

'There is nothing in what you say that could offend me,' she replied, 'but there are things which make it difficult for me to answer you. My station in life is different to yours. Your people would call it a *mesalliance*, and the time would come when such a thought would make you unhappy. Besides, I am going away—it may be years before these tenants can be left there to manage their own affairs, and until then my father will stay with them and I with him. Believe me then, it is not indifference which makes me leave you unanswered, but only my affection for you, which tells me it is better to forget that you have spoken and that I have listened.'

His eyes left her face for a moment, and he looked straight before him in silence. Then he looked back to her.

'By any affection you have for me, Eileen, never talk again of a *mesalliance*. It is I who am the suitor, and who would be proud of the alliance. I want you to tell me one thing, Eileen. If you were not going away—if you had not to go away—and I asked you again to be my wife, what would be your answer?'

There was no look of indecision in her face, though she still kept her eyes to the ground as she answered—

'Yes, Hugh, I love you.'

They had reached the door now and as they passed through it he raised her hand to his lips and gently kissed it.

'Thank you, Eileen; I wish you could know how happy you have made me.'

Mr. Hawthorne was waiting for them, and this time it was he who chided Eileen for keeping Lord Ellenmead so long in the garden when tea was waiting inside. Eileen was flushed, but Hawthorne was not an observant man where women were concerned, and did not notice the new light in her eyes, nor, incidentally, that she very nearly put two lumps of sugar into the milk-jug instead of putting them into her father's cup. The meal was finished and Lord Ellenmead left. Somehow, in long, long minutes the evening wore away and the time came when Eileen could leave her father and retire to her own room.

And there she locked the door and flung herself upon the bed and cried as though her heart would break. Not that she loved her father less for the new love which had entered her life, but oh! it was so hard to leave the new love almost untasted and shut it out, perhaps for years, across a thousand leagues of sea.

It is merciful to poor mankind that with the coming of daylight our spirits rise afresh to do battle with the new troubles to which the day may give birth, or fight more manfully the griefs which seemed so overwhelming on the previous night.

The new day found Eileen more like her own sweet self. She reproached herself with selfishness on the previous day, when, in the first flush of her newly-discovered happiness, she had viewed her approaching emigration with such gloomy foreboding. She would see her lover again, perhaps often, before her departure; he would doubtless write to her occasionally, and she might write to him in reply; the years of her exile might after all be fewer than she anticipated, and then, when Lord Ellenmead again asked her to be his wife, she could look her happiness in the face and answer him as her heart already dictated.

She felt that in leaving him unanswered on the previous evening she had acted wisely and for the best. Her father loved her so well, and she knew it, that it would have cast a shadow upon his schemes to have taken her with him at the expense of her own desires and happiness. And those schemes were the outcome of many anxious hours of thought and of much careful saving. His heart was in them, his word was pledged to their fulfilment, and to have Eileen by his side whilst he put them into execution would be the greatest consolation in his exile.

Buoyed up with these convictions she went about the preparations for the departure cheerfully, even gaily. The days passed rapidly amid the many duties which fell to her lot, until at last everything was ready.

The day was at hand, and it only remained to say good-bye to the home in the old land before sailing to the new home in the land beyond the seas.

Lord Ellenmead had been over three times since the eventful evening when he had declared his love, but though his manner was more thoughtful, more tender, more full of courteous attention than before, he had made no direct allusion to the subject of that conversation.

Like Eileen herself he seemed to have made up his mind to be as cheerful as possible under the circumstances of their early separation, and to say nothing which would add to the sadness of farewell.

As the evening drew near Eileen found it difficult to maintain her composure, for her lover had spoken of the necessity of his leaving early, and each moment was bringing nearer the one which she feared to face—the moment in which she would have to say 'Good-bye.'

At last he came to her, and despite all her efforts the tears came brimming to her eyes. But then there came a totally unexpected respite.

'It's only good-night, dear, not good-bye,' he said; 'I shall see you again on the ship before you go.'

She could not conceal the relief it was that for even those few hours more she could think of her lover as near at hand; for once good-bye was said it would already seem to her that the thousand leagues of water stretched between them.

'It is very good of you, Hugh, but it is a long way to Liverpool just to say good-bye to me.'

'But you will like to see me there?'

'Ah, yes, you know how I should like it.'

'Is not that more than recompense? It is not a great distance to travel to see your dear face once more. Good-night, Eileen; good-bye until to-morrow.'

So he left; and the real good-bye had yet to be spoken.

