

presents we shan't have anything to give her ourselves."

The speaker who came rather slowly into the circle of light was a tall girl of rare and touching beauty. Enough like Celia to be known as her sister, she was Celia glorified, and set aside from ordinary life. To give an idea of her charm is hard, for to tell of the sweet oval of her face, her masses of brown hair with curling tendrils, her perfect mouth, delicate nose, and great mysterious eyes, leaves the main secret still untold. A stranger would scarcely have guessed that she was blind, a friend would never forget it.

"My sister Ada," said Celia quietly. "Ada, Miss Eden and Mr. Burns. They have called to see how the baby is getting on. Is she asleep?"

"Not yet, just going. Listen! there she is. She wants me back. I'll bring her in for a moment—but she must not be kissed or giggled over, or she won't sleep."

The callers solemnly promised not to kiss or giggle, and with much delightful flutter the baby was produced. She was a very little baby; unnaturally little, Mr. Burns thought. "Just too dinky for words," according to Miss Eden. She lay quite still in Ada's careful arms, surveying the glances bent upon her with calm disdain and sucking a wrinkled thumb.

"You shouldn't allow her to do that," said Miss Eden rebukingly.

"I think she is beginning to get a tooth. One of the girls gave her a rubber ring, but she won't have it, and she has to suck something—don't you, darling precious? Isn't she lovely, Mr. Burns?"

Mr. Burns, whose eyes were fixed upon the glowing face of the blind girl, could scarcely find words to ex-