

settlement in Montreal, he was invited to take part in the closing exercises of a well-known Ladies' School. His equanimity, and with it his speech, was somewhat disturbed when, facing the roomful of white-clad girls and their teachers, he found himself confronted by the unforgettable face of Florence Atherton. We have no means of knowing what the meeting meant to the young lady herself, but upon Fergus it had the effect of an electric shock combined with a blaze of light. How he managed to get through with his address was a mystery to himself, though no one else perceived anything out of the way. He was well prepared, and the probability is that the intellectual side of his nature worked automatically, while the emotional side was undergoing a very profound disturbance. In time, his address and the other addresses came to an end. Prizes were given, diplomas presented, the words of farewell to the graduates spoken, and then Fergus found himself in the refreshment room with Florence.

It matters not what their conversation was. So slight was their acquaintance it could not have been other than of a general character. But this is certain, that in Fergus's case, the old conflict between inclination and a traditional and deep-rooted respect for the preferences and even the prejudices of his parents was revived in a very tempestuous fashion. Go where he would, do what he might, the thought of this young lady was continually present. There were various ways in which she appealed to his nature. She possessed a singular beauty, all the more attractive because of the element of contrast. His were the blue eye, the somewhat sandy hair, the rugged, out-