

steps to breathe long and deeply the sweet spring air. In a corner by the steps there was still a tiny heap of shrinking snow, but in the open, the grass was green as emerald, violets and wind flowers pushed through the tangle of last year's leaves. The trees seemed shrouded in a fairy mist of green. Robins were everywhere.

The girl upon the steps was herself a vision of spring—the embodiment of youth and beautiful life. Coombe folks admitted that Esther Coombe had “got back her looks.” Had they been less cautious they might have said much more, for the subtle change which had come to Esther, the change which marks the birth of womanhood, had left her infinitely more lovely.

From the pocket of the light coat she wore she brought forth a handful of crumbs and scattered them for the saucy robins and then, unwilling to hasten, sat down upon the steps to watch their cheerful wrangling. Feeling for more crumbs she drew out a letter—a single sheet covered with the crabbed handwriting of Professor Willits. At sight of it a soft flush stole over her face. She forgot the crumbs and the robins for, although her letter was two days old and she knew exactly what it contained, the very sight of the written words was joy to her. Like all Willits' notes it was short and to the point.

“Our friend has gone,” she read. “We wanted to keep him for a month yet, but the robins called too loudly. He left no word of his destination, only a strange note saying that at last he was up the hill and over. May he find happiness, dear lady, on the other side.

“One thing I notice—this recovery of his is different from his former recovery. If I were not afraid of lapsing into sentiment, I should say that he has achieved a soul cure. The morbid spot which troubled him so long is healed. A psychologist might explain it, but you and I must accept the result and be thankful. It is