

the river that flowed without ceasing to the unknown sea? What could any one do but yield himself to necessity, and summon his courage to endure? Then at the singing of a bird his mood lightened and was changed, as if he had heard the Evangel. God was over all, and life was immortal, and he could not be wrong who did the will of God. After a day of conflict, peace came to his soul, and in the soft light of the setting sun he rose to go home.

"Miss Carnegie . . . I did not know you were here . . . I thought you were in London," and Carmichael stood before Kate in great confusion.

"Nor did I see you behind that tree" — Kate herself was startled. "Yes, the General and I have been visiting some old friends, and only came home an hour ago.

"Do you know" — Kate was herself again — "the first thing I do on arrival is to make a pilgrimage to this place. Half an hour here banishes the dust of a day's journey and of . . .

"Besides, I don't know whether you have heard" — Kate spoke hurriedly — "that it is now settled that I . . . we will be leaving the Lodge soon, and one wants to have as much as possible of the old place in the time remaining."

She gave him this opportunity in kindness, as it seemed, and he reproached himself because he did not offer his congratulations.

"You will, I . . . the people hope, come often here, Miss Carnegie, and not cast off Drumtochty, although the Lodge be not your home. You will always have a place in the hearts of the Glen. Marjorie will never be grateful enough for your readings," which was bravely said.