

CHAPTER VIII.

"Stop ! stop ! my wheel, too soon, too soon,
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday."

THE winter days flew by, bringing to each one their special message, their brightest gifts. Past recollections and hopeful promises for the future there were for the two sisters whom Time would soon part. Years of separation had but strengthened the bond of love, and now that Mrs. Manning must soon return to her old home, the past events, conned so often, were so blended with the present that their lives became even more an unbroken chain golden with sisterly affection.

And to Marie Graham, basking in the sunlight of Dr. Graham's presence and dwelling on his gracious notice and amused forbearance, the days brought visions of wealth and social distinction in a home in which she reigned the