

The question came on me so suddenly that I waited to think a moment before I answered.

"No, Mr. McLennan, I never saw one on whom such a sudden change was so apparent that I could see it; I could not look into the heart you know."

"Oh, if it was in the heart, it would shine through into the life pretty soon," he answered.

I looked back over my life, and was sure I never had seen any apparent sudden change. I thought of Paul struck down in a moment, and of Colonel Gardiner, a man changed instantly, the only instances I could think of that I had even read about; but I said no more, for just then Angus McTavish, who had been behind with another group, came up and spoke.

"Listen all, till I tell the news, Donald Monroe is going to meeting to-night!"

"To get converted?" said McLennan.

"Well, he needs it."

"Be quiet, McLennan; there is going to be a good bit of sport. Donald is going to carry home his wife to her spinning by force. Donald and Duncan, and Rory Ferguson, with others of the same, are to help, and there is to be a grand spree at Donald's afterwards."

"It will be as dark as my grandmother's cloak, and it is going to rain besides," said Eric, looking up at the sky critically. "I would like to know how they will single her out among so many women in white caps, if they wait until she comes out of meeting; or do they intend to raise a row inside?"

"Hardly. I'll tell you the plan as I heard it from Rory Ferguson: Four of them are to wait outside till she comes out; one is to go in to watch where she sits, and contrive to come out just behind her. They will close in round her easy enough, for she will suspect nothing, and as soon as they are a little way from the house, lay hands on her and carry her off. They will have Fer-

guson's buggy waiting to carry off the bride. Won't she be raging! and won't Donald make a night of it if he succeeds, and I do not see anything to hinder him. It is funny, though, how much they are afraid of this young minister. Not one of them would go into meeting to watch where she sat, for all Donald's eloquence. He has to go himself; he is not afraid of anything or anyone. I would like to see the temper Donald's wife will be in when he gets her home."

"I don't see why he wants her home," I said; "if she is so very ill-tempered he ought to be glad to get rid of her. She is welcome at the Squire's, and can earn enough for her wants in peace. She seems a willing, hard-working woman."

"Donald thinks he has a right to his own wife, and he means to take his right," said Angus, laughing.

"Good plans often get spoiled in the doing," said Olaus. "Donald may miss the mark after all his pains."

"Perhaps," said I, "Donald may hear something to-night that will cause him to change his plans, and try kindness."

"You mean," said McLennan, "that he will get converted. Now, Miss Ray, there is no miracle in the Bible would be so great a miracle to me as if a wild, determined man like Donald would become changed."

"I don't know," said Eric, "if Donald can be any more than a sinner, as we all are; a change to a saint would be a great one for any of us."

"The greatest sinner will make the greatest saint, I suppose," said I.

"Do you think Donald the greatest sinner?" asked Angus.

"I do not know any more about his sins than his talents," I answered. "You say he is clever; I believe he is; you say he is wild and fierce, strong in his loves and hates; judging from his face and his actions, I rather think he is."

"I believe you;" said Angus, "he is built on the plan of Allan Dall, Glen-