

"Yes," he said at once, "I am. I have come to take charge of the flock, sister—what may I call you?"

"I'm a Presbyterian," she said suddenly, and somewhat briskly. "I think I'll take that glass, mister. I've got to go in."

"But I shall see you again," said the reverend gentleman. "Perhaps"—

But the girl had turned away, and he was raising his hat, with his most polished bow, to her back.

So there was nothing left for him to do but catch his train, which he did, and arrived at the neighbouring town in time to keep an evening engagement of long standing. As he approached his hostess to make his bow, she exclaimed joyfully:

"So you really got back in time. I shall never say men are deceivers again. Now I shall just take one moment to introduce you to the dearest girl. You almost know each other already, I am sure."

The College man turned, and—

"No, I don't think we do," he said very softly; and then, "I can only plead to be forgiven."

Beside him stood some one in shining silk, someone with golden brown hair and wide open, fun-glinting hazel eyes; and, like a flash, comprehension came to him.

"It is I who must beg pardon," she said, "I really had you at a disadvantage. I had a picture of your College crew in my room—in that very white cottage. I was painting there for the sketch club."

"We are more than quits," he said. "If I had seen even the ghost of an easel, but—"

"The blue aprons and red shirts were too much for you," she said, laughing. "They were my landlady's. I am always one of the people when I am there. It is such a relief for a while." Then, as he held out his hand for her programme, "A Methodist parson dancing? I am afraid the good brother may be disciplined?"

He only said, softly, when he had inscribed his name in the only two vacant spaces, "I am afraid you have been drinking St. Leon water."