

pleasant room, all to herself, working only when she likes, and doing as she pleases.

'Did I tell you that Mattie Tubbs was to be my seamstress? I am getting together a curious household, you will say; but I like to have those about me to whom I can do the greatest amount of good, and as I happen to know how much Mattie admires "the Lennox girls," I did not hesitate to take her.

'We stopped at Annapolis on our way here, and I shall never forget the pale, worn faces, nor the great sunken eyes which looked at me so wistfully as I went from cot to cot, speaking words of cheer to the sufferers, some of whom were Mark's companions in prison, and whose eyes lighted up with joy as they recognized him and heard of his escape. There are several nurses here, but no words of mine can tell what one of them is to the poor fellows, or how eagerly they watch for her

coming, following her with greedy glances as she moves about the room, and holding her hand with a firm clasp, as if they would keep her with them always. Indeed, more than one heart, as I am told, has confessed its allegiance to her; but she answers all the same, "I have no love to give. It died out long ago, and cannot be recalled." You can guess who she is, Katy. The soldiers call her an angel, but we know her as Marian.'

There were great tear blots upon that letter as Katy put it aside, and nestling close to Morris, laid her head upon his knee, where his hand could smooth her golden curls, while she pondered Helen's closing words, thinking how much they expressed, and how just a tribute they were to the noble woman whose life had been one constant sacrifice of self for another's good—"The soldiers call her an angel, but we know her as Marian.'

THE END.