you was unbearable. Did you think, sweetheart, I could let the ocean separate us? I followed you here to confess all, and now I fear I am too late."

Marjorie listened as if in a dream, and wondered at her own blindness. The voice, Erica's face, the lost picture, all came back in startling clearness, and as Dr. Graham finished she drew from her bosom his mother's letter, and handed it to him. He gazed with emotion at the old familiar inscription, and, breaking the seal, he unfolded the letter. It contained a note addressed to Marjorie, which he handed to her; then, moving to the window, he slowly read his mother's message.

And Marjorie read hers, tears blinding her eyes as she read. What the mother's feelings must have been, what her imaginings, her bitter agony of remorse, her fears for the future, when she penned this message to Marjorie, were a sealed book; but the pathetic appeal to the trusted friend for her influence and forbearance filled her with pity and sorrow that the mother was denied this blessed reunion.

"However he may come, however sinful or