

turned longingly to the Fatherland, so Tecumseth Hall was put up for sale, and the owner left Canada for Germany.

A Southern gentleman whom business of an unknown nature brought to the village one day, was so charmed with the deserted Hall and its beautiful grounds, that he purchased it, as well as the property of an extensive lumber merchant who had failed a few months previously. In due time Philip Douglass came to Tecumseth, and with him his aunt, a maiden lady, and a boy of thirteen, who was known as his cousin, though in reality Tom Rayburn was no relation to the Douglasses.

After the advent of this gentleman, Heathfield grew as if by magic; people flocked from all directions to gain employment in the factories and mills built by the wealthy new-comer. But none ever guessed why the stern, quiet master of Tecumseth came to their village, and what had cast the habitual gloom over his open brow, or what was the incentive that drove him to such hard labor,—for in all that large community no one toiled as Philip Douglass did. Still there was ever a restless fire in his dark eyes,—a something was wanted to complete a life that ought to have been beautiful, as only the lives of those deep, grand natures can be beautiful with a goodness that springs from a heart at rest.

## CHAPTER II.

Three years after Philip Douglass's arrival at Heathfield, a lad of sixteen came snow-shoeing one winter day over the great wide fields of the country east of Heathfield. The moonlight streamed brightly across his pathway, and lightly kissed the forest near by, which had so often resounded to his boyish shouts, the baying of his hound and the sharp click of his rifle. He stayed not a moment to glance over old familiar scenes—the village in the val-

ley and the frozen river, over which he had skimmed by bark in summer, and by steel in winter, but weary and hungry he pressed on; now over a hill, now down the quarry-path to the gully, where a sheet of glare ice and the toboggan ground provoked a well-pleased grunt. Thence over the bridge, on a little way, and he entered the grounds surrounding Tecumseth Hall, a large stone house built in accordance with modern tastes—handsome, yet pleasant and home-like withal. A slight rain had fallen during the day and frozen on every twig, bough and shingle; one great, glittering mass of spotless white enshrouded the streets and country side of Heathfield. The moonbeams glancing on the snow threw a diamond flash far and near. The exquisite beauty of his home, the crystallized trees with branches bent under their sparkling load, the fringing icicles edging every projection and verandah roof, were lost on the unromantic youth, and failed to give to him the all-absorbing delight which held the dreamer in the eastern bay-window over-looking the coasting-ground and quarry pond.

As Tom Rayburn flung the hall-door open and rushed in whistling and shouting "Home again, darkies!" there was a deep cry of delight, and then Tom was loudly welcomed in true canine fashion by a great hound and a small rat-terrier. In the midst of the rejoicing a round brown face with a pair of startled eyes popped out from behind a distant door; then a buncy French girl came quickly forward, hastily wiping her chubby hands in a big blue apron.

"Oh, me! Meester Tom; did you tumble from de heben? I hear no bell, no horse,—stop you dog you; go for de kitchen, you durty vilin. I'm vairy glad for to see you, Meester Tom, for you to come once again."

"All right, Rosalie," giving her a firm shake of the hand. "Fly round and show your pleasure by bringing on