

the surgeon's knife almost as well as he, and the sense that he might be doing more only breeds in him a great brotherly tenderness for his fellow-creatures. In a man of his type there can be no waste. With him, as in the world of nature, heat and motion are only different forms of the same all-pervading energy. It is perhaps the temptation of the good man generally to give the world too much motion and too little heat.

And Judith loves people still, 'just because they are people.' She is not a person of schemes, but she and her husband are one in aim, and their home is a haven to many whose lives have been cast in more troubled places.

There it is—the unmistakeable step on the pavement, the click of the key in the door, the unfailing joy of reunion.

Dinner was over, and husband and wife were seated cosily by the study fire, when Judith took a letter from the mantelshelf.

'From Betty,' she said. 'Shall I read it?'

He smiled, amused. 'All that from Betty?'

'All that from Betty.'

'CAMBRIDGE.

'MY DEAR OLD MOTHER JUDITH,—I am having such a splendid time that it is difficult to find space for letter-writing, and I have such a lot to tell you! . . . Miss Dalglish is quite a novel kind of hostess, and I am getting out of my visit just what I wanted, *plus* a good deal that it had not occurred to me to want. She has taken me to one or two of her lectures. They are dreadfully profound, but it is pretty to see her with her students. There is not a scrap of the dominie in her manner, no pose at all, but the girls are just devoted to her. Tell Aunt Frances when you write that Miss Dalglish does not "teach negations." So far as I can make out, she leaves ultimate questions alone, but all her methods, her whole life and character, are about as "positive" as they well could be. She is very proud of her brother's success,—you have no idea how that great building in London is thronged Sunday after Sunday to hear him preach!—and I can see that she is very pleased about his marriage with Miss Blount after all these years,—just at the moment when, so to speak, he might have married anybody.

'And now about the great meeting. Miss Dalglish and I went up to town rather late in the afternoon, and had just