

She caught her breath. 'The time has come,' she thought. 'I am saying good-bye to Sunnybrook, and the golden gates that almost swung together that last day in Wareham will close for ever now. Good-bye, dear brook and hills and meadows; you are going to see life, too, so we must be hopeful, and say to one another:

'Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be.'

Will Melville had seen the surveyors too, and had heard in the Temperance post-office that morning the probable sum that Mrs. Randall would receive from the railway company. He was in good spirits at his own improved prospects, for his farm was so placed that its value could be only increased by the new road; he was also relieved in mind that his wife's family would no longer be in dire poverty directly at his doorstep, so to speak. John could now be hurried forward, and forced into the position of head of the family several years sooner than had been anticipated, so Hannah's husband was obliged to exercise great self-control, or he would have whistled while he was driving Rebecca to the Temperance station. He could not understand her sad face or the tears that rolled silently down her cheeks from time to time, for Hannah had always represented her aunt Miranda as an irascible, parsimonious old