

The Odd One

But a glad surprise awaited her. Douglas and Molly were full of a suppressed mystery all tea-time, and when it was over they impatiently begged her to come to the orchard. She accompanied them willingly, but gave a cry of delight and astonishment when she reached the old apple-tree. There was a neat little iron railing surrounding poor Prince's grave; above it was a stone pedestal, and upon this was lying the stone figure of Prince himself, the facsimile of the portrait of him lying at Betty's feet when she was fast asleep in the corn-field. Below, in gold letters, was written:

TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE

Who gave his life for his mistress, 11th August, 18—

"Mr. Russell had it put up," said Molly. "He has come over several times about it, and he said he wanted it to be kept quite a secret till you came back. Isn't it lovely?"

But Betty had no voice to answer; tears were flowing freely, and when Douglas and Molly tried to comfort her, she assured them it was only because she was so happy. They left her there shortly after, and she stood silent for some time; then her little face shone again with a soft radiance, and, kneeling down on the green grass, with closed eyes, she bent her curly head, and these were the words she uttered:

"O God, I thank you for answering my prayer and sending me tribulation. I thank you that I'm in the text at last!"