

picture-book to a little curly-headed rosy-checked boy, while a bright dark-eyed girl about a year older was making tea for a gorgeous doll who was seated in her owner's little armchair.

There was a pause, every one looked up, and then nurse slowly rose, exclaiming, "Law, Miss Marjory."

"Don't you remember me, Louie?" said Marjory. The child left her doll and came slowly forward, hanging her head shyly. "Why, Louie! don't you remember the games we used to have, and the boy dolly I dressed for you?"

By this time the child had drawn near; then came a laugh, and two chubby arms were clasped round Marjory's neck as she lifted her. "Don't you know me—who am I?"

"It's Marge," cried the little one, kissing her heartily. "Shall you stay now, Marge? Will you make a dress for my new beautiful doll!"

Marjory did not answer for an instant; she hugged the child to her heart with a sense of the warmest gratitude for her sweet welcoming kisses. Here was something to love her and to be loved.

"Good evening, nurse," she exclaimed, mastering her voice. "How Louie has grown! she is quite a great girl; and Herbert, too, why he hasn't anything of the baby about him now." She spoke for a few minutes to both children, for the boy soon clamoured for notice and asked if she hadn't brought him something, and then promising to see them early in the morning she went away to the depths of the basement eager to see her own brother, the only creature who really belonged to her.

When she opened the school-room door, a slight boy of fifteen or sixteen, with dark-brown hair, laughing eyes and long thin hands hanging far out of his sleeves, who was standing before the fire, sprang forward to meet her. "Why, Marjory, you gave me a start, I can tell you, when I couldn't find you at the station! You are such a queer little thing, I didn't know but you might have run away!" and he bestowed a hearty hug and kiss upon his sister. "You ain't a little thing any more, Marge; you have stretched out wonderfully!"

"I was afraid you might be gone to sea before I came back," she replied, slipping her arm through his, "you are such a lazy correspondent, you bad boy! I never know what is going on."

"Well! it is jolly having you home again anyhow!"

"Home!" repeated Marjory scornfully. "Do you call Mrs. Aeland's house home?"

"It's father's house, not hers," returned the boy. Marjory murmured something; and he continued, "For that matter Mrs. A. ain't half bad, anyway she hasn't been to be this time, and she has been quite friendly about my going to sea."

"And how is the Monster?"