

and glances at the motionless gray figure at the window.

"Reine,"

"Yes, madame."

"Did Laurence Longworth tell you that night last week where he was going next morning?"

"He did not, madame."

"Did he tell you he was going at all?"

"No, madame."

"Did he not even bid you good-bye?"

"Not even that."

"Curious!" says Mrs. Windsor, and knits her brows. "Why then did he come? What *did* he say?"

"I cannot remember all he said, madame. Certainly not a word about going away the next morning."

Mrs. Windsor turns upon her a keen, sidelong, suspicious look. She is an odd mixture of frankness and reticence, this youthful relative of hers. If she has made up her mind to be silent it will be a difficult matter indeed to induce her to speak. One of her most reticent moods is evidently upon her now.

"Can they have quarrelled?" she muses. "I thought only sentimental simpletons in love quarrelled. And this young woman is not a sentimental simpleton. And if they have quarrelled, what have they quarrelled about? I will know at once, and woe betide this girl if she has played Laurence Longworth false!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Windsor's meditations are doomed to be cut short. After a few more restless imaginations she closes her eyes once more, and this time drops into a dose. Reine throws aside the novel with a tired sigh, and takes apathetically enough another book. It is a book that never leaves Mrs. Windsor's room—it lies beside the ponderous family Bible, is rarely opened by its owner. It is a copy of the "Imitation," beautifully bound, and on the fly-leaf, in a large, free hand, is written—

"To the best of Mothers—on her birthday.—From her affectionate son.

"GEORGE."

Reine looks at the faded words long. This is the dashing brother George, of whom she has so often heard her

mother speak; the handsome, clever, high-spirited son grandmamma loved with all the love one heart ever held, whose memory is more to her still than all the world beside. She has learned why Longworth has won so close a place to that memory; she wonders if George Windsor really looked like that—tall, fair, broad-shouldered, strong. Her mother was tall and slim, with a thin, fretted face, a weak, querulous voice, and tearful, pale blue eyes. Poor mamma! always ailing and unhappy always making every one about her unhappy too. No, George Windsor could never have been like mamma; he had bright eyes and a sunny smile—she had heard him described often.

And in the midst of all his youth and beauty, and strong young manhood, he had been struck down doing a good and noble deed. No wonder grandmamma was cold, and stern, and unloving. Who would care to love in a world where the word was only another name for misery? Love was of heaven, a plant from paradise, never intended to bloom and blossom in the desert here below!

She opens the book at random—it is a book beloved always, and well known. A marker is between the leaves at the chapter called, "The King's Highway of the Holy Cross," and Reine begins to read.

"Sometimes thou shalt be left by God, other times thou shalt be afflicted by thy neighbour, and what is more, thou shalt often be a trouble to thyself.

"For God would have thee to suffer tribulations without comfort, and wholly to subject thyself to him, and to become more humbly by tribulation.

"Dost thou think to escape that which no mortal could ever avoid!"

She can read no more; she closes the book, replaces it, folds her arms on the table, and lays her face down upon them:—

"For God would have thee to suffer tribulation without comfort, and become more humble by tribulation."

Yes, yes. Oh! yes, she has been proud, and self-willed, and rebellious, and her punishment has fallen. Her pride is humbled to the very dust, she has been stabbed to the heart in the hour of exultation. She has lost what