

jorie and had urged her to come back and visit her old home, at present almost deserted, but she shrank from the sight of the place, now sacred to another, until a little longer in quietness and seclusion she had forgotten, if such were possible, her pain and loss, and could renew the old associations without fear.

At Fern Villa there would be much to recall the sweetness of that well-remembered voice, the winning tenderness of that one dark, handsome face, so she studiously avoided the place. But daily she visited the silent churchyard and laid her fragrant lilacs on the grave of the dear departed friend, and each time she came back strengthened in mind and heart, and thankful that God had watched over her and kept her true to her sacred charge.

One evening, a week after her return, Marjorie visited alone the quiet spot. Jack had walked beside her for a short distance, then left her to make a call on Katy, promising to rejoin her in a short time if she would wait for him, as it was still early in the evening. Jack's attention to the old and lonely woman filled Marjorie with regret that she had allowed her to