back over the hills again in the same dreamland, in a vague glory called love.

As he sat at dinner that night inwardly pouring maledictions on the housekeeper's head for not contriving something more appetising than the eternal baked mutton, he recalled the swagger luncheon Lousada had given him.

He rubbed his head and burst out laughing.

"It was trout! To think she made me eat those trout done up in snowballs. Oh! By Jove! What an egregious ass she'll think me. What a fool I was to give credence to what a narrow minded old pessimist said or thought!"

As he was passing out he ran against Cissie who had been visiting the housekeeper.

"Hello Mr. Murdoch, how'd you get on to-day?"

"Hello Cissie, I'm all right thank you," he answered carelessly.

"Did you catch her?"

"Catch whom?" he asked burning in his self contempt.

"Well that's rich! You're been breaking your neck to catch that Lousada girl thieving your trout and now you gammon you forget."

"Cissie," he said sternly, "You must not speak of Miss Lousada like that again. Miss Lousada is a lady and has perfect freedom to fish where she pleases."

"But you said."

"Never mind what I said, one can change their mind," he answered curtly walking off.

"Your uncle won't change his," she called after him, her dark face scowling.

Next afternoon saw Murdock again on his way to Lousada, and after that there was scarcely a day when he did not go there some hour or other.

The fishing episode was laughed over and forgotten. A new existence opened up for Marion. She could not remember the time when they did not know each other.

And so the weeks glided on.

Old Murdock had been operated on and was convalescent, although fearfully weak.

Then came Cissie's letter telling him that his nephew nearly lived at Lousada's, and the men in the bar said he was going to marry the girl."

The visiting doctor found him on the floor in a semi-paralytic state, the letter beside him.

Down by the little creek's mossy bank Murdock and Marion sat hand in hand, almost too happy to speak. She had just promised to marry him as soon as his uncle returned.

Ringi came to them there with a letter marked urgent. Murdock hastily tore it open and read it through.

"How is your uncle worse?"

"Yes Marion, Cissie has been writing to him. You know she was always jealous of Ringi coming here, and he threatens me with disinheritance if I don't give you up instanta. His letter in an insult to you dear."

He passed her a note from the Doctor telling him of his uncle's painful condition and asking for a special nurse.

Marion read it over and over as though fascinated.

"Marion, I wouldn't give you up for all the Te Wakas on earth. We can manage without him."

"No Don, we can't. We must gain his consent and eventually 'Te Waka' and all your father will get back his own. So you see what a necessary creature you'll expect marrying," she said with a smile.

"No my darling, we will not wait a day. Love is love and obstinacy will have to be worn out. I'll write and tell him so."

Old Murdock passed a bad night. When the nurse brought his breakfast he pushed it aside irritably.

"You must try and eat," she said crossly. "You know I've other patients besides you to attend to, and I can't stop here all day."

Old Murdock tightened his hold on the clothes and gasped.

"Nobody wants you to stay. I'd rather see a green devil come in than you."

When the doctor came he saw at a glance how matters stood and sent the nurse to another ward.

"For pity's sake Doctor, send me a sensible woman. Your washerwoman will do."

"All right Murdock! I've got a sensible woman for you. I'll fetch her back along presently."

Old Murdock lay back and dozed. When he awoke, he stared about him.

"Who are you," he asked addressing a woman's back. She came to the bedside.

"I'm your new nurse, Mr. Murdock."

"Humph!" and he continued to stare while she heated some broth over a spirit lamp.

Dressed in cool holland, with soft snowy cap and apron, her auburn hair and heightened colour, she was a sight good to behold. She had brought the hills with her.

When the doctor looked in later he found a wonderful improvement in his patient.

"Well Murdoch! How is your new nurse treating you?" he asked. When she had left the room.

"Better than a pack of your professionals!"

"What did you call her?"

"Nurse Elenor."

And looking at him the doctor knew that that subtle influence exercised over the weak and aged by a strong true sympathy, had passed from Nurse Elenor to him, leaving calm where a tempest had raged.

When it grew late, old Murdoch got restless, and Nurse Elenor took his hand and sang softly as though he were a child until he fell into a peaceful sleep.

Only three days had elaped since, but in that short time she had won the old man's heart until he could not bear her out of his sight.

All his fierce anger had died out and in this mood he received his nephew's letter telling him he meant to marry Marion Lousada, and that both father and daughter had left suddenly after his cruel letter, and as soon as he could leave the station he was going to find and marry her."

