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head ; they enjoy it
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ng to them. I am sur
-night, for I do not
; I am as hoarse as

old," returns Burgoyne
his voice which we acc
s. He is sorry that
ows how much sorrier
hour as he adds : "I
I shall be quite happy

your den with a book and a cigarette. Mrs. Brown does not object, does she? And I dare say you will not be very long away."

As he speaks he realizes, with a sort of pang—the pang we pay sometimes to our dead pasts—that, though it is only three hours since he was reunited to his once inseparable Brown, he is already looking forward with relief to the prospect of an hour's freedom from his society—so terribly far apart is it possible to grow in six years. But, before his half-fledged thought has had time to do more than traverse his brain, Brown has broken into it with the eager remonstrances of a mistaken species of hospitality.

"Leave you behind? Could not hear of such a thing! Of course you must come too! It will be a new experience for you ; a wholesome change. Ha ! ha ! and we can talk all the way there and back ; we have had no talk worth speaking of yet."

Again it flashes across the other's mind, with the same sensitive regret as before, that talk worth speaking of is forever over between them ; but, seeing that further attempts at evasion will seriously hurt the good-natured Brown, he acquiesces, with as fair a grace as he may.

While putting on his own mackintosh, he watches, with a subdued wonder, his friend winding himself into a huge white woollen comforter, and stepping into a pair of goloshes (he had been rather a smart undergraduate in his day), while outside the opened hall door the rain is heard to swish, and the wind to bellow.

"Had not we better have a hansom?" suggests Burgoyne, thinking, as the slant gust sends two or three stinging drops to his eyes.

"A hansom ! nonsense !" returns the other, laughing, and with difficulty unfurling an umbrella in the teeth of the blast. "It is all very well for a bloated bachelor like you ; but a