

of the window, and the air outside was raw and chilling. I had just returned from a visit to a favourite patient of mine, who I feared very much was not destined to see another month of March. The child and I had become fast friends, and to me it grew to be a sad pleasure to visit him and amuse him with fairy lore. My thoughts were of the boy as I sat by the window—sad thoughts, unutterably sad. The child was almost my only friend, and soon he too would be only a part of my wasted, worthless, dreary past.

A white low-lying fog had sprung up as the daylight died away. It had now covered the low ground in the park, and brought into relief the clump of trees surrounding the deserted house—for no one dwelt in that mansion which had already invested itself with a halo of mystery for me.

Suddenly I started from my seat and, with my face pressed close against the window-pane, I stared at a bright yellow light which blinked at me through the hideous trees like an uneasy eye. A light in one of the windows in Redpost House! What could it mean?

Why I should have been so much affected by it I cannot now reason out, but I was trembling in every limb, and a cold sweat burst through every pore.

I should have gone stark, staring mad could I but have guessed what in years afterwards that yellow glare would reveal to me.