

"And to think you found Jimmy the very first day! . . . It was clever of you, Mr. Watson. . . . He might have had some trouble finding me away out here, and him not knowing the town, nor feeling so well. The poor lad looks white and thin. I will never be done thanking you . . . and now, Jimmy, dear, come away to your room, and I'll fix a bath for you—we haven't got the tub yet, but I have lots of hot water . . . Sit down, Mr. Watson, the dinner is all but ready."

The boy who answered to the name of Jimmy Coles fitted into his new life easily and well, and worked early and late. In the evenings he was content to sit by the table, in the circle of light cast by the coal-oil lamp, and listen to Miss Abbie, who told him many stories of his father's early years; for Miss Abbie, like most people who have lived alone, loved to talk, and was glad to have such an interested listener.

Then one day came a letter from Scotland.

"Dear Aunt Abbie," she read, "I hope you will not be disappointed, but I have changed my mind about coming to Canada. I hear the times are bad out there, and so think it best for me not to venture for a while, anyway. I am sorry if you went to any expense. Your loving nephew,

JAMES COLES."

Miss Abbie, with the letter in her hand, went to the door, but stopped there looking at her smiling garden lined with shoots of green. Jimmy, in his blue overalls, was setting out young cabbage plants with quick, deft movements. She watched him with a tightened feeling around her heart. Surely a boy couldn't be real bad who knows so well how to put in cabbage plants.

Suddenly Jimmy rose to his feet, looked toward