

not in the path of her life, and so Marjorie strove to break from the present and find comfort and firmness in the recollections of the past.

One afternoon Erica found herself alone with Marjorie. She had sung her latest song, listened to Marjorie's praise, and had dropped on a low stool by Marjorie's chair to spend a few moments longer before returning to "Glenarden."

"So you do not intend to remain till summer, Erica?" Marjorie asked.

"I would go back to Hillsvie with papa to-morrow if he would consent. I do not care to give up my studies, but"—and her eyes flashed with indignation—"I do not care to run the risk of companionship corrupting me."

"Why, Erica, it is not so bad as that," and Marjorie laughed. "Surely you were not worsted in that last contest with Miss Gordon."

"No, indeed, but it is too bad to worry Aunt Marian. Marie reserves all her sweetness for papa, and Aunt Marian is the only onlooker at the 'Battle of the Clans.' I myself am getting