

be one of them. But how often had he to put the question resolutely away during that and the next day's travelling? And what would have been his disappointment if, on entering the family at Mapleton, that pretty brown head and fair face had not met his glance? And you fancied that you were cured, Mr Holt; you reckoned fifteen months' travel a specific.

Yes; Linda was one of Bell's bridesmaids. And that same sketch-book, filled with glimpses of European scenery, brought about an enduring result on this wise.

The girls were looking over it the day before the wedding—Miss Bell in a manner rather preoccupied, which, under the circumstances, was excusable. Having both a trousseau and a bridegroom on one's hands is quite sufficient for any young lady's capacity; so she presently left her brother Sam to explain his sketch-book to Linda alone.

All went evenly until the page was opened, the bit of silver paper lifted off, and Dunore was before her. What a start—colour—exclamation! Her beloved Irish home, with its green low hills, and its purple sea-line afar. 'Oh, Mr. Holt, I am so glad that you went to see Dunore!' Her eyes were full of tears as she gazed.

'Are you? I went there for your sake, Linda, to look at the place you loved so much.' And—and—what precise words he used then, or how he understood that she would prize the drawing a thousand-fold for his sake, neither rightly remembered afterwards. But—

'In April the ice always breaks up,' remarked old Hiram, with a huge laugh at his own joke.