

She raised her cold, unloving eyes to his, and surely something in the passionate earnestness in his face must have touched her. She softened, hesitated an instant, and then laid a trembling hand on his arm and said timidly:

"You say you will be content with mere liking—with respect—which is all I can give you?"

"For the present I must try to be content with that, hoping to win your love in the future."

"I will marry you; I will be a faithful, obedient wife to you; but you must not hope to win my love," she said, with a hardness that sat strangely on one so gentle, so young and girlish.

Poor Jack's bliss was dashed by her coldness, and if it had not been for his confident trust in the future, he would have been almost miserable in this first moment of success.

Almost timidly he put his arm around her and pressed one burning kiss on the cold, unresponsive lips.

"My darling!" he murmured, rapturously—my own love!

She freed herself gently from his encircling arm, and coldly turned from him. Her heart was full of a dreary pain; she almost revolted from the caresses of this man whom she had but just now promised to marry. Why she had accepted him, she could scarcely have explained—a sudden, inexplicable impulse—a faint stirring of pity for him—or it might be a desire to save herself from the temptation of yielding to that other whom she loved still, against her will—of playing the traitress to the sister who had been almost a mother to her. What! Marry the man whom Dorothy had so loyally loved all these years in spite of his treachery! Oh never could she be so base, so heartless! And yet she knew in her own soul how tearfully weak she might prove, if tempted. By which it will be seen that Judith did not doubt the sincerity of Mr. Standfield's intentions toward herself, whatever his conduct might have been in Dorothy's case. Perhaps in the light of recent revelations, she might not have attached much importance to mere words and looks; but that very morning Mr. Lawrie, in his gruff, bearish way, had hinted that Mr. Standfield had spoken to him on a certain subject and the farmer had taken unusual pains to impress on her the satisfaction it would afford him as her guardian, to see her the wife of so estimable a man as Mr. Standfield. Evidently the farmer, if he had ever known about that little episode between Dorothy and Standfield nine years ago, had by this time completely forgotten it. Or it may be that he did not choose to place too much importance on it; at any rate he gave Judith to understand that she would please him by accepting the banker as her future lord and master. And Judith had been in a panic of fear; she knew herself to be miserably weak—she loved him so utterly—nay, it would not be going too far to say that she idolized him; and she knew well that if she allowed herself to be tempted by him, she would certainly yield; and then—how could she ever look in Dorothy's face again? It was of this she was thinking when Jack Littleworth found her in Bonny Woods that afternoon; and when he asked her to marry him she said, yes—and saved herself that way—for Dorothy's sake!

"I think we had better be going homeward now, Mr. Littleworth," Judith said, abruptly, unable longer to submit herself with composure to her lover's enraptured attentions; although it is due to Jack to say that he made heroic efforts to subdue as far as possible all outward sign of exultation; but he could not help the joy that spoke in every expression of his handsome face.

"I am not going to allow you to call me Mr. Littleworth, now," he said, smiling down at her as they walked side by side—"you must call me Jack; will you, Judy?"

"Yes, if you wish it, Jack," she answered, indifferently; what did it matter to her what name she called him by?

Poor Jack winced at the coldness and utter indifference of her manner and voice; he would willingly have given anything he possessed at that moment, to see the faintest color flicker into her pale cheeks as she thus pronounced his Christian name for the first time. But he would have patience; in the end he would win.

"My mother will be so pleased when I tell her in my next letter that I am going to bring home to her the dearest little daughter in the world," continued the young fellow, striving to be perfectly at his ease with her, and not to let her see how hurt he was at her coldness.

"I shall be very glad if she is pleased; but do not be too

sure that the news will please her—or your father, either; they very probably have other views for you, and will be displeased and disappointed at the thought of welcoming an unknown Canadian girl."

"Wait till they see you and know you, my darling, and they will acknowledge the wisdom of my choice; it will be impossible for them to help loving you. They have always regretted that no daughter was ever born to them, and now you, my own, will be their daughter; a sweeter one they could not have," said Jack, laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"When do you intend returning to England?"

"My father is anxious for me to sail about the first of October."

"Of course," said Judith, falteringly—"I—I cannot go with you then—so soon."

"Why not?"

"It is quite impossible. I—I could not be ready then—I am not willing to be married so soon."

Jack was about to protest vehemently, but a glance at her pale, agitated face, told him that she was in no fit state to be argued with just then, so he checked himself.

"My darling we will not talk about it just now; some other time we will arrange our plans. I am afraid you are quite tired out; but we will be home now in less than ten minutes; and you must promise me to lie down and rest for an hour or so; meanwhile I will ask that dear old Susannah to take up a cup of tea to you. My mother always declares there is nothing to compare with a cup of good tea when one is tired. Now promise me that you will lie down and rest, Judy?"

"Yes, I think I will, for I feel very tired indeed."

(To be Continued)

The Wheelwright of Senneville.

IT was not congenial weather for a walk when I started from Fecamp for the village of Senneville, upon a certain autumn afternoon. The sky was cloudy, the wind cold, and a drizzling rain beat in my face. The road to Senneville ascended almost imperceptibly all the way; takes a zigzag direction among the hills, varying the scenery at every step. At one moment you are looking at a steep, wooded slope which you will imagine will have to be climbed, but around which you will gradually pass; at another moment a deep valley meets the eye, with many valleys and hills beyond. Then, suddenly, without turning the head, you find yourself staring at the distant port of Fecamp far below, and then, away out among hills and valleys once more.

The hills, on this autumn afternoon, were thinly veiled with a white mist, drifting inland before a strong sea-breeze. It was a mysterious sort of mist, which moved at a fixed level, never descending into the valleys, but sweeping always over them, and touching only the higher points of the land like a passing shroud. The reddening leaves upon the trees shivered and dripped and shivered again with a sound which seemed so melancholy that I was fain to quicken my steps and look out for a house or some human being along the road, in order to remove the feeling of sadness which crept over me. But there are no houses to be seen along this route, only a chalet here and there, half-hidden in a grove of fir trees; and not a single person did I meet coming or going.

It was, therefore, with a sense of considerable relief that I presently came upon a broad highway, stretching straight as a dart across a flat extent of country, where isolated farms, surrounded snugly with trees, were to be seen looking like groves planted in well-defined squares. Some paces back from the road, close at hand, was the old village inn for which I