

"Yes, mother," she answered, taking a fur cloak from the hall rack and wrapping it about her.

"You are coming with me, are you not, dearest?" said Alan, as they reached the outer door, and he took both her hands in his.

"Alan," she said, lifting her dark eyes to his face, "I have been thinking all day in what manner I could best give you my answer, and I thought of no gentler way than singing it to you. That song was my answer, Alan dearest,

I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee.

The young man dropped her hands and turned away with an impatient gesture:—"I might have known it," he said, "Your love cannot bear the test of misfortune—you fear to trust yourself to me. Your home and your parents are dearer to you than I. Your love is but a poor thing, after all, Eva when compared with mine for you. I would go to the end of the earth for you. I would bear privations, hardships, bid eternal farewell to all else I love for your sake, as I am doing, for it is the sooner to make a home for you that I am leaving father, mother, home and friends, and now you refuse to accompany me."

"Now, Alan, you are unreasonable," answered the girl. "Did I follow the dictates of my heart I would go with you anywhere, oh, so gladly! The possibility of poverty or hardship should not frighten me, but my duty lies here. Had I brothers or sisters it would be quite different; but my parents have no one but me. They have not influenced me, they have not even advised me, they have let me use my own judgment. Ah, Alan, it went to my heart just now to see them looking at me so wistfully, for they do not even know what answer I am giving you."

"But, Eva, surely you owe me some allegiance. You are my promised wife and we were to be married in a few months. Every father and mother must part with their daughter when a husband claims her. If we were married you should come."

"I know, Alan, but the case would be quite different then."

"How?"