

less, but a man's heart can be much easier weaned from the object of its affections than a woman's. You have so many things to distract your thoughts, without being really unfaithful, there may be moments when a pretty face would beguile you into forgetfulness of all but the present, and you would find room in your heart for admiration, at least, of others, whilst I shall never, for one moment, find your image absent from mine. No words, no matter how soft or flattering, coming from other lips than yours, shall ever give me the least pleasure. No, Alan, I shall be more faithful than you."

"Time will teach you, Eva, how faithful I can be." Then, silence again, for each heart was too full of sorrow for words.

At last, slowly, sorrowfully, reluctantly, Alan said, as he took Eva's face in both his hands, gazing sadly into her eyes, "And now, my own darling, we must part. The hour has come at last. How calm and cold you seem, Eva, in spite of your words just now. I wonder is your heart as heavy as mine? I hope not, for I would not wish to see you suffer as I am suffering."

"Oh, can I control myself till he has gone!" she thought. But no. With all her resolution, with all her determination and self-possession, she was only a woman, after all, with a woman's loyal, faithful and loving heart, breaking now with its first great grief. She had counted too much on her own strength. With one choking, passionate sob, she clasped her arms round his neck, "Oh! Alan, Alan," she cried, "do not leave me—my heart is breaking. Oh! how can I live through the long, lonely days when I cannot see you, when I cannot touch your hand nor hear the sound of your voice? Oh, people think, and even you too, that I am cold-hearted, that I cannot love enough to suffer. Oh! I wish I were! I wish I were! my heart would not be torn with sorrow as it is now."

The passionate storm of sobs and tears took Alan by surprise. He tried by every gentle, endearing word to soothe and comfort her. But now, that all the pent-up sorrow had mastered her she allowed it to have sway, and when the storm had passed it left her so weak that she could scarcely stand.

"I should not have allowed my feelings to overcome me, Alan," she said. "I am making it harder for you," she tried to smile through her tears, "but, oh, I feel a presentiment