

ing steadily in a majestic stillness—a placid giant is that river—he listened to the red-bird in a neighbouring cherry-tree pouring out an ecstasy of amorous song to his mate, as he leaped joyously from bough to bough ; and he, the grave, severe young minister, rejoiced in hills, and sky, and river and singing birds, half reproaching himself all the time for being so happy, and feeling like a good boy that, under some influence quite irresistible, has suddenly played truant.

Twonnet was long in appearing, and Mr. Whittaker resumed his pacing to and fro, glancing every now and then at the hills and the river, and listening in a dreamy way to the delicious melody of the red-bird and the occasional soft cooing of a turtle-dove, whose nest was in an apple-tree just beyond the garden fence. At last Twonnet came out on the piazza—or porch, as they call it in Indiana—and Whittaker told her, of the old deacon, and then of his own good fortune.

“I’m glad,” said Twonnet, beginning to guess what had kept Whittaker from visiting Roxy.

“Glad the deacon’s dead ?” queried Whittaker, smiling.

“I do not know your friend and I can’t be very sorry for him. But I do know you and I am glad, since he must die that he was good enough to give you your debt. It shows he was prepared to go, you see, so my pleasure is quite religious and right,” and she laughed roguishly. “Besides, you don’t seem heart-broken about it, and——” but here she checked herself, seeing that she had given pain.

“I am afraid I have been selfish,” said Whittaker—all the gladness had gone now—“but you don’t know what a nightmare this debt has been. I don’t wonder that debt makes men criminals—it hardens the heart.”

“Well, Mr. Whittaker, if he had wanted you to feel sorry when he was gone, he ought to have given you the money while he was alive,” said Twonnet, lightly. Then she started away but looked back over her shoulder to say teasingly, “Now, Mr. Whittaker, you’ll go to see somebody, I’ll bet.”

“Twonnet,” he called after her, and when she had stopped he asked : “Is there any reason why I should’nt go to see somebody ?”

“Of course not. Every reason why you should go right off. You are not too late, but you will be if you wait.” This last was said with the old bantering tone, and Whittaker looked after her as she disappeared, saying to himself :

“A splendid girl. Pity she is so giddy.”

After mature reflection lasting fifteen minutes, he decided to call on Roxy Adams that very afternoon. He had not understood Twonnet’s warning, but some apprehension of grave disaster to his new-born hope, and the nervousness of an austere man who has not found duty and inclination coincident, made him in haste to forestall any misadventure. He ate but little dinner, not even enjoying his favourite dish of dandelion greens cooked in good Swiss fashion. Mr. Lefaire watched anxiously and at last inquired with earnestness :

“*Est-ce que vous ne vous portez pas bien, Monsieur ?*”

But Whittaker smiled and assured the host that he was well, but had no appetite.

Twonnet, at last, solemnly told her father that Mr. Whittaker had received a letter that very morning informing him of the death of an