

Nurse, her haughty spirit fallen, dropped into a rocking chair, and wondered however the Misses managed it.

Sunday was quieter; but there was heartfelt rejoicing all around at the return of the mother and home-maker just before tea-time on Monday. When the kiddies were tucked comfortably in bed after a united thanksgiving and a dozen extra kisses to make up for the long fast, Mrs. Kinder turned to Nurse,—

“Now, Janet, tell me everything that has happened. I was afraid, from your card Saturday, that you were having trouble; but your letter was all right.”

“Oh, yes; nothing worse than one may expect from a lot of lively bairns. All day Saturday they did nothing but clatter and tumble over one another. So after their bath I gave them a spoonful of syrup all around before putting them to bed. My old grandmother used to say that a dose was often more needed than a sermon, and a blue pill has kept many a man out of prison. At all events they were all as good as pie Sunday.”

“Did you take some of the medicine yourself?” asked her mistress, with a smile.

The maid looked at her with comprehending surprise in her sharp Scotch eyes and shook her head.

“What is the matter with Helen? She looks pale and quiet.”