

churches because none other were open to him, and he hoped to win those of his own creed, who came to scoff, or from curiosity, to remain to pray.

We went to hear him from two motives, one to hear the preacher, whose name and praise was in every mouth ; and the other, and with me stronger motive of the two, that I might learn from him where my earliest friend—the one I had known the longest and esteemed the most—was to be found. I was sure he knew. She would have communicated with him as soon as possible.

We went early and yet with difficulty obtained a seat, and long before the service commenced, every seat and aisle was crowded to suffocation. When Mr. Forbes entered the pulpit, I was grieved to see the change which had taken place in his appearance. When I last saw him without his hat in the sacristy of St. Mary's, I thought him one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. His dark hair, which he did not cut priestly fashion, forming a strong contrast to a forehead white and smooth as a girl's. Now, his hair was nearer white than black, and his forehead full of lines, which the expression of his eye told, were graven more deeply in his heart than on his brow. After service was over, we waited that we might speak to him. We had considerable difficulty in getting access to him through the crowd by whom he was surrounded. When at last I found myself near enough, I put out my hand with a smile. He looked at first as if he tried to recollect who I was, and then said, "Miss Keith," his countenance not for a moment changing its solemn, sad expression.

I expressed my pleasure at seeing him again, and then asked whether he could tell me anything of Gertrude. "Yes," he replied, compressing his lips and brow as if in pain while he spoke, "she is beyond the stars, and her body lies in the cemetery at Ellenkirk."