

CHAPTER XII.

“ How shall I come near her,
Teach me, wind of May,
You who toy with apple blooms,
Nor brush the down away.
How to win the answer—
For I am sure she knows—
Teach me, dew and sunshine,
How you ope the rose.”

WITH what delight Marjorie entered again the little village of Hillsvie, which but one short year ago she had left with so many happy anticipations. All nature breathed a welcome. Back again amid the rich foliage and rioting flowers, the spreading trees, the spacious lawns, the wayside fringed with briar roses, and fields dotted with marguerites; here Marjorie longed for and sought peace.

Aunt Edith was delighted to have Marjorie with her again, and opened her heart, even as her arms, to receive her; and Dr. Manning,