

## CHAPTER II.

" An exquisite incompleteness, blossom foreshadowing fruit ;  
A sketch faint in its beauty, with promise of future worth ;  
A plant with some leaves unfolded, and the rest asleep at its  
root

To deck with future sweetness the fairest thing on the earth."

—*Anon.*

THIS home of the Montgomerys deserves more than a passing glance. A long, low, rambling building, with many added wings reaching out like arms to grasp and retain the numerous choice vines and climbing roses which adorn its walls. It is surrounded on every side by a broad verandah, furnished with soft, low easy-chairs, small light tables, with here and there a hassock of softest velvet. As they near the place, every door, window and post seem instinct with life, for here the servants are taking their ease in the cool of the evening ; as they fly in every direction, with their gay colors and flying ribbons, they may be likened to a flock of birds hastily disturbed by a sportsman. Finding seats for the new comers, Harry dispatches one servant in search of his papa, another for refreshments, with injunctions to bring a pitcher of milk and anything else they can lay hands on. Three or four of the servants are jostling each other to be the first to execute his commands, as well as to get a nearer view of the strangers. Becoming impatient, Harry starts out, after excusing himself, and quickly returns, leading his papa by the hand, anxious to see if the old friends will recognise each other. He is not long left in