

delighted to talk of its wonders. And she was always so attentive, so interested in everything he said, and so appreciative of those things for which he could find only crude expression, that he never grew weary of conversing with her. And then he loved to watch the color flush her pale cheek, and the sparkle light her expressive eyes, whenever he said anything that pleased her. (Poor little heart, and when was she not pleased.)

And so the days had come and gone—bright, happy days that all too quickly passed away. And as they lengthened into weeks, he came to realize that this child of Nature was in truth far from being a child. For under the sparkling purity of her girlhood he saw, as if peering into deep water, a vague and fluctuating image of an almost somber womanhood. And with such knowledge there came a fear, an apprehension lest she should grow too fond of him.

Too fond of him? Ah, yes! For had he not long since planned out for himself a life work? Had he not spent all these years of study in preparing for it? Had he not sacrificed many youthful pleasures to it? Yes, and more. It was the motive behind his every action. The ruling passion of his life. Not that he was ambitious to gain power, or fame, or even riches. It was simply the love of the work itself. And although he knew that if he would make it a success, he must concentrate his whole heart and mind upon it; yet he was willing to sacrifice all else if he could but realize its possibilities.

And so he had some cause to fear lest this child of Nature should grow too fond of him. Such pleasures were not for his enjoyment. He must put them away. But how? He might tell her. Yes, he would tell her, would put her on her guard. But what if it was already too late? No, it could not be. But even so, he must tell her just the same. Yes, he would tell her to-morrow.

But on the morrow, she was always so happy, so light-hearted, and yet so kind and gentle, that he could not find