

of sorrow, and helped him to bear the long journey more patiently.

Only those who have felt the horrible distance lying between them and the sick one, the uncertain knowledge and the possible "too late," can picture the agony of such a journey, the dragging of minutes into hours, the impossibility of shortening them by aught but the grim spectres of pursuit. Doctor Graham pictured in all its bareness the future without this dear, loving little Erica, and felt that he had never till now known the preciousness of the gift of this dear light-hearted little daughter. As it was with Marjorie, so the one refuge in trouble was also his, and many silent prayers rose in the agony of that journey for the life of this little one, his only child.

"O day and night ! O day and night !

I left them flying.

I fled by day and night as flies the nomad breeze,

Across the silent land, when light to dark was dying,

And onward like a spirit lost across the seas ;

And on from sea and shore thro' apple orchards blossoming,

Till all things melted in a moving haze ;

And on with rush and wing, by tower and townlet glooming,

By wood and field, and hill, by verdant ways,

While dawn to mid-day drew,

And noon was lost in sunset blaze."