

evening became spent, she waited hoping to see me or hear something either from Milton or her father. Not being satisfied, and unable to bear the suspense longer, she came to see me, and to know what was the matter. Midnight is the hour of madness. Nocturnal noon is often the hour of daring, too. So she came by stealth.

Delicacy on the part of a woman is required by society, but seasons and circumstances must decide its worth by its timeliness as well as its reserve. When either man or woman loves to the uttermost, it is time to speak. I am far from wishing to remove the usual restraints required as marks of virtuous conduct, yet I am quite aware and long convinced that cold discretion has often been very fatal. Had Julia Campbell waited for John Meredith to speak, there would long ago have been one man less in this world, and she would have been compelled to mourn the loss of the man she has so long loved and helped.

Before winter came, I was again in the world and as fond of it as any man. The little cottage on a back street of the town of Forresthill became occupied by its owner. The understanding between myself and Julia Campbell being that once I had taken back my old busi-