

alarmed. "Here, Carry, dear, give me the oar. Look here; you shall lie at the bottom of the boat quite comfortable."

In a minute or two she looked up, gave a sobbing sort of sigh, and submitted with docile readiness to all his arrangements.

He pulled off his coat to make a pillow for her head, declaring he should be warm enough with rowing. How did she feel? Was she comfortable? Was she sure she liked lying there?

Caroline smiled assent, and smiled again cheerfully up at his serious and even anxious face. She thought to herself how kind he was to be sorry; and she rather liked feeling weak and dizzy for a little while, to be so cared for, and to be looked at as he was looking at her now. Illness was too strange to her to be formidable, in those days; and the transient exhaustion was, after all, more singular than painful to the strong, healthful girl. She lay quiet in the bottom of the boat, her straw hat slung over her arm, her head resting on Vaughan's coat, her eyes alternately watching the soft clouds floating over the limpid sky, and seeking the face and answering the looks of her companion. So he rowed gently along the lake for some time in silence.

"O, how pleasant this is!" she said at last; "how softly we go along! and how sunshiny everything looks!"

"Are you better, then? Yes; I see a little colour coming back. I declare, Carry, you quite frightened me—you went so white all at once."

"Did I? I felt sick; that was it, I suppose."

"Yes; no doubt that was it."

"He rowed on with somewhat more vigour. Another pause in the conversation. But this time Vaughan filled it up by whistling. Caroline began to feel a little ashamed of her lazy position; she moved restlessly.

"You had better lie still, I think, till we land," observed Vaughan, in a grave, advising tone. "You might begin to feel sick again, you know."

"But your coat—don't you want your coat?"

"O, I can do without it very well. Keep quiet—that's the best thing you can do."

So she tried to attain this ultimate perfection, and neither moved nor spoke till they were at the landing place. Vaughan jumped out, drew in the boat, fastened it, and then assisted her to disembark.

She required very little assistance; she felt quite herself again, and assured him so. They walked homeward, through the lane, with beech-trees on each side, just budding out into the tender green, which looks more like coloured light than absolute colour. By the steep bank where the primroses were, Caroline looked up wistfully as she passed.

"Do you feel all right?" Vaughan asked her, as they came in sight of