

"He was silent for some moments, and then said slowly :

"What a wonderful creation, Veronica, is a pure and womanly woman? It seems to me if I were inclined to be skeptical as to the existence of the Deity, the knowledge that there is in one such woman in the world would scatter every doubt, for the thought that made her possible could only have been conceived in the mind of a God "

When the silence was broken again it was Veronica who spoke :

"About the letter," she said, "you haven't told me what was in the letter yet, and I would like so much to know if it isn't anything that you wouldn't care to speak of."

"Oh no," he said, "I had forgotten the letter; do you want to see it? There isn't anything in it but what she would say; anyone would know she would say it."

He put his hand in his pocket and drawing out the letter handed it to her.

She took it, and holding it in the bright moonlight read it through without a word. When she had finished she handed it back and said :—

"I think, perhaps, we had better go in now."

He arose and followed her into the house. They were both silent as they ascended the stairs together, but when they reached the top where they would separate he held out his hand, and said :

"Good night, Veronica, I think perhaps we know each other better now than we have any time since I came."

"Yes I'm sure we do," she replied, "and I feel that I know more about myself too," and after a moment's hesitation she added with her eyes cast down upon the floor, "I think perhaps I've only just found out that there is something in life that I've never known very much about before, and," impulsively, "I want to know now all about it. I want to try and have it myself " She was silent a moment, and then said :

"Cousin Harry, will you promise me something?"

"Yes Veronica, what is it?"

"Well," she replied, "I want you to promise that when you come over again you will bring Carrie with you, because—because I think she can tell me all about it."

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