

"It is, my own ; most wonderful ! I can scarcely believe it yet."

"And isn't it marvellous, Mark, how God has fulfilled to the letter the prophecy that seemed so dreadful ; and yet has done so with no dreadfulness at all ?"

"His ways are not our ways, you see, my darling."

"No, but far higher. It was a pity, however, that Lady Clayton took God's affairs into her own hands : He could have managed quite well without her interference."

"His way is always the best ; but sometimes He lets us have our own, so that we may see for ourselves how much better His really is, and how foolish we are not to trust Him more completely and leave everything in His Hands. As if He were not quite competent to govern the world, if only men would believe it ! But," Mark continued, "you haven't yet told me what I am to do."

"What you are to do ? How do you mean ?"

"Whether I am to make the story public and be recognized as Sir Conrad's son, or whether it is still to remain a secret."

"Why, Mark, of course it must remain a secret ! You could not be so cruel to either of your mothers as to make it public property. It would break both their hearts."

"Then it must rest as it is ?"

"I see no other course open."

Mark smiled.

"I knew you'd say that, my dearest love."

"Then why did you ask me such a question ?"

"Because I knew the answer. And it isn't the first time that I've asked you a question for that reason."

"And you call yourself a Prime Minister ? Bah !"

"I call you an angel."

"Well, whatever of angelicalness there is in me is all your doing, Mark. I wasn't a bit good or nice or anything till I met you ; but since you became my friend, and