

She was yet very far from being out of danger, but there was scarcely so much need for apprehension, and even such a slight crumb of comfort was eagerly caught at.

Minnie was sitting beside Mabel's bed on the third day of the holidays, when she heard a step outside the door. The handle was turned noiselessly, and Mona came in on tip-toes, fearful of creating the least sound.

"Miss Chartres didn't tell me you were here," she said, her voice trembling. "How is she?"

"I think the fever isn't quite so bad—she hasn't been wandering so much this afternoon."

Mabel had lain almost motionless all this time, but now her pale lips began to move, although for some moments no sound issued from them. Then she began to speak in a voice so thin and weak that Mona could hardly recognize it.

For some time they could make nothing of her words, and only tried to soothe her, but after a while it became clear to them that she was repeating something which sounded like poetry. Still they could make nothing out of it, for sometimes several words would be lost from a line, and occasionally a whole line would be repeated by those pale lips without a sound.

At length Minnie caught a whole line. What the words were which went before she could not tell, but the words she caught came clear and distinct:

"It went up Single, Echoless,—'My God I am deserted.'"

The words "Single, Echoless" were uttered with a strange