

express a sensation that you have not felt. It is the people who neglect this rule who play havoc with themselves and the world."

"Why, dearest, you frighten me!" and the girl slipped her hand through his arm with a low, sweet laugh. "I never saw you look so solemn before."

"Hypocrisy, Vad, is the meanest thing on earth! The pious people at the church yonder call me an unbeliever, but they've got themselves to thank for it. I may be a good-for-nothing but at least I will not preach what I do not practise."

"You are as good as gold, dearest. I won't have you say such horrid things! And you don't need to preach anything. I am sure no one in all the world could be happier than we."

Her father put his hand under her chin, and, lifting her face towards his, looked long and earnestly at the pure brow, about which the brown hair clustered in natural curls, the clear-cut nose, the laughing lips parted over a row of pearls, and the wonderful deep gray eyes.

"Are you happy, little one?" he asked wistfully. "Are you quite sure about that?"

"Happy!" the girl echoed the word with an incredulous smile. "Why, dearest, what has come to you? You never needed to ask