

going to pull through. Now the question is—how about you? Are you going to be able to do your part?

"Let me be more explicit. It may be a long time before your friend is thoroughly re-established in health but it is quite certain that he will be well enough, and determined enough, to face all of his problems in the spring. He will turn to you. Are you going to be able to help him? When he comes to you will he find a nervous girl, all horrors and regrets and useless might-have-beens, or will he find you strong and sane, healthily poised, ready to face the future and let the dead past go? For the past is dead—dead to me!

"You have seemed to me to be an excellently normal person, but no doubt the shock and trouble of late events have done much to disturb your normality. Can you get it back? The answer to that, depends Callandar's future. I shall be kept informed, weekly, of his progress."

Esther had thought deeply over this letter. Its stern truth was exactly the tonic she needed. With a strong hand it reached down into her direful pit of despair, and, bidding musings, and, clinging to it, she struggled back to the sunlight. Above all and in spite of everything, she must not fail the man she loved!

At first she had to fight with terrors. She did not know what she knew not what. The vision of Mary upon the cross, still and ghastly in the golden light of morning, came back to shake her heart. The memory of Callandar's face, of the frantic struggle to drag the dead back to life, made many a night hideous. The questions, questioning, Could it have been prevented? Could she have done more? tortured her, but by and by, she faced them bravely, these terrors lost their power. Her youth and common-sense triumphed.

The school helped. One cannot continue very long with a roomful of happy, noisy children to teach to keep in order. Jane's need of her helped, for she could not give way to brooding when the child was