

"It's not only that she's thrown away such a splendid chance, but she's thrown it away for the mere memory of a man who couldn't compare with Lord Rainford in *any* way—even if he were alive. And when Robert Fenton *was* alive, she wasn't certain, till it was too late, that she cared for him; and kept him waiting for years and years, till she could make up her mind, and had to quarrel with him *then* before she was sure of it. And now for her to pretend that she never can care for any one else, and that she can't marry Lord Rainford because she doesn't *love* him—as if she were a girl of seventeen instead of twenty-five! Oh! I've no patience with her!"

Ray said nothing for a moment. Then, "There's some difference between not being sure you do and being sure you don't," he remarked, quietly, "and the difference doesn't seem to be in Rainford's favour." After a moment, he asked, without looking at her, "What did you marry *me* for?"

"What nonsense! You know!"

"Yes, I always thought it was for love. How would you like to have me think it wasn't?"

"Don't be absurd!" cried his wife.

But his words went deep, and at the bottom of her heart she felt in them a promise of the perpetual reconsecration of their marriage.

A STORY was at one time current (and still has its adherents among those who knew vaguely something of Helen's romance) to the effect that Fenton returned at a moment when his presence seemed a miracle, opportunely wrought to save her from further struggle and to reward her for all her suffering and self-sacrifice in the past. It fixed with much accuracy of date and circumstance the details of their dramatic meeting at the little house in the Port, where she found him waiting for her one hot, dusty afternoon in the summer, when she came back, broken in