

to let her give up her classes for this term and stay with Rosaleen.

In the spring of the year the two went away together with a nurse to the seaside; and when the Easter holidays came round once more Rosaleen was her old self.

'We'll go home for the Easter holidays,' said Nina, speaking to the little girl. 'Do you remember the Easter of last year?'

'Oh, don't I?' answered Rosaleen, her face more brilliant, more full of health than ever, her spirits as gay, her laugh as hearty; and yet a difference all over her; her eyes were thoughtful, the lips sweet, the little nature unselfish.

'Oh Nina! Nina!' she said, 'it was a year ago that our great fight began.'

'It is over for ever,' replied Nina.

'And you are my dearest, dearest friend,' said the Dark Rosaleen.

THE END.