

quillity and an absence of all apparent effort that was beyond praise. Trouble, that lancet in the hands of God, did not cause her to wince at its strokes: she bared her bosom to it, and smiled at the kind stern face of the celestial surgeon. She was heroic, she was child-like; the immortal youth of love shone from her.

Daisy stopped a moment and picked up a twig on which she lifted a worm from the path.

"Dr. Stables has been to see her to-day," she said. "He finds her, though she is so cheerful and free from pain, very much worse. She had an attack of heart failure yesterday. It will come that way, he thinks. I do hope so, and I hope it will come soon."

"Yes, dear Miss Daisy, we must all hope that," he said.

She looked at him a moment with quivering lip.

"I wish I could tell you all you have done for me in these days," she said. "But I can't tell you: it's no use."

"And I wish I could tell you what I have learned from you these days," he said.

Teddy returned again that afternoon to see Marion, with his mind made up. He did not know, he did not trouble himself to think whether Daisy would accept him: all that was certain was that he wanted her, not indeed with the tumultuous demand of youth, but with the sober and deep-hued