

sessed a certain deep and haunting lustre of their own. Her complexion had a softness and subtle bloom seldom found on cheeks that have been scorched by Canadian summers and furnacc-dried by Canadian winters. What Fergus noted next was the quality and intonation of her voice. It came from her throat in a full, golden stream of sound, shaping itself into syllables and words that were pronounced with a wonderful correctness and charm. And, last of all, this young student, who was just beginning to feel the effect of the world's wide intellectual impulse, found himself amazed and enthralled by the revelation the paper made of thorough culture and of personal contact with the best. "Who can that be?" he asked himself, and he set out to find the answer.

About the only information he could glean was that she was the daughter of the new Methodist minister whose circuit had made exasperating inroads upon his father's parish. In fact, the successive incumbents of the circuit, whoever they might be, were looked upon as an insult to the old pastor, and an infringement of his spiritual sovereignty. Fergus himself had formerly shared this feeling, though now, of course, he was beginning to see its unreasoning folly. The old prejudice being removed, it was natural that he should try to learn more concerning this fair outlander. It was not difficult to obtain an introduction, nor is it surprising that before long there should be some degree of self-revelation. He had his curiosity about her. She had her curiosity about him. What more natural than that each should endeavour to gratify