

sooner than throw the smallest shadow of blame upon him, *he* would not seem to care for her either.

So Mrs. Costello learned, that Maurice was coming, and that he had not thought it worth while to send even a word to his old friends.

"He is the only one," she thought, "who has changed towards us, and I trusted him most of all."

And she took refuge from her disappointment in anger. Her disappointment and her anger, however, were both silent; she would not say an ill word to Lucia of Maurice; and Lucia, engrossed in her work and her anticipations, did not perhaps remark that there was any change. She made one attempt to persuade her mother to delay their journey until after Maurice's arrival, but, being reminded that their passage was taken, she consoled herself with,

"Well, it will be easy enough for him to come to see us. I suppose everybody in England goes to Paris sometimes?"

And so the end came. They had not neglected Maurice's charge, though Maurice seemed to have forgotten them. Whatever was possible to do to provide for Mr. Leigh's comfort during his short