

takes the hand of a giant to unbind the fetters which, with touch as light as a feather, we may have bound upon ourselves

Shortly before eight o'clock that evening, Errol and Marion Keith were pacing up and down the platform at the Waverley Station, awaiting the arrival of the London train. It was five-and-twenty minutes late, and when at last it steamed up to the platform, Marion began to tremble, and even Errol felt himself a trifle excited. There were a great number of passengers, none of whom answered to their idea of Airlie Keith. But at last, when the throng had somewhat dispersed, Errol's eyes lighted on the small, solitary figure of a girl standing at the far end of the platform, just before the luggage van, looking helpless and bewildered.

"There she is, Marion; come on," said Errol, and in a moment the pair were in front of the solitary passenger.

"Are you Airlie Keith?" said Errol, and Marion wondered to hear the gentleness of his voice.

The slight figure in its big fur wrap turned swiftly round, the small head was raised, and a pair of wonderful dark eyes uplifted themselves to the speaker's face.

"I am Airlie Keith," she answered. "You are Errol; and this, I think, is Marion. Oh, I am so glad to see you."

She extended her hand to Errol, but he put it aside, and putting one arm around her, bent his face to hers. So Errol's kiss, Errol's greeting, was the first Airlie Keith received.

"How are you, Cousin Airlie?" said Marion then, and they kissed each other; and somehow in a moment every feeling of restraint was gone.

"I wish I had come to meet you in London, Airlie," said Errol quickly, for these sweet eyes reproached him with his uncousinly behaviour.

"Oh, there was no need," said

Airlie, lightly. "I assure you I am a most independent young woman, who does not even know the meaning of fear. I had a delightful journey. There was such a funny old lady in the compartment with me. If I could draw I would make a picture of her. She had such a horrified face when I told her how far I had come alone. But, there, we need not talk. Could you see after my belongings, Errol, please? It is so cold here."

In a very short space of time Errol had everything out of the luggage-van, and the porter carried them over to the cab-stand.

"Would you help me a little, Errol, if you please," said Airlie, at the cab door. "I have not been very strong, you know, and I can scarcely step up alone."

"I beg your pardon, Airlie; I was busy with the boxes, and did not think," said Errol, as he lifted her right into the cab. "You see, our girls are so accustomed to help themselves."

"Don't apologize. I am just a bundle of aches and pains, you know. I said to Mr. Balfour I would be ashamed to show myself before you all," said Airlie; and now that the excitement of the meeting was past, she sank back into her corner, and Errol saw that she was thoroughly exhausted. And it flashed upon him then, as it had never done before, what a terrible experience it must have been for this young, frail girl to make such a journey alone; only her bright, brave, patient spirit had sustained her to its end.

"I was not sure whether it was a wise step to come to Scotland. I am afraid I will be a burden on Aunt Marion and you all; but the longing to see you all conquered, so I am here," said Airlie, presently. "And I was practically useless at Tahai. Perhaps that was the strongest plea urged upon me to leave. It was a terrible struggle to make up my mind at first."