

of the design of so honourable a man as Captain Philip in showing her his cousin's letter, her blood spun round and round, waving the reply as a torch ; and the question of his character confirmed it.

But could he be imagined seeking to put her on her guard ? There may be modesty in men well aware of their personal attractions : they can credit individual women with powers of resistance. He was not vain to the degree which stupefies the sense of there being weight or wisdom in others. And he was honour's own. By these lights of his character she read the act. His intention was . . . and even while she saw it accurately, the moment of keen perception was overclouded by her innate distrust of her claim to feminine charms. For why should he wish her to understand that he was no fortune-hunter and treated heiresses with greater reserve than ordinary women ! How could it matter to him ?—She saw the tears roll. Tears of men sink plummet-deep ; they find their level. The tears of such a man have more of blood than of water in them.—What was she doing when they fell ? She was shading his head from the sun. What, then, if those tears came of the repressed desire to thank her with some little warmth. He was honour's own, and warm-hearted Patrick talked of him as a friend whose heart was his friend's. Thrilling to kindness, and, poor soul ! helpless to escape it, he felt perhaps that he had never