

“She’s conscious!” exclaimed Minnie in a whisper as she closed the book, “and the fever’s gone. You said she would be safe—” and she stood with bated breath while the doctor bent over her.

“Yes, the fever is gone,” replied the doctor, “and she is safe—for ever.”

For some time Minnie could not bear to go near Hollowmell, so strongly did its associations with her lost friend move her. Her father took her away altogether for a while, and when she returned, though her grief was in no way lessened, it was so much softened that she could resume her work with a holier and tenderer interest in it, since it had been shared by one who was now an angel of light.

There was also much sorrow felt among the inhabitants of Hollowmell, for Mabel had made for herself many friends there, and her quiet goodness made more impression than much of the activity which characterised the greater number of the young ladies.

No one had thought very much about what Mabel was doing; the girls had shown deference to her mainly because Minnie did so; and so none knew how much good she had accomplished until it was too late to give her credit for it. Many of them, too, were astonished to find what a hold she had upon their hearts until death loosened it, and left in its stead a cord of love wherewith to draw them nearer Heaven.