

The letter was an offer from the faculty of one of the leading Western colleges of a chair in their institution.

Jack handed me the second letter. It was the tender of an instructorship in his Alma Mater. "Recognizing his worth and foreseeing a brilliant future for him" (the letter ran), they wish to retain his services as an instructor.

My hand sought to grasp his in congratulation. "No, no; don't," Jack said, "I don't deserve that you should. If there is any credit in aught of my work it all belongs there," pointing to a photograph upon the mantel-piece above the table at which he was sitting.

It was the picture of a girl, young, with most exquisitely refined features, not beautiful, perhaps, but with such great, round, earnest eyes as could almost look an inspiration into one. And underneath was written in a boyish hand a single word, or rather a single letter, "M——," as though it were an irreverence to write it out in full. This was followed by a date that was seven years old.

"No, don't; please don't touch it," pleaded Jack, as Howards made a move as if to reach for it. "It is to her that I owe all. She has been a guiding star to me in many a gale of doubt and despair that has swept over me. She first roused my ambitions and fired my energies, made me hope for something better, and if success has at last come my way I am glad for her sake alone—for her sake alone I rejoice. My only joy in this is to anticipate hers when she hears of it."

I finished reading the letter and handed it back to him, as Howards had done with the other.

"And the third letter?" we said both together.

"Why, that's a letter from Raymond whom we sent to India last year, asking for some volunteers to assist him in his work. You remember the dean read it in chapel the other day?"

He methodically arranged the three letters in front of him, just as we found them and him when we first came in.

Just then a knock sounded at the door. Jack gave a quick gasp as he rose from the chair to open it. I saw him turn pale and