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in a quick gasp that was wholly shame. She knew whose hand had placed them there, she herself having often filled that glass on the study mantelpiece at the Manse.

She came—unobserved, as she thought—to the Manse gate, the bitter wind of the north blowing against her face, and the snow touching her hair in a sort of rude welcome. But when she got there the door was open and the tall, spare figure of her husband's mother stood—as she had often stood before—ready to welcome her. It was not enough, however, to stand at the door. An eager heart gives speed to loving feet, and Mrs. Grier ran out and caught her in the lee of the big thorn-tree and held her very close.

'My bairn, my bairn, my bonnie doo! Yes, yes—but dinna greet, an' if ye maun greet, this is the place—on your mother's hert.'

'It is for you I have come home,' murmured Christine, and would have knelt at her feet. 'It was your letter that brought me—mother.'

Grier came home in the grey gloaming, and though no man told him that his wife had returned, he knew it in his heart even before his mother met him at the door.

'She's away ower the moor, Alan,' said the old voice tremblingly. 'You will not be hard upon her, lad, for her heart is broken and her face has a weary look. God Himself has judged and led her. We shall keep her only by our love. Dinna stint her of it as I have stinted you. I will to my knees for you and her. It's our only safeguard and refuge at a time like this.'

Amory had spoken truly when he surmised that Grier's happiness in his married life could never be of the restful order. It must suffice here to say that Christine after her return from her flight into the wilderness strove to do her best. At times it was a sorry best, yet she never