

seeing grandpa and all the horses and cows and poultry which were his soul's delight. His father was quick to note how seldom the child mentioned his grandmother's name, his loving prattle was all of the dear, kind, indulgent Squire, who only showed the depth of his love for his little grandson when his wife was not there to see. There is no keener sifter of human nature, no more correct judge of character than the heart of a little child. Richard Blake, though quiet, was perfectly at his ease as they neared the gates of Kendal Hall. If the meeting just at hand was anything of an ordeal he was made fearless to face it by the look of perfect trust on the sweet face by his side. Had this love and trust been his before, as truly and indisputably it was his now, what trouble might have been spared them both? But, after all, is not the clearer air of the heights more soul-satisfying after the shadows in the vale? Oftentimes in this life of ours happiness has to be washed pure by tears.

The Squire, restlessly watching from the library window, saw the carriage sweep round the bend in the avenue, and came out to the door to welcome them. In his heart of hearts there had dwelt continually a feeling of remorse for those bitter words he had spoken to his daughter's husband before he left England. He had tried to atone for it by his tenderness to his daughter, by heaping kindnesses upon the little lad, and there were documents safe in the hands of his London lawyers, and of which his wife knew nothing, which, in the event of his death, left mother and child amply provided for. There were tears in his eyes when the carriage