

thinks Edinburgh heathen worse than those she has left."

"Who's going to make any difference for Airlie Keith?" exclaimed Jack, scornfully. "If she tries the goody-goody business here, she'll find she's made a mistake."

had allowed himself to drift with the tide, content to enjoy life, and put away from him all thought of its higher meanings; but of late some whisperings of dissatisfaction had come to him. He felt himself growing older, and making no head-



AIRLIE'S ADVENT.

"Shut up, Jack," said Errol, sharply, and Jack eyed him with instant amazement. But Errol's face was perfectly sober, his eyes grave and rebuking; evidently he was in earnest.

For a long time now Errol Keith

way. He saw others who had entered the lists with him already doing a good work in the world, and making name and position for themselves. At times Errol Keith writhed in very scorn of himself, but idle habits are not easily thrown off. It