

fancy, with the griefs of time and change, mourned in the fir plantation; to the east, beyond MacCailein's castle policies, he could hear the sea billow thundering.

No light was in the glen except from the house he quitted, where some windows, looked back on from a little distance when he reached the garden foot, appeared as yellow squares stuck high up on the arch of night. One of them he knew to be the window of Drimdorran's closet; none of them was Margaret's. He felt that the best thing he could do would be to walk into the town and wait for an explanation of the truancy until the morrow's morning, but at two-and-twenty years of age it is always something else than the best in policy that commands our acts, and Æneas, with one hand feeling at his chin and the other at times thrust out before him till he had come to his second eyes, passed through the fringe of shrubbery about the garden limits, and out across the fields to the river-side. By the time he reached it he had got a little of the howlet's vision, and the dovecote and its scraggy thicket were to be perceived as bodies massive, blacker than the night.

It was with something like dismay he saw, for the first time in his life, a light in the little window on the ground-floor of the tower!

There was nothing, based on thinking, beyond the Muileach's crafty hint, to make Æneas ascribe the disappearance of his pupils and the lighted window to one common chain of circumstances, but that notion instantly took full command of all his movements. For the first time, since he quitted his uncle's house in the town an hour ago, he lost the uncomfortable sense of nakedness, and felt more like the man he was before he shaved. This recovery exhibited itself in a feeling of moral indignation that he should waste his time on a ninny like young Campbell and a girl with so little self-respect as to skip the march through Gaul with Cæsar for the sake of a clandestine hour in an abandoned pigeon-house.

At first his inclination was to leave the scraggy grove that drew the night wind through its rustling tops with