

man and a young girl were busily engaged in raking hay. They both stopped working, and leaning on their rakes, stared at me. I felt the heat walking along the road; these people, hard at work in the hot sun, felt it too, I am very sure. The woman and the girl, her daughter I suppose, with the exception of broad-leaved straw hats, were dressed in the same style as the witches of Kirk Alloway. I was going to enquire about the way, but was frightened at so much undress, and so passed on, leaving the whole family looking after me, an expression of dirty contentment underlying the surprise they felt at a light muslin dress and a white bonnet in company with a stranger passing alone through these forest solitudes. A few acres more and I felt like turning back to ask my way of the slightly dressed people when the road came abruptly to an end at a saw mill. I perceived that I must have missed my way, though I was not aware of it, not having noticed any road branching off. I stood bewildered, looking across the muddy little river. The mill was on the other side, and there was no way to cross but on a stick of timber thrown over at the edge of the slide. I did not think I was as sure-footed as a mule, and I feared to try walking the plank. As I stood hesitating, a person appeared at the mill and called to me if I wanted to cross. Before I could answer he came over for me. I told him I had left Gledbury early in the morning for the Rev. Mr. McGillivray's at Blair Athol, and, though I had carefully followed the directions I had received, yet I must have surely missed my way, for they did not tell me I would come to a mill.

"You do not exactly know where you are," he said, smiling. "You followed the wrong road five miles back. You have been travelling away from Blair Athol ever since." He kindly took my hand, and led me across the plank and through the mill to the other side, tell-

ing me by the way that he would set me on the right road again.

"You must come up to the house and rest yourself. My mother will be glad to see you."

"I must hurry to get to my journey's end, after losing so much time, if you will kindly put me on the road," I said, with a natural reluctance to intrude on a strange family.

"You must rest before you go any farther. We are friends of your brother's, though you have never met with us before. I know you by your voice, it is so like your brother's. You are Miss Ray, lately from the old country. My father and mother came from somewhere about the same place. They will be delighted to see you. Just wait a moment till I lock the mill-door, and I will go up with you."

I saw that there were two or three mills here, and great piles of lumber built up beside them. He locked the mill and with the key on his finger walked with me up the hill towards a nice wooden house, painted white, with a verandah all round it. "I did not tell you where you are," he said, "This is Jessop's mills, and I am Richard Jessop. You must have heard your brother speak of us?"

"I hear him speak of so many, but as I do not know them I do not take much notice," I said.

"The water is low and the mills are not doing much these days. I am glad, however, that I happened to be at the saw-mill when you came, or you would have found it difficult to cross."

"Difficult, sir!" I said, "it would have been impossible."

"Do not say that," he answered. "You would have attempted to cross—and you would have succeeded. Trying is half way to success."

I took notice of this saying, not as anything new, but I laid it up as a word of encouragement to help me in my new duties. When we got to the house, he showed me into a pleasant parlor where