

good and evil. She had already given much pain in her short life, but inadvertently. She was of that large class of whom it may truly be said when evil comes that they are more sinned against than sinning. They always somehow gravitate into the places where people *are* sinned against, just as some people never attend a cricket-match without receiving a ball on their persons.

And now trouble had come upon her. She had at last fallen in love. I would not venture to assert that she had fallen in very deep. Some of us make shipwreck in a tea-cup tempest, and when our serenity is restored—there is nothing calmer than a tea-cup after its storm—our experience serves, after a decent interval, as an agreeable fringe to our confidential conversation.

Anyhow, Fay had fallen in love. I feel bound to add that for some time before that event happened life had become intolerably dull. The advent to Rome of her distant connexion, Michael Carstairs, had been at this juncture a source of delight to her. She had, before her marriage, flirted with him a very little, not as much as she could have wished. But Lady Bellairs, who was fond of him, had promptly intervened, and the young man had disappeared into his examinations. That was four years ago.

In reality Fay had half forgotten him, but when she saw him suddenly, pale, handsome, distinguished, across a ball-room in Rome and, after a moment's uncertainty, realised who he was, she felt the same pleasurable surprise, soft as the fall of dew, which pervades the feminine heart when, in looking into an unused drawer, it inadvertently haps upon a length of new ribbon, bought, carefully put away, and forgotten.

Fay went gently up to Michael, conscious of her