

power of prayer to move the Almighty throne, when it comes from a sincere and humble heart, and that He will bestow His blessing in return."

"Weel," said Mrs. McNab, "I was brought up in the church o' Scotland, and dinna believe anything anent this new-light doctrine o' God's bein' turned roun' an' givin' up his decrees an' a' that. I think it's the ward o' Satan," and she passed her cup to be again refilled with tea.

Adèle, who had noticed that Mrs. McNab's observations had suggested new solicitudes to her mother's mind, remarked, "What you said just now, Aunt Patty, is not very consoling. Whoever thought that my father would meet with anything worse than perhaps being drenched by the storm, and half eaten up with vermin in the dirty inns where he will have to lodge? I do not doubt he will be home in good time."

"Yes, Miss Adely, yes. I ken it," said Aunt Patty, as she saw a firm, defiant expression gathering in the young girl's countenance. "I'd a dream anent him last night that makes me think he's comin'."

"Hark!" said Adèle, starting and speaking in a clear, ringing tone, "he has come. I hear his voice on the lawn."

Murmuring a word or two of excuse, she rose instantly from the table, requested Bess, the servant, to hand her a lantern, and arrayed herself quickly in hood and cloak.

As she opened the door, her father was standing on the step, in the driving rain, supporting in his arms the form