

year ago, would have been ashamed to write, seemed to show that the boy had his fits of home-sickness, too, a circumstance which gave his mother no small pleasure, mingled though it was with pain.

Hugh had been studying eagerly and steadily; and had made such progress with Mr. Abernethy that his kind teacher thought he would be ready to enter Mr. Dunbar's office as an articled clerk by the autumn; and then he would go to stay in Carrington with Alan, to which he looked forward with great delight, as did Alan also, for he was both fond and proud of his studious young brother, whose mind was developing fast, a good deal in advance of his years.

Mr. Dunbar and Alan went, in September, for a few days of camping and shooting, to Heron Bay, which they made their headquarters, spending the soft and bright September days in fishing along the glassy lake, taking long rambles in the woods after partridges, and tracing the reedy windings of the creek or river in search of wild ducks. The new saw-mill at Heron Bay was now in full operation, and bade fair in time to rival the mills at Carrington in business and importance. Ben, at his own request, had been transferred to it; the wild, free backwoods life suited him better than the more restricted life in Carrington, and here, after work hours, he could paddle about in his birch-bark canoe for hours, or go hunting, as his Indian nature loved to do.

Alan and his friend spent a day or two at Mapleford on their return, bringing with them a boat-load of ducks and other game,—more than the Campbells could use in a week, even after sending a liberal share to Mrs. Abernethy, and presents of them to others of Alan's friends in the neighbourhood. Mr. Dunbar enjoyed the home circle there exceedingly, and was more genial and free from cynicism than Alan had ever seen him. Hugh, his future clerk, was a boy of the stamp in which he delighted,—eager, inquiring, recalling his own youth, with its theories and speculations. Then both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell loved to talk to him about Edinburgh scenes and people, and though Mr. Dunbar's associations belonged to a later era than theirs, they found they had much common ground to traverse, reviving each others' memories of places and things that had been pleasant to both.

"Ah! there is nothing on this side the Atlantic like Auld Reekie," Mr. Campbell would say, for the hundredth time, "with the grand old castle frowning down upon the bonnie Prince's street gardens, and the Academy, and Sir Walter Scott's monument that's just a picture in itself; and how many a day I've gone up Nicholson Street to the old University in the days when they used to try to drive some Latin and Greek into my head! Poor Professor Pillans;—didn't you say he was there in your day, too?"

"Yes, poor old man, he was there still, but his best days were long gone by;"—and so they went on to talk about other Edinburgh men, who had been prominent characters in Mr. Campbell's day, and whose names and fames were still fresh and bright in Philip Dunbar's time.

These pleasant talks were held in Miss Honeydew's little verandah, where Mr. Campbell liked to sit in his invalid chair, in the golden September evenings, when the opposite slopes looked doubly golden in the sunset light, and the sun went down in a sky all barred with pale green and gold, turning into salmon colour after he was lost to view. And the river wound silently away round its projecting points, and Miss Hepzibah's garden looked bright and rich in its autumn colouring; its crimson and purple and white asters, its sweet-scented Marvel of Peru, and its deep-tinted stately dahlias. And Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie sat by, at their work, quietly enjoying the talk. It was the first time Jeanie had ever met any man of wide and varied information, and Mr. Dunbar's conversation had all the charm for her which a girl, fond of study and of knowledge, whose personal experience has been a very restricted one, must find in the conversation of a man who has seen and studied much, and who takes wide and intelligent views of the subjects to which he has given a calm and thoughtful attention. And Jeanie, in her turn, was a novelty, and a pleasant one, to Philip Dunbar. Her fresh, bright, unsophisticated nature, combined with native intelligence, and thoughtful study of everything worthy of study that had come in her way, interested him extremely, and he enjoyed drawing out her opinions about matters in which they differed, and looking at the world again through the eyes of a simple, unspoiled nature, which had as yet seen it only from a