

time. It was George's hand that administered the beef-tea and the cooling drink—George's voice that spoke with tremulous tenderness in her ear. She smiled again; she felt no surprise at seeing him there; she was too utterly weak even to think.

Another jubilant morning, and again she awoke from a long, sweet, health-giving sleep, stronger in body and mind—strong enough, at least, to think.

It was Rachel who watched by her now—Rachel who bathed her face and hands, and prepared her slender morning meal.

She looked wonderingly at her own wasted hands, and spoke for the first time.

“I have been sick, Rachel! How long?”

“Nearly three weeks, my dear. You mustn't talk yet; you're not strong enough.”

“What was the matter?”

“A fever. You're doing nicely now.”

“Where is George?”

“Gone for a walk. Drink your tea, like a good child, and don't talk any more just now.”

Magdalen obeyed. She eat and drank with the avidity of convalescence, and lay back on her pillow, with closed eyes, thinking. And slowly it all came back—that dreadful night—her flight from Golden Willows—George's cruel words—her falling ill here.

“God may forgive you, but I never will!” George had said that, and yet George was here, and watching by her sick-bed. What did it mean?

The door opened softly, as she thought, and George came in. Weak as she was, she started up on her elbow, the large, dark eyes looking unnaturally dark, and large, and dilated now. She grasped his wrist as he drew near, and looked wildly up in his face.

“You said you would never forgive me!” she exclaimed, “and yet you are here. Oh, George! why did you not let me die?”

He drew her nearer to him, and sealed the pale lips with a fervent kiss.

“That is why, my darling! Because I love you; because I can not live without you. Forget those harsh words of mine, my love. I was beside myself when I spoke them; and don't agitate yourself now.”

She still sat and gazed at him, her eyes wild, her face incredulous,