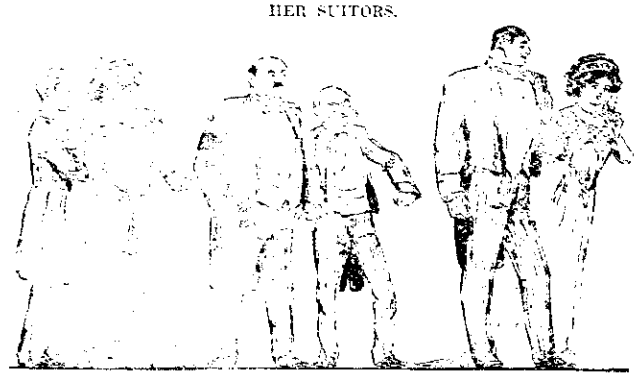
Signing to the minister, he placed them hand in hand and they were made man and wife in the shortest of all church services. But in the short space of time old Murdoch's spirit had silently passed to the "Great Beyond."

All the hate and anger had passed from his face, leaving it beautiful in its gentleness, and it was so that Marion and Donald last beheld him as they passed out to begin their lives anew.

The New Jews in Palestine.

The growth of the Jewish population in Palestine (as Mr Norman Bentwich points out in the "Fortnightly Review") is a striking phenomenon. In 1880 there were in Palestine about 30,000 Jews, who were mostly concentrated in the holy cities, who spent their time mainly in prayer and study, and who were supported by a kind of voluntary tax paid by the Jewish communities of the dispersion for the maintenance of their brethren in the Holy Land. To-day, out of a total population of 700,000 there are nearly 100,000 Jews in the country, of whom 50,000 live at Jerusalem—where they constitute about sixty per cent of the population—7,000 at Tiberias, 8,000 at Safed, and 10,000 at Jaffa. A large part of this urban population consists of settlers of the old type, attracted by motives of piety, subsisting with the help of charity, and devoted to religious exercises and learning. They speak the jargon of the Ghetto, and they bring into Palestine the conditions and outlook of the Ghetto. But during recent years a new and more vigorous element has settled in the towns as well as on the land, immigrants who have moved their homes less from motives of piety than from a desire to be the pioneers of a full national life, who believe that "laborare est orare," and who love the Holy Land, not alone for its past history, but also for its present and its future promise.

HER SUITORS.



Mother's choice. Father's Choice. Her choice.

"That is the nephew I told you of," he said.

When Nurse Elenor had finished reading the letter:

"I love Don, but I'd rather see him dead than marry that red headed girl."

"But she can't help the colour of her hair. I'm red too!" she reminded him.

"No yours is not, yours is auburn, not like hers, although I haven't looked her way for years. I wish it had been you nurse—I could have died content," and he wearily closed his eyes.

"Mr. Murdoch would you condemn your son to make a loveless marriage because you did not like the girl he loved?"

"Nurse, you do not know how I have loathed those people for years and now I am asked to give him to her, and yet I must do what I can to make my poor boy happy. You have shown me what a good woman can do to drive the devil out of a man. Oh, I wish it had been you my dear!" he added plaintively.

Nurse Elenor was down on her knees the tears raging down her cheeks.

"Mr. Murdoch can you ever forgive me, I—I am Marion Elenor Lousada."

"Impossible!"

"No— its true." And kneeling there she told him from the beginning—how she had begged her father to go to their old friend Doctor Spence and get the position for her.

"You did quite right Marion. May I be forgiven. Send for your father and Don at once. Kiss me dear child—I have learned to love you for yourself."

Marion kissed him tenderly. She too had learned to love him.

It was almost dark when they came and the old man held out his arms to Donald like a child.

"Forgive me my boy," he spoke so low he could hardly be heard. "And you Mr. Lousada for my unspeakable treatment of you."

Marion put her arms about his neck and sobbed aloud.

An Ancient Custom.

The Chiltern Hundreds are a range of chalk eminences separating the counties of Bedford and Hertford, and passing through the middle of Bucks, to Henley, in Oxfordshire. They comprise the Hundreds of Burnham, Desborough, and Stoke. They were formerly much infested by robbers. To protect the inhabitants from these marauders, an officer of the Crown was appointed under the name of "Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." The duties have long ceased, but the office—a sinecure with a nominal pay—is still retained. A member of the House of Commons cannot resign, but acceptance of office under the Crown vacates his seat. Whenever, therefore, a member of Parliament wishes to retire, he applies for this office, which, being granted as a matter of course, his seat becomes vacant. He then immediately resigns the stewardship, so that it may be vacant for the next applicant. In case of need the stewardship of the manors of East Hundred, Northstead, and Hempholme may be made to serve the same purpose. The custom dates from about the middle of the eighteenth century.