

the green grass, the trees, the flowers, and the birds? Did not the world seem full of goodness and love? Yet some people seemed to look upon the world so differently—only as a field of gain. A slight awakening had passed over her, leaving a feeling of sadness and depression. Then her thought travelled to the scene of last night—the play, the disturbance, and the quelling of it. She saw in imagination the courageous young fellow who had done so much to suppress it. She wondered if she should ever see him again.

Startled from her reverie by one of the gardeners, who had commenced his day's work in the garden, she slowly rose, and placing her hat on her head, somewhat wearily strolled indoors. Her heart was very sad as she entered the breakfast-room, where sat her father, in a comfortable arm-chair, with a newspaper in his hand. As she entered, he put the paper down and glanced toward her.

"Why, what time did you rise this morning, Lily?" he asked.

She glanced quickly at him, for there was a touch of surprise in his tone.

"My usual time, father," she quietly answered.

"I should have thought," he said, "that going to bed so late at night you would not need to rise so early in the mornings. You are a strange girl."