

shrinking nature there could be no terror so great, no pain so keen, as that which was aroused in her by the bare thought that Bertrand might marry her by no desire of his own, but out of reverence to his father's wish and compassion to herself. Her dread of this left her but one course to pursue. She must betray no sign of the deep enduring love she bore him, unless he made it unmistakably plain to her that he shared it heartily and without reserve. She was careful, therefore, even when they were alone, which was but seldom, to show him only the sweet gentleness of manner which characterized her with every one; she would speak to him of nurse Parry, or of any recollections they might have in common, as she might have done with any old friend, and when the Lorelei came flashing in between them, as she invariably did, Mary would quietly give way, and leave them together as they seemed to wish, while she went down to the village to attend the sick poor, whom she did not think it right to neglect, even for the happiness of being in the same room with Bertrand Lisle.

And so it was that the month of his visit, to which Mary had looked forward with such unutterable longing, became to her a period of intense and silent suffering; for she understood at once by the power of her own deep affection, that he was being strongly attracted by Laura, and she felt that nothing was left to her but to stand aside and see all that was joy and hope and life itself to her pass swiftly away from her utterly and for ever.

(To be continued.)

GRETA.

There's a fount about to stream, there's a light about to gleam,
There's a warmth about to glow, there's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing into gray;
Once the welcome light is broken who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day,
What the evil that shall perish in its way?

CHAPTER III.—DAWNING.

"Auntie, are you ready? Now I'm just going to teach you the old thing. You know I mean about 'duck and drakes.' See here goes, skip, skip, skipping. Didn't I do that well? Oh my, how they crimp up."

"Greta child, my slippers are in the fire!"

"Yes, sure enough auntie, I told you I was a first rate hand at shying."

"But my slippers, child," said the old woman dolefully.

"Here they be, come try them on, aint they beauties?" and so saying, Greta seized one of her aunt's feet, so disturbing her balance that but for a dexterous clutch at the cupboard door the old woman would certainly have been stretched on the floor.

"Child, but you're giddy."

"Yes auntie, but the slippers is gay. Sit down and I'll try them on."

"They're none of mine; where did they come from? Greta, I wont have you beg, borrow, or steal; I'll go barefoot first."

"I'll not do it neither; but the slippers are yours, honest."

"How's that child?"

"I took 'em."

"You stole them?" asked the aunt in amazement.

"No, I did'nt, I took 'em up for my prize at school."

"Your school prize! Why I did'nt know they gave anything but books."

"Yes, nor they don't; but I asked Mr.

Hales if he would'nt let me have them slippers out of his store instead of the book, and he did it. He wanted me to take the book too, when I told him how I was going to fix, but I would'nt. I liked to pay for them slippers, and then they'd be my own, and then I'd give them to you."

"Child, it's very hot, I'm a little over-come."

"Why no, auntie, the fire's most out, only them old slippers is frying; but you look white."

"Oh, it's nothing, I'll sit still a bit; come by me child, times is changing."

"Yes, I'm going to turn everything up-side-down; wont that be fun?"

"Do what you like, dearie."

"Well I'll do you, auntie, for I like you best."

A strange nervous smile flitted across the old woman's face.

"Well; I believe it's best after all to like and love one another."

"By course it is," remarked Greta sagely.

Then in a coaxing tone she asked: "May'nt Miss Danesfort come and see us auntie?"

"Oh gracious!" cried the aunt, "how ever could we let her come in here."

"Why that's what I mean. I'll toss and tumble round 'till it's all like Kitty Giles's, and Kitty's coming to help me."

"But myself," said the old woman with a rueful glance at her shabby clothes.

"We'll wash you up, brave."

"Hush now child, I'll do it."

"What are you after, auntie," said Greta as she watched her companion climbing a chair to reach a high shelf, "I'd like to do that."

"But you needn't child, I've got it."

"Got a key I declare; I never found that out, but I suppose I did'nt 'aim high enough.' What's that to open, auntie?"

"You may come and see if you like," and the strange pair passed into another room.

"I hate this place, it's so dark," remarked Greta: "may'nt I open this window?"

"Yes, may be it's better. I'll help you; them boards is nailed tight."

