

praise, and now that voice, recalling the happy past, the tender solicitude and unspoken language, which only lovers interpret, brought Marjorie her message, neither sung nor said, but sweeter far in its uncertainty and possible misinterpretation. Even as she yielded to the charm of this new friendship, she feared her happiness might prove an interruption to the fixed purpose of the coming years, the fulfilment of the sacred promise she had given. And then as Keith Graham, remembering his false position and believing that this gentle maiden would resent his deception, sought by a forced reserve and his old dignified restraint to conceal and check words that strove for utterance, Marjorie reasoned that his kindness was but a natural attention to a friendless girl. The days of doubt and sadness brought a different message, and taught Marjorie to meet reserve with reserve and forget this one gleam of sunshine in her lonely life.

Was he not as kind to Miss Gordon, spending his days with her in that social circle to which she, by her own act, had barred the entrance? No, those "wayside springs" came