

to your mother. I think your first duty is to her. So I will go, and perhaps in God's good time, Aunt Marion may see things differently, and if not——"

"What then?" asked Errol, almost harshly, his new-born faith sorely tried.

"Then we will labour on, you in Scotland, and I in Africa, and—and, we will meet some day."

Her voice broke, and in a moment Errol's arms were round her, and for a long time there was no more said.

And it happened all just as Airlie said; a fortnight more and Errol Lodge knew her sweet, bright presence no more.

She went forth alone, yet not alone, for the Master whom she so faithfully served went with her, shielding her with His everlasting love. She had her recompense in the welcome accorded her in that far land in the certainty that she was needed, and that her work would be blessed. It was harder for Errol Keith than for her to sacrifice love to duty, for he was but faltering yet on the pilgrim way, and his faith, perhaps, had a