"Who nailed them? My own hands, and what for, was'nt it horrid?"

"Yes, it was all horrid then. And you did it?" asked the child wonderingly.

"Yes, I did it fourteen years ago, before you was born. Dont be making me talk now, I feel a kind of choky. It's that fry—may be so."

"Oh auntie, what lots of good things!"

This exclamation was drawn out by the sight of the contents of the large chest her aunt had just opened, after a long resistance, lock and key were both so rusty.

"Why auntie did you beg, borrow, or steal them?"

"Hush up child, they were my mother's."

"Then she was big like you," said Greta, shaking out a dark stuff dress.

"We was the same height, but she was stouter."

"I can wrinkle this in till it fits you though," volunteered Greta eagerly.

"It will do as it is, if the moths have'nt got at it."

Fortunately the long hidden treasures had escaped the moths, and the chest having been at the back of the large fire place, damp had not reached it, so as to injure anything. But the dresses looked very quaint and strange; however this did not seem to strike either of those most interested.

"And wont you put this on too?" queried Greta, holding up an odd looking head-dress she had just picked out. "It will make you look as grand as the turkey cook with his tail up."

"Bother," said the old woman, taking the cap and crushing it down in a corner of the chest.

"Oh, but here's grand stockings, all red and blue and yaller; who made them I wonder?"

"Mother made me knit them for her, when she dyed the yarn," replied the aunt, whose name we may as well give, though Greta never used it, and rarely heard it amongst the neighbours; for Miss Jemima Dulse, was "auntie" with everybody now.

"Them will go well with the slippers; and here's a brave big apron with pockets in it big enough for a loaf. You'll put that on too auntie. Oh but you'll be fine, like the yaller rooster."

"Hush up that, child, I dont want to be fine; but if Miss Danesfort's coming, may be it's best to clean up a little."

"By course it is," pronounced Greta wisely.

"Now here's something might do you," said Miss Jemima, holding out a short sort of wrapper of bright coloured broad stripes.

"Splendid!" uttered the little girl gleefully, as she held it close to her, and found it did'nt quite reach her feet. "When the house is fixed up, and you dressed grand, then I'll put it on, and then we'll be ready for Miss Danesfort."

"Ah me! but some change is coming over us all," sighed Miss Jemima.

"Yes auntie, we'll look rale new, wont we? But you're locking up the box."

"Yes, but here's the key for you. Do as you like with the things."

Kitty Giles arrived, and busily the two little girls worked at 'the room' till it really looked wonderfully improved. The floor scrubbed clean, the hearth swept up, everything dusted, the bed made tidy, and the few articles of crockery or glass polished and arranged on the bureau.

"Now auntie, we'll fix you up."

"Stop obild, I think I'll do it myself, but thank you all the same."

And as the old woman left the room with her dress on her arm, she stooped and kissed her niece.

"Well, I declare she's going right back to the dark hole. Oh, but I forgot we left the boards down, and the light can get in. It's a rale nice room, Kitty; I wish auntie would let us fix it up too, and then we'd have a kitchen and a sitting room like you; would'nt it be nice?"

"Yes Greta, I'm sure you'd like it well. One can't always have the working room just tidy enough to bring folks into, and the bed's not best in the kitchen. But mother says no matter what we're at, we should try to be clean. She makes me keep my oldest clothes washed and mended up for working in, and when I'm done, then she lets me put on a better frock and a fresh apron."

"Aprons! Oh they're grand things Kitty, I mean to get one; but here, help me on with my brave stripy. Wont I look like the barber's pole. Oh my! how big it is; twist it in Kitty, and roll up the sleeves a bit; I declare they hang down to my knees, aint I funny all over? I wonder what Miss Danesfort will think. I'll not mind putting this thing on 'till she's gone. I'm too snakey with stripes up and down; I'd feel ready to spit fire if I thought she took me for a serpent."

"Oh, but hurry up, here she comes. It's ever so late, and you know you told me to say you'd be ready for her before this; the scrubbing took us long. Here leave the wrapper on, and just tie my apron over it, 'twill make it look better, and fasten it in round you."

This was scarcely done when the lady's knock was heard at the door.

(To be continued.)