

amused, and yet struck by the words. "Well, much stranger things have happened, and in these days when we have Labour Members and all sorts, a man has only to display unusual power and he is sure to obtain recognition from his party. But, come now, tell me what makes you want to go into Parliament? It's a harassing life, although I will not deny that it has its compensations. At any rate when a man has once had a taste of Parliamentary life he does not care to relinquish it. In your case it would mean serving a long apprenticeship; you would need to go to London and get some post which would, at least, bring you in touch with politicians."

As he spoke these words he observed the young man's eye kindle, and knew that he had touched upon his most cherished ambition. He looked at him with increased interest, not altogether untouched by compassion, because he knew that it is such keen, ambitious souls who suffer most; they are never satisfied, but always striving after something beyond them.

"I'll see what I can do," he said, kindly. "Meantime I should like to have a little further talk with you. Can you come up this evening about eight o'clock? My daughter would like to see you, and her mother as well. Then we can have some further talk about this grand ambition of yours."

"Very well, sir, thank you," said the young man, and his face resumed its ordinary somewhat dull expression.

Mr. Bremner found some difficulty in dismissing him from his mind. Something in his deep-set eyes seemed to haunt him, and he found himself constantly thinking about his future, and wondering how