

already engaged herself to marry her overseer, Captain Philip."

"Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn, can you forgive me?" sobbed Agnes, on the other side. "I am so glad for you, darling, and so miserable for myself."

Evelyn turned at once to fold the weeping girl in her arms.

"My own dear sister," she whispered, "there is nothing to forgive. They were not your own words. I felt that as soon as they were uttered; and when you cease to believe them, they cease to pain me."

"Hugh," she said that evening, as they sat together, holding sweet converse in her private room, "there is only one drop of bitter in my cup to-night, and that is the prospect of parting with Agnes. If she goes with Will to Italy, shall I ever see her again?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't, my darling, just as often as you please. Italy is not at the other end of the world, neither shall we be tied to one spot. What obstacle will there be to your visiting one another? Greville and I have been talking the matter over to-day, Evelyn, and what I propose is, that we should settle five hundred a year on Mrs. Lyle, to revert to her husband at her death if he survives her. This income will be sufficient to keep them very comfortably in the land of his adoption; and honestly, Evelyn, I believe they will be happier in Italy than in England. Will is a lazy, indolent fellow, who will prefer to lounge his life away, and after a while, when this unpleasantness has blown over, I daresay we shall all be able to meet on friendly terms."

"Oh, Hugh, how good you are. Not one man in a thousand would forgive the slights he has put upon you as you do."

"My dearest, you forget he is *my* cousin as well as yours, and it is our duty to do something for him. There is one comfort—his wife loves him whatever he is, and so they can neither of them be quite unhappy."

Evelyn moved a little closer to her lover.

"No; not whilst they have love," she murmured.

"Love is the greatest happiness in all the world."

"In all the world," he repeated, as he pressed her closely to his heart.

THE END.