

small store of luxuries for Aunt Judy, by a little meadow-path that led from the back of the house, and was a comparatively short cut to the old woman's cabin, close by the lake shore. She was not aware, as yet, of the impending visitor, with whom her father, still in the first eager flow of questions and replies, was leisurely sauntering along the road to the inn,—a slight improvement on the last one;—there to have a final word with John Wardle, and treat him to a foaming mug of ale, as a reward for the welcome guest he had brought him. Sambo, meantime, whose quick eye had espied the arrival, was leading the horses up the avenue to the stables, with many a glance of admiration at the graceful proportions and proudly arching neck of the stranger's steed.

The meadow-path which Liliás had taken led her past the rear of the churchyard surrounding the little church of rough stone, which Major Meredith had had erected for occasional sermons and weekly services held in it, but partly, it must be admitted, from a desire thus to consecrate, in the way that seemed to him most appropriate, the ground which contained the precious dust whose memory was still so dear to him. The same unavowed motive had led him to plant the acacias and weeping willows, through whose branches the soft summer breeze sighed over the few soft green mounds that suggested the idea of a deep, quiet, unbroken repose. Liliás loved the place well; it was one of her favourite haunts, with its atmos-