

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

"Still, he would have come to me and told me so," she replied, quickly. "He is not weak or wanting in moral courage; if he had not changed to me he would have come."

"I am waiting for you to say those words, Gladys." Then she put down her head on my shoulder, weeping bitterly. "Yes, yes, I will trust you. In the whole world I have only you, Ursula, and you have been good to me."

sunshine that was tingling his beard with gold, I heard his low, fervent "Thank God! then it was that; but when he turned to me his face was radiant, his eyes bright and vivid; there was renewed hope and energy in his aspect."

that is one reason," I thought, as I carried up my roses. Gladys was still asleep. I had finished my breakfast, and had helped Chatty arrange the turret-room for the day, when I heard Gladys's waking. I hastened to her side, and found her leaning on her elbow looking at me with a smile.

had sealed it I had noiselessly left the room. CHAPTER XLIII. DOWN THE PEMBERLEY ROAD. Three-quarters of hour had elapsed before I ventured into the room again; but at the first sound of my footsteps Gladys looked up, and called to me in a voice charged and broken with happiness.

wanted to go out for days; but, Giles, touching his arm gently,—"you will make Ursula understand that I want to go alone with her."