

imagine that Marie had been rowing on the lake the whole of the previous night. Now she was alert and anxious, willing to keep her fingers busy and her attention concentrated, rendering aid wherever needed; lest her brain, too restive for sleep, should run riot over forbidden ground.

At last, in the dusk of evening, worn out both in body and mind, she lay down and tried to sleep. But the old reasoning came back again; the two sides of the question: the right and the wrong of it; the good and the evil of it. There was a gleam of satisfaction in the thought that fewer lives had been lost, and possibly Stuart's life saved, by her own wiful deed; but there was none in the thought that her father's forces had been weakened and his future imperilled from the same cause. The two sides would not balance each other. Remorse was playing havoc again. An hour passed away, but she could not sleep. By-and-by she rose, and filled with a presentiment of coming evil, and breathing a prayer for the safe return of her father, she went out into the freer air. The moon was casting flickering shadows among the trees, and by its light she distinguished the figure of a man seated on the terrace with his face buried in his hands. Her light footsteps failed to rouse him. For a moment she stood still, undecided whether to advance or retreat, for she recognized that it was Harry Thompson. Distressing though they were, she would rather have been alone with her thoughts

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