but somewhere else for a year——”

“A year!” he interrupted, pulling a long face. “That is a terrible time.”

She turned upon him with a smile, at once tender and reproachful.

“Is it longer for you than for me? You will find me waiting at the end of it.”

“But to part again, when we have been parted for so many weeks.”

“Ah! Beau, we must not look upon it in that way, but rather thank God we are not parted altogether. We might have been, had not the dead woman sacrificed her life for your sake. Don't let us forget what we owe her, or show any disrespect to her memory by being in too much of a hurry. Dear one, tell me, am I wrong? After all your sufferings, nothing is further from my desire than to vex you, but have you not the same kind of feeling in your heart?”

He slid his arm round her waist. How good she was, how pure!

“Dolly, Dolly darling! I can never love you enough. I am a selfish brute, not worthy to kiss the ground on which you tread. You are right, as you always are. My dear, my life, when you are my wife you will teach me to be a better man, won't you? for I am not fit to walk alone.”

“Hush, Beau; don't run yourself down. You have no faults in my eyes, and I love you as you are. I, myself, am far from perfect. I have been proud, and angry, and uncharitable, but,” and she gave a little happy sob, “henceforth we will try and improve each other.”

Under the mighty old beech tree they stood, the sun casting a golden halo on all the beautiful green world, and lighting up the dark crowns of the straight-stemmed pines till they shone with a borrowed glory.

And into their hearts stole the peace of a great and trustful love that has weathered storm and outlived suffering. Nothing but death could cast it out.

Ah! how the birds sang.

The winter was over. The spring of Youth, of Love, and Nature had succeeded to its cold, dark days, and the time for mating was at hand. Ever and ever louder piped