

on the occasion of meeting Beau, such as "How do you do? I hope you are better?" or "I am sorry you are going to India, but no doubt you will enjoy yourself!" or—if he looked ill, "I fear you have had a good deal of trouble, Captain Dornay, but I trust the worst of it is over." Such a greeting might sound a little formal, but it would pave the way to further conversation, and show that although she had expressed a desire to see him, she had no intention of jumping down his throat. And then, if he were very nice, very penitent and fond, there was no knowing how the interview might terminate. A smile broke out over Dolly's face as her imagination pictured the results of certain given circumstances.

It was a lovely spring day; beautiful with soft sky, clear sunshine, and balmy breezes. The birds were singing rapturous love songs to each other. The blue-green firs were thrusting out long, slender shoots; the larch trees were decked with fringes of the brightest, tenderest green imaginable; grasses pushed up slim blades and tufty heads, bedecked with pink-tipped daisies and glossy, yellow buttercups. The bracken was just beginning to unroll its fresh young fronds, whilst here and there, cushioned in some mossy nest, a primrose peeped out like a pale star, and scented the air with its sweet and subtle fragrance. Bees hummed, gnats danced, ants ran busily to and fro, beetles opened their glistening wings and shook them in the sunshine, butterflies chased themselves in pairs along the margin of the water. And amidst all this life and movement, the Mere lay like a silver mirror, twinkling brightly, and reflecting, in its translucent depths, the mottled sky above, and the verdant banks around.

Dolly sat down on the bench beneath the old beech tree, unconsciously drinking in the beauty of the scene, and as she listened to the love song of the birds, the love song in her heart kept up a loud chorus of, "He is coming, he is coming. Soon, very soon, I shall meet my beloved!" . . .

And then he came; softly, humbly, with bent head and drooping eyelids, like a subject entering into the presence of the Queen he has wronged. He stood before her, a picture of abasement and contrition, his arms folded, his whole mien expressive of unutterable remorse—and waited.

She looked at him, and, as she looked, an overpowering pity checked the utterance of that little set speech she had