

pletely himself again. Like Fellowes, she did not think it argued either shallowness of nature, nor shallowness in his love of Sybil, that in so few months he had buried the past. Had he been less successful, had he become melancholy, bitter, ready to say his life was spoiled, she would have given him the sympathy that all true women feel for what is weak and inferior; but she would in no way have considered that such signs indicated faithfulness, or strength of affection. She, too, would have put them down to a lack of other interests, and a feeble vitality. Six months ago, when she had communed with herself alone, and confessed that Percy was more to her than other men, she too had a struggle; but she had conquered her momentary distaste of things. The thing could not be. Very good; there was no more to be said, but thank Heaven there were still plenty more things to be done.

"Faithfulness," she had said once, long ago, to Percy, "as so many people understand it, is a sign of weakness, not of strength. People seem to think it becoming to put their minds and emotions into crape for years; and grief, quite genuine grief, often has the awful effect of making so many people pose. They cut their mourning by the most fashionable patterns; and, if one believes, as I most certainly do, that a bereavement is not sent one altogether blindly, but with design and purpose, it is an insult to the Power that sends it to behave as if the object