

affairs, and in the company of his grandsons resumed his old habit of rambling over the hills. In conversation with these boys (who knew nothing of their father's cause of exile), he learned much of the noble woman whom he had wronged and pursued with bitter thoughts even beyond the grave. Beyond the mere fact of her death Hugh had said nothing to his father of Alice, but one night, as they walked slowly together in the old-fashioned garden, the squire introduced the subject.

"You have not named your wife to me, Hugh, but the lads have told me all about her. I am afraid I did both you and her a great wrong. I am sorry enough for it now."

Nothing could have touched Hugh so keenly as this strange humility in the proud old man, who had never once acknowledged his mistakes on any other subject.

"We were both wrong, father," answered Hugh. "I ought to have trusted God and waited for your consent; it would not then have come too late. Alice begged me to do this, but I had neither faith nor patience, and I would not. I was sure no one could take care of her but myself, and she just faded away from me. Her death left me very desolate, father."

The old man clasped his son's hand tenderly, and from that moment their love had a double foundation.

If the traveller were now to discard his guide-book at Keswick or Penrith station, and penetrate into this region, he would still find a stillness and repose, a calm and simple existence which is a strange contrast to the fitful fever of our rapid life. Changes have certainly come, but (as I said at the beginning of my true tale) they do not materially affect the place; for the perpetual hills hold it within their quiet and their strength.

At the foot of the purple felt still stands the old grange, but it is greatly beautified and altered. Its gray walls are almost covered with creeping vines, and its windows are now draped with snowy lace, and filled with rare and lovely flowers. For the squire's old plan of uniting the lengthy genealogies of the Stricklands and Piersons is accomplished by the union of his grandson with a younger and fairer Grace. And though the first Alice Pierson sleeps in a foreign grave, forgotten by all but one true, tender heart, another Alice fills the old house with her baby laughter and rules with an absolute sway in her stead.

On the very spot where Hugh first heard Mr. Atherton preach he has built a handsome chapel, and the seed sown that Sabbath evening, by one frail, dying man, has brought forth a thousand-fold.

WE ask of God the sunniest way,
He answers with a sorrow;
We faint beneath the cross to-day,
We wear the crown to-morrow.