

courage in his heart to wound her sensitive nature. And perhaps, after all, there was no cause for fear. And so he had gone on, unintentionally deceiving her, and trying to deceive himself.

But such days, though too good to lose, were yet too sweet to last. And so there had come a time, the last day of his vacation, when, realizing that his fears were only too true, he knew that he must tell her.

Ah, could he ever forget that last evening they were together. It was such a lovely summer night. The full moon seemed to flood the earth with her soft, mellow light. The winds and the waves had fallen asleep. And the brooding earth lay hushed in pensive silence, broken only by the droning sound of insects, or the weird, restless cry of some night-wanderer borne from afar upon the pulsing air.

They were sitting beneath the trees where they had first met. No word had broken the long silence which environed them. They were too happy to talk.

Suddenly her voice aroused him.

"It makes me too sad," she said "I want to talk. I want to get it off my mind."

"What is it little girl? Tell me."

"I wish I could," she replied, "but it is so new and strange I cannot half express it. Nature is so beautiful—I love it—but it does not satisfy me. I long for something—something I seem to hear as from a distance, but cannot see. I am trying to get closer to it, but I cannot. Perhaps it is my mother—but she seems so far away. I can feel the beauty of such motherhood, and I can pray to her; but I cannot throw myself into her arms. I am surrounded—and yet I am alone."

What wonder, seeing her yearning eyes looking up at him with childlike confidence for protection from this something that half pleased, yet half frightened her, that he should hesitate before replying. What should he say? Ah, it was cruel; but he must tell her the truth.