

only no so bonnie, and I hef lived here effer since, and I hef seen many sorrows, but more joys; to Himself be the praise.'

'Forty years!' exclaimed Sybil; 'what a long, long time! I did not think you could hef lived here so long as that.'

'Oh yes. I am an old woman, and it will not be fery long I will be here now. But Ronald has been a good son, and now you will be more to him than his old mother. I will not be mindin' that if you and he are happy.'

Morag's eyes filled with tears and she said no more.

Sybil felt uncomfortable; she rose and looked out of the window to see if Ronald was returning. He was not in sight, but she turned quickly to Morag.

'There iss a lady coming up the path,' she said, 'a young lady; who can it be?'

'It iss Mrs. Waldegrave's maid,' replied Mrs. Campbell, glancing out of the window. 'Grace Armstrong iss her name; she will be coming with a message for Ronald.'

Morag went to the door, and Sybil listened to the sweet, soft tones of the stranger's voice, and watched her from the window, as she departed, with half envious eyes. For there was something in her dress and movements so quiet and lady-like that Sybil felt instinctively was beyond her, use what efforts she would.

'You would hef liked Grace Armstrong had she been able to come in,' said Morag. 'She iss a bonnie lassie and fery sensible.'

After a short time Ronald returned, and the evening passed quickly. The next morning Sybil went back to Sruthan in Ronald's boat. Mrs. Campbell walked down to the rough stone quay and watched them sail away. Then she turned homeward with a sigh.

'Ochone, ochone!' she cried, as her eyes filled with tears. 'My poor lad; my bonnie, bonnie lad.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE ELECT.

'Will you go for a drive this morning?' asked Nial Mor Duff abruptly.

As he spoke he thrust a letter fiercely into the inner side-pocket of his coat and turned to his father.

The latter, looking somewhat stronger than when we last saw him, sat by the fire-side reading a little book on the Triumphs of the Elect.

What he perused evidently gratified him, for a gleam of satisfaction flitted across his pinched and withered features, and he turned the pages now and again with a smile of calm and settled conviction.

With a glance of annoyance, like one awakened from a pleasant dream, he answered pettishly, 'No; it is too cold and raw to-day.'

Nial Mor went to his own room, and stood for a moment or two with clouded brow. Then he changed his coat, picked up a pair of gloves, and returned to his father.

'I'm going for a long ride,' he said; 'but I shall be back for lunch.'

His father gave a nod of acquiescence, and again settled down to his book.

It has been already suggested that Mr. Fergus Duff was a bright example of the man who is bent on making the best of both worlds. Beginning life as an exceptionally sharp lawyer, he soon became a noted figure among those who laid up treasures on earth as well as treasures in heaven. His wealth increased with mysterious rapidity; so that he was able to purchase an extensive Highland estate while yet young. He took immense interest in Bible Societies, Evangelical

Associations, and the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. Before the multitude he appeared a wealthy man of exemplary piety and zeal; but in circles where much is known of what goes on behind the scenes he was watched with suspicion or jeered at as one of the 'unco guid.'

An instinctive natural affection bound him to his son; otherwise they had not much in common. Nial Mor had had no professional or commercial training, and had been purposely kept in the dark concerning the business affairs in which his father had been, or was still, interested.

As to religion, the sour Calvinism which oozed like a black bog-stream through all Fergus Duff's pious talk, had, together with his sordid worldliness, nearly converted his son into an atheist.

It is not surprising, therefore, that conversation often flagged during their stay at Bath, and that as Mr. Duff grew better and stronger he was not unwilling to be left alone occasionally for a few hours.

And now for some days Nial Mor had been in a particularly unhappy mood.

He had heard about the wreck of the 'Montreal,' and of the rescue of Waldegrave. It had given him another opportunity of writing to Fiona which he had eagerly seized; and he had contrived to convey into his expression of admiration for her bravery a tender, personal tone, and to hint of his unalterable regard for her.

But this letter was no true indication of his mind. In reality the news had awakened in him the utmost vexation and jealousy. When going away with his father for a few weeks he had congratulated himself that he had no rivals to fear. Fiona, in her lonely Highland home, was as much cut off from society as if she lived on a desert island away in the Pacific.

But who could tell what might happen now? He recalled G-offrey Waldegrave's handsome, soldierly presence, his high culture and gentleness, and a thousand times he wished that the young lieutenant was lying at the bottom of Loch-na Keal rather than in the house of Fasach with only a broken leg.

In his anxiety to obtain further information he had written to his man, Lachlan McCuaig—who was as cunning as a fox—requesting him to find out privately all that was going on, and to keep him regularly informed of it.

If It Be Clear at Sunset.

When shining bright 'mid gold and purple splendor,

The sun in regal beauty sinks to rest;
And tints of rose and richest crimson render
Their aid to make sublime the glowing west;
The storms that made the day so dark and dreary,

The howling winds, the rain that fiercely fell,
Are all forgotten in the scene so cheery.
If it be clear at sunset, all is well.

Life's transient day is full of care and sorrow,
The skies are often dark and overcast,
But hoping, longing for a bright to-morrow,
We know that it will clearer grow at last;
Clouds oftentimes shut out the blue of heaven,
But 'neath God's hand we still securely dwell,
And, trusting him, wait patiently for even.
If it be clear at sunset, all is well.

Never Knew Him.

A touching story is told of the child of a well-known French painter. The little girl lost her sight in infancy, and her blindness was supposed to be incurable. A famous oculist in Paris, however, performed an operation on her eyes and restored her sight.

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Her mother had long been dead, and her father had been her only friend and companion. When she was told that blindness could be cured, her one thought was that she could see him; and, when the cure was complete and the bandages were removed, she ran to him, and tremblingly pored over his features, shutting her eyes now and then, and passing her fingers over his face, as if to make sure that it was he.

The father had a noble head and presence, and his every look and motion was watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed her, or even looked upon her kindly, it brought tears to her eyes.

"To think," she cried, holding his hand close in hers, "that I had this father so many years and never knew him!"

How many of us are like the little blind girl? The heavenly Father is so near in Jesus Christ, but our "eyes are holden."—Selected.

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