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sister, even in the

most thoughtless days of his youth ; but it seems to him he has never known how dear she was to him before. Looking up in his face, his hands clasped in hers, Sydney tells him all. How Sister Monica and Lucy pointed out the path of duty, that has led her here. She tells him, too, the story of Teddy's loss, and the happy reunion, after long parting and pain, of Teddy's father and mother.

"So you lost all," he says to her, looking down into the fair earnest face with a tender smile, "your friend and your boy. It must have been very lonely for you, my princess."

"Lonely!" She makes a little passionate gesture ; "I had lost *you*, Lewis—it could not matter who came or went after that."

"Still you would never have come to me if it had not been for Sister Monica ;" he answers. "By-the-by, if ever I meet that best of little sisters, I must thank her for sending me my wife. You never would have come of yourself, would you, Sydney?"

"Ah! I don't know," Sydney says sorrowfully ; "it was such a miserable, miserable time, Lewis. It gives me the heartache even now that I sit beside you and look back upon it—the long desolate months of waiting, and hoping, and fearing, and longing. Lewis, I thought you would have returned when the war ended. I so hoped you would have come ; I would never have let you go again, if you had. Duty—as I thought it then—my promise to the dead—all would have been flung to the winds at the sight of your face. But you did not come, you did not seem to care to come. You had your work and your ambition. Men do not feel these things as women do. My life has been one long wretchedness ; and yours—has your profession kept sorrow and loneliness altogether at bay ? Has your life not been so full and so busy that you have had little time to grieve for your wife?"

There is a smile on his face as he listens to the impassioned reproach, but his eyes are tender and grave.

"What do you think about it?" he asks.

"Your work has *not* filled your life ;" she answers, "Look here, Lewis," she lifts his dark hair, and with a touch that is a caress, "there are gray hairs here, my dearest, and when I saw you last it was all raven dark. You have not changed much, but I can see that you have suffered. My husband, I should never have let you go."

She lays her face on his shoulder, and there is silence for a