

should be written here in the Manse of Strathardle. And its basis would be the new life that she should begin after her experience in the wilderness.

It was Saturday, however, before Amory reached London and, though he called at Whitefield's Hotel it was only to learn that Mrs. Grier had quitted it the day before. The hotel people did not know where she had gone, and she had taken away all her belongings, leaving no address. She had not left at the same time as the other lady, but after her departure. Amory was bitterly disappointed, but realising that in the meantime nothing more could be done, he returned to Clievdon to his mother to acquaint her fully with the extraordinary story in which he had taken a small part.

The Manse of Strathardle was a very empty place for its inmates when Amory had left it. There is a kinship of the soul which takes no account of time or circumstance or distance, and which forges the bonds of a friendship that is eternal. Amory had completely won the confidence of Alan Grier, and their talk had been brothers' talk. Mrs. Grier, watching them together, had thanked God for His intervention in the darkest hour of their lives.

'Mother,' said the minister, when he had returned from seeing Amory off at the Junction, 'we will stop here at least another year. I will write to Dr. Elder and refuse the foreign appointment. Then I will finish the book. It would not do for Christine to come back and find a closed door.'

'I would never leave the Glen till she came, Alan, even if I had to go to live in the White Cottage itself,' replied Mrs. Grier, and in spite of himself a mist dimmed for a moment the clear grey of the minister's eyes.

'You like Amory, mother? He's one of the princes whom God sends to the world from time to time just to keep the balance true.'