

burden patiently, no matter how sad, how lonely it made her, never for one moment betraying her thoughts to him, but always loving him with a sisterly affection, until he would love her with another love. But that, thought she, may never be.

Jim was thinking similarly as he now and again glanced at her lovely face, which was lit up with a bright and tender expression, that to him seemed beautified with an immortal loveliness. His mind wandered back to the time when she told her love to him, thoughts which had never entered his mind, since he had lost his dear Ethel. Now they came surging before him, bewildering him, causing, but only for a time, a distressful shadow to cross over his face, and then, as it were, the scales from before his eyes fell, and he saw clearly how that now he might love her with another love, that which she had once offered him. What awakening thoughts were these? Would she give back that love that he had cast away? Could she love him now after the great sacrifice she must have made to be his sister only? All these he asked himself.

"Poor Sisie! poor child!" he said half aloud and half to himself.

A slight flush rose to her face, as she looked with her blue eyes, so like Ethel's, wonderingly into his face, and their eyes met.

"Oh, why have I been so ungrateful, why have I been so blind, my love," said he, with trembling lips, and that word spoke volumes.