

voice died away, the people awoke as from a spell. Round after round of applause shook the building, and as they went to their homes tongues were moving swiftly in his praise.

The next night the Longleys gave their dinner, and Mr. Singleton was introduced to the leaders of Tomascing society. He gazed for a moment in undisguised admiration at Miss Lockhart, and then began at once to make himself agreeable to Miss Esterbrook, charming that worthy lady by his interest in all that she said.

At dinner the conversation turned to the newest books.

"I think," said Mrs. Luscombe, "the story that impressed me most in this week's magazine, was a short one by Mrs. Weston. It was the most stirring temperance story I have ever read."

"Yes, I noticed that," said Mr. Mason. "If we had more such stories coming from the pens of our famous authors, the temperance cause would be decidedly advanced."

"It would indeed be advanced, Mr. Mason," said Mrs. Longley, "and I think, too, that story showed clearly that there is a great work to be done even among rich and influential people."

"Don't you think, Mrs. Longley," broke in Mr. Singleton, "that in the higher classes, cultivation and natural refinement are sufficient safeguards?"

"I grant you that they are in a great measure," she answered, "but I believe that even they are soon resisted, under the degrading influences of strong drink."

"You would restrain every man's liberty, then, to use an old argument, because a few are weak and forget themselves."

"Indeed, Mr. Singleton, indeed," she said earnestly, "there is danger in every sphere of life. Our nearest and dearest may not be safe."

A sudden, painful hush fell upon those at the table, which surprised Mr. Singleton in no small measure, but with ready tact he changed the conversation and the dinner ended happily.

When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, Mr. Singleton crossed over to where Miss Lockhart sat, the toe of her dainty slipper tapping the floor impatiently. "Do I intrude, Miss Lockhart?" he asked, smiling down at her.

"Not at all," she answered.

"Thank you. Then I may sit here and look at these views with you," taking up some fine Californian scenes. "Have you ever visited the Yosemite?"

"No," she replied. "I have often wished to go, but we, that is, papa and myself, never travel much."

"These views are very correct," he went on. "I spent last summer there and in the Yellowstone National Park of Wyoming."

"Oh, please tell me something about them," she cried eagerly. "I wish so much to hear."

Then in his own striking way, while other talk in the room gradually ceased, he described the grandeur of those wonderful regions, silvery leaping waterfalls, vast upheavals of nature, still glassy pools and steaming geysers.

The spell of his voice and the pictures he painted so clearly, remained to those that heard him, long after that evening.

People grew more and more charmed with this young man, and if he charmed others he was himself being wound in magic coils. The old story of woman and love came to him here as it comes sometime in every man's life, and Amy Lockhart was in every way his fitting equal.

Tomascing whispered and talked over fragrant

tea-cups and in the clubs during the progress of his wooing, but no one had a word to say against it.

Some surprise was felt in one way, for Mr. Lockhart was a firm supporter of the temperance cause, and it soon became known that Mr. Singleton was not, though he never used any form of strong drink himself, except to take a glass or two of light wines at houses where they were presented. However, in the eyes of many people, his views on this point did not detract one whit from his good qualities.

As everything Mr. Singleton said or did, and plenty of things he did not do or say, immediately found its way into the city papers, it may be wondered that even the very words he used in proposing to Miss Lockhart were not paraded in staring capitals. Perhaps one reason was, that his wooing was, after all, so very commonplace, and, when his opportunity came, he was not his unembarrassed self with a smooth flow of words at his command.

It happened in this way. Frederick Singleton's two weeks' vacation had lengthened into another fortnight, and the last day but three of his stay was being spent at the Lockhart's suburban home. The Longleys were there, the Masons, and quite a number of young folk. Mr. Singleton and Miss Lockhart had wandered away from the others, who were walking through the grounds enjoying the early spring breezes.

"Miss Lockhart," he said suddenly, "I have always wished to know why such a silence fell on the company at the Longleys, the night that we first met. We were speaking of some magazine story—a temperance story. Do you remember Mrs. Longley said so decidedly 'even our nearest and dearest are not safe,' and then every one was so silent. I was afraid I had wounded some one's feelings."

"Oh, did you never hear?" Amy answered,—"but of course you have not—of Mrs. Longley's eldest brother, who was such a promising young fellow until he fell into bad habits and one night he was brought home dead, killed by a fall from his horse, on his way from a drunken revel. It was very, very sad."

