

that he had not before observed in young Fletcher the signs of exceptional ability which he now read as easily as an open book.

"You may make light of it, Fletcher," he said, quietly; "that is your modesty. But you know as well as I do that you have rendered us an incomparable service, one which we can never forget nor repay. My daughter will thank you herself when she has opportunity; meanwhile, I have sent for you to-day to ask if there is any way in which I can be useful to you. Believe me, there is nothing you could ask which I would not at least try to give to mark my gratitude, which is so deep, and will be so lasting that I do not care to speak about it." Bremner uttered these words with emotion, which in some subtle manner communicated itself to the young man to whom they were addressed. His face softened, and became almost winning in its look. The attitude of defiance which had been quite marked when he entered the room quickly disappeared, and the better self, the real man, which none saw except the two who loved him, and whom he loved because of all they had done for him, was permitted to assert itself.

"Sir, you make too much of it," he said with a smile which Bremner long remembered, "and I have nothing to ask. I don't wish payment for having done my duty."

"That's all very well, my man," said Bremner; "but there are some duties which resolve themselves into debts, which have to be acknowledged, and if possible repaid. I will find some means of serving you. It is just possible that when you talk with my daughter she may be able to help me. One thing I should like to ask before you go—are you satisfied with