

The two young girls having so quickly made a break in the sunny home-life of Tecumseth, Mrs. Douglass was lonely and longed for Myrtle. Mr. Douglass became more engrossed in business, but those under him daily realized that their master grew gentler, more considerate, and nobler in every sense of the word.

Dr. Burke died suddenly of apoplexy, and Miss Baxter, in order to support herself independently of Tom, who insisted on considering her under his charge, took in boarders. The practice was extensive, so Tom was kept busily occupied; in his few spare moments he never forgot Miss Douglass, or a professional call on the little Trevors. It was strange what solicitude he felt for the healthy, rosy children, but whooping cough was raging, and there was no knowing when the baby would set up a bark. Tom watched and waited in vain, meanwhile glowering darkly at the Rev. Peter Fletcher, whose duties were light and love for croquet astonishing. After digging at theology all the morning, he found it very agreeable to bask in the sunshine of Kitten's presence and the sweet titter of Percy and his sisters. Rose had enlightened their innocent minds as to "Miss Kitten's minister," and accordingly he was the theme for many a sly giggle and suppressed piece of fun.

It was all happiness in Edith Trevor's home. Henry was never so gay, so helpful as now, and the gloomy fits which troubled him at times had quite disappeared with prosperity. Edith sang blithely at her sewing or housework, Kitten laid down loving laws, and enforced obedience in her domain. The children grew heartier, better, and studied bravely.

There were no little jars, no discomfort and the hours sped by on the wing of hope and gladness.

"Henry, will you come for a drive. I'm going out to Rakin to draw up old Heath's will. It's a splendid afternoon, and only wants five minutes until closing

hour," said Guy Irving, in his pleasant way, coming into his brother-in-law's office one charming day in October.

Mr. Trevor looked up from the great book over which he was poring, and turned slowly on his high stool.

"Not to-day, Guy. It is a fine afternoon though. Is that the new horse?" he asked, going to the window to examine the noble beast that stood restlessly without.

"Yes, I want to try him; come quickly, Henry. It will freshen you up. We will send the message-boy to tell Edith. I will go and take the reins while he runs up.

"Wait, I'll write a note. I believe I *will* go." Mr. Trevor wrote the note, telling Edith he would be back in an hour or two, then, with a gay laugh to shake off a sense of some impending danger, he sprang into the carriage and the two young men were soon spinning rapidly over the smooth road.

A short time afterwards the message was given to Kitten as she and Chickie talked to Tom over the garden gate.

"Here is a note, Mrs. Trevor. Wag-gie brought it from the office," said Kitten, running into the dining-room, where the tea-table was prepared.

Mrs. Trevor took it, and Kitten went to the window to watch Tom gallop up to the Hall.

"He rides well," she thought; "I'm sure he is tired out to-night; he has so very much to do. At least Miss Baxter says so, and that he is liked and respected by all. He is a good soul."

"Pete need not go rampaging round there," thought Tom on his way to his old room, which was always ready for him. "Kitten is all sound yet. It's my duty to look after her in a brotherly fashion. I must not let her marry any one who is not just to my mind." As he combed and brushed before the mirror he congratulated himself on the disappearance of his freckles, and blessed Rosalie for the happy thought of butter-milk.