

hand, she drew her down on a low chair beside her.

"The hours are long, sweetheart, waiting for your return. I shall rob that school of its enthusiastic teacher before long, I fear. I wish you were with me always, Marjorie."

"I fear I am not enthusiastic—I fain would be," replied the girl, "but if I would give up my work for anyone it would be for you, my truest friend."

Marjorie soon had Mrs. Graham interested in the news of the little village, and by conversation sought to dispel a lurking sadness; and somewhat of her own buoyant temperament found an echo in the heart of her companion. Then Marjorie rose, and pushing aside the heavy draperies that concealed a smaller room at her side, soon in touching, pleading strains she soothed and thrilled the listener, and when more triumphant notes rising filled the room, if Marjorie's dark grey eye took a deeper light and the pleading lips a more pathetic droop, it but betrayed a hidden sorrow—the longing, unsatisfied and uncontrolled, of a musician for her art.