Mr. Singleton was silent and Amy went on. "Mr. Singleton, may I ask you why, with your opportunities to work, and your influence for good, you do not raise your voice against intemperance. It is such a crying evil in our fair Canadian land, and the workers seem so few."

Her sudden attack rather embarrassed him, but he answered quickly: "As I said before, Miss Lockhart, I believe in perfect liberty for every man, and if we say no man shall buy or sell these beverages, are we not restricting that liberty? As for myself, I hope to do as much by my example as by my words. Believe me," he went on, as he stooped to lift from his path a little worm crawling on a broken twig, "I would injure no man in this world, but I am often called upon to partake of hospitality where I could never refuse to accept the choice wines offered. My position, my interests, demand my acceptance."

Amy saw that there were weak points in his argument, but could not find fitting words in which to express her views. She had noted his action in lifting the twig, and had thought, "a man so truly kind as that, so careful of even the lowest creature, can surely never go far wrong."

He seemed to feel her silence, for he turned to her almost fiercely. "You do not think I am right," he cried. "Amy, Amy, I value your opinion higher than any other. I want your opinion always. You know what I mean. Amy, do you—will you marry me?" catching at her arm as he spoke, breathlessly.

In spite of herself she broke into a merry peal of laughter in which he finally joined, as the disjointed nature of his discourse came to him. Then he caught her swiftly to himself: "My darling, you know I love you, that is my only, my best plea. What is my Amy's answer?"

Of course she answered, "Yes," and when in the following September, Frederick Singleton again visited Tomascing, it was to take away one of its fairest daughters as his wife.

The old Lockhart mansion, where Amy had reigned since her mother's death, took on a joyous air. The smooth, fresh-shaven lawn, dotted here and there with late flowers, the changing glory of the ivy and virginia creeper climbing over verandahs and walls, the bright sunshine, seemed all in accord with the occasion.

The house was full of guests, the old silver and china graced the long table in the dining room, while busy servants ran to and fro, trying to neglect no detail.

Very fair the bride looked in her creamy satin dress, her sweet face pale with excitement, sorry to leave her bright past, yet reaching eagerly forward to the radiant future with her handsome and talented husband. Her life had always been free from care. Her mother's death, when Amy was quite young, too young to understand, had touched her but lightly, and now, looking into the future, it seemed as if nothing would ever mar her perfect happiness. So there were smiles and merry laughter and light hearts that day when Amy Lockhart went away to begin her new life as Frederick Singleton's wife.

"Wasn't it all lovely, Ralph?" said Mrs. Longley to her husband that evening.

"It was a fair beginning, indeed," he answered, gravely, "but all's well that ends well, you know."

"Why how seriously you talk, Ralph. One would think you foresaw some disaster."

Mr. Longley paused a moment in his restless walk up and down the room, and then answered: "Ada, there is something of which I never intended to speak, but I have thought of it so often to-day. I am persuaded to tell you."

"Go on, dear," she urged, her woman's curiosity aroused, as he hesitated.

"Well, the other night when the club gave Singleton a farewell supper, there were so many toasts and so much good fellowship around the board that—well, Singleton, you know, unaccustomed to it as he was, couldn't stand the influence of the wine, and—some of the fellows carried him home, when it was all over. He was ashamed enough of it afterwards, and he met three of the club's officers and apologized for what he called his thoughtlessness. Of course I may be morbid in my ideas, but I am afraid for Singleton's future."

Both husband and wife were silent a long time after that. Outside the autumn wind was blowing, then a dash of rain came against the windows, causing Mrs. Longley to shudder. "How chilly that pattering rain makes one feel," she said, "and the day was so fine. Poor, dear Amy, I hope this may not be a symbol of her wedded life."

Ah! if they could have foreseen.

To be concluded in our next.

Good women are sentinels; in the darkest of earth's night
They hold with stout hearts, silently, life's outposts towards
the light,
And at God Almighty's roll-call, 'mong the hosts that answer
"Here,"
The voices of good women sound strong, and sweet, and clear.

Good women are brave soldiers; in the thickest of the fight
They stand with stout hearts patiently, embattled for the
right,
And tho' no blare of trumpet or roll of drum is heard,
Good women the world over are the army of the Lord.