

find him worse; feverish, restless, trying to tear off the bandages; moaning, crying, or raving in delirium.

Mrs Dawson showed a new side to her character. Her gratitude was heartfelt and simple, she appeared to think that Bob's preference for my ministrations was only natural, and never once showed that unreasoning temper which had formerly alienated us. How much there was to admire in this woman whom I had thought only a noisy virago!

For five days and nights Bob lay in a critical condition. I could not leave him, and my thoughts were entirely taken up with his state. It was, of course, impossible to get a doctor and the responsibility of the case rested on my shoulders; and many a time I felt doubtful as to whether I had done the right thing, and tried to think of some better plan. At the end of that time, however, he began to mend steadily, and I was able to return to my own home and my neglected husband.

That same evening as we sat cosily by the fire—for the air was chill—Jack smoking his pipe while I reclined luxuriously in an easy chair, I started suddenly to my feet and cried—

“Jack! what day is this?”

“November 9th.”

“Good gracious! And that bill, that dreadful bill! I had forgotten all about it. And now—whatever will become of us?”

“Oh! that's all right. I had a letter from B. and B. yesterday, by the station mail, and they said that finding we were not ready with the money, they had taken up the bill, (I'm sure I don't know what that means), and were ready to renew it. But that in future we must let them know in good time if we could not meet our engagements. In short, this being our first offence, we are let off easily. ‘Not guilty, but don't do it again,’ sort of thing. Why, Minna, my dear child, what's the matter? You look quite pale.”

“If I am, it's with joy. Oh! you can't think what a fool I've been—.”

And then I poured out in a torrent all the haunting fears of the last few weeks, and he laughed and kissed me in his light hearted way, assuring me that I was a dear, soft-hearted darling, and not nearly so practical as he had imagined. But he did not realise—and I suppose no man could—the keenness of the suffering thus happily ended; or why it was that I maintained that Bob's accident had been a good thing for us all. For myself I firmly believe that, but for that timely interposition, I should have had a serious illness from apprehension of the trouble that never came.



Soft is the sun, and soft is the air, and soft is the
Mother's breast;

Soft is the song she crooneth as I stretch me there
to rest—

Song with its warp of wooing wind, and its weft of
bird-notes clear:

How the heart it stills, and thrills, and fills. . . .

'Tis Spring—Oh, Spring is here!

DAVID WILL. M. BURN.