

shall all miss it. But God, who appointed our lot here, appoints it now elsewhere, and He knoweth what is best. My only anxiety is for Helen. She will have nothing to do, and I am afraid she will grow weary and low spirited."

CHAPTER III.

Before the end of three months, Frank found his health so much impaired by the close confinement of the long business hours, that he was under the necessity of resigning his situation and looking for some healthier employment. Seeing an advertisement for a teacher for his native village he decided to apply personally for the situation, as well as visit the parish where his father had labored for ten years. Helen, too, had suffered from the change. The bright, rosy-cheeked, laughing girl had become pale, thin and spiritless. In the course of a few days Frank returned from Shoreville, with the welcome news to his sisters that he had rented a cottage there, and that the farmers and villagers had promised any number of music pupils if "Miss Benson would condescend to teach their daughters."

"Now," he continued in his cheery voice, "our greatest difficulty is to get furniture for the cottage. It won't need much, for it has only three rooms and a kitchen. Still we will want some, and Alice will need a piano."

"We can sell our jewellery," suggested Helen.

"No," replied Frank. "You would only get half-price for what you value beyond its intrinsic worth. But I will get some of the students to take my chemical apparatus, etc. I purchased them myself and money can replace them. Besides, I never actually needed them."

The sisters and Charlie made a protest against this sacrifice, for they knew how fond Frank was of trying chemical experiments, and that for six years he had spent his pocket-money in gratifying this taste. Frank remained firm. And so it was decided that the chemicals should be disposed of, and with the proceeds from them

and Alice's trousseau, they hoped to be able to settle comfortably in their new home. Alice was not a sentimental young lady, giving way to morbid grief over disappointed hopes and a blighted life; still she felt deeply, although not unprepared for it, the announcement in the city papers of Fred. Stuart's marriage to Lucy Miller.

"He is a mean fellow," said Charlie, "or he would have waited until you could marry him."

"You must not say that," replied his sister. "It is better as it is. But although I shall never need a trousseau I am not going to break my heart."

It was the evening of a sultry day in August when the Bensons arrived at the wayside station, where Frank, who had preceded them to Shoreville, was to meet them. Long before the Grand Trunk train stopped, Helen and Charlie were peering out of the windows to see if Frank and the carriage were anywhere visible. But not even when the train stopped could they be seen.

"Alice, do you think we have mistaken the place?" asked Helen, when the three were left alone on the platform, after the cars had moved away.

"No, he said Bywash station, and there it is in black and white letters over the little depot, and yonder are the three taverns and groceries that he said comprised the village. But where is he?"

"Here he comes," exclaimed Charlie, starting up the road to meet Frank.

"Yes, there he is waving his hat to us. But what is he driving in?—a sort of lumbering market waggon!"

"Of course," replied Alice, laughing at her sister's look of astonishment: "You did not expect a fine carriage out here. Remember what your text-book, 'Life in the West,' says of the unfitness of fine conveyances for primitive roads; and I suppose the roads out here are all corduroy."

As soon as Frank had driven up to the station he threw the reins to Charlie, while he jumped out to welcome his sisters and help them into the high waggon.

"I am so glad you have got here in safety," he said. "I have been waiting