

side of the table she occupied. Her coarse-featured, heavy face, surrounded by a broad, muslin cap frill, that nearly covered her harsh yellow hair, was lighted up by a pair of small gray eyes, expressing a mixture of cunning and curiosity. Her rubicund visage, gaudy-colored chintz dress, and yellow bandanna handkerchief, produced a sort of glaring sun-flower effect, not mitigated by the contrast afforded by the other members of the group.

"Madam," said Mr. Norton to Mrs. Dubois, on seeing her glance anxiously at the windows, as the wild, equinoctial gale caused them to clatter violently, "do you fear that your husband is exposed to any particular danger at this time?"

"No special danger. But it is a lawless country. The night is dark and the storm is loud. I wish he were safely at home," replied the lady.

"Your solicitude is not strange. But you may trust him with the Lord. Under His protection, not a hair of his head can be touched."

Before Mrs. Dubois had time to reply, Mrs. McNab, looking rather fiercely at Mr. Norton, said, "Yer dinna suppose, sir, if the Lord had decreed from all eternity that Mr. Doobyce should be drowned, or rabbed, or murdered to-night, that our prayin' an' trustin' wad cause Him to revoorse His foreordained purpose? Adely," she continued, "I dinna mind if I take anither egg an' a trifle more o' chicken an' some pickle."

By no means taken aback by this pointed inquiry, Mr. Norton replied very gently, "I believe, ma'am, in the