

geranium she had planted, was still in the window ; it had been watered and cared for, and had grown to be a large and luxuriant plant. She thought of the last day she had occupied that room, and of the many bitter hours she had spent in it, and she contrasted them with the joy and the hope of her return.

But when we say to ourselves, "I will be grateful," it is very seldom the heart consents to our determination ; and Margaret, exhausted with emotion, was almost shocked to find that she could not realize, with any degree of warmth, the mercy and blessing that had come to her. She was the more dissatisfied, because as soon as she was alone she remembered the message Tulloch had given her. It had remained all day undelivered, and quite forgotten. "How selfish I am," she said wearily, but ere she could feel sensibly any regret for her fault she had fallen asleep.

In the morning it was her first thought, and as soon after breakfast as possible she went to Dr. Balloch's. He seemed shocked at the news, and very much affected. "We have been true friends for fifty years, Margaret," he said ; "I never thought of his being ill, of his dying—dying."

"He does not appear to fear death, sir."

"No, he will meet it as a good man should. He knows well that death is only the veil which we who live call life. We sleep, and it is lifted."

"Wilt thou see him to-day ?"

"Yes, this morning. Thirty-eight years ago this month his wife died. It was a great grief to him. She was but a girl, and her bride year was not quite worn out."

"I have never heard of her."

"Well, then, that is like to be. This is the first time I have spoken of Nanna Tulloch since she went away from us. It is long to remember, yet she was very lovely, and very much beloved. But thou knowest Shetlanders speak not of the dead, nor do they count anything from a day of sorrow. However, thy words have brought many things to my heart. This day I will spend with my friend."

The reconciliation which had taken place was a good thing for Margaret. She was inclined to be despondent ; Suneva always faced the future with a smile. It was better also that Margaret should talk of Jan, than brood over the subject in her own heart ; and nothing interested Suneva like a love-quarrel. If it were between husband and wife, then it was of double importance to her. She was always trying to put sixes and sevens at one. She persuaded Margaret to write without delay to Jan, and to request the Admiralty Office to forward the letter. If it had been her letter she would have written "Haste" and "Important" all over it. She never tired of