

whose guests they were. The kindly folks who drove them about Toronto, through the busy streets of the commercial district, through sandy thoroughfares where the smart villas stood amid the gardens, and through that broad and pleasant public park, tried to awaken their concern about the doings of this person and that person whose name was in all the newspapers; and they paid no more heed than they might have done had the Legislature at Ottawa been composed of the three tailors of Tooley Street. But there was one point about Toronto which they did most honestly and warmly admire, and that was the Norman Gothic University. To tell the truth, we had not seen much that was striking in the way of architecture since we crossed the Atlantic; but the simple grace and beauty of this gray stone building wholly charmed these careless travellers; and again and again they spoke of it in after-days when our eyes could find nothing to rest upon but tawdy brick and discoloured wood. There is a high tower at this Toronto College, and we thought we might as well go to the top of it. The lieutenant, who was never at a loss for want of an introduction, speedily procured a key, and we began to explore many curious and puzzling labyrinths and secret passages. At last we stood on the flat top of the square tower, and all around us lay a fresh and smiling country, with the broad waters of Ontario coming close up to the busy town. We went walking quite carelessly about this small enclosed place; we were chatting with each other, and occasionally leaning on the parapet of gray stone.

Who was it who first called out? Far away over there, in the haze of the sunlight, over the pale ridges of high-lying woods, a faint white column rose into the still sky, and spread itself abroad like a cloud. Motionless, colourless, it hung there in the golden air; and for a time we could not make out what this strange thing might be. And then we bethought ourselves—that spectral column of white smoke, rising into the summer sky, told where Niagara lay hidden in the distant woods.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## A GLANCE BACK.

MEANWHILE, what of the widower whom we left behind in England? It was fairly to be expected that Balfour, once he had seen his wife handed over to that wise and tender counsellor who was to cure her of all her sentimental sufferings, would go straightway back to England and rejoice in the new freedom that allowed him to give up the whole of his time and attention to public affairs. At all events that was what Lady Sylvia expected. Now he would have no domestic cares to trouble him. As far as his exertions were necessary to the safety of the state, England was secure. For Lady Sylvia alway spoke of her husband as having far more serious duties to perform than any Home Secretary or Lord Chancellor.

Balfour, having taken a last look—from the deck of his friend's yacht—at the great dark ship going out into the western horizon, got back to Queenstown again, and to London. No doubt he was free enough; and there was plenty at this time to engage the attention of members of Parliament. But he did not at all seem to rejoice in his freedom; and Englebury had about as little reason as Ballinascroon to applaud the zeal of its representative. He went down to the House, it is true, and he generally dined there; but his chief cronies discovered in him an absolute listlessness whenever, in the intervals between their small jokes, they mentioned some bill or other; while, on the other hand, he was greatly interested in finding out which of these gentlemen had made long sea-voyages, and was as anxious to get information about steamers, storms, fogs, and the American climate as if he were about to arrange for the transference of the whole population of England to the plains of Colorado. The topics of the hour seemed to have no concern whatever for this silent and brooding man, who refused all invitations, and dined either at the House or by himself at a small table at the Reform. The Public Worship Regulation Bill awoke in him neither enthusiasm nor aversion. The Duty on Third-class Passengers?—they might have made it a guinea a head if they liked. In other days he had been an