

dreamed in what short time all would be changed, and, descending again to loneliness and work, she would in new scenes recall the vision of those happy halcyon hours.

The school had closed for the day. Her duties over, Marjorie passed along the country road homeward. The beautiful country lying before her suggestive of rest, the freedom from noisy pupils, the knowledge of work well performed, all conduced to a tranquillity of mind unprophetic of coming sorrow or alarm. Past the country station, where a few passengers waited the belated train, Marjorie went unattracted by passing objects, as eager to enjoy companionship as the dear friend who waited so patiently and eagerly for her return.

The anticipation made of Marjorie a new creature and lent a tender halo to the beautiful eyes and perfect face. Passing quickly along the walk bordered on each side by old-fashioned shrubs and flowers, she entered the door of the pleasant home. As she ascended the stairs and was about to enter her own room she stopped as she saw a woman, who appeared to occupy