

age garden was large enough to require the daily attendance of an expert gardener, if one wished to do it justice. But labour is expensive, and so it had to rely for the most part on the exertions of the vicar himself assisted by Robin. Mrs. Guest and Phoebe lent a hand when they could, but they were intermittent labourers though willing ones. It is, however, probable that Trixy would not have been so delighted if she had seen ribbon-beds, trimmed trees, and everything in the best order. What caught her fancy was the luxuriant foliage, the free growth of everything. It was Nature left to have her own way that pleased her, though she would not have been able to put her thought into words.

They had tea in the dining-room, and Mrs. Guest poured it out. She was a quiet-looking lady, rather thin and tired-looking, but very active. Nothing could have been much simpler than her style of dress, nevertheless even Grace acknowledged that she was a lady. This when the two sisters had an opportunity of talking the matter over together. The Reverend