

Heather's Mistress

'But his sister is not his wife.'

And Heather's tone was regal.

'Do you really love him?' asked Bluebell; but when she saw the light that sparkled in Heather's eyes she sighed.

'Well, we must part. Cyril wants to take me abroad; I suppose I must go. Do you know, I have been thinking about our two selves a great deal. I suppose we were children of many prayers. We never had a temptation to speak of, until we forsook our quiet nest and plunged into gaiety. I think I had more qualms about it at first than you had, but it was strange how we drifted apart. I suppose God was calling us both back; you listened, and I shut my ears.'

'No,' said Heather; 'I often wonder at it myself. I only went home because I thought it was my duty; not because I thought our gay life was wrong.'

'Well, I shut my eyes to duty. I tell you honestly, Heather, I have been quietly fighting against God ever since our first season in town. I knew in my heart, before that year was over, that the world was swallowing up all my ambitions, my desires, and my affections. I knew I could not serve two masters, and I deliberately chose the world. When I was going to be married, you impressed me tremendously. I felt I ought to be different, but I put it off. When my darling came to me, I almost prayed