

loving Lord, but is physically much prostrated. As soon as arrangements can be made, she will sail for Europe. It is her only chance of restoration to health. Devotion to her father and to the cause both had so much at heart may cost her life also. With every expression of sympathy and regard,—Believe me, yours cordially,

“WILLIAM D. BALFOUR.

“Miss Keith will write as soon as she is able. Fuller particulars will follow. This is in haste to catch the mail.”

“Poor Cousin Airlie!” said Marion through dropping tears. “How dreadful to be left alone in such a country!”

“I don’t think Airlie minds it at all,” said Janet, quietly resuming her work; “I am quite sure that if it were not for her health she would insist on remaining among those frightful heathen. She is that kind of girl. I suppose she will be coming straight here, mamma?”

“Of course, though one invalid in a house is enough; but, poor girl, we must try and be kind to her. I must not forget that her father was my John’s only brother, and that he loved him very much.”

“Oh, yes, he did. How often I have heard him say he would like to go out to Tahai on a visit,” said Marion, softly, with a far-away, regretful look in her eyes, which told that her thoughts were with the happy past, which had been brightened by the love of the father whom she had idolized.

“It will be rather troublesome having her here just in the middle of the season,” said Janet, in the same cool fashion. “Will it be incumbent upon us to refuse all invitations on her account?”

“Really, Janet, you are rather heartless,” said Mrs. Keith, in feeble remonstrance. “Of course we must go into deeper mourning, and live quietly for some months. Ah! here are the boys at last.”

A scrap of the tuneful *Pinafore*, sung in a deep, musical voice, with the

accompaniment of a shrill whistle, indicated the approach of “the boys,” as Mrs. Keith still termed her tall sons. Both were students of medicine at Edinburgh University, preparing to follow their father’s profession, only as yet they had not exhibited any of his noble, earnest, self-denying spirit. Life was still play-time to them, study occupying a very minor place; and yet, as they entered the room together, big, broad-shouldered, muscular fellows, they looked as if it were quite time they were doing some worthy work in the world.

They were a handsome pair—it was not easy to know which to admire the more: Errol, with his dark, finely-featured face, piercing, dark eye, and heavy masses of dark-brown hair, or merry, fair-haired, laughing-eyed Jack, who turned everything and everybody into good-natured fun. Both were favourites wherever they went, and were much sought after by the gay, sport-loving circle of students to whom the duties of their profession were things of very minor consideration. No jovial gathering, no night’s fun or frolic, was complete without the Keiths, and perhaps all their enjoyments were not quite so innocent as those who loved them could have desired.

“Really, boys,” began Mrs. Keith, but in a moment she was interrupted by the incorrigible Jack—

“Not a word, mother. We sprang when we heard the first bell. Didn’t we, Errol?”

“Which must have been the breakfast bell, rung half an hour ago,” said Janet severely, as she folded up her work and proceeded to take her place at the table.

“We are not responsible for the omission of the rising bell, miss,” said Jack. “Hulloa, Min, been crying, eh!” he said, turning to Marion. “You in the black books too? Never mind, we’re all chums.”

“Who’s the letter from, mother?”