

self for not having learned sooner how much she loved one so far above her, so she simply answered, 'Yes, she took a violent cold and has been sick for weeks. Her mother died of consumption; I'm afraid Maggie will follow.'

'Poor girl, to die so young,' sighed Mrs. Thornton, as she returned to her carriage and was driven back to Greystone Hall, where, in a recess of the window Graham sat, his arm around his wife, and his fingers playing with the curls of her golden hair.

But the hand dropped nervously at his side when his mother startled him with the news that 'Maggie Lee was dying.' Very wonderingly the large blue eyes of Helen followed him, as, feigning sudden faintness, he fled out into the open air, which, laden through it was with the perfume of the summer flowers, had yet no power to quiet the voice within which told him that if Maggie died, he alone was guilty of her death. 'But whatever I can do to atone for my error shall be done,' he thought at last, and until the cold November wind had blasted the last bud, the choicest fruit and flowers which grew at Greystone Hall daily found entrance to the chamber of the sick girl, who would sometimes push them away, as if there still lingered among them the atmosphere they had breathed.

'They remind me so much of the past that I can not endure them in my presence,' she said one day, when her aunt brought her a beautiful bouquet, composed of her favourite flowers, and the hot tears rained over the white, wasted face, as she ordered them from the room.

Much she questioned both her aunt and Bennie of her rival, whose beauty was the theme of the whole village, and once, when told that she was passing, she hastened to the window, but her cheek grew whiter still, and her hands clasped each other involuntarily as she saw by the side of the fair Helen the form of Graham Thornton. They both were looking towards her window, and as Helen met the burning gaze, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Graham, it is terrible. It makes me faint,' and shudderingly she drew nearer to her husband, who, to his dying hour, never forgot the wild, dark eyes which looked down so reproachfully upon him that memorable wintry day.

Three years have passed away since the time when first we met with Maggie Lee—three years which seemed so long to her then, and which have brought her so much pain. She has watched the snow and ice as they melted from off the hill-side. She has seen

the grass spring up by the open door—he has heard the robin singing in the old oak tree—has felt the summer air upon her cheek. She has reached her eighteenth birthday, and ere another sun shall rise will indeed be free.

'Oh, I cannot see her die,' cried poor little Ben, when he saw the pallor stealing over her face, and running out into the yard he threw himself upon the grass, sobbing bitterly, 'My sister, oh, my sister.'

'Is she worse?' said the voice of Graham Thornton.

He was passing in the street and had heard the wailing cry. Ben knew that in some way Judge Thornton was connected with his grief, but he answered respectfully, 'She is dying. Oh, Maggie, Maggie. What shall I do without her?'

'You shall live with me,' answered Mr. Thornton.

'Twas a sudden impulse, and thinking the assurance that her brother should be thus provided for would be a comfort to the dying girl, he glided noiselessly into the sick room. But she did not know him, and falling on his knees by her side, he wept like a little child. 'She was sleeping,' they said, at last, and lifting up his head, he looked upon her as she slept, while a fear, undefined and terrible, crept over him, she lay so still and motionless. At length rising to his feet, he bent him down so low that his lips touched hers, and then, without a word, he went out from her presence, for he knew that Maggie Lee was dead!

The next day, at sunset they buried her in the valley where the mound could always be seen from the window of Graham Thornton's room, and, as with folded arms and aching heart he stood by, while they lowered the coffin to its resting-place, he felt glad that it was so. 'It will make me a better man,' he thought, 'for when evil passions rise, and I am tempted to do wrong, I have only to look across the fields towards the little grave which but for me would not have been made so soon, and I shall be strengthened to do what is right.'

Slowly and sadly he walked away, going back to his home, where, in a luxuriously furnished chamber, on a couch whose silken hangings swept the floor, lay his wife, and near her his infant daughter, that day four weeks of age. As yet she had no name, and when the night had closed upon them, and it was dark within the room, Graham Thornton drew his chair to the side of his wife, and in low, subdued tones, told her of the fair young girl that day buried from his sight. Helen was his wife, a gentle, faithful wife, and he could not tell her how much he had loved Maggie Lee, and that but for his fool-

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