

"I?"

"Yes, you—and then the nurse. Oh, I can never repay her! The day that you left—that was a dreadful day. The world was all black. I could not have lived, I think, many days like that. I had to go into town and I couldn't help going to her. Oh, how good she was to me that day! how good! She understood, she understood at once. She made me come for a week to her, and then for altogether. That was the beginning; then I began to see how foolish I had been."

"Foolish?"

"Yes, wildly foolish! I was like a mad thing, but I did not know then, and I could not help it."

"Help what?"

"Oh, everything! But the nurse showed me—she showed me—"

"Showed you?"

"Showed me how to take care of myself—to take care of my body—of my dress—of my hair. Oh, I remember well," she said with a bright little laugh, "I remember that hair-dresser. Then the doctor came and gave me books and made me read and study—and then I began to see. Oh, it was like a fire—a burning fire within me. And the doctor was good to me, so very patient, till I began to love my profession; to love it at first for myself, and then for others. How good they all were to me those days!—the nurses in the hospital, the doctors, the students—everyone seemed to be kind; but above them all my own nurse here and my own doctor."

In hurried eager speech she poured forth her heart as if anxious to finish her tale—her voice, her eyes, her face all eloquent of the intense emotion that filled her soul.

"It is wonderful!" said Cameron.