

you may study all your life." She spoke with a vehemence unusual to her. Through his uncovered soul she had caught a glimpse of such dismay and grief mirrored in those deep, hazel eyes, that all her combativeness was roused, and for the first time in her life she realized how grand it was to have power. If Donald loved books as well as she loved sunshine and companionship of birds and flowers and human beings, how cruel it would be to force him away from these just to make money, especially when he was content to live so simply in a little republic of his own, like those grand old heathen that she had been compelled to study about. Maybe some day in the far, lonely future, children at school might be studying about Donald. A new thought came: Mightn't it be an act of cruelty to add anything further to the burdens already awaiting those unborn children, since there were already entirely too many things for them to learn about? She thought the matter over as they stood leaning against the fence.

"Should you be likely to write books if you get the chance to study?" she asked anxiously.

"I might. One never knows what thoughts may come to them when they give themselves up entirely to thinking."