

"None more passionately."

"I thought so.—But look this way, Tityrus," said she, wheeling quickly and stepping forward. "How do you do, Alexandra?"

There she stood, pale and ill, but proud of carriage as ever.

"So you came after all? Here is Mr. Haviland, gladder even than I to see you!"

I saw Grace, in a moment, the duties of hostess being temporarily undertaken by Annie, walking down a path with soldierly Lockhart Mackenzie, who had come over from the "quarters" in his uniform.

Alexandra and I found ourselves wandering into the wood and climbing the hillside at the loftiest point of the Island, where, on the summit, the trees permitted us a wide view of the St. Lawrence, its islands and ships and the open country; while the afternoon sunlight fell brokenly upon the faint colors of her face and her golden hair.

"Do you admire distant landscapes?" I asked constrainedly.

"They remind me of high aims and the broad views of great minds," returned she, looking outward.

"You favor aiming high," I said, "I always thought so of you."

She turned her glance for a moment to me, and asked seriously: "How can people aim low? Do you know the lines of Goëthe:"

"Thou must either strive and rise,
Or thou must sink and die."

Daughter of the immortals!

"I wonder what you will say of *my* aims," I stammered.

"May you tell them? I should like very much to hear." And as she seemed to bend from a queen into a womanly companion, I noticed my gift, the brooch of Roman mosaic, on her breast.

While she listened, for I told her fully the story of my quest for the highest things, its strange solution, and my present purposes, I was surprised to discover that her intelligence was master