

dangerous, broke out afresh, and its state was soon very serious.

Dorothy had been there about three weeks, and she was sitting by his side one afternoon, as it was growing dusk. He had been very quiet for some time, and the cough seemed less troublesome; she had not spoken, hoping that he was asleep, when he turned his head slightly on the pillow, and looked at her for a minute fixedly. She bent over him, for his lips were moving; he could hardly speak at all now.

"Frank must be your brother, and take care of you; tell him I said so. Little Dolly! 'Nil desperandum!'"

There was something in the words, and in the faint smile, still as brave as ever, which made Dorothy start, and look round for Mr. Gilbert: there he was, standing at the foot of the bed. The wind was rising, and a sudden breath from some open door came whistling through the room, shaking the folds of Marmaduke's banner, and stirring the hair on his brow. Mr. Gilbert had his remedies at hand, but he saw at once there was no need of them; the Angel of Death was already crossing the threshold, and the brave young soul was ready to welcome him. Dorothy put her arm round her brother, as if she could not part with him, and then neither of them spoke or moved. Only the clergyman's voice, clear and steady, broke the stillness of the room, as he spoke the pass-word that Marmaduke waited for; the peace and blessing of God went with the young soldier to Paradise, and calmed the tired heart of his sister; she hid her face, shedding quiet tears, and all was still in the room.

But there was somebody at the door, whose entrance had been stayed by the solemn words he heard within. Mr. Gilbert, hearing a sound, went presently out, and found Frank Audley there with Christopher.

"How is it with him?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Alas! sir, you have come too late. He is no longer here."

Frank, almost too much shocked to speak, suffered the parson to lead him away quietly, while Christopher sat down

on the doorstep and sobbed. Could it be possible that he should never see him, again alive,—the young master he loved so heartily!

"Christopher!" said Dorothy's sweet voice behind him, and the bailiff, starting up, made an effort to check his grief. "Do not grieve so sorely for him. 'Tis a bad world, and he is better out of it. Come in and look at him; you would say he was asleep."

She took Christopher's great rough hand, and led him to Marmaduke's bedside. There they stood gazing in silence; noisy sorrow was impossible in the presence of that "peace which passeth all understanding."

"Let them wrap him in his banner, my Phoenix! You will see to it?" murmured Dorothy. "Is Captain Frank come? I heard his voice."

"Ay, madam, too late," sighed Christopher.

"Let him come in here, if he will; and tell him I will see him presently. Now I will go to my room."

She walked quietly away, and Christopher, after kneeling down and reverently kissing the thin white hand that lay outside the coverlet, went out in search of Captain Audley.

The few more days that Dorothy spent in the village were very peaceful ones. Frank, in his generosity, seemed quite to have forgotten their last scene together at St. Anne's. He was as kind and gentle as in the old times, though rather sad and grave. Had he been Dorothy's own brother, he could not have taken more thoughtful care of her; he knew her wishes before she spoke, and she was as much at her ease with him as ever. They wandered about in the lanes, and by the sea, and together they chose the spot where Marmaduke should lie,—in a quiet corner of the churchyard, close to a little grove of myrtles, where the breaking sea might sound his dirge till Time should be no more.

On the evening after his funeral, Dorothy went and sat there by the grave alone, till Frank came to look for her, and persuaded her to walk with him upon the