

many regrets in leaving Glenoro if you and I could not part friends."

"There need be no doubt of that," said Donald simply; "I am sorry you are leaving."

John Egerton's face was overcast. "I must. I came here not knowing what was required of me. In fact, I never realised what was required of my calling until I had a glimpse into a life of real Christian consecration. I am going to another field, to do better work, I hope."

Donald was touched by the honest confession. This did not seem the gay, self-sufficient young man he had met on former occasions. "I cannot pretend to criticise another man's life, knowing my own," he answered humbly. "I am sure I wish you all success in your new place."

"Thank you. Success does not mean quite the same to me now as it did a few months ago. There is one thing I would like to say to you before I go, Mr. McDonald"—he hesitated—"I believe your uncle wished you to enter the ministry?"

Donald made a motion of assent. That was a subject upon which, as yet, he could not trust himself to speak.

"I thought so. And part of his hope was that I should help you to it," he added bitterly. "But I