

your room. You must rest, I am your doctor and order it. I will give you something, for you must rest."

"I cannot! I want to know—the worst. I will take nothing."

"Then try to rest without. Trust me, Marjorie; I will bring you good news, pray God, and soon." As Marjorie still hesitated he added: "Can you not trust Erica to me? Come," and he led her to the door.

Marjorie yielded.

"God bless you, Marjorie!" he said, and as she left him he closed the door quietly and went back to his watch.

Marjorie could not sleep, and it seemed hours of weary waiting and listening before she heard a gentle tap at the door. It needed not words, not even Keith Graham's joyous "Marjorie!" to convey the welcome message. The crisis was passed, and on her birthday Erica woke to life and consciousness.

"She asked for you, but is even now asleep and breathing regularly. You must sleep a good long sleep now or I will have a patient, too. You are determined to put me in practice