

she suddenly, with a generous impulse of penitence, turning to him with eyes that spoke.

They were now at the place whither he had been leading her, and the very spot perhaps recalled his declaration that he should go to the war for her sake, and added to her emotion. She had often longed to tell him how sorry she was, but had never hoped she should be able to do so.

He turned to her with a very kind look, and said—

“Never think of that, dear. Things are ordered for us, and though I have not had the honour of striking a blow, much less of dying a soldier’s death, like our poor, brave Tom, I have learned much, as you say, in this time. And if I had suffered far more, I should not care, for my own part, if it has helped to make you happy. I was an obstacle in your way, and I wanted to go. Tell me, May, are you happy?”

He looked so earnest, and so pale, and so miserable, though he tried bravely not to be, that she could not forbear a coquettish glance up at him under her lashes, and a faint smile about the corners of her pretty mouth, as she said, after some moments—