

distance. Then the touch of northern independence and brusquerie about her, like a waft of the heather-scented breezes from her mother's native hills, yet without the least mixture of unfeminine roughness, was a pleasant variation upon the silky softness of some of his female acquaintances, too often veiling shallow insipidity, and the loud "fastness" of others. He respected, too, the earnestness he saw in her, whenever their conversation touched upon higher things. She was a woman, at all events, who could give "a reason for the faith that was in her," whose religion was not one of mere sentiment or feeling, but a strong, presiding influence, pervading every thought and action. While their conversation restricted itself to general matters, Jeanie was quite willing to defer to his wider experience, but when it touched upon man's connexion with the unseen and spiritual, he could not move her a hair's breadth, and he was surprised to see how intelligently she met any objections he did venture to throw out, and how readily her intuitive discernment penetrated and exposed an unfair, though plausible sophistry. She never courted argument with him, however, or ventured into questions which she instinctively felt were beyond her depth, nor did Mr. Dunbar unveil to her the extent to which sceptical theories had taken possession of his mind. He did not wish to disturb her peace, nor could he expect to find in discussion with a mind so inexperienced as hers, any satisfactory solution of the doubts that oppressed him. But seeing the strength and intelligence of her faith, he at last began to wonder whether he should not have searched more diligently "whether these things were so," and when Philip Dunbar admitted a misgiving as to any conclusion at which he had arrived, half the battle was won. Altogether, both Alan and he were sorry when their visit was over and they must return to work, but its influences did not pass away with the golden radiance of the autumn afternoon on which they drove back to Carrington.

Miss Honeydew had written to the Campbells to say that her brother strongly desired her to remain during the coming winter, at least, as his wife and daughters were not to return till the following summer, and that she was willing to stay if the Campbells liked still to remain in her house. Of course

they were only too glad to do so, and so it was settled.

And then the time of glowing autumn leaves and gorgeous sunsets passed away, and the second November of Alan's stay in Carrington closed down, with its short days and murky skies, over the stripped and saddened country; and again Mr. Dunbar's snug, bright dining room seemed to Alan a haven of refuge from the general gloom. Thither, too, sometimes came Ralph Myles, whom Alan rejoiced to bring into contact with his friend; and long eager talks they occasionally had, reaching far into midnight, when Mr. Dunbar would propound his sceptical objections, with the earnestness of a man who really desires to find them met, if met they can be. And Ralph, who, if he had not a college education, had thought more vigorously and to more purpose than many who have graduated with honours, would reply in such a way as, if not to satisfy his friend, at least to send him to the fountain head, where, alone, his doubts could be fully satisfied.

Lenore Arnold had not yet set out for her southern winter quarters, though her still prevailing delicacy made it necessary, in medical opinion, that she should go for at least one more winter. But Mr. Arnold's health had been failing so rapidly and alarmingly that his daughter felt she could not make up her mind to leave him. Mrs. George Arnold had been rather disappointed as to the expected festivities which were to have followed her marriage, as her father-in-law's serious illness began not long after her return from her wedding tour, and it not only prevented party-giving at home, but kept George so busy as to interfere very seriously with party-going abroad.

Weaker and weaker Mr. Arnold grew, till he could no longer go, even in his carriage, to the counting-house at the mills. It was a breaking up of the constitution, the doctor said, the result of the wear and tear of a long life of toil and anxiety; and the people said he was suffering from the latter now; that the affairs of the firm were in a rather ticklish condition; that they had been launching out rather too much into speculation; and that the long postponement of the commencement of the projected railway was impeding them very much and causing them serious embarrassment. The people were awaiting the expected Government