

with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, although after a bottle of wine he would still converse fluently about the departed glory of the Mutual Adorationites.

For their sun was on the wane. The M.A.'s, indeed, almost ceased to exist. The majority had gone over to the enemy, and pretty Mrs. Robert Jarrett made many converts amongst their ranks. Her kindliness, cheeriness and sweet simplicity were hard to resist. Even the ladies, who at first turned up their noses at Dot, as "a little country doctor's daughter," were forced in time to admit that she was "quite a nice, refined and altogether unobjectionable person."

And Bob? Our honest, outspoken, manly, rough Australian of the big heart and unpolished manners?

It may please some to hear that he was very happy with his little wife, and that they both considered their good fortune should make them extra tender to others less lucky than themselves.

There is not such another pair of match-makers in the county.

What between looking after his estate, his hounds and his children, Bob has plenty of good honest employment, which saves him from sinking down into a mere selfish and luxurious Sybarite, intent upon nothing but gratifying his own wants and wishes.

Possibly the sharp lesson he received from a small section of English gentlemen on his first arrival in England, though not pleasant at the time, had a salutary effect, and taught him that even in the mother country there are a good many things not worthy of imitation. He may have learnt that to be kind and charitable, unselfish and unaffected, makes a man a finer gentleman than the possession of smart clothes, a bitter tongue, and an inordinate opinion of I—I—I.

THE END.