

to the sheet of foolscap on which he meant to shadow forth the outlines of his lecture. The sheet was fastened to the wall by his eyes, mechanically fixed on the paper; but his brain resumed to act. Industry—capital—the proposed re-union by the workers of the world of the mines, factories, docks, ships, canals, railways which their labor had constructed—the impracticability of land nationalization—and so forth: what were these but mere illusive phrases, when we have to consider the smallest sound on the other side of the street! And ill-luck pursued him. She did not come out to the window. The chrysalis of the little balcony were quite neglected. The afternoon passed, and neither she nor her grandfather came out alone. Then, when he went over as usual about 6:30, there was no chance of his speaking to her herself; in fact, both she and her grandfather were seated at the one table, with a heap of books and papers before them.

"Enough, Mairie, enough," Mr. Bethune said belligerently, as he rose. "You had your say—though I don't see why you should undertake any such drudgery." She also rose to receive the visitor; and she gave him a thoughtful look, and regarded him with very friendly eyes, there was not the least trace of self-consciousness in her manner.

"Yes," she said with a bright and frank smile, "grandfather has conferred a new dignity on me. I am become an amanuensis. Not that I am the slightest real use to him, I suppose. He has a penman, and still, I take it seriously, and pretend to be doing my share. Time to go, it is—very well, I shall be ready in a minute." "What was I to do beyond me?" she asked, regarding beyond measure by this perfect self-possession. Had nothing whatever happened the night before, then? There was no secret between them at all. She had made no confession—given no promise. And now she was wounded pride stepped in and spoke with its usual violence and cruel injustice. Perhaps there were people who dispensed their carresses so freely, and who were so ready of them! What had startled him, a man, might be only a matter of course to her, a girl. Nay—for what will not a lover say in a passion of anger and jealousy? "You are not the only one who had been similarly bewildered."

He had no word for Mairie on her return to the room. When the three of them went out into the street, he took his usual post by her side, and walked with her grandfather, to whom he was so much attached, of course, as his usual attendant, and all the projected compilation of ballads, and as old George Bethune was always keenly enthusiastic about any new undertaking, there was no sign of his usual conversation. He walked on in silence and unheeded. When they reached the restaurant, and as they were taking their seats at the little table, the glances of the young man and his grandfather did not happen to meet hers. And there was no place for her in their talk.

"No," old George Bethune was saying— "with consideration, and that he appeared to have been looking over some of the ballads during the day, and his mind was still filled by the recollection of them. I think that if you had not been so ill-treated, even if there should be an edition de luxe, I have considered your suggestion more than once; but I fear the drawing would in almost every instance be an anti-climax to the power and simplicity and pathos of the printed page. No picture could be as vivid and clear and striking as the verses themselves; why, just think of such lines as these—

"Don't you know that you pressed my heart?" "But you know that I pressed nothing—perhaps that meant nothing at all." "It meant a very great deal, Vincent," said she, warmly, looking up at him with her honest eyes. "We were talking of the value of true friends—and I could not say much—yet I wished to tell you what I thought of all your goodness and kindness. Indeed, indeed it meant a great deal, Vincent—and I hoped you would understand—"

"I have understood too much," said he, and he was silent for a second. Then he turned to her and said, "I thought you had more than that to say to me, Mairie. For why need I tell you what you must have guessed already? You know I love you; you must have seen it in this time; there was no need for me to speak. And when the future has been the one hope for me, that some day or other you should be my wife, then perhaps I was too eager to believe I had all come true—that you would give me more than that quiet way and no need of a spoken word between us. But I was mistaken. I see. You only meant friendship. You were not going to say 'Thank you' to a friend—"

But by this time she had risen from her chair; and there was in her eyes the strange look of pride and joy, and perhaps of sadness. "Do you know what you are saying, Vincent?" she said, quite gently. "You—of all people in the world—regarded—with admiration, and grateful, and affectionate eyes—this handsome lad on whom fortune had shed all good things—and perhaps she could not have done so, if she had not been so true to you—"