

And so he told her of the ambition of his life, and how he had set his heart upon it. And she listened to his unnatural voice as one in a dream. What was he saying? She did not know. And then she caught the words,—

“And so little girl, you see our ways must part. Tomorrow I go away. And then you must forget me.”

His words struck her like a whip. Forget him—how could she. Like a flash the truth dawned upon her that the something which had frightened her so was love. She loved him. And now he was going away. She tried to speak, but the words stopped in her throat. She tried to be brave, but it was a hopeless bravery. And then in utter despair, she burst into tears—the contrite tears of a broken heart.

Was it in pity, shame, or love that he took her in his arms, and held her there in a kiss she never forgot.

Poor little girl—poor little wild rose! He had come nearer to loving her than he ever had any one else. But such things were not for his enjoyment. No, he must put them away from him. And so they had parted—those two.



Even now he could see her standing at the gate watching him out of sight—and the soft moonlight—and the weeping-willow trees—and the sheen of the lake with a shadow in it.

Ah well, he had been thoughtless, cruel, even heartless. But it was not intentional. He was very sorry about it—he would rectify the injury if he could—but—well, as he looked back at it now, he could almost forgive himself. It had been so extremely pleasant—such a very delightful Summer.

C., '00.