

so are the walls; and I was certain you had loved those paintings, as a little boy; and would remember them now."

"Ah, yes," said Garth, eagerly. "A French artist stayed here, and did them. Water and rushes, and the most lovely flamingoes; those on the walls standing with their feet in the water; and those on the ceiling, flying with wings outspread, into a pale green sky, all over white billowy clouds. Jane, I believe I could walk round that room, blindfold — no! I mean, as I am now; and point out the exact spot where each flamingo stands."

"You shall," said Jane, tenderly. These slips when he talked, momentarily forgetting his blindness, always wrung her heart. "By degrees you must tell me all the things you specially did and loved, as a little boy. I like to know them. Had you always that room, next door to your mother's?"

"Ever since I can remember," said Garth. "And the door between was always open. After my mother's death, I kept it locked. But the night before my birthday, I used to open it; and when I woke early and saw it ajar, I would spring up, and go quickly in; and it seemed as if her dear presence was there to greet me, just on that one morning. But I had to go quickly, and immediately I wakened; just as you must go out early to catch the rosy glow of sunrise on the fleeting clouds; or to see the gossamer webs on the gorse, outlined in diamonds, by the sparkling summer dew. But, somehow, Margery found out about it; and the third year there was a sheet of writing-paper firmly stuck to the pin-cushion by a large black-headed pin, saying, in Margery's careful calligraphy: 'Many happy returns of the day, Master