

"Margaret," said the father, "it is little Margaret." The child wondered: none but her grandmother ever called her "Margaret." The dying woman again unclosed her eyes, to more than their natural width. "Margaret," she responded: the word sank like an echo in measureless abysses of passion. He saw, as she lay immovable upon the pillow, he saw all her soul well up towards them: for one moment he felt it blend with his and mingle as never in all their happy years of union—then, a terrible change came over the eyes: they broke: the child trembled under his hand, cried out: the doctor ran in! the nurse! —the room seemed full of people, of hideous, unbearable commotion—an immense cloud had fallen between him and the bustle round the bed.

He drew back, watching their busy movements, and the tumult of his impressions, as he watched, seethed down rapidly into a resolve to resist. "Doctor," he said, "what are you