

bearing down upon a fellow's weary brain! No close, stifling room!"

"Errol the Indolent! rightly named," said Mildred, smiling down upon him.

"Nothing above me but the blue sky, the green trees, and you," he continued.

The long summer evening slowly passed into the golden sunset; a mellow haze lay upon the land, and Nature had fallen into one of her silent, dreamy moods. From the distance came the softened sound of little children's voices, and the murmur of the city toil and work. But "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love" for Errol. He smiled at his own fancies, wondering what she would say if she could but read his thoughts. Ah, he would have given a great deal to know that! But Errol was wise in his day, and by no means disposed to run the risk of speaking too soon, so was obliged to content himself without the knowledge.

"What will you take for your thoughts, Miss Daryll?" he asked, and then watched for the return of the spirit to the absent face. It came with a sudden flush, and Mildred rose.

"Nay, my thoughts are my own and not to be sold. You are not my father-confessor, Mr. Errol. Look, the sun has set."

"I wish I were Joshua!" he said, rising in obedience to the warning, and she looked at him astonished. "Only that I might bid the sun stand still," he added, with a smile.

CHAPTER XIV.

The examinations were at last over, and James and Errol came off with flying colours. On every hand they received the congratulations of their respective professors and fellow-students, and their names were formally enrolled among their country's legalized medical practitioners.

"Thank Heaven, it is all over!" cried James, on the evening of the last day. "I'm sick to death of the ceaseless grind, grind, grind! The feeling of having nothing to do is simply delicious! I revel in it! I don't want to see a book again for a month! I wonder what is the next thing on the cards."