

had not seen him, but was looking over his sheltering cedar at something beyond, with a pouting vexation, that he learned a moment later was only assumed. He now saw her features, but while they awakened a thrill of admiration, they gave no clue to her mystery. The hue of perfect health glowed upon her oval face, while her eyes were like violets of darkest blue. The mouth was full, yet firm, and unlike Saville's, which was chiefly expressive of sensibility and suggested an emotional nature.

Altogether, she seemed a creature that might haunt a painter's or a poet's fancy, but have no right or real existence in this matter-of-fact world. Saville could not account for her, and still his wonder grew when she exclaimed in tones as mellow as the notes of the bird she addressed :

"What are you saying there, saucy robin? You're so proud of your scarlet waistcoat, you're always putting yourself forward. 'The sun's behind the mountain, and it's time for evening songs,' you say. Well, I can see that as well as you. Go sing to your little brown wife on her nest, and cease your 'mops and mowes' at me.

"I can sing in sunshine,  
I can sing in shadow,  
In the darkest forest glen,  
O'er the grassy meadow,  
At night, by day, 'tis all the same,  
Song is praise to His loved name."

Then she lifted her face and eyes heavenward, as if from an impulse of grateful devotion. Her white throat grew full, as in slower measure, and with a