

lover. I want to be young and lovely for his sake."

Then I tried to tell her how beautiful she was, and how time, unrelenting to most, seemed to have forgotten her in his flight. A beautiful, gracious, queenly woman is our Elizabeth, still retaining that indescribable charm which is the heritage of youth.

And when my husband and I left the house in Belgrave Square, on the evening of Mrs. Keith Hamilton's presentation day, whither we had gone to admire her in all her bravery, I said to him, "Elizabeth among all her potions has not forgotten to mix the elixir of perpetual youth." So Doctor Glen, beloved of many, is no more, but we, though walking in humbler by-ways, still keep our friend, and we have made another. And when we go to Flisk, and I see what Elizabeth is to her husband's people, and how perfect is her happiness, and that of the good, noble man she has married, I have but a passing regret for that cosy consulting-room in Rayburn Place. And I often point to her proudly as a living exponent of my fondly-cherished theory, that the woman whose intellect has been fully developed and whose heart beats warm, and sweet,