

more than a lad, having so much knowledge of life. "You have been a good friend to a lonely man, and if I cannot, I pray God may requite you."

They then got their things ready, and went out into the early dawn, which was gray and gloomy and chill over sky and earth. There was no one astir, and as they threaded the streets, the village seemed silent and deserted, as though it were an abode of the dead. Passing the gray, low, wooden houses with their small windows and tiny panes, which stood at intervals along the street, wrapt in quiet, they after a bit came out along the lake shore, where there was a fringe of marsh, and the river Don emptied its turbid waters into Lake Ontario. The first flush of dawn was rosy in the east, when they reached the appointed place—a desolate stretch of grass and sand on the shore near a clump of decayed trees, one of which resembled, in Etherington's mind, an old world gallows tree. There was a cold, lonesome wind stirring, and it rustled the grass, and woke those dead branches into an eerie song, like that of the witches in Macbeth. Neither young man cared to utter a word, for both were anxious to finish that for which they had come, and leave that place and its ill associations behind.

They had waited about five minutes, when two muffled up figures appeared in the distance, and Carey and Johnson approached. Carey, who was ghastly pale, and with his cheek black with a plaster, where Etherington had cut it, kept apart, and paced to and fro, evidently excited, while his second came forward, and made the necessary arrangements with Jarvis. His