

night of their home-coming, a great thankfulness welled in his heart. The past year had told upon the girl, and her girlhood had gone, never to come back. But in its place there was the sweet gentleness of womanhood, marked by a thoughtfulness and tender consideration for others which surprised and touched him. His wife's letters had, in a manner, prepared him for the change, yet it was more complete than he had dreamed. Sweet and lovable as was the new Joyce, there were moments that happy night when the father's heart hungered for a gleam of the old self-will; for he knew that the shadow in her sweet eyes indicated that memory had its sting. She came to him as he sat over his pipe late that night, and, slipping down on the hearthrug, laid her hand on his knee; and for several minutes there was nothing said.

"You are glad to be home again, little girl?" Wyndham said at length, not liking the strain of her long silence.

"Yes, daddy," she answered after a while, "very glad, but it has made me sad, too."

"I see that; but you must not brood, dear. No good can come of it. The past is over and done with. Let it be."