

"Yes, but I should never have seen any beauty in it, if it had not been for you. I had read it many a time before, but I never understood what it meant until I saw you, and then it all flashed on me in a moment. You are a wonderful teacher, Miss Moorland, and it is no wonder that all your pupils love you."

Miss Moorland felt warm in spite of the cold, and began to think that in the appreciation of poetry the pupil stood in advance of the teacher.

Now it must not be thought that Maimie Moorland was a coquette, and it must be remembered that she was entitled to all the privileges of the teacher over a pupil. It is the sweetest incense that can be offered to a teacher, and a woman at that, to tell her that she is beloved by her pupils, and Maimie was no exception to the rule. Besides she was a tender-hearted young maiden.

"Do all my pupils really love me, Dick?" she asked very softly.

"Every one of them. How can they help it!" was the fervent response.

"Do you love me, too, Dick?" she asked more softly still, and a little wistfully.

Dick stopped abruptly, and his fair companion turned and raised her down-cast eyes to his face. And thus they stood in their snowy furrows, with only the hard ridge of snow, peculiar to country roads, between them.

The low, sweet tones of the girl's voice seemed to linger in the tingling stillness of the winter evening and her form to be surrounded by a heavenly light, and Dick, half unconsciously, murmured to himself,

"I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too."

Had he heard aright? "Do you love me, too, Dick?" The

words were floating around him still, and his soul gave answer.

"Love you, Miss Moorland?" he said, "I love the very ground you walk on. I have kissed your foot-prints in the snow. I think of you by day. I dream of you by night. Your voice to me is sweetest music. I am only happy, when——"

"Oh, hush Dick!" interrupted Maimie, startled at the passion she had evoked. "I did not mean it in that way."

But Dick continued with tender humility. "Do not say that, Ma'am. Let me love you. It is happiness to be near you and misery to be away from you. But I shall be wretched indeed if you do not let me love you." The girl's whole soul was shaken to its depths by this frank avowal of a simple passion, great in its simplicity and intensity.

"Come, Dick," she said in a strained voice, "It grows colder and we are near home." They moved on in silence and at the gate of the house at which Maimie stayed they parted; but not before Dick had said very humbly,

"I haven't offended you, have I, Miss Moorland?"

"No, no, Dick," she replied with a little choking sob, as she turned and fled to the friendly door.

All through the winter and away into the spring Dick Durdle went to school, and Miss Moorland taught and was loved. The startling little episode became a thing of the past and was never alluded to by her pupil.

The young man was most exemplary. He worked and studied as if never a word of love had been spoken between them, and he made all her ways smooth and pleasant for her, without ever unnecessarily intruding himself upon her. So well