

"So you will leave in the morning?" said Keith, as if it were quite news to him.

"Yes. Everything is packed and ready."

"I am going, too."

"Yes, I know it, but you will come back again."

"Come back! Come back! Yes, I expect to come back, but to what?" returned Keith almost bitterly.

"Why, Mr. Steadman, I thought it would be such joy for you to return to your flock. And besides, have you not great plans in store for the Quelchie Indians, and the new mining town, of which we have talked so often. I think you have much in store."

"There is much," came the slow reply. "There is vast work yet to be done. But a letter has filled me with serious thoughts, and I have come to you for advice."

"To me! For advice!"

"Yes. Here is the letter, a fair-sized one, is it not? Well, the long and the short of it is this: I have been asked to go to Toronto to take charge of a church there. It is a great surprise."

"And you will accept?" queried Constance, with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Shall I?"

"Why do you ask me? I am not able to judge. It is too important a matter for me to decide."

"I ask you because—because I love you," Keith stammered. "Oh, Miss Radhurst—Constance—bear