

Any day, since you are so glad to get rid of me."

"Oh, Hannah!"

They stood side by side, these two lovers, between whom was a barrier slight and invisible as glass, yet as impossible to be broken through without sore danger and pain. They could not break it; they dared not.

"Things are hard for us—very hard," said Bernard, almost in a groan. "We shall be better apart—at least for a time. I meant to have gone away myself to-morrow; but if you will go instead——"

"I cannot to-morrow. I will as soon as I can."

"Thank you."

She did not sob, though her throat was clogging; she only prayed. Dimly she understood what he was suffering; but she knew he suffered very much. She knew, too, that however strangely it came out,—in bitterness, anger, neglect, still the love was there, burning with the intensity of a smothered fire—all the more for being suppressed. The strength which one, at least, of them must have, she inly cried to heaven for—and gained.

"Good-bye," she said; "for we shall not talk thus together again. It is better not."

"I know it is. But you love me; I need not doubt that?"

"Yes, I love you," she whispered. "Whatever happens, remember that; and oh! keep me in your heart till death."

"I will," he said; and snatching her close, held her there, tight and fast. For one minute only; then letting her go, he bade her once more "Good night and good-bye," and went away.

Three days after, Miss Thelluson, the child, and the nurse started for London together. Mr. Rivers himself seeing them off from the railway.

Rosie was in an ecstasy of delight—to be "going in a puff-puff with Tannie" being to the little maid the crown of all human felicity. She kept pulling at her papa's hand, and telling him over and over again of her bliss; and every time he stopped and listened, but scarcely answered a word. Grace, too, looked glad to go. Easterham, with James Dixon still hovering about, was a cruel place for her to live in. Hannah only looked grave and pale; but she smiled whenever her little girl smiled; and to the one or two persons who spoke to her at the railway station, where, of course, they were known to everybody, she spoke also in her usual gentle way.

Only when Mr. Rivers kissed Rose, saying, "Papa will miss his little girl," and then turning, shook hands with her silently, Hannah grew deadly pale for a minute. That was all. The train moved off, and she saw him walking back, solitary, to his empty house.

Life has many anguishes; but perhaps the sharpest of all is an anguish of which nobody knows.

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