

—what I meant to do in the garden. And if we leave this place who will get it? It is out-of-the-way, so it's likely some poor, shiftless, wandering family will rent it—and over-run it—and oh, that would be desecration. It would hurt me horribly.”

“I know. But we cannot sacrifice our own interests to such considerations, Anne-girl. The Morgan place will suit us in every essential particular—we really can't afford to miss such a chance. Think of that big lawn with those magnificent old trees; and of that splendid hardwood grove behind it—twelve acres of it. What a play place for our children! There's a fine orchard, too, and you've always admired that high brick wall around the garden with the door in it—you've thought it was so like a story-book garden. And there is almost as fine a view of the harbour and the dunes from the Morgan place as from here.”

“You can't see the lighthouse star from it.”

“Yes. You can see it from the attic window. *There's* another advantage, Anne-girl—you love big garrets.”

“There's no brook in the garden.”

“Well, no, but there is one running through the maple grove into the Glen pond. And the pond itself isn't far away. You'll be able to fancy you have your own Lake of Shining Waters again.”

“Well, don't say anything more about it just now, Gilbert. Give me time to think—to get used to the idea.”