

character stands out on their faces. Oh! It's fine to live near to Nature's heart as they do, and let Her 'chasten and subdue' at will. Their faces show it."

"Tut! Mac, this is some more of your fine moonshine philosophy. Come into the stores now and listen to these men driving bargains. And just notice how many of these same pennies, for which they fought so long, will go for chewing tobacco. What have you to say to that?"

"It's not a very savoury habit, I agree; but after all, it's only external. We see too much of the other sort; I mean that polish which is put on to cover up faults of character. As for haggling for pennies, a man's often worse engaged, that's my opinion. In olden days, men fought in war for spoils and were called heroes. In modern society the fight is still for spoils, and it is a more direct one. And as formerly, the battle is to the strong. I am certain, too, that in our day there is much less physical death in the scuffle, and less spiritual death, too, I believe. Now, if you want an argument, come on, missie.—"

The words were hardly spoken when she started, seemed to hesitate, then gave a quick step forward.

"Mr. Moore, is it you?"

Miss White caught the thrill of gladness in the voice and marvelled silently. Miss McLaren, the stately blue-stocking, had seized in both hers the great hand of a strange-looking old man wearing black goggles: and her face shone with delight like the face of a child. This tall, powerful man would have been a marked figure in any town, how much more, then, standing alone in the sleepy streets of quiet Tedford. His clothes were faded and all but threadbare; the great strong frame seemed to be growing too large for the tight short coat. The rusty black hat was shoved back and showed a high, intelligent brow. His snow-white hair and the fair skin caused the ugly black goggles, which hid the deep pits where once the eyes had been, to stand out in painful contrast. But every feature of the face bespoke calm strength. Even at the quick, glad cry of the woman as she seized his hand, he showed no sudden emotion; but a humorous smile played round his mouth as if he were merely an onlooker at this scene, where a stately woman, oblivious of appearances, rushes impetuously forward to grasp the hand of an old blind man and that, too, in a town where gossip went in the air.

"Mr. Moore, do you know me?" she cried.

"Well, no, I don't, my dear."

The hearty rich tones of his Irish brogue reached the ear of her friend, who had sauntered on.

"Don't you know the voice?"

"Indeed, I must say I don't: but if you'd tell me I'd know." This with a chuckle.

"You remember Chrissie McLaren?"

"Oh, my child, and how do you come to be away up in this out-of-the-world place?"

"I am just one of those pieces of driftwood known as a substitute, Mr. Moore. The Principal is ill, and I am filling his place. But, how is it I find you standing quite calmly and peacefully in front of this store as if you had