

bursting with light. Presently along the middle of the road from the College "residence" briskly marched a column of young men, generally silent, though some broke into snatches of Sankey airs occasionally, and their singing and bits of chat sounded crisp and sharp across the nipping air. Ryerson Embury approached the church alone along another street from his boarding-house. He had debated much with himself about attending the "revival" that night. Study claimed him, especially when he remembered that his chief rival for class honours would cynically lock his door on all invitations to "come out to meeting to-night" and sit at home plugging away until midnight without so much as getting drowsy. But Ryerson's people were religious, and they liked him to write home that he was attending the "meetings." And there were other reasons. The emotional surge of the "revival" rolled pleasantly through his blood; and the neat-fitting, fur-trimmed jacket, as it embraced the *petite* form of Grace Brownell, when she stood for a moment warming her toes at the roaring box stove at the rear of the church, was pleasant to see. Then there was always the chance that he would walk home with her after the meeting.

As he swung along under the bright stars, with the sheeted lights of the "aurora" gliding and leaping in shivery silence all across the northern sky, he liked to feel the tingling air on his house-

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