

admitted young Dr. Ferrars for his evening visit. As they passed, the two men looked keenly at each other. There was a peculiar searching look in Jack's eyes, for he guessed who he was and what his errand. So passed Philip Dane out of Joyce Wyndham's life for ever. In spite of his brave words, she had inflicted a scar on his heart, which time was slow to heal. Bobbie never heard the outs and ins of the story, and retained his loyal faith in Joyce, believing absolutely that she was prevented by her relatives from coming to see them as of yore. Of this belief Philip did not seek to rob him, but he never encouraged him to talk much of Joyce, or of the bright, brief time she had blessed them by her presence. To outward seeming he was quite unchanged, only he devoted himself with new enthusiasm to the cause of the brotherhood, and became a leader such as Osborne Thrale had never been, even in his best days. Also he remained unmarried till his death.

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The Wyndhams remained at Nice till the end of March, and then journeyed, a happy party, back to England.

When Alfred Wyndham watched Joyce on the