

fully managed.) "I do *really* forgive you, and thank you very much for all the trouble you are taking on my account," she said, emphasizing her words by a slight turn in my direction, and an ever so slight involuntary pressure of the fingers which I still held absent-mindedly. "Ah well," said I magnanimously, "we won't say anything more about that—and we'll be friends till you are safe in the carriage."

There was no answer to this,—but the resigned helplessness that came over the imprisoned hand told me better than any words, that we were at least friends.

So once again silence settled down upon us, helped rather than broken by the creak of the rowlocks and the swish of the oars through the patient water; and though I was no longer 'Harry' to her there was something gradually stealing over us out of the infinite tenderness of the night and in keeping with its invisible beauty—a mysterious indefinable feeling of consociation, which in a few moments had drawn us closer than months of more than ordinary acquaintance.

How I longed for Joe to slacken his untiring speed, and let us indefinitely prolong this unlooked for hour of unearthly peace.

Presently I gradually unclasped my fingers from hers, leaving them perfectly free. They were not withdrawn!

Then I knew that all was well, and that the magic of the night had triumphed, and putting my arm round her under the friendly shade of the blanket, I drew her to me, till her drooping head rested against my shoulders; and so strangers, yet for this one hour, lovers, we remained, until the single oil lamp which marked the landing stage shone directly over our bow.

The dis-embarking was silent—for the night was still, and we—we had no need of words.

I lifted her in my arms, and stepped ashore, while Joe as quietly glided away, back into the nothingness.

Up the steps to the road I carried her, to seek a seat I knew of, where we might wait for the carriage, and the end, the sadly unwelcome end, of this peace we had found together.

Yet the gods had a further gift for me—for as I leaned forward to set her down on the wooden bench, my foot slipped slightly, so that, burdened as I was, I half stumbled, and the next instant her hair, loosened by the shock, had fallen in a warm sweet shower across my eyes and over my face.

The very night seemed to wheel round in bands of fire, for somehow, then, in some suddenly roused, blind passion, our lips, touching, greeted eagerly, and so clung.

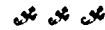
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We were roused by the sound of wheels, and the lights of the approaching carriage.—As I helped her

towards it she whispered, between a sob and a smile, "We shall never meet again." I knew it—but there was nothing to say. So we parted; and I stood alone, still ignorant of even her name, while the glare of the carriage lamps on the road grew more and more distant, and the wheels sounded fainter and fainter, bearing away with them the beauty and warmth and desirableness of the night.

Pacing slowly homeward in the blank emptiness, I wondered what Helena would say about the matter, if she could ever learn how I spent the evening. Indeed I often wonder that still—when the night is dark and warm, and I can hear the wind sighing in the pine tops.

O. B. M.



THE LATE A. D. NICOLLS, ESQ. OF LENNOXVILLE

The late Mr. Nicolls represented on his mother's side the family of Bishop Mountain, which came to this province in 1793 in the person of the first Bishop of Quebec; the second Bishopric founded outside the British Islands was that of Quebec. The second Bishop Mountain, third occupant of the see was Mr. Nicolls' maternal grandfather. The Rev. Jasper Nicolls married Miss Mountain, and their youngest child, Armine Drummond, was born at Lennoxville in Dec., 1854. He passed through the school and college curriculum at Lennoxville and shewed good proficiency in his work, winning the General Nicolls Scholarship for Mathematics. After graduating in Arts at Lennoxville, Mr. Nicolls entered the legal firm of Sir John Abbott in Montreal and took the gold medal in obtaining the B.C.L. of McGill. Ultimately he became a member of the well known legal firm of Church, Chapleau, Hall & Nicolls. In 1892 he retired from this to become Bursar of Bishop's College and secretary of the School. The strain and turmoil of courts and city life told upon the naturally delicate physical constitution of Mr. Nicolls. He hoped life in the country would restore his health, and he was undoubtedly prompted by a desire to render service to that institution which his grandfather had founded and to which his father had devoted the best part of his life. His interest in his alma mater was a sacred family trust and loyally and intelligently did he serve her. His hopes of stronger health were unfortunately never fulfilled. In July, 1896 he showed symptoms of severe illness, from which he never thoroughly recovered. On his return from a prolonged trip he seemed to improve a little, but the prevalent influenza seized him early in March and his constitution was unable to throw it off. He passed away on Monday, March 29, and was buried in the beautiful Mount Hermon cemetery, Quebec, on Wednesday, March 31. He inherited love of culture, reverent feeling, innate good breeding and a graceful