

"Miss Holland!" cried a voice.

"It's the minister!" said the girl.

"The—who?" exclaimed Eileen; and added hastily, "Oh yes, I know who you mean."

A tall figure disengaged itself from the surrounding night.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the voice in curiously quick and jerky accents, "but I've got a note I want this girl to deliver immediately."

He handed her an envelope.

"Hand that in at the first farm on the other side of the Manse," he commanded, pointing backwards into the darkness. "I'll escort Miss Holland."

"Which hoose——" began the girl.

"The first you come to!" said the Commander peremptorily. "Quick as you can!"

Then he looked at Eileen, and for a moment said nothing.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Yes," he said with a half laugh, "I