

a vast stretch of marsh-land, beyond which shone, like a silver shield, the waters of the great lake.

He reined in his steed instinctively for a moment. Never, in all his Old World experience, had he dreamed of the possibility of such vast opens as nature provided here, in all the luxuriance of delicate leafiness, bursting blossom and wide water. It was a revelation to his nature, hitherto influenced by other more conventional ideas, and a thought had sprung up in his mind during the journey, which now grew even stronger. Why not, he mused, do what others are doing, and become a dweller in this vast and beautiful land? Here were thousands of acres for the asking, and in spite of their primitive conditions and surroundings the people appealed to his fancy. Had the preacher already influenced him, or was it his secret doubt which was beginning to build a barrier between him and those of his own class? Certainly he already felt that there might be something in the attitude of the people against this over-aggressiveness of might and official influence. Then he could not but contrast the natural life about him with the over-strained conventionality which held Old World society in its toils. Certain it was, at least that, while he was no less the aristocrat at heart, and while his loyalty was untouched and his social prejudices as strong as ever, his pride, affected by his secret which preyed on him, was almost unconsciously bringing him into closer affinity with that great unconventional, and more natural, if less cultured, life about him.

He remained in the place for a short time, lost in a condition of reverie, which, it must be admitted, was