Before retiring that night Eileen and her father walked round the old garden and made unspoken farewells to each dearly-loved

spot. They would not see them in the morning, for they started almost at the break of day, in order to reach Liverpool in good time for the outward-bound vessel. Many a time she longed to confide in her father and have the comfort of feeling that another shared the double sorrow of her parting, but she kept back the thought which she knew was selfish, for it would have tinged even deeper yet her father's sadness, already keen enough.

In the early dawn next day the hurry and bustle of departure commenced. At the railway station a pleasant surprise awaited them, for the station-master showed them to a handsome private car which had been specially reserved for 'Mr. Hawthorne and daughter.'

On a table within it was a small bouquet of most exquisite flowers, and beside it a beautifully bound album which contained a series of photographs of their house and garden and other views in the vicinity which Eileen had spoken of as those which she left with most regret. There was no need to ask whose fairy wand had caused such magic. They both knew that there was only one man whose kind thoughts would have been so beautifully expressed. They did not even mention his name, but with her eyes suspiciously moist Eileen looked at her father and said:

'It is kind of him, dad, is it not?'

'It is like him, darling; he is always thoughtful.'

There was further thought in the flowers that almost covered the little saloon in the tiny steamer which took them to the port of Liverpool, and in the dainty refreshments and luscious fruits on the table.

Most of Mr. Hawthorne's time was occupied in seeing that the arrangements which he had made for his emigrant party had been faithfully carried out, so that Eileen was left much alone in the little saloon, and there was none there to see her kiss the beautiful white rose which she found upon the table, and which she knew was intended for herself.

A few hours later they stood upon the deck of the Toronto.

The party were all safely on board stowing away in their cabins the little luggage required upon the voyage, and some of them were already upon the deck again, looking their last upon the English shore.

So far Lord Ellenmead had not put in an appearance.

Eileen had furtively looked here and there amongst the crowd where his tall form would easily have been distinguished, but had not seen him. Mr. Hawthorne was busy amidst wraps and luggage, so she stood alone leaning over the rails upon the upper deck.

Suddenly a voice close beside her said, 'Are you looking for anyone?' She turned quickly, knowing that it was her lover who had spoken.

'Thank you so much, Hugh, for all the lovely flowers, and the fruit, and the beautiful pictures. No one could have been kinder if I had been a princess.'

'It was a queen, Eileen, not a princess, for whom the flowers were blooming.'

'Don't turn my head, Hugh, with such compliments. It was so good of you to have thought of all that. It made one's leaving seem less bitter, and saved one from thinking so much.'

'It was nothing, nothing, dear; say no more about it. But now I have something to say to you. One of the passengers on this boat is a friend of mine, and I want you to be kind to him on the voyage. I know he will be grateful to you for it, and it is my own particular wish.'

'Certainly, Hugh, I will be as kind to him as I can, thinking of you so far away. Shall I see him before we sail?'

'Yes, dear, you will see him. I will tell you briefly who he is. He is a man of good family who has come to the conclusion that a few years of honest hard work on the soil will be years that he will never regret. He did nothing much over here to be proud of, for he never had to work for a living. Now he is going to try the experiment and I think it will do him good.'

Eileen was looking at her watch. In a few minutes they would have begun the voyage. Her heart was telling her that there were other things of which they might be talking than this friend, however dear. But perhaps it was intended for the best—to keep her from thinking of themselves until the last.

'He consulted me about his going and I answered at once: "Go, you are doing right, my friend; besides you will then be near to protect and watch the one you love."'

'He is, then, engaged or married?'

'The girl he loves will be on board, but at present she does not know that he is going with her. He thought it would perhaps be a pleasant surprise when instead of saying "Good-bye," as she expected, he told her that he was sailing with her.'

'Yes, she will indeed be glad,' Eileen answered, but she did not look at him, and only stared straight before her and tried to keep back the rising tears which a passing thought had conjured up. It was not unnatural to compare herself with the other girl and it was difficult not to envy her.

'Don't you really think she would be glad?' he asked. And once more Eileen only looked away, and one tear would not be restrained but fell upon her cheek.

Then Lord Ellenmead was afraid he had carried his comedy too far. He laid his hand upon hers as it rested on the rail and gently pressed her fingers.

'Forgive me, Eileen, I did not mean to pain you. I thought you would have guessed who the extra traveller was.'

The bell rang out to warn for the last time those who had to return to the shore.

'How could I guess?'

And then she started and turned to look at his smiling face—

'Oh, Hugh, you do not mean—'

'What else should I mean, my darling? Our lives are not so long that I should let you leave me for all the years that you otherwise might have been away. I shall learn to work and be more a man, and try to think that I have done at least a little something to make me worthier of you. Your dear old dad knows all about it, and that is why I want you to do something for me