

sort of triumphant emphasis which struck both the girls, and then the feeble voice went on more brokenly even than before with a few lines more, and then suddenly ceased.

Minnie repeated the line over.

"I wonder what it is from," she said. "I am sure I have read it often, but I cannot remember where."

"I can't tell just at this minute either," remarked Mona, "I know it perfectly well though. If we could only get hold of it, reading it to her might do her any amount of good."

"That is just what I was thinking about," returned Minnie, "I wish we could find it."

"I've got it!" exclaimed Mona, at last, with a suppressed shriek of triumph. "It's in Mrs. Browning."

He looked very grave indeed on this occasion which was his third visit that day. A crisis, he said, would probably take place that night; he promised to come again before the time he expected it would occur; but held out very little hope as to its ultimate issue.

When he arrived, Mabel was in a state of high delirium, and raved in a way which made Minnie pale with terror. After about half-an-hour of wild, disconnected raving, she became a little quieter, and at last settled down to the old habit of repeating verses—verses which Minnie now recognised as belonging to Mrs. Browning's poem on Cowper's Grave.

She drew the doctor out into an adjoining room and explained to him the idea which had occurred to her in connection with Mabel's constant repetition of this poem, asking if he did not think it might have some good effect.