

where I can be alone with myself, and the vast spaces, away from all this folly and chatter, and strife and intrigue, and when you are weary of it you may come, too."

"And what should I do there?" asked the young man, though inwardly he knew his heart was ever there; then he said, "I have applied for leave, and when I get it, I may perchance come and see you in your vineyard."

"Do," said the older man simply; "you will always be welcome."

The next day, Monmouth and his factotum left York, and Etherington was left to his own devices and cogitations. But a new idea was gradually forming in his brain. He would retire from the army, and settle in Canada. He had had enough of the Old World, and the life that Monmouth led appealed strongly to his imagination. Why not be happy in his own way? So he determined to go, and make an attempt to see the girl once more, and know his fate; then if she would have nothing to do with him, the whole world was wide for a lonely outcast wanderer until the end. This was his plan. He had twenty thousand pounds and his commission, a mere bagatelle in aristocratic England; but, as he realized, quite a large fortune in the Province, where as a retired officer, he would be entitled to a fair grant of land.

He thought this all over, and as the Spring drew on, and youth and life called once more to him, from out of the spaces of air and earth and sun, this dream took firm possession of his heart and brain. But there was one great fear with him, always holding him back,