

There's only one possible place for you to be taken too, but that's where you'll receive real Highland hospitality. We shall have to carry you to Mr. M'Iver's—he's the father of the young lady you're rescued you.'

'But will he consent to take me in?'

'Bless your soul, yes.'

'Well, sir,' said Waldegrave, 'I'm too tired and done up to say much now. But I little thought this morning that I should ever put my foot on land again, and still less that I should be rescued by a young lady. I'm thankful to hear she's recovering from her exposure. Will you please convey to her my gratitude, and also to Mr. M'Iver for all his kindness? I understand that I'm indebted to him for all these arrangements that have been made on my behalf.'

'I'll gladly do that; and now I hope you'll have a good night. I know Morag Campbell will not neglect you, and in a day or two you'll be able to thank everybody yourself.'

CHAPTER VI

TORQUIL M'IVER AND GEOFFREY WALDEGRAVE

'Ma certes!' exclaimed Mr. Mackenzie, relapsing into dialect, 'this is mair like the place for a sick man than yon could cave, whilk, gin it wassa haunted wi' bogles, was gruesome an' fearfu' eneuch to mak' ye think sae, but ye're fine here, Lieutenant.'

It was the third day after the wreck, and Waldegrave was lying in an old-fashioned bedroom in the house of Fasach.

A wood fire sparkled on the hearth, and the morning sun streamed through one of the windows. An air of life, brightness and warmth pervaded the chamber.

'I think,' said the young fellow, as he shook hands heartily with the doctor, 'that I never before truly valued the comfort of white sheets and a soft bed.'

The doctor examined his patient carefully, and was satisfied with his progress. He still bore marks of his hard struggle for life, and was pale and haggard. There was an ugly bruise above his right temple, partially hidden, however, by his hair, and there were others about his body.

But he was strong and well-built, and there was no reason why he should not make as speedy a recovery as could be expected by one suffering from such injuries.

Ronald Campbell had assisted him through a simple toilet, so that, in spite of exhaustion and bruises, he looked the well-bred, high spirited young soldier he really was.

'Mr. Waldegrave is doin' weel, is he no?'

said the doctor, addressing Mr. M'Iver.

'He is looking very much better than when we brought him up from the Priest's Cave, whatever,' was the reply.

The truth is, the old laird had been considerably shocked with his first glimpse of Waldegrave, and had thought there was little hope of his recovery.

'For which my thanks are mainly due to you for such delightful quarters,' answered Waldegrave cheerfully, 'and I mustn't forget Ronald, who has been proving himself an expert valet.'

'Ye're richt, Lieutenant,' said the doctor facetiously. 'Ronald's a clever chiel, an' can turn his hand to anything. The Earl o' Mull's own man couldnae have sorted ye better.'

'It is no sic a bonnie face he has got to try his skill on, whatever,' remarked Morag, proud of her son; 'but Ronald is no a feckless lad. Will ye no tak' a look in the glass now, sir?'

'Really, I think I'd better, if only to see

cover my modesty after that.'

Morag held up the glass.

'A bit whiter and thinner,' said the young soldier, somewhat shocked at his own appearance, 'but I shall soon be all right. I feel as though I had got hold of life again since my long sleep yesterday.'

'It wass a fery good sleep, and ye wass needing it, if offer a shentleman did,' remarked Morag.

'Yes, I was completely done up, for we encountered bad weather from the first. The storm fell on us with tremendous violence, and when it was at its height, we broke our driving shaft. The captain couldn't take an observation for days, and we were not sure of our course. The "Montreal" leaked badly, and I worked continually with the sailors at the pumps. We made a hard fight for it, and when we first sighted this land, we thought it was some part of the Irish coast. We didn't give up hope of getting into shelter until we lost our rudder, then we knew that all was up.'

'Ah, it was sad to see the fine ship go on the Black Gulls,' said Morag. 'We were thinkin' ye would all be lost.'

'The "Montreal" had no sooner gone on the rocks than it began to break up, and the captain ordered the crew to get out the boats. One of the sailors happened to be a Mull man, and knew this shore. Fortunately I was the only passenger; but the captain's wife was on board, and I offered to go to the cabin and help her to the boat. And it was while I was attempting to reach her that a great sea swept over the ship, and washed me clean overboard.'

The recalling of those terrible scenes was almost too much for the sick man; he paused.

'Aw, we ken a' the rest,' said the doctor. 'It is a mercy,' remarked the old laird, 'that the captain and his wife and crew were able to reach Inch Kenneth. I came up to tell you that they will go away this afternoon. A ship that ran into Loch Tuath for shelter will take them on to Liverpool.'

That afternoon Torquil M'Iver sat by the fireside in Waldegrave's bedroom lost in thought. At his feet lay the young stag-hound. Morag Campbell not being needed, had gone to her own home, of which she had seen nothing since the wreck. Fiona was in the kitchen superintending the preparation of some delicacy for the invalid.

For a long time Waldegrave slept, and the Highland laird's musings were undisturbed. The dangers and excitements of the last few days had shaken his mind out of its accustomed ruts, and given him something fresh to think about. And this had been a very good thing for him.

(To be Continued.)

God's Little Cake First.

Bible Study for The New Year.

BY MRS. ANNA ROSS.

The widow outside the city gate was very poor. She had only one handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cuse, just enough to make one cake for her little boy and herself. Yet God's claim from her by the mouth of His prophet was, "Make me thereof a little cake first."

Was it really her duty to yield to such a claim? She had not nearly enough for herself; should she give to the Lord's prophet a part of her utterly inadequate store?

But there was a promise along with the command—"Thus saith the Lord, What is

left shall be enough for you while the famine lasts."

That changes the whole aspect. With that promise in view she could not afford to keep back that little cake.

A few years ago the writer was as poor in time as that famished widow was poor in food. Thronging duties so pressed as to make anything like Bible study or closet communion with God a seeming impossibility.

One morning, thinking sadly of my condition, I looked up to God, "Thou knowest O Father, that I have not time enough for the actual duties Thou hast laid upon me." Quick as thought came up God's claim from the poor widow, "Make me thereof a little cake first."

How could I give God some of the time that was already insufficient for necessary duties?

Then I remembered the promise which backed the command "Thus saith the Lord, What is left shall be enough for your needs all through the time of famine."

That promise changed the whole aspect. With that promise in view, I could not afford to keep back God's little cake.

Then I saw that giving the first half hour of each morning to my God would not lessen my time for many other duties. In ways that I did not need to investigate, He would make good His own word, that the time left should be made sufficient for my actual needs.

So with a freer heart I took that precious half hour in the early morning. From that day, He has opened the treasures of His Bible to me as never before. And the promise has been fulfilled. The barrel of meal has not wasted. The time left has proved sufficient.

Dear busy Christian, will you not take courage to venture upon that promise too? and, with a free heart, give God His little cake first, and see what riches He has in store for you, once He gets your companionship long enough to make the communication of them possible.

Ottawa Ladies' College.

Spring Shall Come.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers:
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the evenflowing hours:
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more.

—Robert Louis Stevenson's last poem.

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!

Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.