

panionship, the pleasure of the voyage, the acceptance of the position wealth would give her, the triumph over Marie, and then like a still small voice came the loving charge, "in trust for my boy. I have laid my plans well. I can trust you," and although Marjorie felt that all was slipping from her grasp and she groaned in bitter anguish, her resolve was taken.

In the agony of her renunciation came the loving promise:

"He holds me when the billows smite; I shall not fall.
If long 'tis light, if fierce 'tis short,
He tempers all."

She decided to wait quietly till Dr. Graham left and then slip away to Hillsvew to Katy, and at the grave of her benefactor, as once before, she would regain strength. Here she would not, she could not, remain.

The next day Marjorie felt too ill to attend to her duties, and Erica petted and nursed her to her heart's content; and whether her father had cautioned her, or Erica herself was overcome by Marjorie's firm persistence, no mention of the trip marred Marjorie's peaceful day. Then a few days later an event happened