

the bride went away from the door, away into the world with her husband—in that all-effectual separation from her father's house which may be but for a few days, but which is more or less for ever, Stephen once more looked out upon them from his window. And by his side stood Helen, escaped there to command herself and console him. The father leaned out of the window, waving his hand; but the mother stood behind with her hand upon the arm of the invalid's chair. When Robert turned round, it was with wonder that he perceived in Stephen's eyes a deeper feeling, a more penetrating emotion, than he himself felt, or had any thought of. He held out his hand to his friend and he put his arm round his wife.

"Well, Helen," he said, with his cheery voice. "She is gone as you went from your mother; and there are two of us still, whatever life may have in store."

"If there had not been two of us," the mother cried, with momentary passion, "I think I should have died!"

Stephen Haldane took her hand in his, in sign of his sympathy. He held it tightly, swaying for a moment in his chair. And he said nothing, for there was no one whose ear was his, to whom his words were precious. But in his heart he murmured, God hearing him, "There is but one of me; and I never die."

