

But when the time for departure came, and Nelly took Cicely into the house to fetch the wraps which had been left there, Farrell drew his chair close to Hester's. She read agitation in his look.

'So she's actually going to take up this new nursing? She says she is to have six months' training.'

'Yes—don't grudge it her!'

Farrell was silent a moment, then broke out—

'Did you ever see anything so small and transparent as her hands are? I was watching them as she sat there.'

'But they're capable!' laughed Hester. 'You should hear what her matron says of her.'

Farrell sighed.

'How much weight has she lost?'

'Not more—as yet—than she can stand. There's an intense life in her—a spiritual life—that seems to keep her going.'

'Hester—dear Hester—watch over her!'

He put out a hand and grasped his cousin's.

'Yes, you may trust me.'

'Hester!—do you believe there'll ever be any hope for me?'

'It's unkind even to think of it yet,' she said gravely.

He drew himself up, recovering self-control.

'I know—I know. I hope I'm not quite a fool! And indeed it's better than I thought. She's not going to banish me altogether. When this new hos-