

and awkward, with the burr of his native Argyleshire clinging patriotically to his tongue. These redcoated gentlemen were the lions of the evening, and, to do them justice, they seemed (all except the Major) exceedingly uncomfortable under the attention they were receiving.

Yet it was a pretty sight, these thirty couples gracefully moving over the floor to the really excellent music. For there is something in the dance which wonderfully captivates this wonderful being, man. Nor is it so very surprising after all. Movement of body generates movement of mind, and he whose brain is dull and sluggish, while he sits idly watching the enjoyment of others, has but to arise and join the moving ranks to feel at once the effects of the charm. Despondency becomes gayety, shyness gives way to boldness, and the raw youth who on ordinary occasions can scarcely stammer a common place greeting to his *inamorata* will find himself pouring forth glowing words with passionate fluency, and will wake to realize that the leap he feared to take has been taken, and that he has landed (whether safely or not) on the other side.

Frank noticed this evening, for the first time, with what longing Stanley McKenzie's eyes followed Mary Miller, and it pleased him.

"I don't believe she has any notion of being a nun", he said to himself, "and Stanley is a good fellow." And he mentally resolved, that, if possible, he would forward his suit.

They walked home together from the ball, Stanley and Frank. The latter determined to win his cousin's confidence.

"Stan, old man," he began in a bantering tone, "I noticed that you had eyes for only one fair damsel to-night."

There was eagerness in Stanley's voice as he asked, "What do you mean, Frank?"

"What should I mean, but that Stan McKenzie has lost his big Scottish heart, and that Mary Miller has found it. Go in and win, my boy. You have my best wishes."

"Then you are not in love with her yourself, Frank?"

"We have been like brother and sister ever since we were youngsters, and we are the same to-day. It shows that you are

very hard hit when you could think of *me* as a rival."

And then the cousins bade each other good night

IV.

Frank Byrne had now before him the duty of explaining to his father and mother his wish to study for the priesthood, and his reasons for not speaking of it before. There had really been no reason but his own thoughtless procrastination, and a vague idea of the pleasant surprise the news would give them.

He had been waiting for a favorable opportunity to open his mind to them, and the days of vacation had quickly slipped away. But now that the explanation was somewhat difficult, he felt more than ever inclined to defer it to the last moment. It must be made without further delay, however. He would seize the first moment which found his parents at leisure together, and his father's business engagements occupying all his attention during the week Sunday would be the best time. Yes, he would tell them on Sunday.

The next evening, as he sat looking out upon the river, which was placid as a sleeping infant, his meditations were broken in upon by two girlish voices, one of which said in a tone meant to express a deep sense of injury, "Frank Bryne! I'd like to know *when* you are going to keep your promise and take us for a row?"

"Yes," added the other, "I don't think it's a bit polite of you to treat us so, even if we *are* your cousins."

"There's no resisting *your* arguments, at any rate, Nellie," said Frank, turning with a laugh to the last speaker, "and Mamie, I think even you will be pacified if I take you out this evening."

"Oh! will you, Frank? You're a brick!"

Even the weight of Miss Mamie Corbett's seventeen years was not always sufficient to repress the slang which often bubbled to her lips

The boat was launched, and they glided gently down stream. There was not a ripple on the surface of the water, and no sound was heard but the dipping of the oars. Even the girlish chatter was silent, subdued by the calm influence of the evening.