

world," she said. "I told you his sin, poor boy, because I wished to have nothing secret from you, for the sake of your old friendship, and you only taunt me with it. Oh, you are very cruel!"

He put out his hand to stop her.

"You must forgive me if I have spoken harshly," he said. "I am only harsh because I feel so much. What do you mean to do? This is a hard world for women who are penniless."

"The Lord takes care of fools and children," Miss Priscilla answered with a break in her voice.

"Are you angry still?" He extended his hand as he spoke. And Miss Priscilla took it, her heart softening.

"We have been friends always, and I should not like us to quarrel now at the last," she said.

"At the last?" he echoed, looking at her inquiringly.

"Of course I must leave the village. One does not live as I have done hitherto, on nothing."

"Nothing! And is it as bad as that?"

"I have a couple of hundreds left and the furniture," she answered, smiling at him faintly.

"You have not told me how it came about—the necessity for your sacrifice, I mean," he said.

"I do not know all the particulars, but I can guess." She shivered slightly as she spoke. "There was an extravagant youth, and a position of trust, and temptation and a fall and ruin, unless a miracle interposed."

"And you wrought the miracle?" Mr. Hornby said, with a rather uncertain smile quivering about his lips.

"I did all I could to save him from the consequences of his deed."

"And was the—the deficit for a large sum?"

"For £3,700. Had it been for much more, I should have been powerless."

"In your place, I should not have interfered," Mr. Hornby said, sighing. "The very magnitude of the offense shows a hardened nature."

Miss Priscilla was weeping bitterly now.

"It is too late to think of that," she said.

"The thing is done and irrevocable. I did not tell you before, lest you should try to hinder me. He has gone abroad to make a fresh start and to do well, I trust and believe. He was Letty's son."

"And you mean to teach?" looking at her pitifully.

"It is all I can think of."

"But it is such a hard life, and so difficult to find a place in even, nowadays, without a special training."

"No matter; I can only try my very best." She held out her hand to him. "Good-bye," she said; "don't fret about me; I am more hopeful than you are. I have good health

and all my wits about me, and I am ready to do my best at anything that offers."

She shook hands with him, the perturbation in his eyes meeting the striving smile in hers, and then she went out, and down the rectory lawn, and through the little gate that led into the village street.

It was a beautiful sunshiny June day. From hill-top to hill-top the light seemed suspended in gossamer webs, and the slumberous peace that stretched over land and sea was too perfect for common sounds to break. In Fairview village drowsy quiet was paramount. Even the roses growing in front of rustic porticos, swayed their languid heads in the faint breezes somnolently. A few children busied with dust-pies in the shadow of the houses smiled at Miss Priscilla as she passed; a few rustics loitering in the thoroughfare touched their forelocks with slow civility.

All the neighborhood knew Miss Priscilla, and knowing her knew all her history. She had lived among them always. She was Squire Compton's only surviving child, and she was reputed fabulously wealthy here, where money was so rare. It did not matter that Squire Compton had been held poor enough in his day, and that all he left had been divided equally between Priscilla and Edward Glynn, his grandson. Miss Priscilla must be wealthy, judged by her large benevolences. Of course money does accumulate in the hands of women, and Miss Priscilla was economical in her personal expenditure, and beside, did not the way of life of Mr. Edward Glynn prove how much wealth must have fallen between them?

It was not often that Mr. Edward Glynn had chosen to honor Fairview with his presence, but from the few occasions when it had been favored, it retained a vivid memory of his elegant bearing, his costly equipments, and his general suggestiveness of luxury and ease. Fairview was quite proud that such a distinguished gentleman owed his origin to it, however remotely, though a few of the oldest inhabitants did venture to whisper among themselves that Mr. Edward Glynn was very like his father, and that his father had been only a curse to every one who had ever trusted him. Of course they would not have said this to Miss Priscilla for the world, and they only breathed it to each other in confidential moments, for Miss Priscilla was a kind of little Providence in the neighborhood, and a word against aught belonging to her was disloyalty.

As she passed down the still street that calm June afternoon, one and another offered her a friendly greeting; and, observation being none too acute here, no one noticed with what a frozen smile she answered. She was almost at her own door when a little girl on crutches hobbled after her and put a rose into her hand.

"It is off the bush you gave me," she said.