

The father asked no further questions, hut Fergus had a feeling that he had been deceiving his father even as Jacob did. On his way to the back door he had to pass his mother in the kitchen. She, too, had her question.

"And where will ye be going?"

"Oh, just for a drive."

"Would ye not like to take Elsie with you?" she said.

"Oh, I think I'd better not. She's not ready, and anyway it looks like a storm."

With that he suddenly closed the conversation and went out to the barn, hut he carried with him the same feeling of not having been perfectly frank. Of course, we know where he was going, hut his parents had to be content with vague surmises. This is apparent from the conversation that followed his departure.

"I'm wondering," said the minister's wife, "who's taking him off to-day."

"Oh," replied the husband, "he went along the road west. He's probably gone to have a chat with Elder Black's son."

"Tut!" said the good wife; "more like Elder Black's daughter, though I don't know what he'd see in her. She's a good enough lass, but hardly the kind for him. Perhaps she's not the one at all, hut it's Miss Grant, the new teacher. I saw them talking at the church door last Sahhath."

"Why, mother," said the minister, "you seem to have made up your mind that it's a maid and not a man he's gone to see."

"Certainly."