


One evening the three were walking up from *Cap à L'Aigle* to Murray Bay, after one of the frequent thunder storms which abound there, followed by an exquisite rainbow. As they walked, the sun set in a dazzling glory of purple and crimson clouds, that flooded the hills with the most exquisite hues, and bathed the green slope at hand in a mellow light, while the river lay as it were a soft, translucent mingling of opaline tints of rose and pale green and softest purple. It was a picture that would not be soon forgotten. 

"Well, Miss Marjorie, isn't this grand?" said a well-known voice. Marjorie started and turned round.

"Why, Professor Duncan! Where did you come from? Father dear, this is Professor Duncan. I'm so glad!"

And when they had taken breath after the greeting, the professor told them that he was going to take a sail up the Saguenay, and had stopped on the way to see them all and try to secure a traveling companion for his trip.

He and Mr. Fleming very soon renewed their old acquaintance, and it was soon arranged that when the next boat came down, Mrs. Ramsay, Marion and Marjorie, with Mr. Fleming and Gerald, should accompany Professor Duncan on this charming expedition.

The summer dusk was just closing in as they rounded the rocky point of Tadousac, and saw the