

in overwhelming ecstasy of gladness she hurried into the room and advanced towards the unconscious player, who, arrested by her presence, turned—and Marjorie stood face to face with Dr. Graham. She strove to utter his name, the room seemed to turn round, the overstrained nerves gave way, and Keith Graham caught the swaying figure as consciousness forsook her.

Laying her on the couch, Dr. Graham sought to bring back consciousness to the still figure, but so long she lay in this death-like trance that a fear thrilled him that as his mother had passed from earth soothed by heavenly strains, so this loved one had slipped silently into immortality.

" In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing die."

At last his efforts were rewarded, and Marjorie opened her eyes, but before she could half realize what had happened, Dr. Graham's voice recalled it all. The music, his presence—what did it mean? Keith Graham would have expressed regret for this strange welcome, but