

little easel, on a table by her side. It was the portrait of a young man, with a bright and handsome face, expressive in every line of a nervous, sensitive, and somewhat sensuous temperament. To Ethel Howard, just then, it seemed the sole point of rest and solace in these sad days, when all her old, familiar, tranquil life seemed suddenly overwhelmed with disaster, and the pleasant little world in which she had lived from infancy was turned upside down. She had much to think of, 'poor child,' and that compassionate expression seemed appropriate enough to anyone who marked the delicate, childlike contour of the youthful face; the soft violet eyes, misty with recent tears, the curved, sensitive lips, compressed with a resolute quietness. It was the face of one who would feel far more than she would be likely to express, and so would suffer all the more intensely, in silence.

Many perplexing thoughts thronged into her mind as she lay there; fond memories of the past, mingled with a shrinking dread of the future, the former so sweet and bright with protecting love and tenderness, the latter so blank and desolate, save for the one ray of sunshine of which the bright face in the photograph was the outward expression. It was not wonderful that she should cling to the associations it represented, and to the solitude of her own room; shrinking, naturally enough, from