

his enemy, rose, on his entrance, advanced a step to meet him, with her hand held forth in welcome—

“I am very happy to see you again at Lake Mordaunt, Mr. Vance.”

He knew now that all was right with his Ethel's parents. His hope was growing, it was nearing the long-sought fruition. Where was his Ethel?

But he could not reply to Mrs. Mordaunt ; he uttered a few inaudible words in his glad confusion, in the sudden lightening of his heavy chain, and then his eye rested upon the beloved form at the further end of the room.

He advanced, doubtfully, timidly, hesitatingly. He advanced as if he had not the right towards his Ethel.

As he came forwards, she rose.

He looked into that dear face, and in its light, all was light henceforth to him.

“Can you forgive me, dear Edwin, for all this miserable past?”

Her white fingers were held out to him, her bright eyes were upon his face in timid, beseeching light, his beautiful Ethel had asked him to forgive her, in her tender words.

Oh ! superfluous asking ; as if it were not enough to him to be there, with her, and the past thrust back into dark oblivion.

“Dear Edwin,” she had said. The meaning flashed upon his sense, and the light once more shone upon his face. The sad, pained look that had dwelt upon his features for the long, sad months, now ended, disappeared, as her voice fell upon his ear, and Edwin Vance was once again the same Edwin Vance who had won his Ethel's love by the little lake in the bright summer far fled.

“Ethel, my darling, my own again, what have I to forgive ? You have forgiven much ! Oh ! how happy I am again.”

Notwithstanding Mrs. Mordaunt's motherly presence, Edwin