

after the ceremony, he renounced all claim to his father's money, preferring his choice and hard work. Then came two years of unmeasurable joy and peace in the little home, followed by the dark hour when the little baby girl was called home. Gerald had been so kind and loving during those trying hours, and then—"Oh, dear! How could he have done it? A thief." The word seemed to sear her tongue as she spoke it; all was so plain, so vivid. That scene in the front hall not over seven months ago, when Mr. White stood under the hall light, pointing at the incriminating sheet of paper he held in his other hand, an unsigned voucher in Gerald's handwriting. The scene was burned forever in her memory and now, tonight, she was back, living it all over again. She could see Gerald grow pale under the inquiring gaze of his employer and the great beads of sweat stand out on his brow.

"Tell him there's some mistake, Gerald," she had cried.

"My God! Gertrude, but it's true," he sobbed as he fell into a chair and hid his face in his hands. "I had to meet the last payment on the house and was not able to do it. I intended to put the money back next week when I drew my month's salary and then destroy the voucher, but now it's too late."

She remembered with gratitude how kind Mr. White was. Not a word of accusation or complaint, merely, "I trust we will be able to fix this in the morning, Gerald," and he was gone, stopping at the door long enough to say good-night to Gertrude and tell her not to worry. "Don't worry."

Not worry when there sat all that she held dear in this world and he was a confessed thief. She breathed a prayer of thanks to the Almighty that dear little Marjory had gone where no taint of this could touch her name.

Then followed the angry separation and her search for work under an assumed name and a valiant but losing fight against memory, and now when she was trying to draw a curtain over the past and shut it all out comes this note from Gerald. True it is under an assumed name, but his writing was too familiar for her to be deceived, and then the message. He was evidently starting in all over under an assumed name also.

"Is this not hell? What is meant by the word 'forgive?'"

Was he having as hard a struggle as she and all alone? "Forgive." Had she ever tried to forgive? And had he not been trying